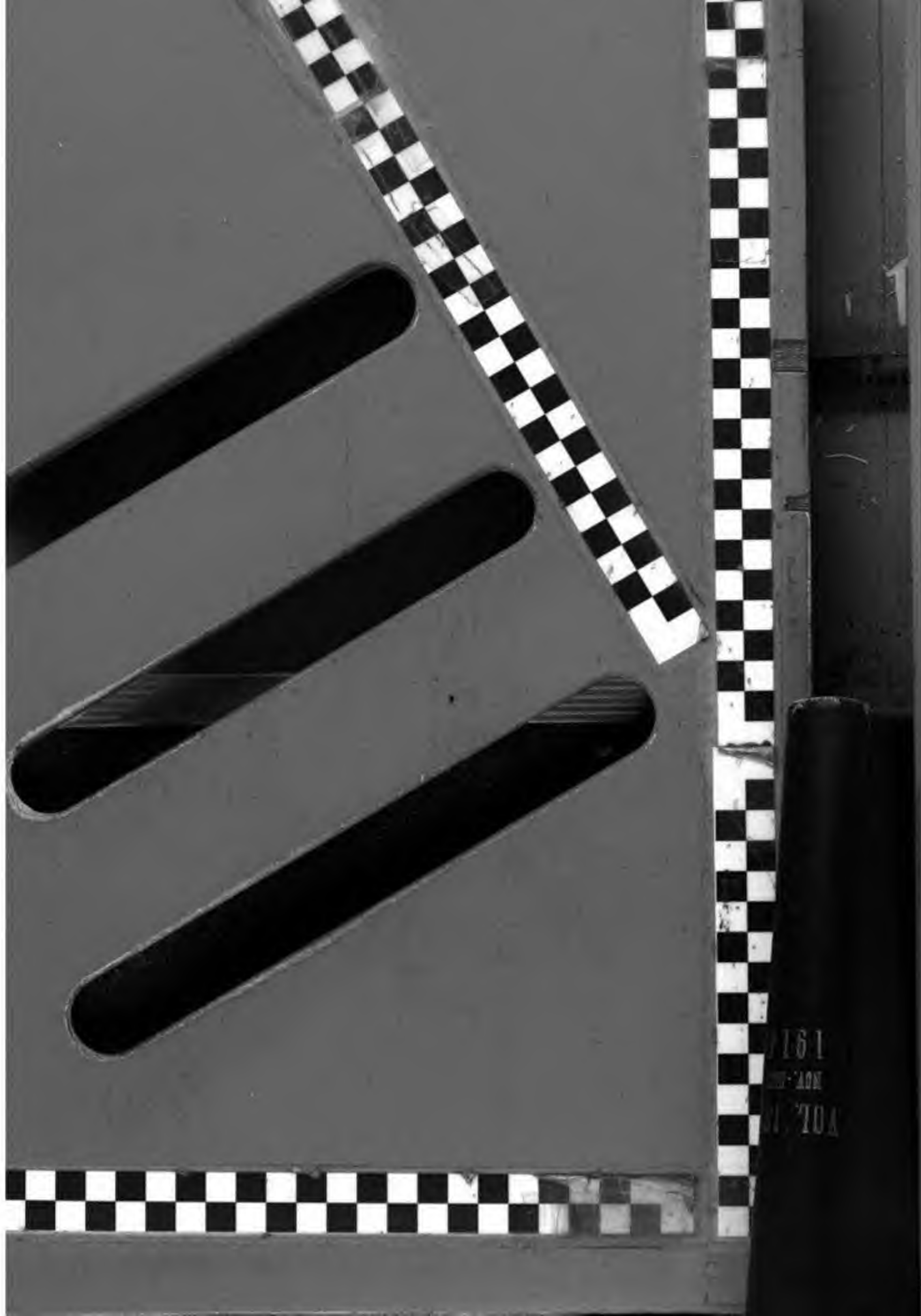
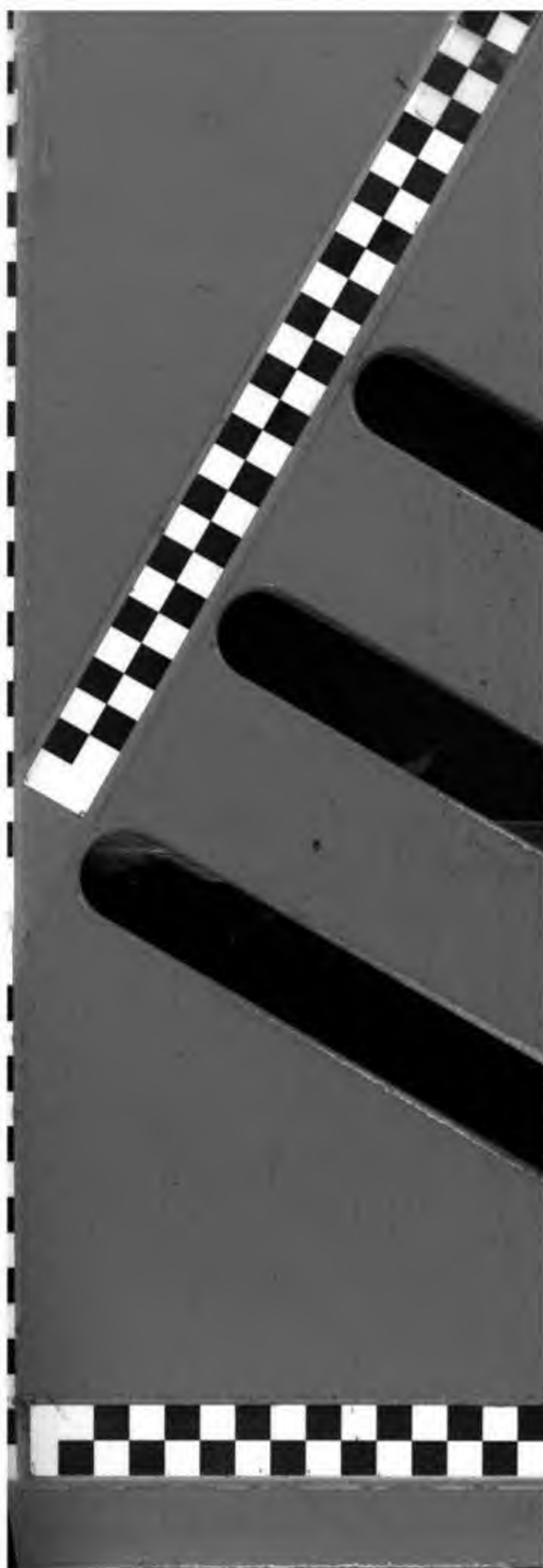


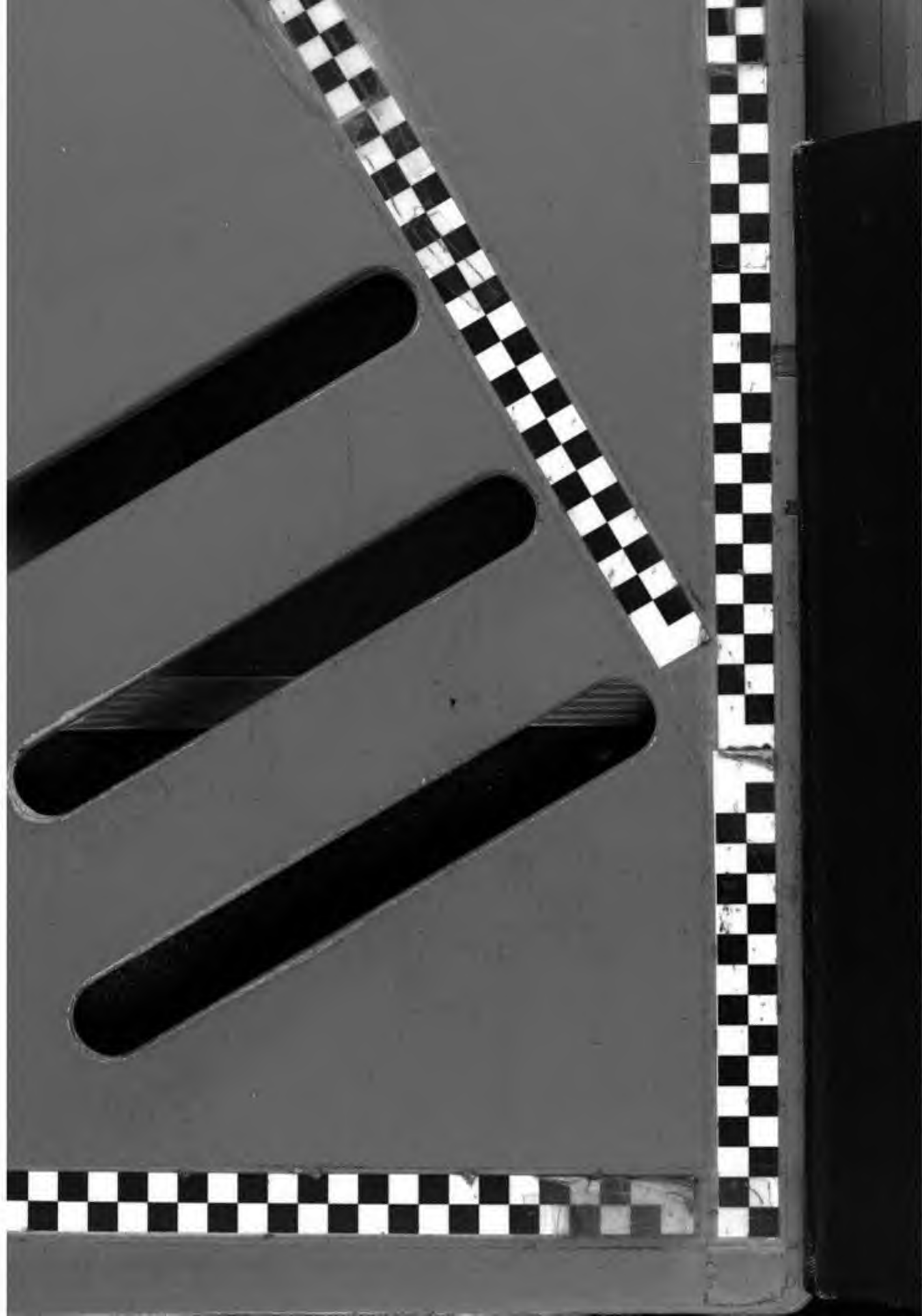
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A. D. 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

NOVEMBER 14, 1914

5c. THE COPY



The Man Who Rocked the Earth—By Arthur Train

The New Beauty Doctrine of Soap and Water

How many women, without seeking artificial aids to beauty, could have *naturally* fine, perfect complexions by using PALMOLIVE, the soap made from *Palm and Olive* oils!

Because PALMOLIVE not only cleanses with its rich, mild lather but, through the virtue of its oils, helps retain the firm fine texture of the skin—the natural asset of youth.

PALMOLIVE never roughens nor irritates. It “agrees” with the most sensitive skin, whether used for washing the face, for the bath, or for the baby.

You enjoy, with two million women, the best of all beauty treatments each time you use



Palmolive Soap



Palm and Olive oils, so beneficial to the human skin, are the principal ingredients of PALMOLIVE. These we blend by a scientific process that retains all their wonderful complexion-preserving qualities.

They give it its attractive, wholly natural color. A hint of fragrance adds to refreshing qualities.

Try washing your face several times with rich, profuse PALMOLIVE lather, each time rinsing thoroughly with pleasant tepid water. End with a dash of cold.

Apply a little PALMOLIVE Cream to protect the tissues; then, if you wish, a little powder.

This treatment preserves a good complexion and greatly improves a poor one. Sluggish complexions, complexions that are dull and sallow, revive amazingly.

Palmolive Shampoo

A Palm and Olive Oil Shampoo that does not dry out the hair and make it brittle and dull. Gives you strong, lustrous hair, soft and tractable after washing, with the natural beautiful gloss.

THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER: Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Canadian Factory: B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Limited
155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.

Palmolive Cream

nurses the skin, assisting the natural oil which keeps it smooth and unwrinkled. Apply a little after washing and before going to bed if you value a youthful complexion.



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Society Brand Clothes

and the Men who should wear them

WE SPECIALIZE on clothes for young men—young in years or young in heart. For men of all ages who play young men's active parts.

These are days when men and women try to keep their youth. Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, dress very much alike. Chimney corners are deserted. Parents and children are pals.

We cater to those sons and fathers who work and play together.

Designed by Peine

Society Brand Clothes are designed by

years he has become the young man's style authority.

Each season his styles are exclusive. His new designs are kept secret. The first season you see them in Society Brand Clothes alone. But this season's new touches may next season be almost universal. They are always widely copied. Our wearers simply get them a season in advance.



"Young in Years or Young in Heart"



"Men Who Play Young Men's Parts"

A. G. Peine—the artist, the genius in distinctive young men's clothes.

Not queer clothes, not ultra, not conspicuous, not extreme. His clothes seem to say, in a way most appealing, "I am young and active," "I am up to date."

He copies no one, but creates. He mingles with young men everywhere, and seems to feel what they like to wear. His styles stand out in any crowd as individual but correct. In the past ten

Mr. Peine has built around him a staff of specialists. He has picked out beginners with rare qualifications and trained them in this shop. Experts from other shops seldom meet his requirements.

Specialists in cloth search the world for fabrics suited to young men's clothes.

Master tailors make them up in the most fastidious way.

So Peine designs are unique and distinctive, down to the button holes.

Doubly Exclusive

Society Brand Clothes—exclusive in design and fabric—are made doubly so by limited production. They are made by specialists—men too rare, too slowly developed to ever build clothes for the many.

So we sell to but one dealer in a town, and to him but a small percentage of his stock. Relatively few men in any town can get suits or overcoats designed by Mr. Peine. And that must always be so.

Yet our prices are less than the usual. We charge nothing for exclusiveness. The fortunate men who wear these clothes have not paid extra for them. They have simply decided that they wanted Peine styles, and have made the effort to get them.



"Fathers and Sons Dress Very Much Alike"

Write for our Clothes Book—a postal will do—and we will name your local dealer. Do this so you will not need to look from store to store.

No garment is an A. G. Peine model unless the inside pocket bears the label, "Society Brand Clothes."

MADE IN CHICAGO BY
ALFRED DECKER & COHN
Made for Canadian trade, in Montreal,
by Samuel Han & Company, under
Alfred Decker & Cohn's supervision



These Are the Socks I Want— They're Holeproofs!

This ad. says—Holeproof Hose are made from the finest Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns, costing an average of 74c per pound. Common yarn, selling for 32c, cannot be half so good as ours.

But we must use the best of materials, in order to guarantee these hose. So we pay the top market price regardless of price fluctuations.

We guarantee six pairs of cotton Holeproofs to need no darning for six months. And if any of the six pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose free. We couldn't make these hose outlast the guarantee, as they do, if we depended on cheap yarns.

Selling Hose to the Millions

We are selling stockings and socks to millions.

If it were not for that fact we couldn't afford to make such hose and sell them at the price of common kinds. Think of socks like these selling for as low as 25c per pair! Holeproofs are soft, close-fitting, stylish; and they are made in the lightest weights if you want them.

We pay \$60,000 a year merely for inspection to see that Holeproofs are perfect.

Why pay the same price per pair for hose that lack the Holeproof advantages?

For Whole Families

Holeproofs are made in cotton for men, women and children; and in silk for men and women, three pairs of the silk being guaranteed three months. We make a guaranteed silk-faced hose also for men and women by ingeniously knitting

a fine Japanese Silk over a strong, invisible cotton body. Don't buy hose for any member of the family until you have seen Holeproofs. Learn why so many people wear them. Madam, buy a box for your husband to try—see what it will save in darning.

Guarantees and Prices

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months. Three pairs of Silk-Faced Holeproofs for men \$1.50; for women \$2.25. Three pairs of Silk-Faced are guaranteed three months.



Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd., LONDON, CANADA
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 10 Church Alley, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND



By invitation member
of Race Leaders of the
World Association

Every man and woman should also examine Holeproof Silk Gloves. They are now sold in many stores. Made of the best quality silk, with reinforced finger tips that are guaranteed to outwear the gloves themselves.

Holeproof
GUARANTEED
Silk Gloves
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

We would not give the name "Holeproof" to any but the most durable gloves on the market. Write for prices and free book that tells all about them. We send them direct upon receipt of price if we have no dealer near you.

(598)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing
Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 14, 1914

Number 20

THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE EARTH By ARTHUR TRAIN ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALPH

PROLOGUE

ON JULY 1, 1915, the war had involved every civilized nation upon the globe except the United States of America, which had up to that time succeeded in maintaining its neutrality. Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Austria, Serbia and Greece had been devastated. Six hundred and seventy-five thousand adult male human beings had been exterminated by the machines of war, by disease and by famine. Eight hundred thousand had been crippled or invalided. Four million women and children had been rendered widows or orphans. Industry there was none. No crops were harvested or sown. The ocean was devoid of sails. Throughout European Christendom women had taken the place of men as field hands, laborers, mechanics, merchants and manufacturers. The amalgamated debt of the involved nations, amounting to more than \$50,000,000,000, had bankrupted the world. Yet the starving armies continued to slaughter one another.

Siberia was a vast charnel house of Tatars, Chinese and Russians. Northern Africa was a holocaust. Within sixty miles of Paris was an army of one million Germans, while two million Russians had invested Berlin. In Belgium an English army of four hundred and fifty thousand men faced an equal force of Prussians and Austrians, neither daring to take the offensive.

The inventive genius of mankind, stimulated by the exigencies of war, had produced a multitude of death-dealing mechanisms, most of which had in turn been rendered ineffective by some counter-invention of another nation. Three of these products of the human brain, however, remained unneutralized and in large part accounted for the impasse at which the hostile armies found themselves. One of these had revolutionized warfare in the field, and the other two had destroyed these two most important factors in the preliminary campaign—the aeroplane and the submarine. The German dirigibles had all been annihilated within the first eight months of the great war by Pathé contact bombs trailed at the ends of wires by high-flying French planes. This, of course, had from the beginning been confidently predicted by the French War Department. But by May, 1915, both the French and the German aerial fleets had been wiped from the sky by Federston's vortex guns, which by projecting a whirling ring of air to a height of over five thousand feet crumpled the air craft in mid-sky like so many butterflies in a simoom.



The Earth Blew Up Like a Cannon—Up Into the Air, a Thousand Miles Up

The second of these momentous inventions was Captain Barlow's device for destroying the periscopes of all underwater craft, thus rendering them blind and helpless. Once they were forced to the surface such craft were easily destroyed by gun fire or driven to a sullen refuge in protecting harbors.

The third, and perhaps the most vital, invention was Dufay's nitrogen iodide pellets, which when sown by pneumatic guns upon the slopes of a battlefield, the ground outside intrenchments or round the glacis of a fortification made approach by an attacking army impossible and the position impregnable. These pellets, only the size of No. 4 bird shot and harmless out of contact with air, became highly explosive two minutes after they had been scattered broadcast upon the soil, and any contact would discharge them with sufficient force to fracture or dislocate the bones of the human foot or to put out of service the leg of a horse. The victim attempting to drag himself away inevitably sustained further and more serious injuries, and no aid could be given to the injured as it was impossible to get to them. A field well planted with such pellets was an impassable barrier to either infantry or cavalry, and thus any attack upon a fortified position was doomed to failure. By surprise alone could a general expect to achieve a victory. Offensive warfare became almost an impossibility.

Italy had annexed Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina; while a new Slav republic had arisen out of what had been Hungary, Serbia, Montenegro, Albania and Bulgaria. Turkey had swallowed the kingdom of Greece, and the United States of South America, composed of the Spanish-speaking South American Republics, had been formed. The mortality continued at an average of a thousand a day, of which

seventy-five per cent was due to starvation and the plague. Maritime commerce had ceased entirely, and in consequence of this the merchant ships of all the warring nations rotted at the docks.

The Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the Kings of England and of Italy, had all voluntarily abdicated in favor of a republican form of government. Europe and Asia had run amuck, hysterical with fear and blood. As well try to pacify a pack of mad and fighting dogs as these frenzied myriads with their half-crazed generals. They lay, these armies, across the fair bosom of the earth like dying monsters, crimson in their own blood, yet still able to writhe upward and deal death to any other that might

approach. They were at a deadlock, yet each feared to make the first overtures for peace. It was an orgy of homicide, in which the best of mankind were wantonly destroyed, leaving only the puny, the feeble-minded, the deformed and the ineffectual to perpetuate the race.

IT WAS three minutes past three postmeridian in the wireless operating room at the United States Naval Observatory at Arlington, July 21, 1915. Bill Hood, the afternoon operator, was sitting idly in his shirt sleeves with his receivers in his ears, smoking a corn-cob pipe and awaiting a call from the flagship *Lincoln*, of the North Atlantic Patrol, with which, somewhere just off Hatteras, he had been in communication a few moments before. The air was quiet. Hood was a fat man, and so of course good-natured; but he was serious about his work and hated all amateur interference. Of late these pests had become particularly obnoxious, as practically everything was sent out in code and they had nothing with which to occupy themselves. But it was a hot day and none of them seemed to be at work. On one side of his desk a tall thermometer indicated that the temperature of the room was 91 degrees Fahrenheit; on the other a big clock, connected with some extraneous mechanism by a complicated system of brass rods and wires, ticked off the minutes and seconds with a peculiar metallic self-consciousness, as if aware of its own importance in being the official timepiece, so far as there was an official timepiece, for the entire United States of America. Hood from time to time tested his converters and detector, and then resumed his nonofficial study of the adventures of a great detective who pursued the baffling criminal by the aid of all the latest scientific discoveries. Hood thought that it was good stuff, although at the same time he knew, of course, that it was rot. He was a practical man of little imagination, and though the detective did not interest him particularly he liked the scientific part of the stories. He was thrifty, of Scotch-Irish descent, and at two minutes past three had never had an adventure in his life. At three minutes past three he began his career as one of the celebrities of the world.

As the minute hand of the official clock dropped into its slot somebody called the Naval Observatory. The call was so faint as to be barely audible, in spite of the fact that Hood's instrument was tuned for a three-thousand-meter wave. Supposing quite naturally that the person calling had a shorter wave, he gradually cut out the inductance of his receiver; but the sound faded out entirely, and he returned to his original inductance and shunted in his condenser, upon which the call immediately increased in volume. Evidently the other chap was using a big wave, bigger than Arlington. Hood puckered his brows and looked about him. Lying on a shelf above his instrument was one of the new ballast coils that Henderson had used with the long waves from lightning flashes. Hood leaned over and connected the heavy spiral of closely wound wire, throwing it into his circuit. Instantly the telephone spoke so loud that he could hear the shrill cry of the spark even from where the receivers lay beside him on the table. Quickly fastening them to his ears he listened. The sound was clear, sharp and metallic, and vastly higher in pitch than a ship's call. It couldn't be the *Lincoln*.

"By gum!" muttered Hood. "That fellow must have a twelve-thousand-meter wave length with fifty kilowatts behind it, sure! There ain't another station in the world but this can pick him up!"

"NAA—NAA—NAA."

Throwing in his rheostat he sent an "OK" in reply, and waited expectantly, pencil in hand. A moment more and he threw down his pencil in disgust.

"Just another bug!" he remarked aloud to the thermometer. "Ought to be poisoned! But what a whale of a wave length, though!"

For several minutes he listened intently, for the amateur was sending insistently, repeating everything twice as if he meant business.

"He's a jolly joker, all right," muttered Hood, this time to the clock. "Must be pretty hard up for something to do!"

Then he laughed out loud and took up the pencil again. This amateur, whoever he was, was almost as good as his detective story. The bug called the Naval Observatory once more and began repeating his entire message for the third time.

"To all mankind"—he addressed himself modestly—"To all mankind—To all mankind—I am the dictator—of

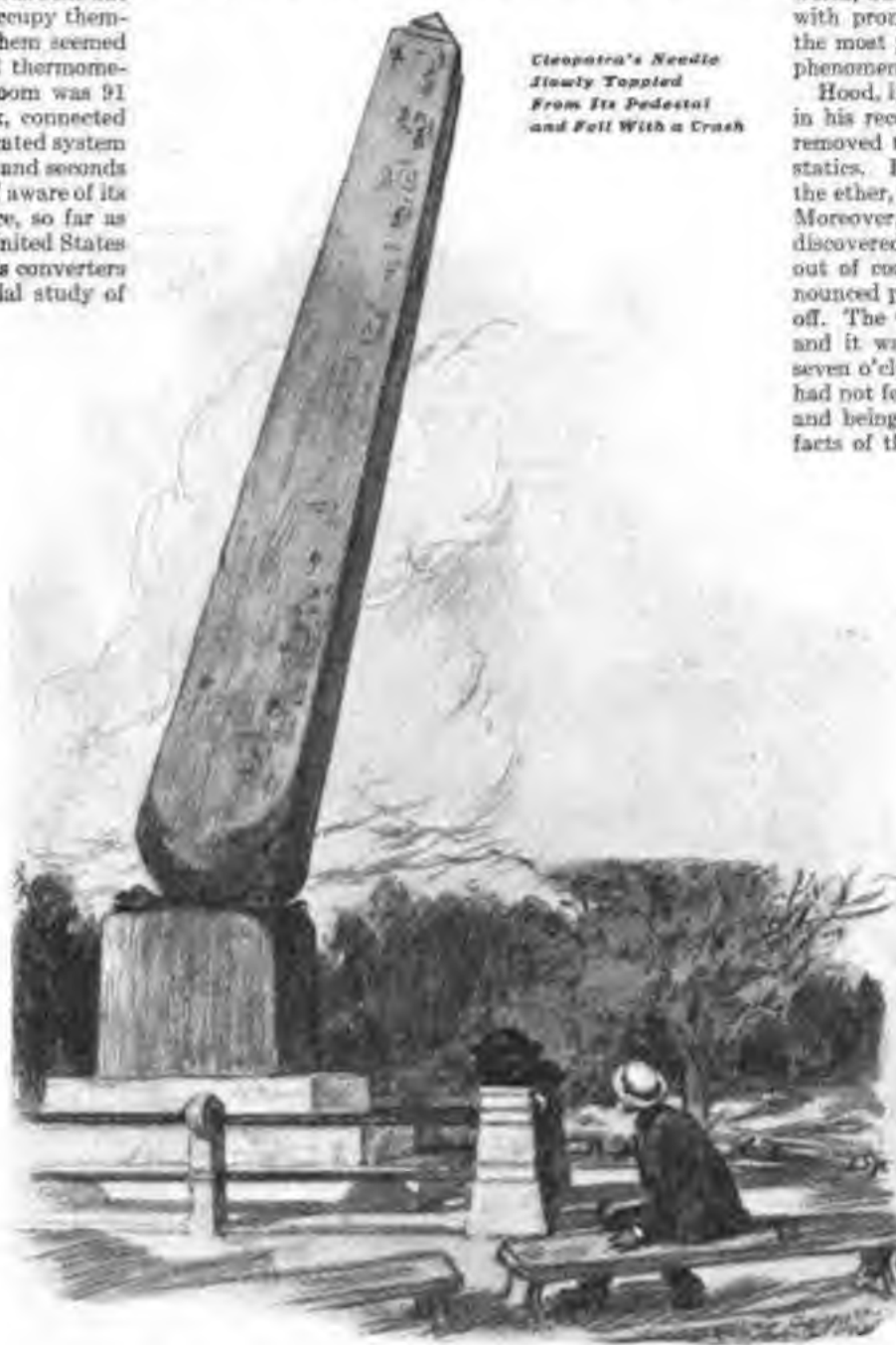
human destiny—Through the earth's rotation—I control—day and night—summer and winter—I command the—cessation of hostilities and—the abolition of war upon the globe—I appoint the—United States—as my agent for this purpose—As evidence of my power I shall increase the length of the day—from midnight to midnight—of Thursday, July twenty-second, by the period of five minutes.—PAX."

The jolly joker having repeated thus for the last time his extraordinary message addressed to all mankind stopped sending.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" gasped Bill Hood. Then he wound up his magnetic detector and sent an answering challenge into the ether.

"Can—the—funny—stuff!" he snapped. "And tune out—or—we'll revoke—your license!"

"What a gall!" he grunted, folding up the yellow sheet of pad paper upon which he had taken down the message



*Cleopatra's Needle
Slowly Toppled
From Its Pedestal
and Fell With a Crash*

to all mankind and thrusting it into his book for a marker. "All the fools aren't dead yet!"

Then he picked up the *Lincoln* and got down to real work. The bug and his message passed from memory.

II

THE following Thursday afternoon a perspiring and dusty stranger from St. Louis, who, with the Metropolitan Art Museum as his objective, was trudging wearily through Central Park, New York City, at two o'clock, paused to gaze with some interest at the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle. The heat rose in simmering waves from the asphalt of the roadway, but the stranger was used to heat and he was conscientiously engaged in the duty of seeing New York. Opposite the Museum he seated himself upon a bench in the shade of a faded dogwood and wiped the moisture from his eyes. The glare from the unprotected boulevards was terrific. Under these somewhat unfavorable conditions he was occupied in studying the monument of Egypt's past magnificence when he felt a slight dragging sensation. It was undefinable and had no visual concomitant. But it was as though the brakes were being slowly applied to a Pullman train. He was the only human being in the neighborhood; not even a policeman

was visible; and the experience gave him a creepy feeling. Then to his amazement Cleopatra's Needle slowly toppled from its pedestal and fell with a crash across the roadway. At first he thought it an optical illusion and wiped his eyes again, but it was nothing of the kind. The monument, which had a moment before pointed to the zenith, now lay shattered in three pieces upon the softening concrete of the drive. The stranger arose and examined the fragments of the monolith, one of which lay squarely across the road, barring all passage. Round the pedestal were scattered small pieces of broken granite, and from these, after looking about cautiously, he chose one with care and placed it in his pocket.

"Gosh!" he whispered to himself as he hurried toward Fifth Avenue. "That'll just be something to tell 'em at home! Eh, Bill?"

The dragging sensation experienced by the tourist from St. Louis was felt by many millions of people all over the world, but, as in most countries it occurred coincidentally with pronounced earthquake shocks and tremblings, for the most part it passed unnoticed as a specific individual phenomenon.

Hood, in the wireless room at Arlington, suddenly heard in his receivers a roar like that of Niagara and quickly removed them from his ears. He had never known such statics. He was familiar with electrical disturbances in the ether, but this was beyond anything in his experience. Moreover, when he next tried to use his instruments he discovered that something had put the whole apparatus out of commission. About an hour later he felt a pronounced pressure in his eardrums, which gradually passed off. The wireless refused to work for nearly eight hours, and it was still recalcitrant when he went off duty at seven o'clock. Insulated as he was in the observatory he had not felt the quivering of the earth round Washington, and being an unimaginative man he accepted the other facts of the situation philosophically. The statics would

pass and then Arlington would be in communication with the rest of the world again, that was all. At seven o'clock the night shift came in and Hood borrowed a pipeful of tobacco from him and put on his coat.

"Say, Bill, d'you feel the shock?" asked the shift, hanging up his coat and taking a match from Hood.

"No," answered the latter, "but the statics have put the machine on the blink. She'll come round all right in an hour or so. The air's gummy with ions. Shock, did you say?"

"Sure! Had 'em all over the country. Say, the boys in the equatorial room claim their compass shifted east and west instead of north and south, and stayed that way for five minutes. Didn't you feel the air pressure? I should worry! And say, I just dropped into the Meteorological Department's office and looked at the barometer. She'd jumped up half an inch in about two seconds, wiggled round some and then came back to normal. You can see the curve yourself if you ask Fraser to show you the self-registering barograph. Some doin's, I tell you!"

He nodded his head with an air of importance.

"Take your word for it!" answered Hood without emotion, save for a slight annoyance at the other man's arrogation of superior information. "Tain't the first time there's been an earthquake since creation." And he strolled out, swinging to the doors behind him.

The night shift settled himself before the instruments with a look of dreary resignation.

"Say," he muttered aloud, "you couldn't jar that feller with a thirteen-inch bomb! He wouldn't even rub himself!"

Hood, meantime, bought an evening paper and walked slowly to the district where he lived. It was a fine night and there was no particular excitement in the streets. His wife opened the door.

"Well," she greeted him, "I'm glad you've come home at last. I was plumb scared something had happened to you! Such a shaking and rumbling and rattling I never did hear! Did you feel it?"

"I didn't feel nothin'!" answered Bill Hood. "Some one said there was a shock, that was all I heard about it. The machine's out of kilter."

"They won't blame you, will they?" she asked anxiously.

"You bet they won't!" he replied. "Look here, I'm hungry. Are the waffles ready?"

"Have 'em in a jiffy!" she smiled. "You go in and read your paper."

He did as he was directed, and seated himself in a rocker under the gaslight. After perusing the baseball news he turned back to the front page. The paper was a fairly late edition, containing up-to-the-minute telegraphic notes.

In the center column, alongside the announcement of the annihilation of three entire regiments of Silesians by the explosion of nitroglycerin concealed in dummy gun carriages, was the following:

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE FALLS

EARTHQUAKE DESTROYS FAMOUS MONUMENT
SHOCKS FELT HERE AND ALL OVER U. S.

Washington was visited by a succession of earthquake shocks early this afternoon, which, in varying force, were felt throughout the United States and Europe. Little damage was done, but those having offices in tall buildings had an unpleasant experience which they will not soon forget. A peculiar phenomenon accompanying this seismic disturbance was the variation of the magnetic needle by over eighty degrees from north to east and an extraordinary rise and fall of the barometer. All wireless communication had to be abandoned, owing to the ionizing of the atmosphere, and up to the time this edition went to press had not been resumed. Telegrams by way of Colon report similar disturbances in South America. In New York the monument in Central Park known as Cleopatra's Needle was thrown from its pedestal and broken into three pieces. The contract for its repair and replacement has already been let. The famous monument was a present from the Khedive of Egypt to the United States, and formerly stood in Alexandria. The late William H. Vanderbilt defrayed the expense of transporting it to this country.

Bill Hood read this with small interest. The Giants had knocked the Braves' pitcher out of the box, and an earthquake seemed a small matter. His mind did not once revert to the mysterious message from Pax the day before. He was thinking of something far more important.

"Say, Nellie," he demanded, tossing aside the paper, "ain't those waffles ready yet?"

III

ON THAT same evening, Thursday, July twenty-second, two astronomers attached to the Naval Observatory at Arlington sat in the half darkness of the meridian-circle room watching the firmament sweep slowly across the aperture of the giant lens. The chamber was quiet as the grave, the two men rarely speaking as they noted their observations. Paris might be taken, Berlin be razed, London put to the torch; a million of human beings might be blown into eternity, or the shrieks of mangled creatures lying in heaps before pellet-strewn barbed-wire entanglements rend the summer night; great battleships of the line might plunge to the bottom, carrying their crews with them, and the dead of two continents rot unburied—yet unmoved the stars would pursue their nightly march across the heavens, pitiless day would follow pitiless night, and the careless earth follow its accustomed orbit as though the race were not writhing in its death agony. Gazing into that infinity of space human existence seemed but the scum upon a rain-pool, human warfare but the frenzy of insectivora. Unmindful of the starving hordes of Paris and London, of plague-swept Russia, or of the drowned thousands of the North Atlantic Fleet, these two men calmly studied the procession of the stars—the onward bore of the universe through space and the spectra of new-born or dying worlds.

It was a suffocatingly hot night and their foreheads reeked with sweat. Dim shapes on the walls of the room indicated what by day was a tangle of clockwork and recording instruments, connected by electricity with various buttons and switches upon the table. The brother of the big clock in the wireless operating room hung near by, its face illuminated by a tiny electric lamp, showing the hour to be eleven-fifty. Occasionally the younger man made a remark in a low tone and the elder wrote something on a card.

"I can see the penumbra of Æsculus—and the inner ring," said Evarts, the

young man. "But although it seems like a clear night, everything looks dim—a volcanic haze probably. Perhaps the Aleutian Islands are in eruption again."

"Very likely," answered Thornton, the elder astronomer. "The shocks this afternoon would indicate something of the sort."

"Curious performance of the magnetic needle. They say it held due east for several minutes," continued Evarts, hoping to engage his senior in conversation—almost an impossibility, as he well knew.

Thornton did not reply. He was carefully observing the infinitesimal approach of a certain star to the meridian line, marked by a thread across the circle's aperture. When that point of light should cross the thread it would be midnight, and July 22, 1915, would be gone forever. Every midnight the indicating star crossed the thread exactly as the second hand of the big clock on the wall moved from eleven hours, fifty-nine minutes, fifty-nine seconds to twelve. So it had crossed the line in some observatory ever since clocks and telescopes had been invented. Heretofore, no matter what cataclysm of Nature had occurred, the star had always crossed the line not a second too soon or a second too late, but exactly on time. It was the one positively predictable thing, foretellable for ten or for ten thousand years by a simple mathematical calculation. It was surer than death or the taxman. It was absolute.

Thornton was a reserved man of few words—impersonal, methodical, serious. He spent many nights there with Evarts, hardly exchanging a phrase with him, and then only on some matter immediately concerned with their work. Evarts could dimly see his long, grave profile bending above his eyepiece, shrouded in the heavy shadows across the table. He felt a great respect, even tenderness, for this taciturn, high-principled, devoted scientist. He had never seen him excited, hardly ever aroused. He was a man of figures, whose only passion seemed to be the "music of the spheres." A long silence followed, during which Thornton seemed to bend more intently than ever over his eyepiece. The hand of the big clock slipped gradually to midnight.

"There's something wrong with the clock," said Thornton suddenly, and his voice sounded curiously dry, almost unnatural. "Telephone to the equatorial room for the time."

Puzzled by Thornton's manner Evarts did as instructed. "Forty seconds past midnight," came the reply from the equatorial observer.

Evarts repeated the answer for Thornton's benefit, looking at their own clock at the same time. It pointed to exactly forty seconds past the hour. He heard Thornton suppress something like an oath.



"All I Jay is, Look Out. This Pax is on His Job and Means Business"

"What's the matter—atmospherics?" snapped Evarts. "No; the air was full of them, sir—shrieking with them you might say; but they've stopped now. The trouble has been that I've been jammed by the Brussels station talking to the Belgian Congo—same wave length—and I couldn't tune Brussels out. Every once in a while I'd get a word of what Paris was saying, and it's always the same word—'heure.' And just now Brussels stopped sending to the Belgian Congo and I got the complete message of the Eiffel Tower. They wanted to know our time by Greenwich. I gave it to 'em. Then Paris said to tell you to take your transit with great care and send result to them immediately—"

The ordinarily calm Thornton gave a great aspiration and his face was livid. "Aeta's just crossed—we're five minutes out! Evarts, am I crazy? Am I talking straight?"

Evarts laid his hand on the other's arm.

"The earthquake's knocked out your transit," he suggested.

"And Paris—how about Paris?" asked Thornton. He wrote something down on a card mechanically and started for the door. "Get me the Eiffel Tower!" he ordered Williams.

The three men stood motionless, as the wireless man sent the Eiffel Tower call hurtling across the Atlantic:

"ETA—ETA—ETA."

"All right," whispered Williams, "I've got 'em."

"Tell Paris that our clocks are all out five minutes according to the meridian."

Williams worked the key rapidly, and then listened.

"The Eiffel Tower says that their chronometers also appear to be out by the same time, and that Greenwich and Moscow

(Continued on Page 57)



"We're Five Minutes Out! Evarts, Am I Crazy? Am I Talking Straight?"

VOX POPULI

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE



THE British don't never take nothin' serious until it's necessary," remarked Mr. Charles Stebbins, Esquire. Mr. Charles Stebbins, Esquire, wears a red coat, and has one leg and a sense of responsibility. He shined my shoes nearly every morning while I was in London and discoursed philosophically the while, thereby, as I fancy was his intention, securing thruppence for his labor instead of the customary tuppence.

"This 'ere war," he continued, "might 'ave taken some of the blokes abawt 'ere by surprise; but not us. We was told all abawt it long afore it 'appened, what with Blatchford's writin's and the rest of them. But I says to my mates, I says: 'Wot's the use of goin' on abawt it?' says I. 'If it comes, it comes; and if it don't come, it don't come—and that's an end of it.' We don't take nothin' serious until we 'as to—we don't!"

"But," I suggested, "it looks to me as though it was nearly time to be serious."

"Yar!" replied Mr. Stebbins, dabbing vigorously at my shoe. "Don't go and be gettin' fancy notions abawt this 'ere war. Suppose it does look a bit black at present—then wot? We'll do it right and proper—never fear that! I can't go and enlist, luckin' a leg as I do; but sixteen out of thirty of my blackin' brigade 'as gone. I've got a brother in it, and my special mate, 'ere, 'e's got two brothers in it."

"Wot's the use of goin' yet? We're gettin' letters from the chaps wot 'as gone, and is now at Aldershot and Salisbury and Epsom; and they tells us abawt 'avin' to sleep outdoors, and all that. Wot's the use? Wait until Kitchener gets these provided for, I says, and then a lot more of us will be joinin'. They ain't no 'urry abawt it, far's as I can see. This 'ere war won't be hover until England whips the Kaiser. It ain't no job to be done in a day's time; but it's goin' to be done proper!"

What All Great Britain Thinks

"ENGLAND didn't want to go to war, you know; but England 'ad to, 'count of that Belgium business, and all the rest of it, and the bloomin' Germans. Now that England 'as gone to war, we're goin' to stay at war until we wins it; and if it takes one year or six years, wot's the difference? You'll find everybody 'as all joined 'ands, sir—that's wot you'll find—and that Kitchener and Asquith and we wot here shinin' shoes is all of the same mind. We didn't want it; but, now we've got it, we're goin' to finish it our way."

Oddly enough, I happened to talk with the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, that same day. I found the Prime Minister in full accord with Mr. Charles Stebbins, Esquire, the red-coated bootblack. The mature conviction of Mr. Asquith is that Britain is not the aggressor in this war which has set fire to a hemisphere; and, now that Britain has engaged in the war, Britain will not falter until the war is won and settlement made on the terms of the Allies. That is the four-square opinion of all England and of all the British Isles.

So far as I have observed, there have been not more than half a dozen men who have come forward either with criticism of the government or with detraction of the motives or the methods of procedure thus far; and they have been pelted back to cover. Whatever the result may be, there is no doubt that Great Britain is loyally and patriotically and unitedly in this enterprise, albeit there is a vast British population that does not yet appreciate the graveness of the dangers that threaten their land. Those who understand are loyal, and those who understand but partially are loyal also, so far as their understanding goes.

There is Mrs. Pethrick, who is caretaker for the chambers of a friend of mine in the Inner Temple. Mrs. Pethrick is by way of having some military acumen, for she was married to a British soldier.

"My pore 'usband!" she says. "And 'e was a pore 'usband!" she continues reflectively. Mrs. Pethrick said to me only so long ago as yesterday, when the Battle of the Aisne was on its twenty-second day:

"All this 'ere talk abawt war and there bein' a war is rubbish—plain rubbish! It's all a lot of stuff the newspapers is printin'—tryin' to come it hover us so the rates will be 'igher. I knows 'em! Wasn't I married for years to a soldier and didn't we talk it hover many's the time? Wot can we pore people do? I asks yer. Wot can we do? Don't talk to me abawt no war nor none of these hairship 'umbugs, which is a bit of what you might call a roose for gettin' Lloyd George a new way to raise our rates a tuppence or so. Take it strite from me, sir! And I don't find no war—and me livin' in London, girl and woman, for these sixty years!"

Unconsciously perhaps, but whether or no, Mrs. Pethrick touched on a most important phase of the war as the British see it, and one that every Englishman who meets another Englishman falls to discussing within a few minutes after the preliminary interchange of opinions. I refer to rates—taxes; and I refer especially to the income tax.

The average well-to-do Englishman pays a shilling, a shilling and twopence, or a shilling and fourpence, and up, in the pound on his earned and unearned income at present—that is, on unearned or inherited income, for example, according to certain ratings, he pays thirty-two cents in income tax on each four dollars and eighty-five cents of income. Percentages vary somewhat, of course; but that is about an average case.

Another American writer and I were at luncheon with two famous English novelists and a member of the government—a cabinet officer.

"It has hit me terribly hard," said one of the novelists in a most matter-of-fact way, and without a suspicion of complaint. "I can't sell any fiction now; and I suppose the income tax on what I have laid by will be half a crown next year."

"Half a crown!" exclaimed the government member. "It's more likely to be five bob!"

That is, the novelist fears he will be taxed two and a half shillings on each twenty shillings of income, and the

government member is of the opinion that the tax will be five shillings on each twenty shillings of income, or twenty-five per cent.

Of course nobody knows as yet, for nobody knows as yet exactly what this war is costing the British Empire. They have not been able to get any figures together; or, if they have, they are not prepared to give the figures out. Still, they have an idea, as was shown by what the government member said to the novelist about income-tax rates. There will be no public knowledge until Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, presents his budget to Parliament when Parliament is called into session again.

Taxes Rise and Incomes Fall

THE war had been in progress sixty-five days when I wrote this, and there had been great expenditures before the war, to say nothing of the billions already spent on the navy that have demanded the present high rates of taxation, wherein, it would seem, practically the limits of human ingenuity of impost have been reached; for there are very few things in the British Isles that are not taxed—very few. It cannot be costing Great Britain less than a million pounds a day—or, roundly, five million dollars; and probably it is costing a half more than that.

Hence the anxiety of the Englishman as to what his income tax will be is easily understood, especially as the income tax will fall heaviest on unearned or inherited income, inasmuch as the earned income is quite likely to be reduced materially in almost every instance.

"Can't sell any fiction!" said the other novelist at our luncheon party. "Why, I've given up trying. Unless the Americans help us out I fear we British authors will slowly starve; and most of us are too old to go to war."

They all agreed, however, that there was no alternative. Britain must win! There was no Britain will, or can, or may win. It is a case of must! I do not suppose that one person out of a thousand of the forty-five millions in the British Isles ever considers any other contingency.

During my stay in London and my goings and comings to and from the Continent I have talked to many hundreds of Englishmen of all classes, from highest to lowest. I have yet to meet the Englishman who has even tentatively advanced the opinion that there is any possible chance for ending this war other than by victory, complete and overwhelming, for the British arms.

Let me put it this way: Two of the people I have talked with about the war are the Home Secretary, Mr. McKenna, a member of the Cabinet, and Edward Bell's gardener at Sidcup. Briefed, their opinions are interchangeable.

"This war," said Mr. McKenna, "was not of our seeking, but became our duty. Our case is clear, clean and perfect. It will be so held in the eyes of the world and so recorded in history. Therefore, we must win; and we shall win! There is no doubt of that."

"We didn't want to go to war," said the gardener at Sidcup, "but we had to go. Being Britons, we couldn't do anything else. Now that we have gone to war, we'll win!"

So, to sound this out, I went, one Sunday afternoon, over to Hyde Park, where the open-air meetings are held. A dozen orators were haranguing their interested crowds of listeners. One man, on a platform, with English, French, Belgian and Russian flags floating above his head, a very earnest man, was telling his audience about the war—how vital it is that Britain shall win, and what it will mean if Britain does not win. He did not say Britain will not win or intimate it, for he would have found disfavor with his audience if he had. What he drew was a picture, with heavy wit, of what might happen if, by any miracle, Germany does win this fight. His listeners laughed incredulously. It was too absurd! But his speech was a plea for recruits; and in a tent near by, with a big sign on it reading Lord Kitchener's Tent, some soldiers were giving a concert, and singing war ballads that eventually merged into God Save the King!

Near him a man, with long mustaches, who looked very much like a walrus, was defying any of his gathering to show him any proof that Christianity has a leg to stand on. Another orator was exposing the fraud of patent medicines. Another was expounding a new religion which, he said, sweeps away all the terrors of dogma, envelopes all within its brotherly folds, and urgently needs funds. Another, a black man, with a long frock coat and a very shiny face, held forth on his own creed; and various others, all intensely earnest, preached their fads, while dozens of good-natured London policemen moved about listening a little here and there, to see that nothing more dangerous than hot air was emitted by these protagonists.

There were probably ten thousand people, all told, in the various gatherings round the speakers, and I went from one crowd to another and talked to at least a hundred men—men with silk hats and long coats; men with caps, and handkerchiefs about their throats; men with their ruddy-faced wives holding to their arms; young men who had stopped there while walking out with their girls; men who were palpably in a small way of business somewhere; men who looked as though they might be owners of large shops; clerks; professional men; costers; servants—the high, the middle and the low.

In each instance the conversation began with a reference to the war, which I made, and in each instance the

conversation concluded with a firm expression of opinion by the Englishman that the Empire will triumph. I do not know the names of the men with whom I talked; but, all in all, they made a fair representation of the average British citizen—or the average Londoner, to be more exact.

"It stands to reason," said one of them, a silk-hatted, short-coated, pipe-smoking and spat-wearing man, no doubt a clerk—"it stands to reason that Britain must win this war, provided the French and the Belgians and the Russians do their part. We didn't want to go to war, you know; but, now that we are at war, we shall not turn back. It is our duty. Do you think the Russians will get to Berlin, sir? They are good fighters, I'm told—those Russian chaps; not like our British soldiers, to be sure, but good fighters. They will take a bit of mauling, they will—those Russians; and I expect the French have their merits. But England must win—must!"

"How is it affecting you?" I asked.

"I'm out of a job, sir," he said; "but I had a little laid by, and I'm not worrying. There's plenty worse off than I am, sir, and more to follow. I'll manage somehow; and when we've whipped those Germans jolly well, times will be better, sir. This crazy Kaiser has got to be stopped—stopped! We'll stop him! Our place went to smash when the war broke out, what with the men going to war and the end of orders, and we had to close; but I'm not complaining. I'm too old to go, but my son has gone; and if I can't do much I can at least put a good face on it, sir; and —"

Just here the orator shouted:

"And the Union Jack shall float over the imperial palace in Berlin, and the German Empire shall be no more, for Britain will see to it that these things are done. Britain shall be master, both on land and on the seas!"

"Hear! Hear!" yelled my friend. "Hear! Hear!"

"That's my sentiments, sir," he said, turning to me; "and that's the sentiments of all the men I know. It don't make much difference what happens to me. I can stick it out until we crush that Kaiser, and then things will turn."

Of all the men I talked to that Sunday afternoon there was not one who grumbled over the war, complained about it, bewailed his own hard luck—most of them had been hit one way or another—or expressed any but the most absolute conviction that Great Britain will win the war, and

that the German Empire is to be eliminated. I did not find any whiners or any grumblers, or anything but a sort of stolid, philosophical view.

There is no enthusiasm, consecration, flubdub or hysterics about it. These average Englishmen, of all sorts, look on this war as a job of work to do. They see nothing but Great Britain in it. They consider it the task of their country, aided, of course, in such measure as may be by the Allies—but essentially the task of the British Empire and, therefore, a task that must inevitably come to a successful conclusion.

They do not speculate much on when the war will end. It will end when it is over. They do not go into the future save to say that the Kaiser must be taught his lesson and will be. They are neither elated nor cast down. Many music halls have a song that ends with the query: "Are we down-hearted?" And the answer "No!" is expected from the audiences. The No! is shouted in the galleries. In the stalls the people look at one another as though they would ask: "What an absurd question! Why should we be down-hearted? Or up-hearted, either, for the matter of that? It's a job of work."

It is a job of work. It is to be, it seems, a long and arduous job. It has been taken almost stolidly. Each man accepts his share of the burden with a spirit that is almost fatalistic. What is, is! What is to be, is to be! One man loses his employment. Another has a son or sons killed. Business has slackened. A hard winter is coming on. There will be hunger and distress. Taxes will be increased enormously.

A share of the weight of the burden will fall on every shoulder. Very good! What is the use of whimpering about it? What is the good of getting excited about it? What is, is! There is no sense in trying to be merry and bright; there is no sense in being cast down—so everybody is calm. And two hundred miles away—less than that from the Channel shore—the greatest battle in the history of the world is being fought—a battle that may wreck the Empire.

Lured by an attractive poster, a friend and I went to the annual Goose Fair at Nottingham. Apart from the fact—all too evident when we arrived in Nottingham—that

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THE FAKE BROKER

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

AS THE fish in the water rises to the bright-colored bait of the fisherman, so does the human fish—called the sucker in the parlance of the profession—rise to the lurid bait dangled before his eyes by the fake-broker fisherman who angles for the man or concern on the lookout for capital to begin a business, develop a patent, increase the size of a manufacturing plant or build a railroad.

The process of catching the human sucker or prospect is strikingly like the ancient and strictly honorable pastime of catching fish with scales instead of money. The bait is cast; the fish rises to it and is hooked, then played; and the deal is cleaned up by tiring out the human fish until he is no longer dangerous, but lies quiet, too tired to make any movement that will cause the fisherman trouble with the authorities.

As in legitimate fishing, several kinds of bait are used; or, rather, the bait is dressed in several different ways.

Generally an advertisement will appear in the financial columns of the oldest and most respectable newspapers or magazines, stating that the undersigned is ready to secure any amount of cash capital for any kind of enterprise, "whether mining, timber, railroad or patent."

Now is not that an attractive offer to a man who believes he has invented a machine that will, as all inventions will—in the eyes of the patentee—revolutionize the particular line of industry with which it is connected?

The man who has a tract of timber that he, as an experienced lumberman, knows will return him a large profit if only he can obtain enough capital to cut it and prepare it for market, will immediately get in touch, by mail, with the advertiser, in order to show the financier that, of all the prospective investments offered, this particular one is by far the best. Nearly always is the opening of such transactions made by mail. There are a few brokers who advertise over their own names instead of a box number, and so solicit calls instead of letters; but they are the small fry



After an Apparently Careful Talk the Broker Allows Himself to be Convinced by the Eloquence of the Inventor

who go after little money. The really big broker receives his mail addressed to a newspaper or post-office box number—generally the former, for the restrictions round post-office boxes are such that a rapidly increasing mail to a post-office box causes inquiries by the postal authorities, which are quite annoying and inconvenient at times to the boxholder. Good reasons for thus securing mail exist. This method gives the broker a chance to learn the necessary facts regarding his prospective client, which will determine whether the advertisement answerer will ever be a client or not. If it is decided by the broker that he has no money or will not "give up," he surely will not

If he has been interviewed before and been found nonproductive, or if he is in the class called dangerous, he will never know whose advertisement he has answered. By dangerous, of course, is meant a man who, after giving up his money, threatens to or does enter a complaint with the Post Office Department or the district attorney.

It can be said for the newspapers that they, of course, would not accept an advertisement from any concern or individual if they knew the advertisement to be part of a fraud. The newspapers protect their clients to the best of their ability, and have been known to offer a standing reward for information regarding fraudulent advertisements in their columns. They also follow up advertisements that are reported to them as part of a prospective or past fraud, and have seen to the prosecution and jailing of the advertisers.

These brokers are able to produce bank and other references that will satisfy not only the newspapers but even more exacting institutions as to their reliability and honorableness.

When the answers to these advertisements are received by the broker—and they are received in quantities that would almost make a person standing at the delivery windows of some of our newspaper offices think that every individual or firm in the country needed capital and needed it quickly—they are carefully read and studied, with the result that most of them go into the waste-basket as possessing no future possibilities.

Splendid students of conditions, as told by letters, are these men. They can almost tell your bank account from the envelope of your letter. Those letters that are considered good fields for labor are regarded as prospects, and are generally answered, if the writer is within calling distance, by a curt note asking that the person written to call for an interview, with complete data of his project. This interview is important, as at it is determined the plan by which the prospect is to be worked; for, like all fishermen, these anglers have various plans for landing fish.

One of the most successful plans for landing the sucker is the plan known among the profession as the guaranty plan, which is operated in the following manner: After an apparently careful and investigating talk regarding the proposed enterprise, which we shall assume is based on a certain patent owned by the applicant for capital, the broker allows himself to be so convinced by the eloquence of the inventor that he at last acknowledges that the invention is the most wonderful thing that in all his long years of financing has ever come to his notice.

So thoroughly convinced is the broker of the money-making possibilities of this remarkable invention that he feels it will be just as easy, if the affair is handled right, to secure two hundred thousand dollars as to secure the twenty-five thousand dollars the inventor originally wanted. At any rate, the new company should have plenty of money to assure a big output, so as to make would-be infringers timid. Further than that, there is always a possibility that, seeing what a wonderful thing the new device is, some one may invent something better. Therefore, the new company should make all the money it can, and as quickly as it can, while the field is all its own.

This advice is given simply to induce the patentee to agree to a large capitalization, thereby increasing the profits of the broker. The client, being dazzled by the future prospects as outlined by this eminent financier, whom he has converted to thinking his invention so marvelous, agrees to a capitalization of, say, five hundred thousand dollars. Of this, of course, the patentee and his friends are to keep fifty-one per cent; for they have been warned by this broker, who has made their cause so much his own, of the danger of allowing those who buy the proposed securities to have control, for fear that his friend, the patentee, may be robbed of the fruits of his wonderful invention. All of which tends to increase faith in this friend and adviser on the part of the inventor.

If the proposed company has not been incorporated, the broker, if he is new at the business and greedy, will agree to have it done by "his lawyer" for a certain amount, said amount being regulated entirely by the knowledge of such matters displayed by the client. This amount may run anywhere from one hundred to one thousand dollars. Should the client seem to think the charge excessive, he is recommended to call on several law firms that are recognized as being high-priced and to secure their estimate for the work.

A trip of this kind generally ends the argument, and the client pays over his money to the broker, who hires one of the cheap incorporation concerns that turn out ready-made incorporations at a profit to themselves of from five to ten dollars each. Their incorporations, like some ready-made garments, do not fit and, in addition, rip easily.

This transaction may net the broker several hundred dollars, and also enable him to form a still better conclusion as to the sum that can ultimately be extracted from the bank account of the prospect who, having paid his money, has qualified for classification as a sucker.

Clients Sold Instead of Securities

THE larger and more businesslike broker refers his client to a lawyer with whom the broker has a working agreement as regards division of fees and to whom the client goes for the purpose of having his company incorporated; in which case he gets what he pays for. His company is legally and properly incorporated and the by-laws and minutes are correctly drawn up. The lawyer divides his profit with the broker.

Should the client have had his company incorporated before meeting with his expected source of finances, he is sent to the lawyer to have his incorporation papers, by-laws and minutes examined; or else the broker recommends changes which he says will enable him to sell the stock more easily. For instance, if the stock provided is all common stock the broker will insist on having preferred stock to sell. If bonds are offered for sale the action of the board of directors must be examined by the attorney.

To a man as well acquainted with the corporation laws as the average broker is, it is an easy task to find faults and to suggest changes that will net him and the attorney as much profit as the original incorporation work would have netted them, possibly even more.

This plan is preferred by brokers, because by it the client pays them no money; and it must be a very suspicious person who would accuse an apparently respectable member of the bar of dividing his fees with the broker who sends him the business. Every one knows this is done repeatedly; but to prove it—that is a different matter.

The company is now formed, the stock is ready to sell, and apparently the broker is in daily communication with some of the capitalists he says are on his list. But, strange to say, none invest.

The broker reports that these moneyed people think well of the project; but, as the patent is undeveloped, they are a little timid about it. If, however, they had some assurance that their principal was safeguarded and would not be lost, they would risk the interest on the investment.

Now is the time to introduce the sucker to the guaranty plan. This is generally done by suggesting an issue of

debenture bonds, which are really simply promissory notes, to be offered to the investor plus some stock as a bonus. The broker states that these bonds, not being protected by a mortgage, should be guaranteed by "some trust company or other concern authorized by law to perform such services."

Oftentimes the client is induced to visit trust companies for this purpose. Failing to secure any encouragement, he returns for advice to the broker who, sympathizing with the client's opinion of trust companies in general, suggests the name of some redemption or securities company which, he says, makes a special business of guaranteeing such securities.

Immediately the client writes to the redemption company and receives a reply, with a blank application form which purports to be an application for a contract that binds the redemption company to pay the holders the par value of the guaranteed securities at maturity, in consideration of a cash fee of one per cent of the amount of securities so guaranteed, such fee to be payable when the application is made.

If the amount of securities is one hundred thousand dollars the cash fee paid is one thousand dollars. In addition the applicant company agrees to pay the redemption company a certain percentage of the money received from the sale of the securities. For instance, if the securities mature in forty years then twenty-six per cent of the amount received is to be turned over to the redemption company to form a sinking fund for the payment of the amount due the security holders. The strong point about this plan is that it is mathematically correct.

It is not necessary to say that the thousand-dollar fee is divided between the broker and the redemption company. Seldom—almost never—are any securities sold; so this ends the transaction, except the cleaning up or getting rid of the client as quickly as it is possible to do so safely. This is done by tiring him out or getting another broker to induce him to sign a contract—on hearing of which the original broker waxes indignant and throws up the whole matter.

Cases have been known where, the client having given bank references, the bank and its officers were so flooded with letters asking information and data that they had to withdraw their consent to be used as reference, which action the broker seized on as an excuse for dropping the matter. As he puts it: "You can't expect me to act for your company when the bank you give as reference refuses to act as such any longer. What's the matter with you that your own bank won't stand for you?" That generally ends the matter, and all attention is devoted to the next victim.

A few months ago one of these redemption companies was convicted of conspiracy to defraud and was put out of business. In court it was shown that it had collected in a very short time over three hundred thousand dollars in these advance fees of one per cent. In the whole history of the company only one corporation had sold any of the securities so guaranteed, and in that case only a very small amount had been disposed of.

An enlargement and improvement on this plan consists in having the broker tell the client at the start of negotiations that he represents a large European financial concern, and that the matter will be laid before this concern for its decision.

In due time the client receives a letter from Europe, on a letterhead of the financial concern, claiming resources of five million pounds or some other large amount. This letter states that the investment is one which interests the foreign company, and that it will buy the securities at, say,

ninety per cent of par, if "guaranteed by some responsible concern." The client, thinking the matter closed, easily parts with one per cent for a guaranty contract, which money is divided between the broker, the guaranty company and the London concern.

One of these European concerns, which we shall call the Universal Bankers' Alliance because that is not its name, had such an arrangement with bank officials as to enable it to give a large and thoroughly respectable bank in London and one in Paris as references. Inquirers received confidence-begetting reports, though the manager, owner and controller of the concern was an American who found it convenient to live abroad.

When the redemption company receives the one per cent fee it issues a contract obligating itself to pay the holders of the guaranteed securities the par value of the same in full at maturity. This contract, being forwarded to the Alliance in London, is exchanged for a contract between the capital-seeking company and the Alliance, whereby the Alliance agrees to sell, or cause to be sold, the securities mentioned, at the price agreed on. The contract also binds the company desiring capital to pay the cost of such examination as the underwriters may decide to be necessary to verify the statements of the company.

The Patron Saint of Green Companies

THE broker, having sold the securities or secured their underwriting, is thanked by the client, who is grateful to his patron saint that he has steered clear of sharpers and found an honest and able firm of real financiers. The client has secured his underwriting, and is told to go home and wait for the first installment of cash from London. He goes in a happy frame of mind, and waits; but instead of cash he receives, a short time before the date on which the Alliance has agreed to make the first payment, a cablegram from the Alliance, stating that it has sold his securities to certain European banks, whose names are not given. Before paying over the money, the cable states, the banks have decided to take advantage of the clause in the contract that gives them the right to have an examination of the company and its assets made by a representative of their selection, at the expense of the company. The company is advised that the examiner is ready to sail, and consequently it must cable several hundred pounds sterling—in one case the amount was two thousand pounds—immediately, so that the engineer or examiner may start at once for the United States.

The money having been sent, a man appears, makes an examination and returns to England. Shortly following his return comes a statement that the alleged facts given in the prospectus issued by the company were not substantiated by the examination, and the deal is off. Generally the letter expresses indignation because the company has tried to deceive the Alliance. Another division of fees occurs between the conspirators, making quite acceptable additions to their respective bank accounts.

So able and well equipped was one of these English fake financial concerns that an American, noted for his shrewdness in business, went to London before paying his six-thousand-dollar fee, and was entertained lavishly, but in a strictly businesslike manner, by the comptroller of the London concern. He was even taken to Belgium and introduced to alleged bankers, who agreed to buy his securities; for, as was stated, they had made money in every transaction they had ever had with the London concern. The American was not in a position then to understand the hidden significance of that remark.

This transaction was so pleasing to the American that he then and there wrote a letter stating that "in three days Mr. Daniels, of the Universal Alliance, had sold his securities to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars and that any persons desiring capital could be assured of the most honorable treatment at the hands of this concern." The name given as that of the officer of the London Alliance is, of course, not the one with which that official signs his letters.

Many thousands of photographic copies of this letter, without a date mark, were mailed to prospects; and, being printed without city and date, they could be used long after the time when the writer's frame of mind would not permit of the letter's being mentioned. His contribution was six thousand dollars plus cost and time of the European trip.

Even the examiners sent over were fraudulent. One was a barber by profession, and another had an engineering experience limited to repairing watches.

A man seeking capital cannot be censured for falling for a scheme so elaborate and complete as the one just outlined, with its bank references and its contracts legally and carefully drawn up. In all these dealings the client has not paid the broker a penny in person. The broker is willing, he says, to wait for his commission until the client receives his funds from the sale of his securities. He is then in a position to weep in unison with his client when the matter falls through; but he smiles to himself when he remembers his share of the division of the fees.

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He Hastily Received the Return of His One Thousand Dollars and Also Got Half of the Two Thousand Dollars the Victim Had Paid Over

SHYLOCK SEMPLE

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I'VE been quoted in the papers as being in favor of an open season on umpires, a state bounty on their scalps, and the destruction of their young wherever found. It serves me right for telling my troubles to reporters. What I really said was that some umpires are partly white and ought to be protected by law; but that Baldy Semple ain't human and never was, and there oughtn't to be any closed season on him, summer or winter.

I never said a word about his scalp, because that wouldn't be worth anything except as a curiosity. He hasn't got hair enough to pad one idea a year; but, even so, he's got more hair than brains and more brains than heart. He wears his cap down on the back of his neck so the half-moon won't show; and you can't get him to take it off, even when he makes the announcements.

Some people say he's a good umpire; but ask any of the boys that ever played in a league where he's been and they'll tell you what he is.

I've known Frank Semple ever since he was knee-high to a pop-bottle and I never knew any good of him. He was the stingiest, meanest kid that ever lived, and I always said that he'd turn out bad; but I never thought he'd get to be a real league umpire.

I used to go to school with him in a valley town out here in California before I ever thought I'd be famous. If there was any devilment going on, such as swiping pigeons or robbing a Chink's vegetable garden, little Frankie Semple would be in it, up to the neck, stage-managing the whole affair. If trouble came of it and somebody had to be caught and licked you could bet it wouldn't be Frankie. He was too wise for that and he had an alibi for every day in the week. He was like the general who stays seven miles behind the firing lines and directs the battle—he takes no chances of being hurt, but gets all the credit for winning.

Just as a sample of the way Frankie operated, I'll tell you about a fine scheme of his that was going to make us both rich.

Old Wong Kee had a vegetable garden half a mile out of town, and watermelons were worth two bits apiece that season. That's Native Son talk for twenty-five cents. A deep, wide irrigation ditch ran along the side of Wong's melon patch and emptied into the creek a quarter of a mile below it.

"Here's the biggest cinch in the world," says Frankie. "We'll wade up the ditch till we get to the Chink's place. The melons grow right on the edge and all we've got to do is pick 'em and roll 'em into the water—the current will do the rest. The creek will take 'em pretty near to town and to-morrow we can peddle 'em from house to house. How's that?"

Well, the prospectus looked all right to me and I fell for it. We left our clothes where the irrigation ditch joined the creek and waded and swam till we got abreast of Wong's place. Frankie, always cautious, took a squint through the willows.

"The coast is clear, Dutch," says he. "Wong is away over on the other side picking Lima beans. Crawl on your stomach and he won't see you."

"Ain't you coming too?" I says.

"Sure I am," says he; "but I want to stay here to see that the first lot gets started all right. Hurry up!"

I crawled out and yanked half a dozen big Cuban Queens loose from the vines and rolled 'em into the water. I had one eye on Wong all the time, but he never moved. It was so easy that I forgot all about the help I was going to get from Frankie—forgot everything but how rich I was going to be with watermelons selling at two bits apiece. I worked like a nailer and made an awful hole in Wong's patch, and was crawling back for more when I heard a yell—and there, right on top of me, was the old devil himself, with a pitchfork in his hands! The thing that Frankie took for a Chink, and that I'd been watching so carefully, was a dummy that foxy Mr. Wong had rigged up to fool bad little boys.

I know now that the safest place would have been on the other side of the irrigation ditch, but at a time like that a kid's legs don't wait for orders from headquarters. All that saved my life was the crouching start that I had; and if I could go down to first base as fast as I lit out across that vegetable garden I'd beat out more infield hits than Ty Cobb. It's a cinch that I broke the world's record for



"He Missed Me From Here to Goat Island! Anybody But a Blind Chinaman Knows It!"

the fifty-yard dash across plowed ground; but, even so, I couldn't shake that crazy Chink. He wasn't more than two jumps behind, yelling murder and reaching for me with his pitchfork.

It didn't strike me that I was headed in the wrong direction until I ran slap into Wong's blackberry patch. The first thing I knew, there it was, dead ahead; and those bushes looked mountains high. Old Wong had chased me into a trap, and I could tell by the sound of his voice that he knew it. It was the pitchfork or the briars, and I took a chance on the briars—headfirst.

I've got to give Wong credit for being game—he stayed right with me. He ran me clear through that blackberry patch and out on the other side—nine rows of those bushes; and you can bet I'll never forget 'em. I had the best of it in one way and the worst of it in another. The briars caught Wong's clothes and held him back. I didn't have any clothes on, and I went through there like a greased pig through a Sunday-school picnic, but not near so painlessly.

When I busted into the open there wasn't a square inch of me that wasn't scratched and bleeding. Wong was ripped up some himself. He left his shirt and most of his pants in the blackberry patch, but he still had the pitchfork, and he chased me half a mile up the creek before he quit. I found a deep place and crossed over, and Wong started across too; but there was a rock pile on my side and I made him change his mind. I could always peg straight, even when I was a kid.

I took my time in getting back to my clothes, for I was in awful shape. I found 'em where I left 'em, but there wasn't a sign of Frankie, or the melons either. I managed to get dressed finally and went home. I've forgotten what kind of a lie I told my mother, but it stuck. She plastered me with ointment, cried over me and put me to bed. My dad came in when he got home from work and took a look at the scratches.

"I don't know what you've been up to, son," says he; "but, whatever it was, you've been punished enough."

I was laid up for a week, so sore I couldn't get my clothes on—and Frankie never came near me once. It was a month before I found out how easy I'd been for him. He never intended to take a chance himself; and as soon as he saw me start to work on the melons he made a break

for his clothes and ran down the creek toward town. While Wong was chasing me with a pitchfork wise little Frankie was sitting on the bank in the shade waiting for the melons to show up. All he had to do then was to hide them in the brush till dark.

That wasn't the worst of it though. I asked him for my share of the money.

"Oh, didn't I tell you about that?" says he, looking me right in the eye. "Them melons was all as green as grass."

I never got a cent out of it; but the next time I saw Frankie he had a new target rifle. I always felt as if I had an interest in that gun.

II

WELL, we grew up and broke into semi-pro. baseball together—playing on the lots Sunday afternoons and passing the hat. Sometimes we got as much as sixty cents apiece. I started out to be a first baseman, and I would have made a good one; but I wasn't tall enough to spear the wild throws, so I wound up behind the bat, where I've been ever since. Frankie wanted to be a pitcher, because he thought there would be more money in it. I think he was the only kid I ever knew who cared more for the money than he did for the game itself.

As a pitcher he was an awful thing. He went into the box just once, and the outfielders ran themselves ragged chasing long hits. They gave him enough of a beating to last him a lifetime. He fooled round third base a while, and then he went to the outfield, where he was barely able to get by.

I didn't seem to care much for anything but baseball, and when I was nineteen I got a chance to be a regular leaguer. My people made an awful fuss when I signed with Sacramento. From the way my mother carried on anyone would have thought I was going straight to the bad place; but I finally convinced her that a regular ball club was run pretty much the same as the Epworth League. Why is it that a fellow's mother will usually believe everything he says and his father won't believe anything?

When I left home Frankie was still outfielding on Sundays and holidays, and hollering because the divvy wasn't bigger. He was losing his hair too—not on the top of his head, but all over at once—sort of shedding it.

This is not a life history, so I will skip over the next ten or eleven years. It's enough to say that I finally broke into the big league and stayed there for six seasons—six tough ones. I did most of the catching for the Bantams, and you can take my word for it that a first-string backstop earns his money. When they began stealing bases too often the boss asked me whether I had any preference, and I said California would suit me down to the ground.

"How about Los Angeles?" says he.

"Fine!" says I; and so it was fixed up.

You can say what you like about the Native Sons—Coast Defenders they call 'em in some parts of the East—but in all the time I was knocking round the big circuit I met only one native Californian who said he didn't want to go back. It was sour grapes with him. The statute of limitations hadn't expired and he didn't dare take a chance.

The Los Angeles club trained down at San Bernardino last spring, and while I was there I heard some talk about a new umpire that Al Baum had found somewhere up in Oregon. They called him Baldy Semple. One of the boys with the club had played in a backwoods league with Semple and knew him.

"Is his first name Frank?" says I.

"I dunno, Dutch. Nobody ever liked him well enough to call him by his first name. He is the meanest and the tightest guy that ever lived—and the worst judge of a fly ball."

"That's Frankie!" says I. "The description fits him like a glove."

"Do you know him too?" asks Long Tom Hughes, the pitcher.

"I used to," says I. "We went to school together up in Fresno when we was kids."

"That'll help some," says Jack Ryan, another pitcher. "Maybe he'll let you reason with him in balls and strikes. They tell me you Native Sons hang together worse'n Chinamen."

We opened the season at home against Oakland, and Baldy was one of the umpires that was sent south. I didn't

get a glimpse of him until just before the game began, but I knew the minute he walked on to the field that he was swelled all out of shape. I was warming up the pitcher—Jack Ryan, it was. Jack is one of those extra-dry kidders who doesn't furnish a blueprint with his jokes.

"This must be your college pal coming," says he. "Time out for the greetings."

Now I didn't expect Baldy to fall on my neck and kiss me, or anything like that—I didn't want him to; but I did think that almost anybody would walk ten steps out of his way to shake hands with some one he hadn't seen for ten years. Baldy had to pass right close to us on his way to the other bench to get the line-up of the Oakland team, and he sailed by without even turning his head—not a nod; not a wave of the hand; not a word!

I was flabbergasted for a second. It wasn't as if he didn't know I was there, because Dillon had already given him our line-up and he knew I was going to catch. It had the look of a deliberate turndown, and Jack Ryan was as surprised as I was. He didn't know what to make of it either.

Long Tom did. There isn't very much that gets away from that old boy, on the diamond or off. He was sitting on the end of the bench, taking it all in. The first thing I knew Long Tom was on his feet, beating time like the leader of an orchestra, and all the boys were singing with him:

Gee! It's certainly great to meet a friend from—your—home—town!

What difference does it make if he—is—up—or—down?

If there had been anybody home under that varnished roof—anything under that blue cap but solid ivory—Baldy would have tumbled; but he never even looked over his shoulder. It was plain to be seen that he regarded himself as the main attraction round there.

That was when I declared war. Before then I had been willing to treat Baldy the same as any other umpire—no better and no worse; but when he pulled that frosty-mitt stuff he lost me out of the neutral column. I went back to the bench to put on my shin guards and wind pad, and the boys cut loose at me immediately:

"Say, Dutch, I thought you said you knew that guy?"

"Good thing they're such close pals, or we might have had to pry 'em apart."

"You Coast Defenders sure do love each other!"

"Oh, well, the poor devil may be blind. Most umpires are."

Is it any wonder that I went out for the first inning with a chip on my shoulder? Being that it was the opening game of the season the mayor was to pitch the first ball, and of course he had to make a speech. While this was happening I sidled over toward Baldy. He was standing there, looking up at the sky, one hand on his hip and the other one twirling his mask. I opened up on him kind of light.

"Every move a picture!" I says. "It's a wonder you wouldn't say hello to somebody, you big, bald stiff!"

"How d'ye do, Dutch?" says he, about as enthusiastic as if a total stranger had just asked him the time o' day.

"I see they finally chased you back where you belong."

That was a fine, friendly greeting, wasn't it? It's a good thing for him that he sprung that line out on the field, because if it had been anywhere else I would have flattened him for luck.

"Well, anyway," I says, going right back at him, "I was good enough to get up there and I stuck for six years. That's more than you'll ever be able to say."

"Yeh?" says he. "What club was you with?"

Twice in the same place! He was hunting trouble with me; I could see it coming. What club was I with! Why, whole families have busted up for less than that!

"I don't wonder that you haven't heard," I says. "They tell me that in the leagues where you've been umpiring there ain't any daily papers or any telegraph poles either. Would it be any news to you," I says, "that the Athletics won the World's Series last season?"

He didn't come back so very brisk on that one. He had to do some thinking, and he was getting kind of pink round the wattles from keeping his temper and breathing through his nose.

"You'll know all about them little leagues pretty soon," says he. "You're headed straight for 'em now. They tell me that Bob Bescher and those other boys stole your wind pad last season. Cheer up! There ain't many fast men in the bushes. You may be able to get by for a couple of seasons."



The Way He Fooled With That Envelope Reminded Me of the Way a Kid Will Play With a Piece of Cake Before He Eats It

"You'll find out what I mean," says Baldy. "You've got a bad reputation as a kicker and an umpire baiter. Maybe you think, because you've been with a second-division club in the East, that you can get away with it out here on the Coast; but I'll show you different. The very first crack you make I'll take some of your dough!"

"You fine me," I says, "and you'll run from the next ball player you slap a plaster onto!"

"Think so?" says he. "Now remember, I've told you how it will be. I won't warn you again and I won't put you out of the game, but the first kick you make I'll take your dough. The president of the league says to bust up rowdy ball, and maybe I'll have to start in on you."

"You start in on me and I'll tell you where you'll finish," I says. "You'll finish back in the kerosene circuit where you came from. You can't go taking ball players' money away from 'em without paying for it. I'll sick all the boys onto you, and they'll run you out of the league!"

"Sick 'em and be damned!" says he. "It'll cost 'em money. Just give me some of your lip when the game starts and see what happens to you. Wake up and catch that first ball. The mayor has been winding up for an hour."

Well, the game began, and in the first inning there wasn't anything to kick about. Baldy didn't miss any strikes. When I got back to the bench I told the boys what Baldy said to me about taking my money. Long Tom Hughes grinned.

"I thought you kept kind of quiet out there," says he.

"Yes," says Charlie Chech; "you ain't afraid of your little schoolmate, are you?"

"Afraid!" I says. "Just let him miss one and I'll show you how afraid I am!"

The chance came in the next inning. Ryan was working good, as we say. He had two strikes on Middleton and one ball. He started the next one straight at Middleton's head, and she broke down and across the inside corner of the plate—as pretty a strike as you could wish to see.

"Ball—two!" says Baldy.

"What's that?" yells Jack, and I was right on top of Baldy in a flash.

"Don't go calling 'em before they break!" I says, yanking off my mask.

"Remember you ain't in the bushes now! Take a look at 'em, you blind stiff!"

"That'll cost you five!" says Baldy.

"Take a look at that and see how you like it!"

"That's right, umpire," says Middleton. "Don't let 'em show you up!"

I was considerably astonished. I didn't really think he'd have the nerve to do it. I thought he was trying to bluff me with that stuff about taking my money.

"Me?" I says. "You fine me?"

"You!" says Baldy. "Five bucks!"

I got mad then. I slammed my mask on the ground, threw dirt in the air, and maybe I hooted a little. Ryan came running up.

"What's the matter, Dutch?" says he.

"Matter!" says I. "Why, this bush umpire has just fined me five bucks and I never said a word to him!"

"I won't have to go there," says I. "I've got some dough in the bank—quite a chunk of it. If I was as tight as you are I expect I would have 'most a million by this time, but I'm a liberal spender and a nickel gets away from me once in a while. The boys tell me," I says, "that you kiss the eagle on every dollar you get."

Well, that pronged him in a tender spot. I thought it would.

"It's a good thing you've got so much money," says he, talking very slow and distinct, "because I may have to take some of it away from you."

"What do you mean—take it away from me?" I says.

"You've got a bad reputation as a kicker and an umpire baiter. Maybe you think, because you've been with a second-division club in the East, that you can get away with it out here on the Coast; but I'll show you different. The very first crack you make I'll take some of your dough!"

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"Matter!" says I. "Why, this bush umpire has just fined me five bucks and I never said a word to him!"

Not a word!" And, considering what some umpires will stand for, I hadn't.

Jack began at the feet and looked Baldy all over as if he'd never seen him before.

"Blind burglars are scarce," says he. "There ought to be some sort of a premium on 'em; and this one ain't got any hair either. What do you reckon we could get for him stuffed?"

"Do you want me to give you some of what I just gave him?" says Baldy.

"What!" says Jack, acting as if he was surprised. "You don't mean to tell me that you're actually giving something away, Mister Umpire? Why, they told me you was so tight that you wouldn't give up anything! They told me you wouldn't give a buffalo nickel to see the Battle of Waterloo fought over again—with the original cast! They told me —"

"And five for you too!" interrupted Baldy. "Did they tell you that?"

And that was how Baldy broke into the Coast League—fining people right and left, the same as if five-dollar gold-pieces grew on all the trees. He plastered Tom Hughes with a fivespot just for accusing him of being a second cousin to a Mexican hairless sausage; he soaked Cap Dillon twice for nothing at all; and he fined Rube Ellis for getting down on his knees at the plate after Baldy had called a burn third strike on him. The Oakland boys caught it too; for when Baldy started out to make it an expensive afternoon for the athletes he didn't play any favorites.

The thing that made us the sorest was the way the papers praised him to the skies. They said he was a great umpire and fearless in enforcing discipline.

"A few more arbiters of this sort will put an end to the senseless kicking and wrangling over decisions. These disgraceful exhibitions mar the sport and disgust the patrons of the game." That was what one reporter wrote. I wonder if he ever stopped to think what sort of a ball club he would have if none of the players ever fought for points or scrapped when they thought an umpire was handing them the worst of it.

Ball players kick because they want to win games or because they hate to lose 'em. Show me a club without any kickers and I'll show you a club without any friends. Take the pepper and the scrappiness out of baseball, and what have you got left? Nothing but an exhibition game—no life—no interest. My old boss had the right idea:

"Don't be afraid to holler on a bum decision," he used to say. "I don't want you to pull an umpire's nose off his face or kick him on the shins; but if you think he's missed one on you, tell him so. Tell him loud, so he'll hear it. Holler your head off on every close decision. It will look as if we wanted to win a ball game now and then. And," he used to wind up, "the club will pay all fines within reason."

On this same subject I wonder how a reporter would like it if his editor fined him part of his salary every time he



I Didn't Expect Baldy to Fall on My Neck, But Almost Anybody Would Shake Hands With Some One He Hadn't Seen for Ten Years

made a mistake? He wouldn't be so ready to boost a fining umpire then—that's a cinch.

Nearly all the umpires understand that a player kicks from principle and force of habit, and that often he doesn't mean anything personal by what he says. Baldy never got that angle through his thick head. Everything was an insult to him, and he slapped on fines where any other umpire in the country would have turned his back and grinned.

When the first pay day came round several of us had little blue receipt slips pinned on our checks. Even Poll Perritt had one, and he's the mildest-mannered man that ever walked into a box. Jack Ryan had two, and so did Dillon. The club secretary had paid the fines into the league treasury and deducted the amounts from what we had coming. Ryan was pretty sore.

"And to think that I never laid the weight of a finger on that guy!" says he. "I've seen leagues where I could have murdered two umpires for a lot less than ten dollars, but I never saw a league before where a man could converse himself into bankruptcy! I don't know whether this bald buzzard is going to be allowed to fivespot us into the poor-house; but, just for the fun of the thing, I'm going to keep tab on how much he costs this club before somebody kills him. Frank, Rube, Dutch—gimme those blue tags. I'm making a collection."

It wasn't long before he had a real collection, at that, because Jack got all the players on the other clubs to save their receipt slips for him. They had enough of 'em, goodness knows, for Baldy's only line of conversation seemed to be "Five for you!" And if his big ears didn't burn whenever Jack added a new blue slip to the bunch it was because what Jack said about him was too warm to travel by wireless.

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ALONG about the middle of the season we went north for a road trip, and San Francisco was the first stop. Baldy had been umpiring in Sacramento, but when we walked into the hotel in San Francisco there he was, as big as life, smoking a cigar. I'll bet it was one that somebody gave him.

It was the first time he had ever put up at the same hotel with us, and I guess he wouldn't have done it then if he hadn't got a cheap rate. He didn't speak to anybody as we came in, and it wouldn't have done him any good if he had. Not a player in the league would recognize him off the field.

"Hello!" says Long Tom. "There's the Human Fivespot!"

"Oh, I guess not human," says Jack Ryan.

"The old boy looks meaner'n mustard this morning," says Rube Ellis. "Wonder who's going to contribute to the support of the league this week?"

Well, Rube didn't have long to wait before he found out. Baldy was umpiring the bases that afternoon; and in the eighth inning, with two down and nobody on, Rube got a good cut at one and knocked it a mile. He had to slide to beat the relay to third, and O'Leary made a stab at him and never even came close to touching him.

"Out!" says Baldy, jerking his thumb into the air. He walked away as if that settled it; but Rube was right after him.

"He missed me from here to Goat Island!" howls Rube. "Anybody but a blind Chinaman knows it!" And then he made a grab at Baldy's blouse.

"Keep your hands off me!" says Baldy, but Rube was mad by this time, and he spun Baldy round like a top.

"That'll cost you ten!" says he.

Well, there was a fine mob scene after that. Rube wanted to crown Baldy on the spot, and it took three of us to drag him away. Cap Dillon told Baldy what he thought about it and it cost him five. Harry Meek aired a few opinions at the same price. Both of 'em were careful not to touch him, and I guess that was why Baldy only fined 'em five apiece.

That night there was an indignation meeting in the clubhouse. I didn't stay for all of it, because I had a date; but when I left, Rube Ellis had the floor, and he was proposing that we draw straws to see which one of us should murder Baldy in his sleep. This happened on a Tuesday.

On Thursday evening I was waiting in the lobby for some of the boys to show up and I noticed Baldy over at one of the writing tables, though I can't imagine who in

the world would want to hear from him. In this hotel the writing tables are on the main floor and they set along the back wall. They have Japanese screens in between to keep people from rubbing over your shoulder and getting an eyeful of your correspondence.

While I was sitting there a man and a woman came in from the street. He was a big, red-faced country-looking fellow about forty years old, and he kept pulling at his celluloid collar as if it bothered him. The woman was rather shabby, and she walked with a stoop, as if she had worked hard all her life. I remember that she had on black lace mitts, like my grandmother used to wear. They had quite a time picking out a place to sit down, but finally they settled at the table next to Baldy, and the man hauled a big brown envelope out of his pocket. Pretty soon Long Tom came by, and he spotted the couple right away.

"Look at that rube and his wife," says he. "She's giving him an awful call-down about something. She's laying down the law to him right. It must be good, because Baldy's quit writing to listen. Let's horn in on the other side and see what it's all about."

The first thing I heard was the woman's voice. She was pretty near crying.

his telegram. "My brother is on his way from Walla Walla," I says. "He would have been here to-day, but there was a freight wreck on the line." I told 'em he'd be here sure by noon to-morrow and I could have the money for him the minute Martin gets off the train. The old skinflint wouldn't hear to it. Said he had to have the money before midnight or the law would have to take its course. He's had his eye on that property of ours for three years, and now's his chance to grab it."

"Oh, I wish that oil stock was in Jericho!" says the woman, sniffing and blowing her nose. "If you hadn't put your money into that —"

"Now be reasonable," says John. "There ain't anything wrong with the stock. You know I've been waiting here all day, expecting Martin to walk in the door. I was counting on going to Petersen's place the minute he showed up—and then at four o'clock I get this telegram. At four o'clock, mind you! If I'd known two hours earlier that Martin couldn't get here I could have borrowed any amount of money on this stock; but at four o'clock the banks was closed. Why, good Lord, Ella! Do you mean to tell me that any bank in the country wouldn't loan two hundred and sixty-five dollars on gilt-edge securities worth ten

times that much in the open market? Do you mean to tell me —"

I thought John had her going then, but I was wrong. She cut in on him:

"Tell you! I don't mean to tell you anything, John Wesley Mills! You never listened to me in your life, and you always was able to talk me into your way of seeing things, but this much I do know—they're going to take my home away—the home that's as much mine as it is yours, because I've done a man's work on it; the home that I've slaved for till many's the time I thought I'd drop—and all for what? All for what? John, you've got to do something! You've got to!"

John took a good long think.

"I might go to these hotel people," says he, "and tell 'em the fix I'm in. I kind of hate to do that, though. Hotel folks are so suspicious of anybody they don't know."

"Why, John!" says she. "Suspicious of you? I'll go along and stand right by your side, and if anybody says a word I'll tell 'em that you're my husband—John Wesley Mills, a deacon in the Methodist Church at Antioch. I guess that would shut 'em up! Suspicious! My land!"

John grunted.

"I'm afraid my church standing wouldn't help with a hotel clerk," says he; "but I s'pose I could offer to put up this stock as security."

"Why, of course you could!" says she, brightening up right away. "The very thing! Why didn't we think of that before?"

"They'd know what this stock was worth," says John. "All I want is two hundred and sixty-five dollars till noon to-morrow—better say till eight o'clock in the evening, in case Martin runs into another wreck or something. That would be twenty-four hours. Think of it! Stocks worth pretty near three thousand dollars put up as security for a measly two hundred and sixty-five! It just shows what an awful tight fix a fellow can get himself into when he'll take a chance on losing that much property for the sake of a little ready cash."

"But you'd have to give the hotel people something for the use of the money, wouldn't you?" says the woman.

"Give 'em something?" says John. "Give 'em — Why, say! There ain't anything I wouldn't give 'em for the sake of the accommodation! One hundred per cent for twenty-four hours! That's what I'll offer 'em."

"That's too much," says she; "a whole lot too much. They wouldn't ask it. Ten dollars would be a great plenty."

"Look here, Ella," says he; "you don't understand these things. When you're in a corner and there ain't any way out no price is too high. Ain't I risking all this stock in case I can't redeem it to-morrow night? Ain't I? And what's two hundred and sixty-five dollars to us if we can keep our place? You know I can get five hundred and thirty from Martin as easy as winking, don't you? Well, then! What are you a-fussin' about?"

"I s'pose Martin wouldn't mind," says Ella. She was weakening; I could see that.

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ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN—

"They Told Me You Wouldn't Give a Buffalo Nickel to See the Battle of Waterloo Fought Over Again"

"Oh, John, if you'd only listen to me once in a while! Why wasn't you satisfied just to have the home property clear? You went and spent your money on these miserable stocks and things, and now they're going to take our little place away from us!"

"But, Ella," says the man, breaking in, "ain't I told you a thousand times that these stocks are just as good as a government bond? Look at this Tehachapi North Consolidated! It's worth ten dollars a share this minute and —"

"Yes—worth it where?" says the woman. "It must be mighty valuable if you can't borrow two hundred and sixty-five dollars on it!"

"And this Bradwin-Sasparco stock!" says the man. "Wasn't we offered four hundred for it only last week? Wasn't we?"

"Oh, I wish you'd hush!" says the woman, getting mad. "If you'd taken that four hundred, like I wanted you to, we wouldn't be in this awful fix. Don't you s'pose you could get 'em to hold off until noon to-morrow? Think of their taking our home away just for that one payment!" The woman began to cry.

"Come along!" I whispers to Tom. "Beat it!"

"No; stick a while," says he. "I want to hear John alibi himself."

"Now, Ella, don't cry!" says he. "Please don't cry! Can't you see I got enough to stand without that? What's driving me crazy is that this shark, Petersen, won't wait till Martin gets here. I told 'em all about it; I showed 'em

VANITIES—By Frederick Irving Anderson

ANNE ERSKINE had long since ceased to be a mere mortal—no matter how splendid; she had become a lost art. Women crowded about her on the occasions of her rare afternoons, seeking with eager eyes, touching with trembling fingers. Piretti one day offered her an unconscionable sum for the secret of her skin. He, for trade, had dared ask the question women kept locked in their hearts; as if youth, ever-vivid, vivacious youth, were a matter of how or why, instead of being an axiom, a fact. For youth is a fact, no matter how much we may seek to controvert it by artifice.

During her Broadway season Holbard, her manager, had taken to sitting out in front on Tuesday and Thursday nights, when she alternated Isabella and Francesca, her two prime rôles. Holbard—whose temples were beginning to show gray, whose long, thin fingers were beginning to curl and grow fat! Holbard had been counting the measure of her art in the box office for many years now.

She caught him watching her the first night, but she said nothing. His face seemed fairly to spring out at her from the stippled darkness of the house. Then, quite casually, one day he told her that the Variety Combination, old Heinemann himself, was feeling him out on the prospect of booking her for forty weeks in her big scenes. There was money in it, and glory too—and a little more ease and leisure than she had allowed herself ever before, he added absent-mindedly.

And, after all, why not? Bernhardt had done it, and others as distinguished. And, when all is said and done, great dramas are great only because of their big scenes. The part is greater than the whole. It is so in all art. Think of the great pictures that are incomprehensible to the masses except when rendered as fragments. People do not go to the opera for the unintelligible gibberish of foreign tongues; it is some aria, a harmony, that attracts them—and they carry home the fragment ringing in their ears. That fragment is the opera to them. Men live and die and are forgotten except for some one act, sublime or ridiculous. The public treasures the high lights, the supreme moments.

Anne Erskine watched the manager narrowly as he talked. "You are a plausible devil, Holbard," she said suddenly. She fixed her eyes on him with a trick of hers that always turned him inside out. "Tell me, Holbard"—she was leaning forward and resting her chin in her hands—"what do you find of interest down in front these nights? Last night you sat through the intermission."

Holbard shifted uneasily under her gaze.

"Were you studying me, Holbard? Eh? Don't look in the fire! Look at me! Were you studying me, Holbard?"

He raised his hands in mute protest. He was beginning to take fright for fear he had said too much. He had not known until now that she had been cognizant of his silent, studious vigil out there in front. She had a disconcerting way of putting two and two together for an inevitable four, just when he prided himself on being most subtle.

"Were you listening to what they were saying about me, Holbard? Tell me: what were they saying about me?"

"My dear child!" he protested weakly.

"If you do not tell me," she said, "I will tell you. I am a woman—and I know what women say about each other."

She waited for him to speak; but he continued to stare at the fire on the hearth, supremely uncomfortable. Then there came an unexpected break, much to the relief of the manager. Heinemann was coming in with some woman. It was Mademoiselle Verzain, a European artiste, who had just come over; and he was taking her about in his awkward, homely way. The two women appraised each other with swift glances. Soon the party was split up into pairs, Heinemann and Anne Erskine in front of the fire—Heinemann, as usual, inexpressibly solemn and rubbing the huge wart that rode astride one nostril, while he sedulously avoided the topic uppermost in his thoughts—Anne Erskine as a topline at the Varieties. Heinemann was, in some curiously grotesque way, telepathic. When he desired anything very much he would consume oceans of time, if need be, scheming to make the other side of the bargain seem to propose it.

"She is tremendously ugly—isn't she, Heinemann?" whispered the gorgeous Anne Erskine in his ear. The fat old kobold of the nation's theaters winked mysteriously.

"She is the ugliest woman in the world!" he whispered thickly. "I pay her two thousand dollar a week for being so ugly, matame."

He drew off and looked at her with an air that seemed to say he would be very glad to pay Anne Erskine the same figure for being so beautiful; but he did not say it—though he felt quite sure she was thinking it. He was



At First Liscomb Wonced Under the Blow to His Personal Pride

felicitating himself on his good fortune in having Anne alone by the fire that afternoon, with Holbard to take care of the ugly creature; but he was unable to pursue his hypnotic suggestion farther, for at this auspicious moment Bayard Liscomb came in, following hard on the heels of the maid with his card, as though he owned the place. For all that this elegant icy Liscomb had been ambassador to France, and had served brilliantly in equally onerous positions, his claws were always drawn here. He had been playing the bear to Anne Erskine for so long that his hopeless infatuation had become classic.

No sooner did the vaudeville king see the diplomat than he gave an exclamation of disgust. He rose, picked up his new artiste and made off, with an elaborate leave-taking of the brilliant beauty and scant courtesy to the interloper who had interrupted his little chat just at the moment when it seemed to be coming to a head. Though Anne Erskine dandled Liscomb at the end of a string to a point of despair that made him dull and stupid, nevertheless she gave him time that belonged to others.

"Did you ever see an uglier woman?" she asked as the three turned from the door and resumed their seats. "Yet Heinemann is paying her a fabulous sum just for being ugly. She is what he calls an artiste!"

She picked up a silver mirror on her dressing table and began running deft fingers through her wonderful hair. There is no color named to describe that hair. Women who talked about her between the acts said that Piretti—the same who had the effrontery to ask for the secret of her skin and, had he secured it, would doubtless have plastered the Newark meadows' billboards with the advertisement—drew royalties through the box office for giving her the exclusive use of the tint. However that may have been, it was wonderful hair. Liscomb was thinking so, at any rate, as fascinated he watched the play of her fingers among the tresses.

"Holbard says I am getting too old to play Isabella," Anne said presently, studying Liscomb in her mirror as though curious to see the effect of her words.

"Anne! Anne!" cried the anguished Holbard, springing to his feet and looking at her imploringly. She smiled back at him.

"Holbard," she said, "you are as transparent as jelly. And as sticky too!" she cried. "You stick to every new idea that flits across the face of the house! He has been listening to what the women are saying about me between the acts—eavesdropping, Liscomb. And now he thinks it is time to sandwich me in between a monkey circus and a

tramp monologue at the Varieties, twice a day! That's why you brought Heinemann here this afternoon, Holbard. Don't deny it! Heinemann, as usual, used all his time baiting a trap for me."

"She is in a tantrum!" cried the manager, appealing to Liscomb.

"Possibly," said the woman calmly. "Nevertheless, you are right. You are nearer right than you think! I am going to close Saturday night. We close in Francesca," she added; and she continued softly, as she tapped the table with her fingers: "'And in the book that day they read no more.'"

"But this is madness—sheer madness! Anne, the house is sold out to the last week, five weeks off! And the advance sale for Chicago is beyond anything we have ever had!"

The agitated manager was walking the floor.

"We close Saturday night," she repeated, staring Holbard out of countenance. "I have made my decision. It is irrevocable. Say that I am ill—tell them anything you wish; pay the company a two-weeks' envelope out of my pocket."

"Liscomb," cried Holbard, "say something! She will listen to you! She is insane, I tell you! Her nerves have gone to pieces. Just because she saw me sitting out in front last night during one scene and an intermission—"

"During two acts and an intermission," corrected the woman. "And last Tuesday the same thing—and twice last week, Liscomb. Oh, Holbard, I know your tricks! Was it by accident that the lights were dimmed in the book scene last week? I thought so until it happened the second time, Tuesday. But enough of this!" she cried, springing up and seizing Holbard by the shoulders. "We are too good friends—too old friends—to quarrel. And we shall quarrel, Holbard—unless you go away and leave me now. I want to talk to Liscomb. He won't lie to me, even though he is a diplomat."

She pushed him out and shut the door on him.

"Do you really mean that you have made your decision to close?" asked Liscomb incredulously.

"I have made my decision. Oh, it isn't all Holbard. I have known it was coming—watched it—tried to fight it off; but when he takes to dimming the lights for me—and watching me from the front—and listening to women—that is too much! That is the end!"

"But, Anne—just when you have achieved so much; it is vandalism!"

"Achieved so much!" she repeated disdainfully. "What is achievement? Merely the first skirmish! It is not the task of achieving that tears one's soul to bits; it is the task of holding what one has achieved. You know that, my good friend—and finally the time comes," she concluded wearily, "when the game is hardly worth the candle."

This was his cue to offer himself at his shrine once more. The incisive, arrogant Liscomb of the outside world was lost beneath the mantle of humility imposed by his hopeless passion. She let her glorious head sink back in the chair and closed her eyes; a smile played over her features. One might have thought she was listening to some delicious music.

Finally he came to a stumbling finish, bitterly conscious that once more his words had fallen on deaf ears. She rose lightly and seized a little silver-mounted baton from the piano. She touched him with it in irritating burlesque.

"Rise, my faithful Old Dog Tray!" she cried gayly. "You make me feel as though I had been eavesdropping on some holy devotions. Once more, Sir Knight, you lay your heart at the feet of Isabella. Last time it was Francesca. Would you be on your knees to me if I were one of the witches? Would your words burn if I were myself?"

"You are cruel!" he cried, amazed at her moods.

"I am the most beautiful woman in the world!"

He had told her this many times with trembling lips.

"You could not love even Isabella if you had her to breakfast every morning. No! No! You could not, Liscomb! Don't put together one of your pretty phrases. I saw you!" she cried accusingly, yet mockingly. "I saw the look you gave that little Verzain! If you looked at me that way, Liscomb," she said suddenly, her eyes burning. "I would kill you! I would, indeed, Liscomb—if I loved you. Marie!" she called, putting off this new mood as though it were a cloak. A maid came through the curtained doorway behind them. "Ask Elsie if she will come here for just a moment."

Some women affect their years with the same intensity of purpose with which others deny them. Such a one was the woman who entered. Liscomb had the impression of an emphasized middle age and a colorless personality. Anne advanced to meet her, put an arm about the woman's waist and drew her to her side in an affectionate embrace.

Then the actress turned and looked so questioningly at Liscomb that the diplomat was embarrassed.

"This is my sister Elsie," she said; and she challenged him with another look.

Plainly Anne was playing on the contrast of their two persons, but the humor of it seemed too cruel for him to attempt to parry. He advanced and addressed some graceful phrases to Elsie, who appeared somewhat disconcerted in the presence of this famous man of the world. Anne dropped into a chair again and watched them without a word. At length the interview came to a halting end. As the draperies closed behind Elsie, Anne turned to him.

"Liscomb," she said then, "do you know why that woman is old? I will tell you: she plays at age that I may play at youth. It is part of our detestable stock in trade. Liscomb, I am ten years her senior! But she would deny it. That is her part."

She paused, waiting for him to say something; but he did not speak. He felt a bitterness rising.

"Let me tell you the whole truth about this matter," she continued: "I have gone on year by year sacrificing my family to my own ends. Do you know what it means for a woman to sink into age—to plead to more years than she owns? No; you do not—because you are a man! Elsie has done that for me—and more! And all that I might continue to be Isabella or Francesca—for you, Liscomb, and the rest of your kind, who make a god of high lights. Ah," she cried with sudden passion, "if you but knew the shifts you put us to by your ceaseless clamor for ideals! I am sick and tired of it all. I am through! I am through, Liscomb! I tell you I am done!"

She fell to weeping, her head in her arms on the table. These tears were not for him, he felt, with a sudden tightening of the heart. Just how this scene fitted in, why he had been asked to be a witness to it, he could not have told himself, because he had never before seen into the shadows. After a time the tension became unbearable. He rose and found his hat and stick in the hall. As he was letting himself out he encountered the sister, on whom he looked now with different eyes.

"She is not herself," he whispered. "I think you had better go to her. After a while," he said, "you might tell her —" He paused. "Oh! I don't know," he said miserably. "I don't know what you can tell her for me." And he bowed himself out.

Holbard, in his many years of worthy striving, had come to recognize what we glibly call temperament as something intensely tangible, always to be reckoned with. This in spite of the fact that Anne Erskine, the woman with whom his professional life had been associated so minutely, was farthest from the mercurial. Yet now he ceased his troubled spirit with the comforting assurance that her fierce declaration that she would end her career at its zenith was but a tardy evidence that she, too, was of the rule, not of the exception. But Holbard was easy-going, anxious to let well enough alone—though it must be confessed that well enough with him had heretofore been superlative.

Things flowed on in clock-work routine at the theater—there is nothing so lulls one into security as the orderly procession of long-established detail. Liscomb came, as usual, nightly—sometimes for a mere act or a scene; once, on Saturday night, for the whole picture. He sat back in Holbard's box, watching the house and the woman, vaguely wondering which was the more wonderful—the art of the woman or the human emotions on which she played. One thinks of art as something absolute, enduring; something that must go on forever and ever.

Saturday night, during the third act of *Francesca*, Liscomb turned to Holbard and whispered the question that was uppermost in his mind. Holbard shook his head in answer. He had done nothing, she had done nothing, since that scene in her drawing-room. Liscomb had tried to

see her; but she had always sent word begging off; some other time—not then.

Monday night she was to revive *Ferdinand de Gar's Vanities*. Ten minutes before the curtain rose Holbard came out and stumbled through an announcement of which nobody could make head or tail. It finally filtered through the house that Anne Erskine was unable to appear; and the brilliant audience gathered for this historic revival filed out as solemnly as though the orchestral finale was some dirge.

It leaked out later in the evening that the company had been given two-weeks' envelopes, and the newspapers made the most of it the next morning. At Anne's home a caretaker said that the house had been stripped for the winter and the establishment had gone—where, he did not know. Holbard made matters worse by refusing to be seen. It had dawned on him with sickening conviction that he had made a hopeless mull of the affair. She had given him fair warning—had told him to let the thing down gently, with the apt lies of which his profession must be the master.

It was not the money loss, great as that must be, that overwhelmed him; both he and Anne were long since beyond that need. It was the fact that these last few days he himself had gone on placidly assuming her to possess vagaries of temperament which he understood now never had been and never would be a part of her nature. It was the old story of Holbard's letting well enough alone.

Now her retirement had become a vulgar sensation. A personage for whom thousands of people make a pilgrimage to the city during her Broadway engagement every year could not drop out of sight, erase herself from the picture, without an upheaval. The public holds its idols too closely to account. An artiste such as Anne must explain herself plausibly, else she becomes a mystery—and to become a mystery in these days of personal journalism is a prospect to shudder over.

Holbard could not go before the curtain now to explain that women, nibbling chocolates between the acts, had begun to whisper maliciously that Time was at length discovering flaws in this perennially perfect creature; he could

not say that at last the task of rejuvenescence, so vital to her rôle, was becoming too heavy for mortal heart to carry; he could not admit that his star was running away from an inevitable anticlimax. There was nothing he could say. He hesitated so long that specious lies were useless. Anne Erskine, at the zenith of her career, became a mystery.

As to Liscomb, he did not scruple to use such means as were at his command in an attempt to solve the mystery; but nothing came of it. At first he winced under the blow to his personal pride, a great thing in a man of his susceptibilities. Finally he himself ran away; and, secure in his retreat, he was surprised to find himself thinking clearly about Anne Erskine for the first time in his knowledge of her. He began by accusing her; he ended by accusing himself. She had taunted him with his love for Isabella and Francesca. Now, in clearer perspective, he began to ask himself if, indeed, it were not the ideal that had held his thoughts captive all these years. Possibly—but, if this were true, it was partly her fault. She had never come out of her part—on the stage or off. In truth this woman had always seemed the living embodiment of her great characters.

It had been a strange thing—this infatuation of his; she had never let him approach very close to her, in spite of the splendid friendship that had grown up between them. Sitting out there in the house night after night, following her every word and gesture with emotions which, in spite of his finer understanding, he must be sharing with a thousand other mortals—this had always been almost a keener delight to him than to sit with her in her drawing-room; the relish had been the greater that, as a rule, some other intimate, far more personal than the *hoi polloi* of pit and gallery, was there to claim an envied share of her attention.

As Isabella—after all, that was her greatest rôle—she was herself to him. Now he began to understand why he had been stricken dumb that memorable afternoon by her suddenly announced determination to put her career behind her. It was as though she were destroying a part of herself—the greater part. She must have fathomed his conscience, else why that scene in which her plain sister played so conspicuous and unexpected a rôle?

It was some weeks later that Heinemann, the mogul of the stage, found Liscomb out in his hiding place. The old manager assumed to have half forgotten the Erskine—as he had always called her—in the press of other things. Heinemann admitted it had been "goot publicity"—this running away and hiding; but she had stayed out too long now; had missed her cue if she ever intended to come back. What he wanted of Liscomb now was to have him come to see the newest jewel in his crown. Verzain would make her debut the following Tuesday. It was quite desirable to be bidden to a Heinemann opening by the old boor himself—for Heinemann had nothing but jewels in his imperial crown; his career was a procession of them. And now Verzain! It would be worth seeing how ugly a female could be for two thousand a week.

So Liscomb went. He was admitted from his Berlin by the side door up the famous stone steps where it is said Heinemann sits alone until all hours of the morning, long after Broadway has gone to bed, scheming. The manager's box had been set aside for Liscomb, and he pushed back the curtains and looked out.

It was a dirty little house, every available nook and corner jammed with chairs and every chair occupied. This place was a pot of gold for Heinemann, the mine from which his numerous *succès d'estime* drew their subsidies. A balcony hung on the rear wall, like an eyebrow—so close to the blackened ceiling that the last line of standees had to duck their heads to stand at all. He saw the whole through an acrid haze of tobacco smoke which rose in little gyrating streamers from the dull bed of the house, which, like some gigantic caldron, seemed to be

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Anne Erskine Had Long Since Ceased to be a Mere Mortal; She Had Become a Lost Art

Punitives Versus Primitives

By Irvin S. Cobb

DECORATIONS
BY GUERNSEY MOORE



SINCE I landed on the Continent in the middle of August, and until the present time of writing, which is in the first week of October—say, seven weeks altogether—I do not believe a single waking hour has passed without my reading or hearing by word of mouth of alleged atrocities perpetrated in this war.

From Belgian, from French and from English sources I have had hundreds of tales of barbarities by Germans. From German sources I have had hundreds of tales of barbarities by Belgians, Russians, French and British—but particularly by Belgians.

I dare say my opportunities for inquiring into the truth or the falsity of these stories have been as good as those of any other presumably impartial correspondent in the area of military activities. For two weeks I was constantly with the German columns in Eastern and Southern Belgium. For nearly four weeks I was in the German frontier city of Aix-la-Chapelle, and during that time made two trips across the border to visit Belgian battlefields which were not on the route of my earlier movements.

I have made painstaking efforts to find out the exact facts in such instances of alleged atrocities as came under my direct observation. I have tried to be fair to both sides and to get at the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

My deliberate personal opinion is that eighty per cent of the stories are absolutely untrue. The remaining twenty per cent I have mentally catalogued in this way: Ten per cent were grossly exaggerated and ten per cent approximately correct. At the same time let me add that in a majority of instances I am convinced the persons who peddled these hideous accounts of mutilation and torture, and murder and rapine, believed them to be true. They believed them to be true because they wanted to believe them; so they did believe them and gave to them as wide a circulation as possible.

Stories Told in Both Camps

OUR people at home know that in politics and religion most of us are perfectly willing to accept as verities whatever wrongful acts are attributed to our opponents, and just as ready to deny, without ever asking for the circumstances, the improper acts attributed to our own side. It is that flexibility of judgment which causes horse races and lawsuits and heated presidential campaigns, and schisms in doctrine.

When nations go forth with arms to destroy one another this trait, it seems to me, is accentuated tremendously both among the active participants and among their more or less passive partisans.

As I said just before, I was actually with the German advance for two weeks. I accompanied or followed the Germans into perhaps thirty cities and towns, ranging in size from Brussels, Louvain and Liège to inconsequential villages whose names would mean nothing if I enumerated them here. I saw them on the march, in camps, in newly captured towns, in hospitals and garrisons, and on still-smoking battlefields. I saw them going into action—though I did not see them actually engaged—and coming out of action. I hesitate to attempt to say how many hundreds of thousands of German soldiers I saw, with my

own eyes, between August nineteenth and the present date. I might miss the actual figure by a hundred thousand—yes, or by two hundred thousand.

At any rate I had abundant opportunity for studying them in masses, in groups, and as individual units. And when I was told or when I read that they had made a sport of spitting children on lances, and that they had locked women and priests up in churches to be burned to death and that they had suspended old men from rafters and put an end to them by lingering torments which old Geronimo would have envied, I found it hard to believe that these things were done, because I had witnessed no such crimes myself, nor was I able to come on a single human being who admitted having witnessed them personally.

I recalled the officers I had seen paying scrupulous and exact courtesies to Belgian men and women under whose roofs they had been billeted, and the private soldiers I had seen flirting with Belgian girls and dandling Belgian babies on their knees. To me it did not seem humanly possible that these men, belonging to a race we have been accustomed to regard as home-loving and God-fearing, would turn—on the instant, as it were—to a pack of ravening, bloody-minded, lustful brutes practicing warfare after the fashion of the Apaches.

On the other hand, from the time I first came in contact with German soldiers until I left Aix-la-Chapelle to go into France I have been hearing daily and hourly of frightful crimes that were laid at the door of Belgian noncombatants. It has been dinning into my ears that Belgian villagers poisoned the water and food which German soldiers ate; that they gouged out the eyes of wounded Germans who fell into their hands; that they bound helpless prisoners to trees and disemboweled them alive; that they cut the throats of sleeping Germans; that they chopped off the hands and the breasts of Red Cross nurses; that, under the secret leadership and inspiration of their priests, they conspired to massacre German garrisons; and finally that their favorite outdoor sport was pot-shooting at civilians, at hospital men and at scattered detachments of soldiers from the ambush of hedges and houses.

I found it just as hard to believe these hideous things as I did to believe the equally hideous acts attributed to the Germans by the Belgians and the English; for I remembered the Belgian country people as civil, courteous people who, so far as I could judge, accepted the presence of the invaders with a smiling, easy-going tolerance that made me marvel. I remembered how they stood outside their doors with buckets of water for thirsty German soldiers to drink; and how they accepted the prices paid them in German money, for supplies taken by German troops, with every evidence of abiding satisfaction.

Who was right? That was the question. Was the average Belgian peasant like unto Kipling's diagnosis of the little brown brother—a combination of half devil and half child? Did he smile by day and stab by night? Did he show a face of subservience to his conqueror while his heart plotted diabolical reprisals for the invasion of his country and the occupation of his towns? Was the German soldier what he had seemed to be—a rather kind-hearted lumbering chap, who did his duty as he saw it—or rather, as his officer saw it—asking no questions, but preserving pretty generally a good temper? Or was he, by merely putting

into his hands a gun and a little authority, transformed into a murderous and a merciless maniac?

I resolved early not to trust altogether to the evidence of my own eyes, which put so fair an aspect on the motives and the behavior of both sides; and I endeavored by every means in my power to come at the conditions that underlay the top-water indications. At the end of seven weeks of reasonably conscientious reportorial work I have proved—to my own satisfaction, at least—that, speaking generally, these are the facts:

A certain proportion of the Belgian population, usually confined to rural districts and small towns, were, during the first month of hostilities, much addicted to firing on German troops and individual Germans from the roofs and windows of their houses and from the shelter of their hedgerows. In a majority of cases these attacks were sporadic and incidental, undoubtedly the work of individuals acting on their own initiative.

According to the Laws of War

NOR can I doubt that a certain primitive passion, fed and fattened, perhaps, by a sense of the helplessness of their nation, has led individual Belgians to seek reprisal on the persons of German civilians who were reckless enough or brave enough to pass through the country without adequate military protection.

The Germans do not attempt either to excuse or to palliate the severity with which they retaliated for these assaults on them. They justify their action under the laws of warfare. Even though they did deny it, the wasted villages, the burned homes and the rows of new graves in the fields and gardens would give the lie to their words. Without exception they have destroyed the houses whence shots were fired on them; and they have killed, by hanging or shooting, all the male adults found within those houses, sparing neither the young nor the old. Yet I was assured that, from the first, the Belgian populace had ample promise of humane treatment if they remained peaceable and committed no overt acts against the Germans, and ample warning of the death and destruction in store for them if they raised armed hands against the troops.

In either event it is conclusive that the Germans kept their word; they kept it with the unimpassioned, determined German thoroughness which appears to be characteristic of their whole military system. If this were not true, how could I have found extended areas in Belgium through which hundreds of thousands of German soldiers had passed without signs of wanton damage of any sort—districts where the houses were all intact, the crops untrampled, and the fruit left hanging on the trees, and not so much as a window smashed or a haystack toppled over?

Naturally it is shocking to think that, in very many cases, when the invaders dealt out their deadly punishment the well-doing suffered with the guilty. Scores of times, no doubt, the folly and the sudden fury of one man brought destruction on his family and his neighbors. Yet it would be as unfair to say that always these innocent victims fell before German rifles as it would be untrue to say that a majority of them were not Belgians. Here I want briefly to describe a bracketed pair of illustrations.

In the first week of August incensed Belgian peasants went forth man-hunting. They resolved themselves into amateur posers to search out suspected spies and hostiles. An old man and his wife, both Hollanders living not far from Brussels, abandoned their home in a panic, and set out afoot for neutral territory across the Dutch border. After they reached a strange neighborhood a group of excited farmers halted them and demanded to know their business. In answer to a question the frightened couple answered "Ja!" Instantly they seemed to realize that the use of a word having a German sound might damn them and they stammeringly hastened to change it to "Oui!" To the half-crazed peasants this was sufficient proof that the pair were German spies, and they killed them both and left their bodies in the road.

The other case was equally pitiable. When the world war broke out with such sudden violence an aged Scotch gentleman, J. Monroe MacKenzie, was in Aix-la-Chapelle taking the baths for rheumatism. In company with several others of British nativity he left Aix on August ninth, meaning to reach Ostend and from there to cross to English soil. The party started in carriages. A few miles over the Belgian border they were stopped and turned back by German troops, who told them—truthfully enough—that fighting had begun along their route just ahead and that it would be dangerous for them to proceed farther. This happened between Baelen and Dolhain. The refugees obtained lodging for the night in the house of a Belgian customs officer.

Among them was an English lady, traveling with her two small children, one of whom was ill, and a trained nurse. During the night some one in the house, presumably the owner of it, fired from a hole in the roof tiles on a passing squad of Germans. The Germans surrounded the house and set fire to it. They spared the women and children; but they shot the men, of whom there were four, as they came forth from the blazing building. The seventy-four-year-old Scotchman came last, limping on his crippled legs. A volley dropped him across the threshold. I suppose there have been many such frightful things as these; I quote them here, first, to prove my point, and second, because I learned the details of them practically at first hand.

The Girl Who Directed the Liège Guns

WHILE we are still on this subject I am going to repeat a story that was told to me by one of the leading physicians of Aix-la-Chapelle, who, when I saw him, had abandoned his practice to manage a lazaret of German and French wounded. During the investment and bombardment of the Liège defenses a battery of German siege guns was mounted in the village of Dolhain, which has already been mentioned. From the accuracy with which shots from the Liège forts fell among them the Germans speedily became convinced that some one in the village was secretly communicating with the defending fortresses, telling the gunners there when a shell overshot the German lines or fell short.

A local physician was caught in the act of sending carrier pigeons to Liège with advice for the better handling of the Belgian guns. The Germans shot him in his house among his pigeons. Nevertheless, the Belgian fire continued to be marvelously fatal.

Then another discovery was made. A young girl, the daughter of a well-to-do citizen, was using a telephone that through some oversight the Germans had failed to destroy. From the window of her father's house she watched the effect of the Belgian shells, and after each discharge she would call the fort in Liège and direct the batteries there how to aim the next time. For days she had been risking her life to do this service for her country.

She was detected, tried by court-martial, convicted of violating the articles of warfare by giving aid to the enemy, and condemned to be shot. Next morning this girl, blindfolded and with her arms bound behind her, faced a firing squad. As I conceive it, no more heroic figure will be produced in this war than that Belgian girl, whose name the world may never know.

"I do not know how the American people will view the execution of military law on that brave young woman,"

said my informant. "I do know that the officers who tried her sorely regretted that, under their oaths to do their duty without being influenced by sentiment or by their natural sympathies, they sentenced her to death. They could do nothing else. She had been instrumental in causing the killing and wounding of many of our men. By the rules of war she had risked her life, and she lost it. Our troops had killed the man who used the carrier pigeons. They had no right and no power to spare the girl who, over the telephone, directed the fire of our enemies. But if I were a Belgian I would give my last cent to rear a monument to her memory."

So much for Belgian provocation and for German reprisals under the inflexible Prussian code. The topic of atrocities is an easier one with which to deal. Speaking from my own personal knowledge I will say just this:

First and last I presume I must have traveled upward of a hundred and fifty miles on Belgian soil in the company of German troops or immediately behind them. These travels, as I have already stated, extended over a period of about two weeks. In that time I saw only one German soldier who was plainly under the influence of drink, and only two others who were noticeably exhilarated by drink. I did not see a German soldier who was looting, or one who was mistreating natives, or one who refused to pay for what he had taken in a shop or a café. I saw many prisoners—Belgian, British and French—in German hands; but only one case of mistreatment of a prisoner came under my personal observation, and in that case the victim was an American.

I ran across one man who said he thought he had been fired at by German soldiers while he was endeavoring to minister to a wounded Frenchman; anyhow a bullet had whistled near his head and he judged it had been meant for him. In two villages I found seemingly direct evidence that German soldiers had forced citizens to march in front of them as they entered streets in which they had reason to expect ambushes. In one of those villages a man had been killed in his own house, presumably by the Germans. He was found there dead, with the house burning about him, after they took the town and drove out a scouting party of English cavalry. What the provocation for killing him or what the lack of it was I could not learn, though I tried hard enough to find out.

At still another town—Solre-sur-Sambre—the burgo-master, of his own volition, told me the people of his community, having kept the peace, had been accorded uniformly kind treatment by the graycoats; and he advised me to discount the tales of alleged atrocities that poured in from the surrounding districts, adding that he himself, after investigation, had found most of them to be untrue. He did not say these things under duress or coercion; there were no Germans near when he said them, and he could not possibly have mistaken me and my confrères for German agents. This I did find—that everywhere the natives were ready enough to recite harrowing stories of children being massacred, of priests being tortured and of women being outraged; but always, as it turned out, these things had happened in some other town—not in their own town. I was constrained at length to believe and I still believe that a vast majority of the atrocity tales had no foundation in fact; that they were bad dreams bred out of the greater nightmare of war.

I also believe that where an isolated atrocity was committed by some brute it was so magnified, so elaborated and so duplicated in the retelling that presently it became a whole swarm of atrocities. Mind you, I am not saying that other men at the front have not secured evidence of brutalities. Some of them profess to have seen the unburied bodies

of victims. It is not for me to doubt their good faith or question their statements. I am reciting only that which I myself saw and I myself heard.

If the evidence of my own eyes and my own ears fails to bear out the Belgian claims of German atrocities, it is quite as true that I have been unable personally to substantiate the tales circulated in plentiful volume among the Germans concerning atrocities committed by natives and soldiers of the countries at war with them. From the hour of my arrival on German soil I was constantly hearing of wounded German soldiers whose eyes had been gouged out by Belgian marauders, and, with equal frequency, of German women nurses whose breasts had been sliced off their living bodies by Belgian civilians into whose hands they had fallen.

I labored most assiduously to discover in the hospitals of Aix-la-Chapelle such soldiers and such nurses, or to secure the names of such victims; and I did not succeed. Every day for twenty-odd days fresh stories of almost unmentionable hideousness were brought to me, all tricked out with details calculated to curdle the blood in your veins; but the bearers of these tales were not prepared to back them up with even fairly good hearsay evidence.

Atrocities That Have No Witnesses

A LADY, who spoke with evident sincerity and with tears in her eyes, said she had excellent reasons for believing that an elderly noblewoman from Northern Prussia, a countess, while serving in the field as a Red Cross nurse, had been captured by two Belgians, who chopped off both her hands at the wrists. She said the maimed woman had been found alive by German soldiers, but had died a few hours later, and that the details of her murder had been printed in certain German papers, and, along with these accounts, a death notice such as is published for officers who fall in service, saying she died "for King and Fatherland." I was promised that I should have the name and title of the dead lady and copies of the papers containing the story; but they were not forthcoming. This frightful crime may have been committed; I can neither prove nor disprove it.

So it went. An excited young German consular attaché brought this tale from Crefeld: A number of wounded English prisoners had choked a German hospital orderly to death and had been shot in a group. I found a gentleman from Crefeld—a German-American who lived for many years in Texas. Yes, he had heard the story, but in a different guise: Two wounded men—an Englishman and a German—were lying alone together in a railroad carriage. The Englishman got a clasp knife out of his pocket and cut the German's throat—so he had been told. In a few hours he looked me up to say that he had made inquiry, and there was no foundation for either one of these tales.

Only the other day an intelligent young noncommissioned officer whom I met first at Beaumont, near the French border, burst into my room at the hotel with a story that a group of captured English surgeons and hospital nurses had been brought to Aix that morning and shot against the wall of the railroad station.

"Why?" I asked.

"In the first place," he said, "they refused to treat the German wounded; and, in the second place, our troops found among their surgical kit strange-looking instruments which were evidently intended for gouging out the eyes of the wounded. So they have been shot."

Of course there was not a word of truth in this horrible story; but all my efforts to convince the young German it was inconceivable that Englishmen of any class would be guilty of such acts as he described did not shake his belief. They were his enemies and he was prepared to believe anything of them. I might add that, in general, I found among German noncombatants a greater feeling of hostility for the English than for the Russians or the French.

Of the same cut of fiction as the yarn of the English surgeons who carried tools for blinding helpless Germans was, I think, the story told me the next day by an injured German lieutenant, who said bodies of English

(Continued on Page 37)



DARBY AND JOAN, LIMITED

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED
BY C. D. WILLIAMS

BETTY slipped loose the placket of her riding skirt and uncurled her leg from the pom-pom, gingerly pointing her toe in the general direction of the bowlder on which she intended to land.

"That's one thing about riding cross—you certainly get off much easier," she murmured to herself. "Stand still there, Haidee, won't you?"

Haidee shook her handsome bay head and tapped impatiently with her near fore foot, but allowed herself to come to anchor; and her mistress tethered her with a scientific knot, gathered up her skirts, went in over the brick terrace, crossed the back veranda, and rapped smartly on the Dutch door with her wicker-handled crop.

"Hello there, Phyllis!" she called in her thick, sweet contralto. "Are you anywhere about?"

Nobody answered her. The house slept in the June sun. In the broad empty living room the bowls of honeysuckle sent cloying tendrils across the little breeze that stirred the clean white curtains; the magazines overlapped trimly down the long Colonial table; the brass ash tray shone beside Bob's cigar box; a gray cat dozed in a child's splint-bottomed rocker. Each chair and table stood at the angle dear to the soul of a conscientious Swedish parlor maid; and Betty, who was of those who put their personality into every room they stop in for a day, gave an amused grimace at the lack of this trait in Phyllis.

"I never should know whether you'd rented the house to anybody else—or not," she used to tell her friend.

"Mrs. Fellowes out?" she asked of the smiling Hilda, who stood, hastily tying her fresh lace apron, in the doorway.

"Yes, ma'am; but I think Mrs. Girard find Mr. Fellowes somewhere here. I try the libr'y room?" Hilda suggested helpfully. "Mrs. Girard waits for Mrs. Fellowes anyway?"

"Oh, yes; I'll wait a while," Betty agreed carelessly; "but you must bring tea, Hilda—I'm starved, riding."

Hilda dimpled and left her, and Betty picked up a magazine idly. Nobody ever dreamed of reading in the library, which was filled with sets of Scott and Dickens, and various histories, mostly in dark blue volumes; and it never occurred to her that the room, which an architect friend of the master of the house had greatly enjoyed designing, could be occupied, until the few notes she struck on the piano were followed by a stirring and rustling from behind the olive curtains, and Bob Fellowes emerged, blinking confusedly into the light, one hand smoothing his rumpled hair.

"Hell-ah-o!" he yawned. "Excuse me, Betty! Just here? Been here long? Nobody told me. . . . You waiting for Phyl? What's the matter?"

For Betty was staring at him almost too obviously. It suddenly occurred to her that Bob was getting fat. And was it possible that his hair was really gray? Or was it the light? One took one's friends more or less for granted, of course; but she had really forgotten that Bob was quite so untidy. . . . Of course he had been taking a nap—that was it; and he had not expected to be caught.

"Nothing's the matter, Bobby—the light's queer to-day," she said hastily. "I was riding and I just dropped in. Hilda's getting me tea. Phyllis said she'd be in, this morning."

"So she was, until an hour ago. Turkington called up and wanted some tennis, and she went over to oblige. Too hot, if you ask me! But she's like the rest of you—anything to get away from home!"

"At least, she didn't go very far," Betty returned briefly, picking up the magazine again with a vague gesture. "It seems a sensible sort of thing to do—to me. You never play any more, and the Turkeys keep their court up. And if you call this hot, what on earth'll you think when the real hot weather comes?"

"I'll think up a cool place to sit," said Bob Fellowes placidly. "I certainly shan't wear my brains out hunting for the hottest hundred and twenty feet of hardpan in Westchester County, and then hop up and down on it—I tell you that straight, madam!"



"Good-by, You Pompous, Cross Thing!"

She laughed, for Bob was always amusing when he twisted his eyebrows into that whimsical quirk; but she went back a little obstinately to the subject.

"You didn't always feel that way," she said. "I seem to remember you playing tennis in August as well as anybody else."

"Oh, that was in my idle youth," he laughed. "I've got something else to do nowadays, Betty."

He had dropped into a comfortable chair on the opposite side of the tea tray.

"I take three lumps," he warned her. "How are you, anyway, Betty? Anything new?"

"Nothing—since the Ponderby dance," she said carelessly. "You didn't go."

"No; thank the Lord!" And Bob bit into a fat chocolate-covered cake. "A good book and my pyjamas, and a long, cool orangeade, were good enough for me, thanks, after the day I put in in town. Read that new book of—oh, what's his name? You know—The English in England?"

"Yes; it's very good," she assented. "Bob, if you eat any more muffins you won't be able to walk out of the room."

"That comes well from you," he said with a good-humored grin. "Have some more tea, Betty—do!"

"That's all right," Mrs. Girard answered obstinately. "I've been riding all the afternoon and I'm dancing to-night. Moreover, I shan't eat much dinner—I never do when I'm going to dance. I've really earned a good tea."

"And you think I haven't?"

"Judging from your strenuous exertions before I arrived and the fact that you probably came out on the two-five, I should say you hadn't," said Betty calmly. "Hello, Phyl! Good game? You look pretty cool."

"Oh, we went into the pool! It was grand, Betty! Turkey says I'm getting a very snappy little serve. Isn't that fine?"

"Really," Betty thought, "she has changed very little, that girl." And she studied her hostess deliberately.

Phyllis Fellowes, who was verging on a pretty, pigeon-like plumpness when she and her husband had come out to the country, five years before, and won Betty's heart with her slate-gray eye and frank, confiding smile, had grown into a fine, athletic young woman, less matronly with two daughters than she had been with one. Her light brown hair had darkened a trifle, but the fact that it was a

little thinner was counterbalanced by more careful waving and dressing. Her eyes and her voice were less appealing, but they were more assured, more practical, and matched her quicker movements and wider range of interests.

At thirty-five, the ten years between her and her husband were more obvious than they had been five years before; just now, in her fresh white linen, her changing, slaty eyes, deepened by the brim of a flopping blue-scarfed tennis hat, her cheeks tinted from her quick swim, she seemed rather of another generation than her husband's, and Betty could not refrain from a swift glance at him, to see whether he noticed it.

He only reached for his book, however, listened with half an ear to his wife's account of the game—which only a lack of wind, it appeared, had prevented her winning—and strolled back to the library as the women's talk settled into its current.

"Too bad you're not going to the dance," said Betty idly. She knew how Phyllis loved dancing.

"Oh, but I am!" And Phyl dimpled suddenly. "Turkey asked me why I wasn't, and I told him that Bob wouldn't be dragged for love or money, and I wouldn't go alone—you know it really needs extra men nowadays; and I think it's simply horrid to turn up alone the way

Kate Edgewater does. In the first place, it makes the men work so hard—they can't sit anything out. And I simply won't take other people's men all the time. But it seems that Jess isn't going anyway; Teddy dropped his racket on her foot and it had to be bandaged. So I'll have Turkey."

"Why doesn't Bob come over?"

"Oh! Bob!"

Phyllis shrugged her shoulders. A little shade fell over her face and she pushed the tea tray away abruptly.

"There isn't any use fussing over Bob, Betty—he simply won't go. You can have a try at him if you like; but I can tell you now he'll just laugh and say that a book and his own home are good enough for him. There's a man at the Ponderbys' this week-end who plays chess, and I was going to ask him over to dinner; but Bob wouldn't even say whether he wanted him—he didn't know how he'd feel!"

"Feel?" Betty echoed, staring. "Bob isn't sick—"

"Oh, goodness, no! He's perfectly well. But he hates to be tied down, he says; he might not feel like playing chess, he means."

"Oh!" Mrs. Betty Girard had a very expressive voice, and the dry monosyllable positively cracked through the air. Bob's wife flushed a little defensively.

"As far as that goes, why should he be tied down if he doesn't want to?" Betty continued.

"Of course he's more or less tied to hours and appointments at the office all day; and, as he says, if it rests him more not to make engagements—"

"Um—yes!" And Betty folded her lovely lazy hands and gazed reflectively at the big sapphire that mingled its light so strangely with the square emerald next it.

She never made pellets of muffin insides, as her younger friend was doing now, or knitted or did cross-stitch, or played with folds of her skirt. Few pairs of hands equaled



Bob's Wife Was All
Mother Fellowes Could Have Wished!

hers in competence; they turned easily from curb rein to paintbrush, from paintbrush to chafing dish, from chafing dish to guitar. But, when not engaged in definite, constructive work, they lay as quietly as the hands in one of her own portraits.

"It's pretty difficult to get up any kind of good time, where more than one person is concerned, without tying yourself down a little as to time and place," she suggested.

"I know. That's what I tell him. But he's getting just like old Father Fellowes, Betty. Mother Fellowes told me once that weddings and funerals were all he'd been to for ten years—he was so funny, Father Fellowes!" And Phyl began to dimple again at the swift memory of something amusing.

She had never outgrown her childish capacity for slipping from one emotion to another—wonder, displeasure and laughter blew over her mobile face like ripples on a pool, and her friend loved to watch those changing lights and shades as only a painter can watch them. But to-day she seemed less ready to watch and listen.

"It seems a bit early in the day for Bob to begin to cultivate such fascinating habits," she said dryly. "Why can't he come over and play pool, or something? There's always somebody ready for that—or chess, if he likes. I'll give him a dance myself if he'll come."

Had the shade of Father Fellowes been able to hover for a moment above the two, conscious that the words he had just heard came from the lips of a woman of forty-five whose two children were already well along in the world, it is quite probable the whimsical little grin his son had inherited would have twisted his shadowy lips.

At Betty's age Mother Fellowes wore discreet little caps, and the grandchildren all clapped their hands in delighted amusement when she twirled through the Virginia reel at Thanksgiving. But the Fellowes' had never left New England; they were rather more conservative than most. If fish balls on Sunday morning, or baked beans, with cold ham and chicken, for Sunday supper, had failed to appear on his table, Bob would have been seriously vexed. But—and this had been the keynote of their ten years of married life—he had never had occasion to be seriously vexed.

Good-looking, clever, coming from a good family who had been in a position to help him materially in his profession, life had been kind to Bob Fellowes. Phyllis was prettier than either of his brothers' wives; and Father Fellowes had made a great pet of her while he was alive.

Mother Fellowes, who had seen her oldest son marry a widow with three delicate children, so that he wore his life out in a brave fight for theirs, and had set her teeth in a vain attempt to welcome her second son's bride—a brilliant, erratic concert singer—took pretty, simple, twenty-year-old Phyllis to her heart with a cry of joy.

Phyl had never been engaged, even, to anyone but Bob; Phyl had never sung on a public platform for money; Phyl, the only daughter of an invalid mother and a devoted father, who had lived a life of quiet and retirement for her sake, was so unused to gayety and the world that her little bride's dinners and luncheons, her tastes of theater and concert with her proud young husband, seemed delicious to her unspoiled palate. Oh, Bob's wife was all Mother Fellowes could have wished for each of her boys!

Will's wife dragged her husband from California to Florida in a vain search for a climate that should suit her pale little boys; Grace, haughty and handsome, outraged every canon of the Fellowes faith by continuing to use her maiden name on her concert programs and refusing to go to church regularly. But Phyllis lived only a block away from the big house; ran over every day to see Mother Fellowes; packed away Bob's winter underclothes every spring in the almost sacred Fellowes mixture of camphor, lavender and whole cloves; learned to serve Yorkshire pudding with a standing roast; went to Kennebunkport every summer, and did all the mending herself.

Now, how much of this was Phyl's own nature and how much was due to circumstances and youth, neither Mother Fellowes nor Bob ever stopped to consider—Bob because he was not analytical, especially where women were concerned; his mother because it would never have occurred

to her that there was any occasion for analysis. She was eagerly willing to make all possible effort to put herself in the place of Will's wife: he was her oldest and her darling, and she tried to realize that a rich woman with three frail children necessarily had her own point of view.

After years of struggle she had stiffly admitted that the artistic temperament was beyond her; they had never had it in her family. And, so long as Grace and Grace's husband did not find Grace's ways shocking—she had once smoked a cigarette after Sunday dinner—Father Fellowes had persuaded his wife that they, as old people, must be quiet and avoid anything that might lead to open estrangement.

Little Phyl, however, with her slate-blue eyes and her quick flush, her jolly, gurgling laugh, and her real desire to learn the time-honored Fellowes ways—thank heaven! there was no need to analyze Phyl; no necessity for getting her point of view. Like Mother Fellowes herself, Phyllis had married at twenty, left the shelter of her father's home for the shelter of her husband's, and promptly and gracefully—and properly!—proceeded to identify herself strongly with the new, though never failing in her allegiance to the old. This had occupied all her mother-in-law's life; as the old ties faded and failed, the new

brought home to them, read to, taken for his drive. Bob grew restless, wanted to go to New York; his mother fought the idea bitterly; Phyllis was volleyed between them like a tennis ball.

Bob, of course, won, at the end of the year; and they had hardly decorated the charming, roomy apartment when Father Fellowes' sudden death sent Phyllis back to her black dresses and checked the gayeties and new friends that would have relaxed her nerves after her year of nursing and the wearing strain of family dissension.

This sixth year—though she did not know it—brought the first cloud into Phyl's life. Bob had very strict ideas as to mourning and all its conventional curtailments. It would have been better for them at home, with old friends and old duties to fill the days. But years of training under good tuition had taught Phyllis to manage her domestic machinery easily; her maids were of the genus Perfect Treasure; a competent and affectionate nurse patrolled Felicia through the Park.

Her few school friends lived across the city; Bob's new partner's wife called, asked Phyllis to luncheon, and considered her social responsibility fulfilled. The great machinery of concerts, art exhibits, lectures, Phyllis did not know how to use. Bob did not care for the theater and the opera was too expensive for them.

Her husband, tired by the keen and ceaseless competition of his day in the office, frequently hurried until bedtime with his briefs, asked nothing better than his wife's face within eye-reach. Like his father before him, he never heard a word of domestic difficulty, found always a comfortable and not-too-expensive home ready for him, pointed proudly to a fat and healthy baby girl, who had been so considerate as to conduct even her teething operations in successful silence.

Every other week they went home for Sunday to Mother Fellowes'; and if the old lady found her favorite daughter a little paler, a little less ready with her gurgling laugh, a little more inclined to reading than chatting—why, all this toned perfectly with the quiet sadness of the household and Mother Fellowes' firm conviction that city life must be very trying.

It was at a big reception, at Bob's partner's rich aunt's, that Phylmet Betty. Phyl had slipped into mauve and light gray, with a fichu of the Fellowes black lace; and the combination, though it aged her subtly and made her more than ever the young matron, brought out the tones of her deep-set eyes and the freshness of her skin; one thought of her as a wonderfully young-looking woman for her age.

When she stopped in front of the aunt's portrait, which they had all come to view, she glanced from it straight into a pair of wonderful eyes, the color of light under water; and they smiled at her, so that she smiled back.

"Oh, do you know Mrs. Fellowes?" said the aunt, who stood under her portrait.

"No; but I should like to," said the woman with the eyes.

"This is Mrs. Walter Girard, my dear, the celebrated artist. She did me!" said the aunt; and so Phyllis met Betty.

"I should like to paint you," said the older woman frankly. "How wonderful of you to be willing to wear that black lace!"

Then Phyl had gone to tea at her studio; and Betty had listened to her and watched the color pale and deepen in her cheeks, and studied her eyes, the pupils of which dilated so easily, darkening her whole face, and wondered whether the child realized how little she knew herself.

They had talked of the Girards' big country place, of the comforts and pleasures one got out of such life, and how much it did for growing children, and how few roots strangers could ever send down into the pavement of the careless city.

Then, just as it seemed that Phyllis had found a real friend, the artist had suddenly darted across the Atlantic to paint the little son of an American duchess, lingered to do a group of tiny Italian-American counts and countesses, and waited for the Salon, where she took a gold medal; and Phyllis had only a hasty note from the country house she had hoped so much to see.



"It's a Pleasure to See You Enjoy Yourself, Phyl!"

multiplied and strengthened. And she rode the flood of the great world triumphantly, safe in her little ark of home and the duties of home, and the loves and sorrows of it.

And even so, for a decade—a whole third of her life!—had Bob's wife lived, repeating, to the older woman's delight and comfort, the life cycle of Bob's mother.

The first year was full and pressed down and running over with loving Bob and learning him; with playing merrily at mistress—for the first time—of her own home, of its glass and curtains, and silver and shining mahogany; its respectful white-capped maids; with discussing all this with Mother Fellowes—her first real mother, for her own had been guarded with the triple shield of nurse, husband and housekeeper. Then came a year of preparation for Felicia; of little languors and little illnesses and little sadnesses—all so tenderly sheltered and petted and excused that they were hardly unpleasant. What a little queen they had made of her! No one could have been gentler, tenderer than Bob. Then Felicia herself—that wonderful, grave, fat angel with her mother's eyes and the Fellowes chin! Felicia had taken three whole years of adoration; she was always at some thrilling crisis of development; some dramatic moment that could never, as grandmother warned, be experienced and enjoyed again.

Then, just as Phyllis was ready to rebel a little, perhaps, at such cloying sweetness, to lift her happy head from the honey pot, came two years of the stress and strain that all the sons and daughters of earth must know. Her mother's death kept her vibrating for a time between the two New England towns she had lived in; her father must be

That one talk in the studio had flashed new light into her mind, however. Betty Girard was always having that effect on people. And when Felicia got whooping cough from a park playmate and grew really thin—for her—and Phyllis began playing bridge a little more than Bob liked, it seemed that they had always meant to go out to the country. There was no question of leaving New York now; Bob's two years there had made it the only place for him. He looked forward to a jolly little cottage not too far from a beach, so that they need not go away for the summer; and had even thought of a catboat. He would go out with one of his business acquaintances and have a look round among the Long Island Sound places.

And here Bob Fellowes met the first check of his married life—Phyl would not go on the Sound! He listened, quite as much amazed as annoyed, while she gave her simple but definite reasons. She had lived on the Sound most of her life and, except as a summer resort, she did not like it. As a girl she had had malaria there; and when she went away to school for a year—up inland, in the hills—she had never felt so well. A cottage for August, yes—for twelve months, no. It wouldn't do: that was all.

"But I could sail there," said Bob patiently.

"I'm sorry," said Phyl.

"The kiddie could learn to swim—they get so fat, summers. Why, even Mrs. Will's children improved at Cape Cod—"

"I don't mind July and August," said Phyl quietly; "but not to live there."

Before he knew it he was talking to the doctor.

"I quite agree with your wife," said the doctor gravely. "As an all-the-year-round proposition, Fellowes, Westchester County is distinctly preferable, both for her and the child."

"But why not New Jersey?" Bob objected.

"I should hate to think of Felicia on those dreadful ferries, my dear," said Mother Fellowes decidedly—"and the mosquitoes!"

He had a distinct sense of being managed, somehow. And even Phyllis never clearly realized that she was going to the country Betty had made seem so desirable.

Then came another year of pleasant settling—of window boxes and veranda furniture; one's own peas and larkspurs; the drowsy June grind of the lawn mower; the shining little motor car that just held the three of them; the tea at the golf club.

Phyllis played neither tennis nor golf, but Bob liked both; and they made more friends in one summer than in the two years they had spent in New York. It was very pleasant to be one of a definite circle, to be called by one's first name, to grow into the little friendly gossip that showed one was a part of it all. Bob forgot that he had not selected Westchester from the first, and the regular visits to Mother Fellowes' dwindled to semiannual affairs.

When Felicia was six and a half years old her little sister arrived. That year Bob was very busy in the office. A senior partnership was very near and he was anxious to make good. Besides, the gardener, and the boy to help about the car, and the laundress, and the club expenses and the bills from the garage began to bulk a little large.

"Can't you go a little light on those luncheons at the club?" he suggested to Phyllis one night. "This is the month my insurance comes in; and I tell you it makes a difference, paying for all those squabs on toast!"

Phyllis, tired from a day alone with the baby, did not meet this suggestion quite in her old way.

"I'm sorry if it's big," she said calmly; "but really, Bob, we've been all over this before, and it is the cheapest way, everything considered. They ask me everywhere, and I must pay it back; and they always like it at the club. I can't count on you for dinner any more; and you say you're too tired when you do get here, and the luncheons do just as well. The cook is so good this year; and then we can always make up a bridge table if they want to play—and something's always going on."

"Humph! I must say it was always my idea to entertain in my own home—not in a public restaurant," said Bob stiffly.

"All right, then. Come home at some regular hour; and we'll have them to dinner with the men."

"But, heavens and earth, I see enough of those men in the club car, Phyl, mornings! I don't want any more of 'em!"

"Then let me attend to it at the club."

"But, hang it all, Phyl, it isn't as though you did anything at the club—tennis or golf."

"I can only say they like it better—Mrs. Ponderby and Mrs. Turkington and all of them," Phyllis replied obstinately. "You are always taking men to luncheon in town."

"My dear girl, yes—and why? Because it's a matter of business! Some of our best work is done at lunch."

"And it's my business to manage our social obligations," said Phyllis quickly. "Why do you suppose people do these things?"

"All right! But I don't see it," he said shortly.

Late that night Phyl lay awake. Odd, disconnected sentences from long ago flew into her mind suddenly. She heard her senior sister-in-law, deep in one of their Thanksgiving reunion conclaves:

"But, Will, it isn't so much the climate entirely. The boys ought to be making their friends now —"

"All right! But I don't see it,"

She saw the handsome, dark singer, one hand nervously patting the keyboard; she heard her deep, thrilling voice: "But, heavens and earth, I must go somewhere! I've been practicing and fussing over those contracts all day—I must get out and see somebody besides you and me, or I'll die!"

"I must say, Grace, I can't understand you! I should suppose that a quiet evening at home occasionally —"

"Occasionally! But when would you ever go out if I didn't drag you?"

She had thought Grace very amusing then.

And Father Fellowes—how contentedly he would beam on them, all sitting round the big double student lamp, each reading his book or magazine; Phyllis writing to her own father, who was doubtless at that very moment reading his book by his student lamp.

What had her father really been like in those days? she thought suddenly. Had she really ever known him? After that winter with them he had gone abroad—his first voyage—for a needed change; and since then, when he actually took a walking trip down the Rhone Valley with some old classmates, and had been seen skating at St. Moritz by Grace Fellowes—skating! father!—he had hardly passed a month in the East.

Yosemite; the Grand Cañon; Mexico—he had become a traveler, it seemed, and everybody wanted him for dinner when he visited them now. And he certainly looked years younger. He asked Phyllis to ride with him; and when she saw Betty cantering off she was sorry she had never learned. She had even wondered if it would be too difficult.

"Oh, nonsense! You have to learn when you're ten," Bob had said.

But it was her father, after all, who had brought about the great change. She was making up a picnic party for him—he had brought back from Europe a great liking for eating in the open air—and as the names were being listed he had said:

"But, my dear, you needn't be so careful to leave your own friends out—I like young people too. Why not ask young Mrs. Turkington as well as the seniors?"

"Why, I don't know her so well, father, as a matter of fact," she had answered. "Those people are always playing tennis. Mrs. Turkington has always been sweet to me, and—oh, I've always seen more of her, somehow. Mr. Turkington thinks a lot of Bob."

"Huh! I see. Well, I'm going to ask Mrs. Turkey, as they call her. I'm not so settled as you, my dear!"

"Oh, don't bother our little Phyllis; she's a nice, plump little Hausfrau!" Betty had cried gayly. "If she likes the old ladies let her have 'em to lunch; and we'll walk up Bald Top later while they talk about the baby."

From that moment a veil had dropped from Phyllis Fellowes' eyes. Why should she have the old ladies to lunch? Why was she not playing tennis with Mrs. Turkey instead of riding in her mother-in-law's motor? Why wasn't she dancing? Because Bob had had enough of that at college?

"Why, my dear, I'll teach you in a minute!" Betty assured her cordially. "I thought it bored you to death!"

"It only bored Bob," said Phyllis.

It had needed only a few afternoons of practice; and then had come that wonderful night when Phyl, in a fluffy white dinner dress with the train cut off, and her slippers bound sandalwise to her feet, had danced from half past nine until half past one, besought by more partners than she could gratify! Her cheeks were flushed deeply; her soft hair had escaped from the prim little net and curled about her shining eyes; her breath came fast; and her feet were so sore she limped out of the clubhouse. But after the first tiring, puffing hour she had got her second wind and felt wonderfully light and free.

Turkey Turkington said openly that she followed wonderfully, and with a little practice would be the best dancer in the room. Her little shyness; her honest pleasure in what was so obviously a treat; her surprised gratitude when they wanted to dance with her—she was like a new person to them.

Bob was amused, at first, and proud of his handsome wife. Then, as the great wave of dancing flooded over the country, dragging into its compelling undertow every age from the cradle to the grave, sparing no weight, sweeping in all social circles, all grades of riches and poverty—he grew a little restless and critical; refused to go on with the few steps they had bullied and teased him into learning; and laid down an ultimatum of three nights a week.

Phyllis, who had lost ten pounds by running about at the rate of ten miles an evening and the tennis that Turkey was delighted to teach her, accepted this rule good-naturedly and tried to keep awake over a book till half past nine.

She looked incredibly younger. It seemed that she was actually taller. Her clothes, too, had altered; and the little fichus and frills, which had made her soft plumpness so quaintly Dolly Vardenish, changed to severe simplicities that showed the firmness of her shoulders, the straightness of her hips. She talked less, as women invariably do when they begin to use their muscles regularly, and grew restless at enforced inactivity.

However, when this restlessness had been appeased by some form of the physical exercise she had learned to love, Phyllis developed a calmness and good temper that none of Bob's criticisms could shake. Little things no longer worried her—a missed train; a careless waitress; an obstinate child. Mother Fellowes would have been amazed to see how lightly she tossed them off.

It was on one of these occasions—when Bob had twice put off leaving town, and finally arrived too late and too tired to dress for Betty's dinner, so that Phyllis had come on alone—that Betty had first been seized with the suspicion which was growing in her. She was scolding Bob good-naturedly for his laziness—it had been merely a matter of shaving—and then added:

"Really, Bob, if Phyl hadn't the temper of an angel—Plenty of women would have been furious at such backing and filling! But she was so philosophical —"

"Oh, there's no doubt of her being philosophical!" he had interrupted.

(Continued on Page 52)



"I seem to remember you playing tennis in August as well as anybody else"

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

XIII

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CREFÉ

RICHARD LANE, as he made his way up the avenue toward the Villa Mimosa, wondered whether he was not indeed finding his way into fairyland. On each side of him were drooping mimosa trees heavy with snaky, orange-colored blossoms, the perfume of which hung heavy upon the windless air. In the background, bordering the gardens which were themselves a maze of color, were great clumps of glorious purple rhododendrons, drooping clusters of red and white roses. A sudden turn revealed a long pergola smothered in pink blossoms and leading to the edge of the terrace which overhung the sea. The villa itself, which seemed indeed more like a palace, was covered with vivid purple clematis, and from the open door of the winter garden, built out from the front of the place in a great curve, there came, as he drew near, a bewildering breath of exotic odors. The front door was wide open, and before he could reach the bell a butler had appeared.

"Is Mr. Grex at home?" Richard inquired.

"Mr. Grex is not at home, sir," was the immediate reply.

"I should like to see Miss Grex, then," Richard proceeded.

The man's face was curiously expressionless, but a momentary silence betrayed as much surprise as he was perhaps capable of showing.

"Miss Grex is not at home, sir," he announced.

Richard hesitated, and just then she came out from the winter garden. She was wearing a pink linen morning gown and a floppy pink hat. She had a book under her arm and a parasol swinging from her fingers. When she saw Lane she stared at him in amazement. He advanced a step or two toward her, his hat in his hand.

"I took the liberty of calling to see your father, Miss Grex," he explained. "As he was not at home I ventured to inquire for you."

She was absolutely helpless. It was impossible to ignore his outstretched hand. Very hesitatingly she held out her fingers, which Richard grasped and seemed in no hurry at all to release.

"This is quite the most beautiful place I have seen anywhere near Monte Carlo," he remarked enthusiastically.

"I am glad," she murmured, "that you find it attractive."

He was standing by her side now, his hat under his arm. The butler had withdrawn a little into the background. She glanced round.

"Did my father ask you to call, Mr. Lane?" she inquired, dropping her voice a little.

"He did not," Richard confessed. "I must say that I gave him plenty of opportunities, but he did not seem to be what I should call hospitably inclined. In any case it really doesn't matter. I came to see you."

She bit her lip, struggling hard to repress a smile.

"But I did not ask you to call upon me either," she reminded him gravely.

"Well, that's true," Lane admitted, a little hesitatingly. "I don't quite know how things are done over here. Are you English, by the by, or French, or what?" he asked point-blank. "I have been puzzling about that ever since I saw you."

"I am not sure that my nationality matters," she observed.

"Well, over on the other side," he continued—"I mean America, of course—if we make up our minds that we want to see something of a girl and there isn't any real reason why we shouldn't, then the initiative generally rests with the man. Of course if you are an only daughter I can quite understand your father's being a bit particular—not caring for men callers and that sort of thing; but that can't go on forever, you know, can it?"

"Can't it?" she murmured, a little dazed.

"I have a habit," he confided, "of making up my mind quickly, and when I decide about a thing I am rather hard to turn. Well, I made up my mind about you the first moment we met."

"About me?" she repeated.

"About you."

She turned and looked at him almost wonderingly. He was very big and very confident—good to look upon, less because of his actual good looks than because of a certain honesty and tenacity of purpose in his expression; a strength of jaw modified and rendered even pleasant by



"You Aren't a Queen, are You, or Anything of That Sort?"

the kindness and humor of his clear gray eyes. He returned her gaze without embarrassment, and he wondered less and less at finding himself there. Her complexion in this clear light seemed more beautiful than ever. Her rich golden-brown hair was waved becomingly over her forehead. Her figure was girlish, but she was unusually dignified for her years.

"You know," he said suddenly, "you look to me just like one of those beautiful plants you have in the conservatory there, just as though you'd stepped out of your little glass home and blossomed right here. I am almost afraid of you."

She laughed outright this time—a low, musical laugh that had in it something of foreign intonation.

"Well, really," she exclaimed, "I had not noticed your fear! I was just thinking that you were quite the boldest young man I have ever met."

"Come, that's something!" he declared. "Couldn't we sit down somewhere in these wonderful gardens of yours and talk?"

She shook her head.

"But have I not told you already," she protested, "that I do not receive callers? Neither does my father. Really, your coming here is quite unwarrantable. If he should return at this moment and find you here he would be very angry indeed. I am afraid that he would even be rude, and I, too, should suffer for having allowed you to talk with me."

"Let's hope that he doesn't return just yet, then," Richard observed, smiling easily. "I am very good-tempered as a rule, but I do not like people to be rude to me."

"Fortunately he cannot return for at least an hour," she began.

"Then we'll sit down on that terrace, if you please, for just a quarter of that time," he begged.

She opened her lips and closed them again. He was certainly a very stubborn young man!

"Well," she sighed, "perhaps it will be the easiest way of getting rid of you."

She motioned him to follow her. The butler watched her from a discreet distance as though he were looking at a strange thing. Round the corner of the villa, remote from the winter garden, was a long stone terrace upon which many windows opened. Screened from the wind, the

sun here was of almost midsummer strength. There was no sound. The great house seemed asleep. There was nothing to break the silence but the droning of a few insects. Even the birds were songless. The walls were covered with drooping clematis and roses, roses that twined over the balustrades. Below them was a tangle of mimosa trees and rhododendrons, and still farther below the blue Mediterranean. She sank into a chair.

"You may sit here," she said, "just long enough for me to convince you that your coming was a mistake. Indeed that is so. I do not wish to seem foolish or unkind, but my father and I are living here with one unbreakable rule, and that is that we make no acquaintances whatsoever."

"That sounds rather queer," he remarked. "Don't you find it dull?"

"If I do," she went on, "it is only for a little time. My father is here for a certain purpose, and as soon as that is accomplished we shall go away. For him to accomplish that purpose in a satisfactory manner it is necessary that we should live as far apart as possible from the ordinary visitors in this resort."

"Sounds like a riddle," he admitted. "Do you mind telling me of what nationality you are?"

"I see no reason why I should tell you anything."

"You speak very correct English," he continued, "but there is just a little touch of accent. You don't know how attractive it sounds. You don't know —"

He hesitated, suddenly losing some part of his immense confidence.

"What else is there that I do not know?" she asked with a faintly amused smile.

"I have lost my courage," he confessed simply. "I do not want to offend you, I do not want you to think that I am hopelessly foolish; but you see I have the misfortune to be in love with you."

She laughed at him, leaning back in her chair with half-closed eyes.

"Do people talk like this to casual acquaintances in your country?" she asked.

"They speak sometimes a language that is common to all countries," he replied quickly. "The only thing that is peculiar to my country people is that when we say such a thing it is the sober and the solemn truth."

She was silent for a moment. She had plucked one of the blossoms from the wall and was pulling to pieces its petals.

"Do you know," she said, "that no young man has ever dared to talk to me as you have done?"

"That is because no one yet has cared so much as I do," he assured her. "I can quite understand their being frightened. I am terribly afraid of you myself. I am afraid of the things I say to you, but I have to say them because they are in my heart; and if I am to have only a quarter of an hour with you now, you see I must make the best use of my time. I must tell you that there isn't any other girl in the world I could ever look at again, and if you won't promise to marry me some day I shall be the most wretched person on earth."

"I can never, never marry you," she told him emphatically. "There is nothing that is so impossible as that."

"Well, that's a pretty bad start," he admitted.

"It is the end," she said firmly.

He shook his head. There was a terrible obstinacy in his face. She frowned at him.

"You do not mean that you will persist after what I have told you?"

He looked at her, almost surprised.

"There isn't anything else for me to do that I know of," he declared, "so long as you don't care for anyone else. Tell me again: you are sure that there is no one?"

"Certainly not," she replied stiffly. "The subject has not yet been made acceptable to me. You must forgive my adding that in my country it is not usual for a girl to discuss these matters with a man before her betrothal."

"Say, I don't understand that," he murmured, looking at her thoughtfully. "She can't get engaged before she is asked."

"The preliminaries," she explained, "are always arranged by the parents."

He smiled pityingly.

"That sort of thing's no use," he asserted confidently.

"You must be getting past that in whatever corner of Europe you live. What you mean to say, then, is that your

father already has some one up his sleeve whom he'll trot out for you before long?"

"Without doubt some arrangement will be proposed," she agreed.

"And you'll have to be amiable to some one you've never seen in your life before, I suppose?" he persisted.

"Not necessarily. It sometimes happens in my position," she went on, raising her head, "that certain sacrifices are necessary."

"In your position," he repeated quickly. "What does that mean? You aren't a queen, are you, or anything of that sort?"

She laughed.

"No," she confessed, "I am not a queen; and yet —"

"And yet?"

"You must go back," she insisted, rising abruptly to her feet. "The quarter of an hour is up. I do not feel happy, sitting here talking with you. Really, if my father were to return he would be more angry with me than he has ever been in his life. This sort of thing is not done among my people."

"Little lady," he said, gently forcing her back into her place, "believe me, it's done all the world over, and there isn't a girl can come to any harm by being told that a man is fond of her, when it's the truth, when he'd give his life for her willingly. It's just like that I feel about you. I've never felt it before. I could never feel it for anyone else. And I am not going to give you up."

She was looking at him half fearfully. There was a little color in her cheeks and her eyes were suddenly moist.

"I think," she murmured, "that you talk very nicely. I think I might even say that I like to hear you talk. But it is so useless. Won't you go now? Won't you please go now?"

"When may I come again?" he begged.

"Never," she replied firmly. "You must never come again. You must not even think of it. Indeed, you would not be admitted. My father will probably be told of your visit, as it is, and he will be very angry."

"Well, when may I see you, then, and where?" he demanded. "I hope you understand that I am not in the least disheartened by anything you have said."

"I think," she declared, "that you are the most persistent person I ever met."

"It is only," he whispered, leaning a little toward her, "because I care for you so much."

She was suddenly confused, conscious of a swift desire to get rid of him. It was as though some one were speaking a new language. All her old habits and prejudices seemed falling away.

"I cannot make appointments with you," she protested, her voice shaking. "I cannot encourage you in any way. It is really quite impossible."

"If I go now, will you be at the club to-morrow afternoon?" he pleaded.

"I am not sure," she replied. "It is very likely that I may be there. I make no promise."

He took her hand abruptly, and stooping down forced her to look into his eyes.

"You will be there to-morrow afternoon, please," he begged, "and you will give me the rose from your waistband."

She laughed uneasily.

"If the rose will buy your departure —" she began.

"It may do that," he interrupted as he drew it through his buttonhole, "but it will assuredly bring me back again."

Richard walked down the hill, whistling softly to himself and with a curious light in his eyes. As he reached the square in front of the Casino he was accosted by a stranger who stood in the middle of the pavement and respectfully removed his hat.

"You are Mr. Richard Lane, is it not so, monsieur?"

"You've guessed it in one,"

Richard admitted. "Have I ever seen you before?"

"Never, monsieur, unless you happened to notice me on your visit to the prison. I have an official position in the principality. I am commissioned to speak to you with respect to the little affair in which you were concerned at La Turbie."

"Well, I thought we'd threshed all that out," Lane replied. "Anyway, Sir Henry Hunterleys and I have engaged a lawyer to look after our interests."

"Just so," the little man murmured. "A very clever man indeed is Monsieur Grisson. Still, there is a view of the matter," he continued, "which is perhaps hard for you Englishmen and Americans to understand. Assault of any description is very severely punished here, especially when it results in bodily injury. Theft of all sorts, on the other hand, is very common indeed. The man whom you injured is a native of Monte Carlo. To a certain extent the principality is bound to protect him."

"Why, the fellow was engaged in a flagrant attempt at highway robbery!" Richard declared, genuinely astonished.

His companion stretched out his hands.

"Monsieur," he replied, "everybody robs here, no matter whether it's shopkeepers, restaurant keepers or loafers upon the streets. The people expect it. At the adjourned trial next week there will be many witnesses who are also natives of Monte Carlo. I have been commissioned to warn monsieur. It would be best, on the whole, if he left Monte Carlo by the next train."

"Why in the name of mischief should I do that?" Richard demanded.

"In the first place," the other pointed out, "because this man, whom you treated a little roughly, has many friends and associates. They have sworn revenge. You are even now being followed about, and the police of the principality have enough to do without sparing an escort to protect you against violence. In the second place, I am not at all sure that the finding of the court next week will be altogether to your satisfaction."

"Do you mean this?" Richard asked incredulously.

"Without a doubt, monsieur."

"Then all I can say," Richard declared, "is that your magistrate or judge, or whatever he calls himself, is rotten and your laws absurd. I shan't budge."

"It is in your own interests, monsieur, this warning," the other persisted. "Even if you escape these desperadoes you still run some risk of seeing the inside of a prison in Monaco."

"I think not," Lane answered grimly. "If there's anything of that sort going about I shall board my yacht yonder and hoist the Stars and Stripes. I shall take some getting into prison, I can tell you, and if I once get there you'll hear about it."

"Monsieur will be much wiser to avoid trouble," the official advised.

Lane placed his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "not you or a dozen like you could make me stir from this place until I am ready, and just now I am very far from ready. See? You can go and tell those who sent you what I say."

The emissary of the law shrugged his shoulders. His manner was stiff but resigned.



"I Shall Charge You Five Per Cent Interest and I Shall Lend You a Thousand Pounds"

"I have delivered my message, monsieur," he announced. "Monsieur naturally must decide for himself."

He disappeared with a bow. Richard continued on his way and a few minutes later ran into Hunterleys.

"Say, did you ever hear such cheek!" he exclaimed, passing his arm through the latter's: "A man stopped me in the street and has been trying to frighten me into leaving Monte Carlo, just because I broke that robber's wrist. Same Johnny that came to you, I expect. What are they up to anyway? What do they want to get rid of us for? They ought to be grateful to us for what we did."

Hunterleys shook his head.

"So far as I am concerned," he said, "their reasons for wanting to get rid of me are fairly obvious. I am afraid; but I must say I don't know where you come in, unless —"

He stopped short.

"Well, unless what?" Richard interposed. "I should just like to know who it is trying to get me kicked out."

"Can't you guess?" Hunterleys asked. "There is one person who, I think, would be quite as well pleased to see the back of you."

"Here in Monte Carlo?"

"Absolutely!"

Richard was mystified.

"You are not very bright, I am afraid," Hunterleys observed. "What about your friend Mr. Grex?"

Richard whistled softly.

"Are you serious?"

"Of course I am," Hunterleys assured him.

"But has he any pull here, this Mr. Grex?"

Hunterleys' eyes twinkled for a moment.

"Yes," he replied, "I think that Mr. Grex has very considerable influence in this part of the world. Also he is a man who, I should say, was rather used to having his own way."

"I gathered this afternoon that I wasn't exactly popular with him," Richard remarked meditatively. "I've been out there to call."

Hunterleys stopped short upon the pavement.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"I have been out to call at the Villa Mimosa," Richard repeated. "I don't see anything extraordinary in that."

"Did you see—Miss Fedora?"

"Rather! And thank you for telling me her name at any rate. We sat on the terrace and chatted for a quarter of an hour. She gave me to understand, though, that the old man was dead off me. It all seems very mysterious. Anyway she gave me a rose and I think she'll be at the club to-morrow afternoon."

Hunterleys was silent for a moment. He seemed much impressed.

"You know, Richard," he declared, "there is something akin to genius in your methods."

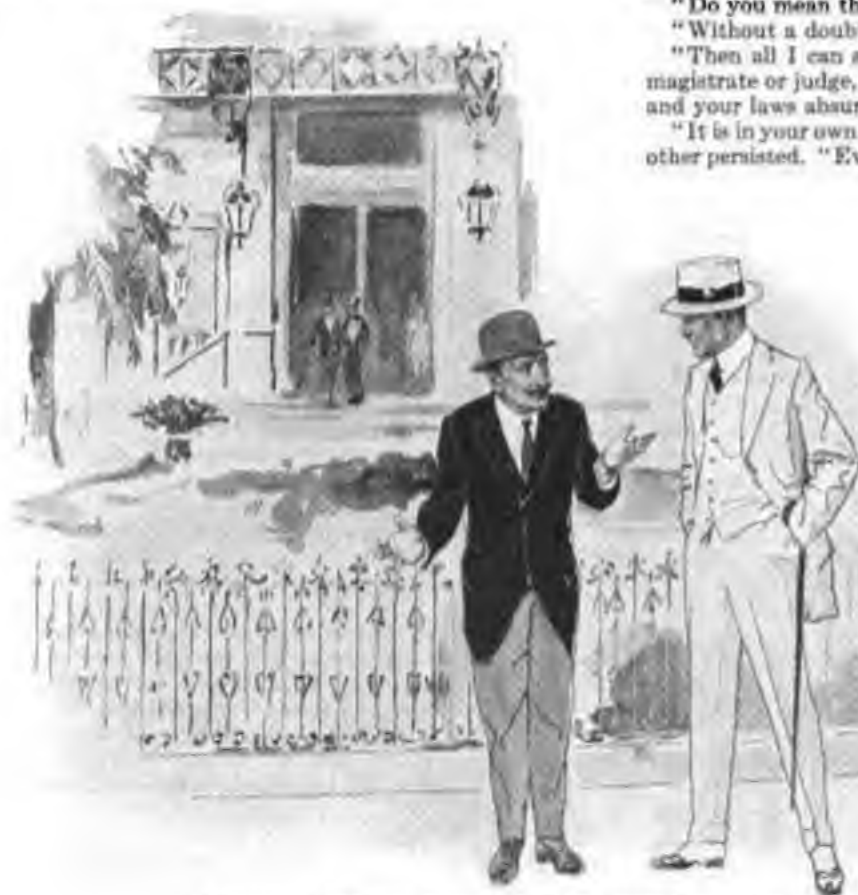
"That's all very well," the young man protested, "but can you give me a single solid reason why, considering I am in love with the girl, I shouldn't go and call upon her? Who is this Mr. Grex anyway?"

"I've a good mind to tell you," Hunterleys said meditatively.

"I don't care whether you do or not," Lane pronounced firmly as they parted. "No matter whether Mr. Grex is the Sultan of Turkey or the Czar of Russia, I'm going to marry his daughter—that's settled!"

XIV

AT A FEW minutes before eight o'clock that evening Lady Hunterleys descended the steps of the Casino and crossed the square toward the Hôtel de Paris. She walked very slowly and she looked neither to the right nor to the left. She had the air of seeing no one. She acknowledged mechanically the low bow of the *commissionnaire* who opened the door for her. A reception clerk who stood to one side to let her pass she ignored altogether. She crossed the hall to the lift and pressed the bell. Draconmeyer, who had been lounging in an easy-chair waiting



"Monsieur, Everybody Robs Here. The People Expect It"

for her, watched her entrance and noticed her abstracted manner with kindling eyes. He threw away his newspaper and hastily approaching her touched her arm.

"You are late," he remarked.

She started.

"Yes, I am late."

"I did not see you at the club."

"I have been to the Casino instead," she told him. "I thought that it might change my luck."

"Successful, I trust?"

She shook her head. Then she opened her gold satchel and showed him. It was empty.

"The luck must turn sometime," he reminded her soothingly. "How long shall you be dressing?"

"I am tired," she confessed. "I thought that to-night I would not dine. I will have something sent up to my room."

He was obviously disappointed.

"Couldn't you dine as you are?" he begged. "You could change later, if you wished to. It is always such a disappointment when you do not appear—and to-night," he added, "especially."

Lady Hunterleys hesitated. She was really longing to be alone and to rest. She thought, however, of the poor invalid to whom their meeting at dinner time was the one break of the day.

"Very well," she promised, "I will be down in ten minutes."

Draconmeyer, as the lift bore her upward, strolled away. Although the custom was a strange one to him he sought out the American bar and had a drink. Then he lighted a cigarette and made his way back into the hall, moving restlessly about, his hands behind his back, his forehead knit. In his way he had been a great schemer, and in the crowded hotel that night, surrounded by a wonderfully cosmopolitan throng of loungers and passers-by, he lived again through the birth and development of many of the schemes his brain had conceived since he had left his mother country.

One and all they had been successful. He seemed, indeed, to have been imbued with the gift of success. He had floated immense loans where other men had failed. He had sustained the credit of his country on a high level through more than one serious financial crisis. He had pulled down or built up as his judgment or fancy had dictated. And all the time the man's relaxations, apart from the actual trend of great affairs, had been few and slight. Then had come his acquaintance with Linda's school friend.

He looked back through the years. At first he had scarcely noticed her visits. Gradually he had become conscious of a dim feeling of thankfulness to the woman who always seemed able to soothe his invalid wife. Then, scarcely more than a year or so ago, he had found himself watching her at unexpected moments, admiring the soft grace of her movements, the pleasant cadence of her voice, the turn of her head, the color of her hair, the elegance of her clothes, her thin, fashionable figure. Gradually he had begun to look for her, to welcome her at his table—and from that the rest. Finally the birth of this last scheme of his. He had very nearly made a fatal mistake at the very commencement, had pulled himself right again only with a supreme effort. His heart beat quicker even now as he thought of that moment. They had been alone together one evening. She had sat talking with him after Linda had gone to bed, worse than usual, and in the dim light he had almost lost his head; he had almost said those words, let her see the things in his eyes, for which the time was not yet ripe. She had kept away for a while after that. He had treated it as a mistake, but he had been very careful not to err again. By degrees she forgot.

The estrangement between husband and wife was part of his scheme, largely his doing. He was all the time working to make the breach wider. The visit to Monte Carlo, rather a difficult accomplishment, he had arranged. He had seen with delight the necessity for some form of excitement growing up in her, had watched her losses and only wished that they had been larger. He had encouraged her

to play for higher stakes and found that she needed very little encouragement indeed. To-night he felt that a crisis was at hand. There was a new look upon her face. She had probably lost everything. He knew exactly how she would feel about asking her husband for help. His eyes grew brighter as he waited for the elevator.

She came at last and they walked together into the dining room. When she reached their accustomed table it was empty and only their two places were laid. She looked at him in surprise.

"But I thought you said that Linda would be so disappointed!" she reminded him.

"I do not think that I mentioned Linda's name," he protested. "She went to bed soon after tea in an absolutely hopeless state. I am afraid that to-night I was selfish. I was thinking of myself. I have had nothing in the shape of companionship all day. I came and looked at the table, and the thought of dining alone wearied me. I have to spend a great deal of time alone unfortunately. You and I are, perhaps, a little alike in that respect."

She seated herself after a moment's hesitation. He moved his chair a little closer. The pink-shaded lamp seemed to shut them off from the rest of the room. A waiter filled their glasses.

"I ordered champagne to-night," he remarked. "You looked so tired when you came in."

She smiled faintly. "It was thoughtful of you," she declared. "I am tired. I have been losing all day, and altogether I have had a most depressing time."

idea that he must have told you all about her. I trust that you feel a little appetite for your dinner. Jules has prepared that salmon-trout specially. I'll read you the letter from Maurice, if you like, and afterward there is a story I must tell you."

The earlier stages of dinner slipped pleasantly away. Draconmeyer was a born conversationalist, a good talker and a keen tactician. The food and the wine, too, did their part. Presently Violet lifted her head, the color came back to her cheeks; she, too, began to talk and to laugh. All the time he was careful not to press home his advantage. He remembered that one night in the library at Grosvenor Square, when she had turned her head and looked at him for a moment before leaving. She must be different now, he told himself fiercely. It was impossible that she could continue to love a husband who neglected her, a man whose mistaken sense of dignity kept him away from her!

"I want you," he begged as they drew toward the close of the meal, "to treat me, if you will, just a little more confidentially."

She glanced up at him quickly, almost suspiciously.

"What do you mean?"

"You have troubles of which you do not speak," he went on. "If my friendship is worth anything, it ought to enable me to share those troubles with you. You have had a little further disagreement with your husband, I think, and bad luck at the tables. You ought not to let either of these things depress you too much. Tell me, do you think that I could help in any way with Sir Henry?"

"No one could help," she replied, her tone unconsciously hardening. "Henry is obstinate, and it is my firm conviction that he has ceased to care for me at all. This very afternoon," she went on, leaning across the table, her voice trembling a little, her eyes very bright, "I offered to go away with him."

"To leave Monte Carlo?"

"Yes! He refused. He said that he must stay here for some mysterious reason. I begged him to tell me what that reason was, and he was silent. It was the end. He gives me no confidence. He has refused the one effort I made at reconciliation. I am convinced that it is useless. We have parted finally."

Draconmeyer tried hard to keep the light from his eyes as he leaned toward her.

"Dear lady," he said, "if I do not admit that I am sorry—well, there are reasons. Your husband did well to be mysterious. I can tell you the reason why he will not leave Monte Carlo: it is because Felicia Roche makes her debut at the opera house to-morrow night. There! I didn't mean to tell you, but the whole world knows it. Even now I would not have told you but for other things. It is best that you know the truth. It is my firm belief that your husband does not deserve your interest, much less your affection. If only I dared —" He paused for a moment. Every word he was compelled to measure.

"Sometimes," he continued, "your condition reminds me so much of my own. I think that there is no one so lonely in life as I am. For the last few years Linda has been fading away physically and mentally. I touch her fingers at morning and night; we speak of the slight happenings of the day. She has no longer any mind or any power of sympathy. Her lips are as cold as her understanding. For that I know she is not to blame, yet it has left me very lonely. If I had a child," he went on, "even if there was one single soul of whom I was fond, to whom I might look for sympathy; even if you, my dear friend—you see I am bold, and I venture to call you my dear friend—could be a little kinder sometimes, it would make all the difference in the world."

She turned her head and looked at him. It seemed to him that already she was on her guard. "You have something more to say, haven't you?" she asked.

He hesitated. Her tone was noncommittal. It was a moment when he might have risked everything, but he feared to make a mistake.

(Continued on Page 40)

"What We Ask of France is That She Look the Other Way. She Might Look, for Instance—Toward Egypt!"



"It is not as it should be, that," he observed, smiling. "This is a city of pleasure. One was meant to leave one's cares behind when one comes here. If anyone in this world," he added, "should be without them, it should be you."

He looked at her respectfully, yet with an admiration that he made no effort to conceal. There was nothing overpersonal in the look. She accepted it with gratitude.

"You are always kind," she murmured.

"This reminds me of some of our evenings in London," he went on, "when we used to talk music before we went to the opera. I always found those evenings so restful and pleasant. Won't you try to forget that you have lost a few pennies; forget also your other worries, whatever they may be? I have had a letter to-day from the one great writer we both admire. I shall read it to you. And I have a list of the operas for next week. I see that your husband's little protégée, Felicia Roche, is here."

"My husband's protégée?" she repeated. "I don't quite understand."

He seemed for a moment embarrassed.

"I am sorry," he said. "I had no idea — But your husband will tell you if you ask him. It was he who paid for her singing education, and her triumph is his. But the name must be known to you."

"I have never heard it in connection with my husband," she declared, frowning slightly. "Henry does not always take me into his confidence."

"Then I am sorry," he continued penitently, "that I mentioned the matter. It was clumsy of me. I had an

Booked Through for the Empire



View of Valcartier Camp

IN THE United States the imaginative grasp upon what many predict will be the last war of the world is lacking in reality, and the most tragic slaughter of the ages becomes a huge nightmare melodrama where sensitive flesh and blood somehow turns into statistics, and grief and loss have no symbols which speak their real meaning.

Our tourist friends who come back "safe from the war zone" and sometimes possibly in a sour-grapes mood—it seems easier to count those who went to Europe in the summer of 1914 than those who stayed at home—these very friends are an assistance in devitalizing the sense of reality. For their stories, however interesting, have chiefly to do with facts of personal inconvenience which would be outrageous in times of peace but which are to be expected in times of war. The tales are indeed rendered dramatic here and there by glimpses of spies haled out of trains to be shot, and wounded soldiers coming back for the aftermath, equally costly, of victory or of defeat. Such stories are well worth hearing, and it is also agreeable to reflect that friends dear to us can dine out on them all winter. But they don't connote the war. Besides, we are three or four thousand miles away and, after a fashion, merely spectators. It is not our men who march away and die alone in a strange land. How can the war seem real to us!

The Canadians, side by side with us, are not three or four thousand miles away from the battlefields, nor are they in any sense numb to any phase of the war. Spiritually they are in England, for no children of the Empire are more loyal than the Canadians. They take the war not with jingoistic talk and cheering, not with swagger or threats, because they feel it too deeply to admit of any cheap or surface emotion. In city and country both, in places like Quebec and Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, or little villages like Puce and St. Jean Baptiste, there is to be found the same deep and solemn loyalty, quiet instead of ebullient, not only because restraint is characteristic of the Canadian temperament but because the national understanding of what this war means is perfect.

Watching the Men March Away

IN QUEBEC a tensely interested, silent crowd surges toward the Terrace, for down the hill is marching a little company of red-coated boys, young grenadiers, soon doubtless to be clad in khaki and sent in a transport, perhaps to be destroyed crossing the Atlantic by a German battleship, perhaps to be saved for German shells, or perhaps to come back home. Lads they are, raw and unschooled, a few of them vainly pleased with the notice they are attracting; but not one face is without the real spark—the love for the Empire, the loyal urge that makes even a cheap soul worth while and that books their bodies through to the end, whatever it be, so it be for the good of the Empire. On the sidewalks, people who three months ago would scarcely have turned their heads to look at a soldier now stand still with their faces toward these boys. There are none of the indulgent smiles which so often in the past were accorded wearers of the militia or non-regular uniforms. There is only a gaze which shows respect and sympathy, perhaps sorrow, and perhaps a bewildered wonder that in the twentieth century young flesh and blood should change into weltering targets for guns.

By Maude Radford Warren

Down the shady road that leads from the armory in Ottawa marches a band of Highland pipers, men for the most part close to forty, a boy drummer in their midst. They walk with long, strong strides, their kilts waving, their tall caps straight and steady, their heads thrown well back, their eyes intent. The people beside the road stand still, always with grave faces. A kind of electric psychology seems to pass from spectator to spectator; they are realizing just how magnificent the music of the pipes would sound on a field of battle. One knows that these pipers would march straight toward the enemy, mutely closing ranks as they left their dead behind them. Again those flashes of crowd psychology; surely it means that for a purifying moment the critical faculty of the narrow, fallible human mind is held in abeyance; one forgets frailties, such as love of drink or tendency to brutality, coarseness, self-seeking and pettiness; one sees only precious, glorious men, giving their lives to the Empire.

An old woman has been marching beside the pipers for several paces. She sits on a bench and wipes away the thin, reluctant tears of the aged.

"It's not that I have any Scotch blood in me, for I'm of Irish descent," she explains. "It's just that the men are going. It seems to me now that that's been my whole life—watching men march away. For when I was a little girl in Kingston I saw my father go to the Crimea and I had no more sense than to laugh and clap at the music and the flags. He never came back, and the comfort they offered my mother was that there never would be another war. My husband went with Gordon to Khartoum when I was a young bride, and though he came back to me he was never a well man. When I had to do his work and mine—not that I wasn't willing, but it's hard when a woman has children—the comfort he gave me was that the world was too wise now to have any more wars, except maybe in savage places. My youngest son went to South Africa, but I wouldn't go to see him off; he never came back, and they said then that one proof that war was dying out was that England was so ill-prepared to carry through that one. Now my eldest son's only son has gone with the artillery—the only one that could carry on our name. He is sailing down the St. Lawrence now, and maybe it's true this time that this will be the last war, and maybe it's not."

"You didn't try to hold them back?" one ventures.

"No, though I'd never have asked them to go. If a man sees his duty to his country in that way it's a woman's place to do her share for the country too. I'm glad I'm a British subject, but there is surely no harm in saying that any woman is lucky who belongs to a country that doesn't ask her for the lives of her men."

The Canadians know what war means, as few Americans can know. It is the current generation always whose experience gives the emotional cast to the reception of news or facts. And the current generation is always only partially experienced, because of its youth; it is, as a rule, likely to offer an immature or incomplete reaction. We hear stories of the Civil War—but they mean little to us, because we personally did not experience the direct results of that war. Our Spanish War, by its very nature, could not be brought deeply home to us. But the current Canadian generation is old enough to remember the South African war.

Many Canadians are the children of men who fought in the East Indian campaigns and grandchildren of men who went to the Crimean war. But the important point is

that they saw their relatives and friends go to South Africa. They sent their men off then with wild cheers and fatuous, ignorant hope; they whirled about in waves and shoals of patriotism. And then their men were killed, or they came back sick and mutilated and seared to the soul—the young ones even made old. These South African soldiers were not less loyal or less proud of the Empire, but war had so disillusioned them that love and care could never bring back a certain health of the spirit that is the right of every normal man.

Thus, before war was declared the Canadians were ready to offer full allegiance, generous help, up to the very limit of their resources, though it was with a complete understanding of the price they would have to pay. During those days when the declaration of war was expected, in all the large cities of Canada men and women stood day and night before the bulletin boards of the newspaper offices waiting for the news. When at last the statement was made that England would go to war there was for the most part no movement, no cheering. After the first realization the crowds stood in a deep and grave silence, much like that which America preserved during those solemn five minutes of reflection in honor of the funeral of President McKinley. They grasped the meaning of the war to Canada, imaginatively and concretely; and, knowing what they had to pay and would pay willingly, they could only meet the situation in silence.

Equipping Princess Pat's Pets

EVEN before the declaration of war Canada had begun to take precautionary measures, such as strengthening the fort at Beaumont, which commands the St. Lawrence. From the moment war was declared she made the cause of England her own. She offered, not as one admitting a right but as one asking a privilege, her money, her stores and the lives of her men. She did this fully and efficiently, but also gravely and quietly, and she is still doing it gravely and quietly.

Unofficially and officially the preparations for war went on. Canada poured gifts upon England. She sent the Motherland everything—from flour to chocolate, from oats to machine guns. Millionaires presented money: J. K. L. Ross gave the Canadian Government half a million; Hamilton Gault gave the money which has equipped the crack regiment of the overseas soldiers, the Princess Patricia Light Infantry Regiment. These men have all seen active service, and over five hundred of them have D. S. or D. C. medals for gallant work in actual warfare. Their nickname is Princess Pat's Pets, and the Princess, who worked every stitch of their colors herself, is inordinately proud of them. A number of rich men of Ottawa and Montreal gave the automobile rapid-firing machine-gun battery. Every one offered what he could, from Mr. Ross, with his half million, to a little Toronto newsboy, who gave a street-car ticket worth four and one-sixth cents, which was afterward sold for a thousand dollars.

The women were as patriotic as the men. They began collecting at once for a hospital ship fund, and when the Toronto Business Women's Club refused to contribute, as a protest against war, a storm of indignant reproaches and

letters came from women who were seeing their husbands and sons enlist. When the methods of helping became better organized the women began collecting money for the Red Cross Fund and helping the men collect for the Patriotic Relief Fund. This last, designed to provide for those dependent on soldiers at the front, shows how generously the Canadians have responded to the call for money. In Ottawa alone the sum reached three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, though all the city had counted on was three hundred and fifty thousand; in Toronto it was just short of a million. Young women began to train as nurses, and old and young women began to sew and knit for the men at the front.

Officially the preparations were equally prompt and impressive. First of all, Sir Robert Borden, the Premier, offered an army division of from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand men. Canada has a permanent force of some five thousand or six thousand men and a militia of perhaps one hundred thousand. But the Minister of Militia, Colonel the Honorable Sam Hughes, believes that the militia figures can be multiplied from two and a half to five times. The colonel has a remarkable personality, resembling somewhat our own Colonel Roosevelt. There are Canadians who do not admire him; but he is an extraordinary man, of undoubted force, zeal and bravery, who has done an extraordinary work in mobilizing the Canadian troops. He is not a regular, though he is a splendid soldier. When the troops were sent to South Africa he was left out. So he sent himself to South Africa, where he was accepted, and there he did brilliant clean-up work for Kitchener, especially in suppressing guerrilla warfare. Sir Robert Borden, when the new party got in, made him Minister of Militia. When war was declared, instead of getting a number of professional officers about him to help train the recruits, he undertook to do the whole work himself. Moreover, it became clear that the regulars were to be concentrated for guard duty, chiefly in Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Vancouver and Victoria, while the volunteers were to be sent to the front. To an outsider almost any criticism against the minister can be answered by pointing to what he did in the camp at Valcartier.

The Colonel Roosevelt of Canada

FROM the beginning men crowded to the recruiting stations to enlist. Only twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand were asked for, but at least forty thousand presented themselves. They came mostly from the cities, Montreal alone sending four thousand or five thousand men. The first lot was rigidly weeded—men being rejected because of defective teeth or crooked toes. From all over Canada recruits responded to the call. Then, group by group, from Victoria to Quebec, they were put on trains and sent to Colonel Hughes' camp at Valcartier. No one who saw their departure on the trains can speak of it without emotion. Remembering, as has been said, the unthinking enthusiasm of the speeding to South Africa, this time those who remained behind were quiet. The women wore fresh dresses, and sometimes flowers, and tried to be brave. "Father," said the mother of a grenadier to her husband, "can't you put a little cheer into your face? You don't want the boy to be thinking how bad you feel, do you?" "You needn't scold me; you look as if you were going to cry yourself," said father.

"I'm coming back, mumsie," a boy would whisper; "don't you make any mistake about that."

"Are we downhearted?" the recruits, leaning out of the car windows, would ask themselves. "No."

"Should we worry? No."

"Take care of yourself," a stay-at-home brother would call. "Take care of yourself—and some Germans!"

Then came the cry of all aboard. Friend wished friend good luck and a safe return—quietly, as if the departure were for some ordinary journey. Sons and parents and lovers clung in a last still embrace, careless of onlookers. All over Canada train after train moved away to the sob of the Scotch song:

*Will you nae come back again?
Better loosed you canna be,
Will you nae come back again?*

They went to Valcartier for Colonel Hughes to make soldiers of them. This plain of Valcartier, sixteen miles north-east of Quebec, of an area of seven by four and a half miles, had been selected before the war. It is said to be almost equal to Salisbury Plains. The Jacques Cartier River runs through it, and all about are the Laurentian hills. On one day the plain was little more than a swampy sward, across which drove sometimes the rigs of the French-Canadian farmers; on the next day motor lorries and transport wagons took the place of the rigs, and Valcartier became, as if by magic, a military city. The soldiers trooped into it, from three or three thousand miles away, at all hours of the day and night. Some were ex-service men, but the majority were raw recruits. They came in all kinds of uniforms—kilts, red coats, black tunics with white trimming, khaki, and ordinary civilian clothes. Two weeks later they were all clad in khaki, except, of course, the Highlanders. They, by the way, cannot be deprived of their kilts; it was tried in South Africa, but vainly. They regard the kilts as a mark of nationality. They do wear a khaki coat and helmet, and in battle they have consented to wear over their kilts a khaki apron, so as not to make the kilts a mark for the enemy.

And presently round these men rose a city which looked as if it had been there a long time. There were twenty-five miles of siding alone, three huge ordnance sheds, army and service corps buildings, temporary shops, a water-works station with a pumping capacity of a million and a half gallons, miles of roads, seventeen hundred targets stretching over three and a half miles, four thousand acres on the side of Pinkney's Mountain for target practice, and thousands of tents on both sides of the river, across which a pontoon bridge was built. Colonel Hughes spared neither himself nor his men. He fed them well, and he worked them hard at heavy drilling, marching and musketry. Nearly forty thousand raw men came into the camp. At the end of eight weeks thirty-three thousand remained, trained soldiers, perfected in rifle shooting and skirmishing—about half as many again as England had offered to take. It was a splendid achievement. The five thousand or six thousand regulars could have been got to the front in three weeks; it was a bigger feat to get over thirty thousand ready in eight weeks.

Hard work for everybody, restraint and complete unity—that was the Canadian slogan. When war was declared all internal dissensions were forgotten. There was a tacit compact to pull together. Nothing was to be said or done to shake the ultra loyalty of the people.

All the fever went out of the Home Rule for Ireland issue, the suffragette movement, the defense policy for Canada. The opposition newspapers have buried their hammers and have bought horns.

Even the verbal speech about the Germans is restrained. Here and there one comes upon a man who talks of "the Hun" and "the Potsdam Butcher" and the "monster of inflated leather and blood," but in general the attitude seems to be that—whatever may be said of the emperor—the German soldiers are dying for an ideal. The feeling is that England entered reluctantly into a righteous war. The Canadians don't want to shout "My country, right or wrong"; they only feel their country must be right. Therefore they can afford tolerance for the Germans.

German Spies in Petticoats

ONE phase of the Canadian restraint is silence about important military matters. That, indeed, is the present rule of the Empire, but in no place could it be more rigidly observed than in Canada. If England believes in locking the stable before the horse is gone Canada believes in locking it both before and after—because the colt is left, to say nothing of horse clothing. One realized this rule as soon as one reached Canada. One met on the train to Quebec a blue-eyed Red Cross sergeant, and one questioned him as to the numbers of the great Canadian Overseas Expedition—the very name is reserved. His reply was so discreet that one might have gathered the impression that there were no troops in Canada going anywhere at all, and that perhaps there was not even a war. So one showed him a clipping, putting the figures at thirty-three thousand. He looked distressed, till he was told that it was from an American paper. Conversation did not cease, because one knew by his speech that he had come to Canada from the south of Ireland, and finding out his county one talked to him about its beauty. Then he said:

"You see we're not allowed to talk, and the place has been thick with spies. I'll tell you one story very few know: At Fort Henry, near Kingston, is kept a lot of German suspects. No one lets a newspaper in to them, so they know nothing. It's little they care, the way they think the Germans are winning. So one of them took some French and Belgian coins out of his pocket, and he gave them to a guard who had been good to him. 'Take these,' says he, 'and spend them at once,' he says; 'for by the time I'm out of this,' he says, 'all the coins in the world will be reminted, and on them will be the head of the German emperor.'"

The sergeant seemed to cling to the subject of spies. "There's been two lady spies taken in Valcartier camp," he said. "One was a young person from an American newspaper who was deported from Montreal as an undesirable citizen, but the other was a lady, though a German, and she's in jail now."

Sometime later a friendly conductor of Scotch descent spoke freely of such details of the war in Canada as had become a dead letter and the knowledge of which could not aid the Germans. Then he said mysteriously:

"I'll tell you something that not five people besides myself have knowledge of. It makes you almost feel sorry for the enemy. There's a German in a place I can't mention, and he said to a person I can't mention: 'I have here

(Continued on Page 49)



The Duke of Connaught Reviewing Cadets



The 48th Highlanders Leaving Toronto for Valcartier Camp

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



MADE IN U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$3.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newspapers.
To Canada—By Subscription \$1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.00).
Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, \$1.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 14, 1914

Railroad Baiting

WITH true appreciation of the facts and with admirable courage President Wilson declared that the railroads were almost the only business interest of this country which immediately concerned everybody, and that they were in need of more revenue. In importance to the whole people no other industry except agriculture can for a moment compare with transportation, and from any deterioration of the transportation plant agriculture would suffer more extensively than any other industry.

Net earnings of railroads for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth last, as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission monthly and compiled by the Financial Chronicle, fell off a hundred million dollars as compared with the year before. They were, therefore, smaller than in 1911; but in the three years several hundred million dollars of new capital has been invested in the roads. Since the beginning of 1913 eighteen roads have passed or reduced dividends. Meantime the roads have a huge amount of maturing obligations to meet between now and the end of 1915. To get the money for that purpose they must not only pay higher interest but offer indubitable security.

Since President Wilson's letter on the subject, this situation has been pretty generally appreciated. The need of more railroad revenue is real and urgent. The alternative is an impaired transportation plant, which would handicap every line of business in this country.

Unfortunately there are a few inveterate railroad baiters left; but we have no doubt the public generally understands the condition.

The Perennial Puzzle

LAST August two out of three United States District Court judges gave judgment against the International Harvester Company under the Sherman Law—not because it had ever raised prices unwarrantably or treated competitors unfairly, but solely because the companies merged in it had four-fifths or so of the trade in certain lines of farm machinery; and the merger, of course, ended competition among them.

Judge Sanborn, dissenting, said: "No case has been found in the books and none has come under my observation in which the absence of all the evils against which the law was directed was so conclusively proved as in this suit." But, because the merger has a great part of the trade in some lines, the majority opinion was against it.

In October three United States District Court judges held that the Atlantic steamship combination did not violate the Sherman Law. This pool admittedly comprises a great part of the North Atlantic passenger trade. It fixes prices for steerage and third-class passage, and allots that business among the various lines forming the pool so that each shall have its due proportion. That this obviously restrains competition among the lines is pointed out in the decision; but the court holds that nobody is harmed by it; that rates fixed by the pool are not unreasonable; and that if there were no pool the lines would either engage in rate wars, to the destruction of the weak and the survival of the

strong, or consolidate in a common ownership. So, applying the Supreme Court's celebrated rule of reason, the United States District Court upholds the combine.

Former President Taft fondly hoped the Supreme Court decision in the Standard Oil case would so clarify the Sherman Law that there could be no further difference of opinion about it. But some years afterward one combine, in one United States Court, is banned because, though harmless, it is big; and another combine, in another court, is sanctioned because, though big, it is harmless.

Where Politics Counts

CONCERNING a branch of the Chicago Police Department, State-Attorney Hoyne is quoted as follows: "The Detective Bureau is so rotten, and has been from time immemorial, that it leaves a stench in the nostrils of anyone who has a lingering sense of honesty. I have evidence against at least a dozen detective sergeants at the present time."

How familiar that sounds! When would it not have been true of any big American city? What city has not had exposures of rottenness somewhere in its local government within the last few years?

Local politics practically is more important than national politics. How the city of Chicago is run is of greater actual moment to the inhabitants of that city than how the nation is run, for the limits within which the National Government can misuse power are pretty strictly defined.

What has tariff revision brought to the average citizen of Chicago, or what is it likely to bring, that can compare in actual importance with the question of whether the streets are well paved, cleaned and lighted, the Health Department is efficiently administered, the Detective Bureau is an honest and vigilant agency for the suppression of crime?

How is any Clayton Antitrust Act or any Federal Trade Commission Act going to touch the day-to-day lives of ordinary folk, so that they should worry, when they do not know whether they can venture abroad after dark without being held up and slugged or shot by a footpad?

We should like to have a truce declared in national politics—a general agreement to leave it exactly as it is for the next five years, without a new Federal election or a new Federal law, meantime devoting all the intelligence and energy we can muster to local government.

Our Balkan States

A COMPARATIVELY small circle, with Adrianople at its center, would contain the territory that has long been recognized as fraught with danger to European peace. For years it was predicted that the next great European war would arise over Turkey or the Balkans.

The Monroe Doctrine is our Near East—the thing that is more likely than any other to provoke war between this country and another first-class Power. An especially disadvantageous feature of the Monroe Doctrine is its indefiniteness. The conditions that originally produced it have long since passed away. Just what it means and implies now nobody can tell in detail.

For example, a Latin-American government may borrow money in England, Germany, France or Holland, specifically pledging its customs receipts as security. Default implies seizure and administration of the customhouses by the pledgee. President Roosevelt said we could not well forbid a European country to collect a just debt; but there are ticklish questions as to how extensively or how long a European government might hold territory of a Latin-American country without derogation of the Monroe Doctrine. Again, Holland owns Dutch Guiana, on the South American continent, and several West Indian islands in the Curacao Government. Certainly it would be no business of ours if Germany annexed Holland; but in that case, what could we reasonably ask Germany to do with Holland's American possessions?

How far south does the Doctrine run? The Falkland Islands, off Patagonia, are American territory, but of hardly more interest to us than the canals on Mars. No doubt if Germany took them from England we should say nothing; but at what parallel of latitude should we interfere?

We should like to see the Monroe Doctrine reduced to definite terms. If the terms were reasonable probably Europe would agree to them.

An Old Story

BY MERELY substituting 1914 for 1870, page after page of the contemporaneous literature of the Franco-Prussian War might be published in to-day's news. From both sides there are identical charges and countercharges of atrocities—violating women, torturing the wounded, firing on flags of truce and shelling hospitals. Germans cry that French civilians assassinate their soldiers. French cry that Germans wantonly destroy towns.

That cheerful old savage, Bismarck, while hotly denouncing inhuman conduct by the French, continually complains of the scandalous leniency of the Prussians, who

never shoot, burn or hang enough to suit him. His idea is that when a civilian fires on German troops, not only the building but the whole village should be destroyed and every male inhabitant hanged. He is highly indignant because the Germans have made prisoners of several thousand French troops from Africa.

"There should be no question of making prisoners of these blacks," he declares. "If I had my way every soldier who made a black man prisoner should be placed under arrest. They are beasts of prey and ought to be shot down."

A little later Busch—who idolizes Bismarck—reports: "Five hundred red breeches made prisoners. The Count bitterly regretted that further prisoners should be taken and that it was not possible to shoot them down on the spot." It is the idolizing Busch, also, who relates the following pretty story of the Iron Chancellor, on the authority of Bismarck-Böhlert:

"At Commerce a woman came to him to complain that her husband, who had tried to strike a hussar with a spade, had been arrested. The Count listened to her very amiably and when she had done he replied, in the kindest manner possible: 'Well, my good woman, you can be quite sure that your husband—drawing a line round his neck with his finger—will be presently hanged.'"

Yet Bismarck considered it atrocious that nonuniformed Frenchmen should fire on uniformed invaders.

Makeshift Charity

"HUMAN justice is fallible," the lawyer sapiently reminded the judge. "True," said the judge; "but it's the best we have down here." Organized charity is a more or less inefficient makeshift. Quite half of the money, we should judge, is given in about the same sour spirit that taxes are paid—to get rid of an importunate solicitor, or because the donor is ashamed to say no, or in spite of the fact that he has a baffled and exasperated feeling that it is a poor way of dealing with the situation.

There is no charity about that. The nation that does not succor the enemy's wounded who fall into its hands, and feed and shelter prisoners of war, is considered infamous. The unfortunates of peace we have on our hands ought to be a social charge. The responsibility and cost of maintaining them ought to be placed squarely on the whole community. There ought to be no more question of passing the hat to keep them from freezing or starving than of taking up a voluntary collection to run the waterworks or repair the paving; but such a state of affairs seems to be a long way off.

Meantime organized charity is the best we have. Never were appeals more numerous and persistent. It is going to be a hard winter for many on this peaceful side of the Atlantic. Every one who can, should help—and, above all, help at home first.

Dog Eat Dog

FROM a New England cotton-trade report, written in October, we take the following: "The decline"—in the price of raw cotton—"has tended to confirm the opinion held generally in mill circles that the staple will go down to six cents a pound, delivered in New England; consequently manufacturers have held off from buying more than they need for immediate requirements."

If the price does go down to six cents a pound delivered in New England a great many Southern cotton growers will be bankrupt; for that price does not nearly cover the cost of production. With that painful experience in mind, next year and the year following they will probably plant a much smaller area to cotton, and the price will go up, so as to work a hardship on the mills.

That is the law of unrestricted individualistic competition—chew the other fellow when you can get him down, and expect to be chewed in turn when he can get you down. To everybody concerned how much more profitable finally—and more edifying—cooperation would be.

The War Cult

NIETZSCHE wrote: "You have been taught that a good cause justifies even war; but I teach that a good war justifies any cause." To a world that is Christian in feeling—wherever theological speculation may lead its thought—that was an amusing paradox, which would have provoked a laugh if spoken by a character in a Shaw play; but Prussian militarism has produced a type of mind that takes it in deadly earnest.

No doubt search of other contemporaneous literature would reveal some incidental and unrepresentative glorification of war for its own sake; but in contemporaneous Prussian literature such glorification has been expressed with much emphasis, and the beastly notion that fighting is mankind's highest interest is essentially a Prussian militarist cult.

To suppose that it broadly represents German thought is, of course, absurd; but the sanction this war cult has received in military circles there undoubtedly counted with many in determining American sympathies in the present war. Our pantheon has no niche for Krupp.

MR. WHITE COMES BACK

THE opportunity to reply to Mr. Hugh F. Fox, secretary of the United States Brewers' Association, gives me great pleasure; and much of the pleasure is derived from the fact that it gives me an opportunity to correct a mistake in my original article. Mr. Fox properly calls attention to the mistake in what we may call indictment number four of his reply. That statement is incorrect and should not have been made; it was taken from figures furnished by the Kansas State Board of Control of Charitable Institutions; and, though it was exactly correct at the time it was made, several years ago, the shifting of the population of the paupers and insane in the Cook County and the Illinois State asylums has rendered the figures incorrect for use to-day. This I did not know when I wrote the article to which Mr. Fox so ably replied. The remaining eleven of his twelve indictments, however, are utterly worthless and will not bear investigation.

For instance, indictment number one declares that an article headed *Plenty of Booze in Emporia* appeared in the *Emporia Gazette* of February 7, 1914. No such article appeared; but one did appear headed *Bootleggers Confess and Draw a Fine and a Jail Sentence*. Mr. Fox charges that on March second an article appeared in the *Gazette* headed *Emporia, Kansas, Not a Dry Town! Prohibition Only Keeps Liquor Out About a Month at a Time*. No heading of that kind, or any heading like it, appeared in the *Gazette* of that date or of any other date. The charge is without the slightest substantiation in fact.

He declares that on March fourth an editorial appeared, written by me, headed *Booze and Cards for Kansas Women; Society in Prohibition State Mix Bridge and Booze*. The only editorials in the paper on March 4, 1914, written by me or by anyone else are these three: One praising President Wilson, one about using vacant lots for gardens, and one on Kansas-Bull-Moose politics. But, assuming that Mr. Fox may have his dates mixed, I will say that no editorial under that heading ever appeared in the *Gazette*, nor did that heading ever appear on any page of the *Emporia Gazette*. The files of the *Gazette* are in the Kansas State Historical Society, open to every one.

Under the heading of indictment number twelve, third paragraph, Mr. Fox cites other issues of the *Gazette* to prove that Emporia is not a dry town. The issues referred to chronicle the arrest and conviction of bootleggers, mostly ignorant negroes and Mexicans, who were selling liquor in quantities varying from one pint to two quarts; and the whole gist does not show enough liquor sold by these bootleggers in six months to much more than make up the morning's business of a quiet little saloon on a quiet corner of a country village on a busy day.

The whole charge in the two indictments, that the files of the *Gazette* show that Emporia is wet, or even reasonably moist, is without any foundation other than the desire of some defender of the liquor traffic to make a point for his employers.

Outlawing Spirits

WHILE on the subject it may be well to add that, during the campaigns recently conducted in Oregon, Washington, California and Virginia, the Model License League, one of the Brewers' Association's various aliases, spread broadcast a statement purporting to come from the county clerk of Shawnee County showing an immense shipment of liquor into Shawnee County, Kansas, the county seat of which, Topeka, is the capital of Kansas.

I hold in my possession, and have before me as I write, a letter from O. K. Swayze, county clerk, under date of September 29, 1914, to Hampton A. Steele, in which Mr. Swayze declares this story of the Model License League to be "sheerest rot, and unworthy of consideration by fair-minded persons."

In his letter Mr. Swayze also writes: "Peace officials, who consult the records of my office to detect any sign of large purchases, in order to go after the jointists and bootleggers, say to me that it is difficult to find large-enough shipments to one person to warrant surveillance." So much for another of Mr. Fox's favorite fictions.

Now as to the statistics he so carefully quotes. Investigation of his figures shows the same glad, free abandon of facts that he shows in quoting from the *Emporia Gazette* in indictment number one. Let us turn to indictment number two. It declares that the Internal Revenue Commission's books show a total of six hundred and thirty-eight dealers in liquor in Kansas licensed by the Federal Government. In an average license state the number of licenses runs into the thousands; but let that pass.

When one knows that every bootlegger convicted of selling a quart or a pint of liquor, under the Kansas prohibitory law, is rounded up by the Federal officials of the Revenue Department and compelled to buy a Federal license or go to jail for violating the Federal law; and when one knows that many jointists, who run two or three days or a week before they are gathered up by the state authorities, realize that they must have Federal licenses or run the risk of Federal prosecution—one can see that a total of six hundred and thirty-eight Federal licenses in Kansas for men who are doing a business, on an average, of less than ten days reduces the number of actual, all-the-year-round dealers to a negligible minimum.

There are all-the-year-round dealers, however. The wholesale liquor dealers do business all the year round in Kansas. There Mr. Fox is correct; but, as in all his figures, he tells but half the truth. The wholesalers are well known to the authorities. There are wholesale druggists and wholesale grocers who handle no liquor at all but who hold Federal licenses to sell any of six hundred regularly registered patent medicines, most of them harmless, but some of them vicious and containing a percentage of liquor large enough to intoxicate, which are barred from sale in Kansas at retail. The wholesalers who hold Federal licenses sell these patent medicines, tonics, bitters, hair dyes, lemon extracts, and the like, to their trade in Oklahoma, Colorado, New Mexico, and the West; but not in Kansas.

As for the brewery license, that is one of two things—either a license held to manufacture some decoction, or else a license held by a fly-by-night woods still that has no appreciable output and no public place of business. Mr. Fox is secretary of the United States Brewers' Association. If he will say where any such a brewery is located and if

it is a real brewery, manufacturing beer, it will be put out of business within ten days after his announcement as sure as the sun shines!

Having disposed of the first four of Mr. Fox's indictments, let us take up numbers five, six, eight and eleven, as they drop conveniently under one heading and the answer to one is the answer to all.

The charges made in indictments numbers five and six are that the figures for homicides, accidental deaths and deaths from kidney diseases are not available. I submit herewith a statement made under oath—having the affidavit form before me—from Dr. S. J. Crumbine, signed officially as secretary of the State Board of Health. It may be well to explain that Doctor Crumbine is also dean of the Medical School of the State University and has been for fifteen years executive officer of the state health service. He is a ripe scholar and a public official with a known reputation among health officers all over the world. Doctor Crumbine's statement should set indictments numbers five and six aside.

Figures With a Firm Foundation

NOW as to number eight, Doctor Crumbine further states, under date of October seventh, that Mr. Fox and myself are wrong; that the annual death rate for Kansas, for 1913, as published in the very latest official bulletin, is neither 7.5, as I stated, nor 15.8, as Mr. Fox figured it—but 10.6.

This does not affect the point I made, and the death rate is so low in Kansas that the governor will urge the next legislature to establish state insurance for Kansas to save the difference in death rate to Kansas people. One of the great political parties in the state has specifically advocated this in this year's platform, and the matter is a live issue throughout the state. Indictment number eleven seems to rest on the same grounds as the refuted indictments numbers five, six and eight.

Doctor Crumbine's statement under oath is reproduced on the following page.

Now on indictment number seven I propose to let the Governor of Kansas and the president of the Kansas State Bankers' Association answer the charges made there—later in this article—and also the charges in indictments numbers nine and ten. The figures I quoted as to wealth and bank deposits were furnished by the Kansas State Banking Department, and the discrepancy Mr. Fox notes may be accounted for by the figures' being drawn off at different periods of the year.

They are unimportant; but somehow I should prefer to trust the Kansas State Banking Department rather than Mr. Fox, who depends for his case against Kansas on quoting headlines that never have appeared in the *Emporia Gazette*.

Indictment number twelve concerns the number of college students in Kansas as compared with other American states. Those figures were compiled by the Kansas State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and were published in an official report. He has the data before him. He has no reason to misrepresent in order to perpetuate the business of the saloon; and, on the whole, I believe I shall rest my case as to educational figures on Superintendent Ross rather than on the secretary of the United States Brewers' Association.

This clears away the indictments; but Mr. Fox's charge, though demolished by the evidence, may leave in someone's mind a question as to the truth about Prohibition in Kansas. Statistics prove little fundamentally. Neither my statistics nor Mr. Fox's are at all important. Let us put the Supreme Court of Kansas—the highest judicial tribunal in the state—in the witness box. Under date of October 3, 1914, I have a



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statement signed by W. A. Johnston, as chief justice, and by R. A. Burch, Henry F. Mason, Clark A. Smith, Silas Porter, A. W. Benson and J. S. West as associate justices. They write:

"We have excellent opportunity to observe the operation of the prohibitory law in Kansas and are familiar with the facts. The law is well enforced throughout the state. In a few localities inhabited by a

Mr. Fox will say these men are all politicians; they are up for election. They are truckling to the best people. All right, then, Mr. Fox; meet Mr. E. E. Mullaney, of Hill City, Kansas, president of the Kansas State Bankers' Association. Mr. Mullaney is not a politician. Bear with him a few moments. He says, under date of October 1, 1914:

"As a resident of Kansas for more than thirty years, and a banker for two-thirds of

	CALIFORNIA	COLORADO	WASHINGTON	MISSOURI	NEBRASKA	KANSAS 1912
Cirrhosis of Liver	20.5	11.1	6.0	14.0	14.0	7.0
Violent deaths—Accidents and homicides	110.5	102.2	96.0	74.6	*84.6	*56.0
Suicides	30.1	21.7	20.7	18.0	16.2	12.2
Bright's Disease	92.1	79.9	55.0	85.2	87.5	55.4
Pneumonia	101.5	136.0	64.8	119.7	89.2	45.6

Rates per 100,000. *Accidents. †Homicides.
Table Number III, Mortality Statistics—United States Census for 1911, as taken from the Census Reports.
Bulletin for March, 1914, gives figures for Kansas for 1912 and 1913.

I hereby certify that the foregoing figures, to the best of my knowledge and belief, have been correctly copied from the Bureau of Census Report and Report of Vital Statistics, as stated.

S. J. CRUMHINE, M. D.,
Secretary Kansas State Board of Health.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for the County of Shawnee, State of Kansas, this fifth day of October, 1914.
My commission expires September 1, 1918.

JESSIE CAMPBELL,
Notary Public.

population of foreign extraction, not yet domesticated (the five wet counties mentioned in my July article), vigilance is required to circumvent the efforts of foreign brewing and distilling companies to undermine the law. But it is generally as well enforced as any other criminal law. The enforcement of the law distinctly promotes social welfare and reduces to a minimum economic waste consequent on the liquor traffic and allied evils. The saloon keeper and his comrades have been excluded from effective participation in politics."

That should hold Mr. Fox for a while; but let us have the Governor. His letter of September 30, 1914, reads:

"What has Prohibition done for Kansas? Well, for one thing, it has cleared the moral atmosphere. It has raised the intellectual standard. It has brought health and happiness to countless thousands and given Kansas the lowest death rate of any state in the Union. With only one dollar and twenty-five cents spent per capita for intoxicating liquors in Kansas, against twenty-eight dollars per capita for the same purpose in our sister state, Missouri, we are able to put the difference—twenty-six dollars and seventy-five cents—into new homes, schools, churches, and keep in our big state schools almost twice as many students as Missouri with twice our population; and our schools have made impossible the return of the brewery to this state. Colorado, with half our population, has approximately eight hundred inmates in her penitentiary, with the open saloon. Kansas, with twice Colorado's population, has but eight hundred inmates in her penitentiary. Kansas has no saloons."

Next we have with us to-night the attorney-general of Kansas. He writes under date of October 2, 1914:

"There are one hundred and five counties in Kansas, each nearly as large as Rhode Island; but in not more than five or six do we have any trouble in enforcing the prohibitory law, and in only three is the matter at all serious. In one hundred counties the prohibitory law is respected and obeyed. Where it is violated—which does happen, just as other crimes happen—prosecution follows summarily and effectively. Even in the three derelict counties the open saloon does not exist. It could not exist. An effective telephone system runs from my office to every nook and corner of Kansas; and fifteen minutes after we had learned of the existence of such a place it would be taken in charge by an officer who, whatever his private inclination, would not trifle with the attorney-general. If the whisky advocates think not, let them come to Kansas, open a saloon in any one of the clean, wholesome towns, and see what will happen and how quickly it will happen. When their tribulations are over and they return to their homes in the whisky states, whatever else they may think of Kansas they will not contend that Prohibition does not prohibit."

that time, I wish to say that I regard Prohibition as the best business asset Kansas has. Cities and counties where this law has been best enforced longest are the most prosperous. Prosperity and development have come simultaneously with Prohibition. This is evidenced by the fact that our per capita bank deposit is one hundred and twenty-five dollars; and our assessed-property valuation is nearly two thousand dollars, compared with an average of twelve hundred dollars in the United States. We also offer in evidence our empty jails and poorhouses."

This is from a hard-headed business man who thinks in terms of money. Let us hear from some one who thinks in terms of men. Ladies and gentlemen, shake hands with Dr. W. F. Sawhill, president of the Kansas State Medical Society. Doctor Sawhill, on October 3, 1914, said:

"I have practiced over thirty years in a city of several thousands in a farming community, and have had an opportunity to note the workings of the prohibitory law in Kansas. During that time I have seen the amount of drunkenness diminish seventy-five per cent absolutely; and diseases that we know are caused by the excessive use of liquor have diminished greatly. In my earlier days of practice here I saw young men from the country drunk every Saturday night. I have not seen one for several years, and my opportunity is the same. There is but one conclusion for any honest man who has lived in Kansas, as I have, to make—and that is, Prohibition has done more for the people of the state, morally, financially and physically, than any other one agency."

This man clearly is not the kind of man to interest Mr. Fox. Doctor Sawhill is merely president of the State Medical Society; let us have another business man, we hear Mr. Fox demanding. Good! We shall take the head of all the retail merchants of Kansas. Now comes George H. Knox, of Garden City, president of the Kansas Retailers' Association, an active group of the leading storekeepers of Kansas. He writes, on October 6, 1914:

"From my viewpoint as a retailer, the saloon is a positive detriment to all lines of business. Money spent for booze [note the short, ugly word, Mr. Fox?] is generally money that should be paid to the local merchant for the support of the family; and when it goes to the saloon there is absolutely nothing left to show for it. Our state is free from the saloon evil; our people are happy and prosperous, generally own their own homes, pay their bills, educate their children, and have money for an occasional trip. The success of the prohibitory law from a business man's standpoint is proved in Kansas beyond a doubt; and you would have to hunt the state over to find a retail merchant in favor of the open saloon in Kansas!"

Oh, yes, say the friends of Colonel John Barleycorn—of course the little business



"Going away?"
"Yes—a little business trip."
"What's your hurry now?"
"Going down to see about my fire insurance."
"What company you going to take it out with?"
"What company? I don't know. Why?"
"Just going to get some fire insurance; is that it?"
"Yes, but—"
"Just going to buy a railroad ticket also, aren't you?"
"Y-y-yes."
"Not a ticket to any particular place; just a ticket?"
"Not on your life! I know where I'm going!"
"Do you know where you are going to get your money if your home burns up?"
"From the company!"
"How do you know it can pay—when you don't even know its name?"
"Why—"
"Look here, old man. Bill Jones was wiped out last year and when he dug out his policy he found his company had gone broke six months before. Sam Brown, after his fire, found his company still doing business, but he's still fighting for his money. Why not deal, as I do, with a company that pays its honest obligations cheerfully and promptly—and has the resources to do it, just as it's been doing it for a hundred and four years?"
"What company is that?"
"The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.!"
"Thanks for the tip. I'll look up the Hartford Agent."

Before you pay good money for "any old policy," sign and send in the coupon.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Conn.

COUPON—SIGN—TEAR OFF—MAIL

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company,
P11 Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Send me "Fire Insurance and Fire Prevention," your booklet suggesting ways of preventing fires.

Name _____

Address _____

man is against the saloon; but what about the large commercial interest, engaged in building up the state? All right! Glad you spoke. On our right sits Mr. E. E. Frizell, president of the state organization of Commercial Clubs and the Chambers of Commerce of Kansas. And, by way of showing what a reliable man he is, who is not accidentally on his present job, let us add that Mr. Frizell has been for ten long years mayor of Larned, his home town. Hear Mr. Frizell, on October 6, 1914:

"Kansas is essentially a farm-home state. Our greatest assets are our homebuilders. I have dealt in Kansas land for thirty years. I know thousands of homeseekers come to Kansas every year chiefly because Prohibition has banished the saloon, which is the greatest enemy of the home. The absence of the saloon in Kansas has added real value to every acre of Kansas land; and I know, because I deal in land, that Prohibition is one of the substantial commercial advantages of our state."

The Supreme Court, the governor, the attorney-general, and the official heads of all the business organizations and professional organizations in Kansas, favoring Prohibition as a business proposition, certainly make something of a showing. Even Mr. Fox must admit that.

But some one will say: What about the common run of folks? Good! The common run of Kansas folks are farmer folks. Who is the official farmer to speak for the farmers? Why, the master of the State Grange. All right, then, Central; get Mr. A. P. Reardon, of McLouth, master of the Kansas State Grange, on the phone for a minute. Hear Mr. Reardon, on October 5, 1914. Observe that these dates are all within the present season—not old stories revamped. Mr. Reardon deposes and says:

"I have lived on the same farm in Jefferson County for forty-six years. When the better element of farmers were agitating the temperance question years ago, when we had breweries all over Eastern Kansas, they told us temperance would drive out the breweries, and that to drive out the breweries would make the price of corn so low we could not raise it, and that our vineyards would be ruined. I find, since the breweries have been banished from Kansas, the price of corn is gradually increasing; grapes are worth double what they were, and our vineyards are on the increase. Since the breweries have been banished the saloons have had to go, and the Kansas farmers are becoming more prosperous; the boys and girls are growing up without seeing the inside of a saloon. The farmers are building up a better citizenship, better rural schools, and are saving more money. We have enjoyed, since Kansas adopted Prohibition, better houses, better improvements, better stock, happier homes, and have more to spend for family needs."

Having heard from the farmer, let us hear from the laborer. The liquor interest tells us: "The saloon is the poor man's club." Enter John Craddock, of Weir, president of the Kansas State Federation of Labor—and a handsome man he is. Mr. Craddock speaks under date of October 6, 1914:

"The State Federation of Labor has never gone on record for or against Prohibition; but I think the law is satisfactory to the majority of laboring men in Kansas. To substantiate this statement, I will say we have always been in favor of woman suffrage, which strongly indicates that we are with the woman voters on this great moral question. I also think that a vote for re-submission would be a disgrace to the state."

And now let us close this section of the evidence as we began it—with a statement from the law. Rise up, Judge Charles E. Lobdell, president of the Kansas State Bar Association, and give your testimony. You were the county attorney who enforced the law, the member of the legislature who

helped to write many of the strengthening enactments, and for ten years a trial judge in the courts that upheld the law; but it is as president of the State Bar Association, officially the leading lawyer of Kansas, that you speak. Under date of October 7, 1914, Judge Lobdell says:

"The question whether Prohibition has helped Kansas is no longer a debatable question in Kansas; for it has helped in moral and civic righteousness, better homes and general financial advantage. From ten years' experience as a trial judge, I do not hesitate to say that the rigid enforcement of this law has in every instance reduced the volume of other criminal business and, as a matter of course, has reduced court expenses. The law is now generally enforced and will be easily enforced. The few places where such is not the case are the criminal plague spots of the state. No community that has rigidly enforced the prohibitory law for five years could be induced to go back to the saloon."

Judge Lobdell is not in politics now. He practices law and runs a bank at Great Bend; but, that Mr. Fox and his friends may get a look at real politics in connection with the question of Prohibition in Kansas, it may be well to add, in closing, that this year the Democratic party in Kansas, in convention assembled, endorsed Prohibition, and demanded National Prohibition. So did the Bull Moose, and so did the Republicans. There is no division of sentiment there.

Now there they stand; not men picked up here and there, but the official representatives of the state—the Supreme Court, the governor, the attorney-general, the official heads of every activity of the Kansas people—the doctors, the bankers, the commercial clubs, the retail merchants, the farmers, the laboring men and the lawyers. These are the strong men of Kansas. They know whether or not Prohibition has helped Kansas. Their testimony is worth carloads of statistics. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Checked by Clock

TIME clocks that do about everything but count the workmen's pay have been installed in the shops at the Panama Canal. Once a month each workman receives a card, which he must have stamped by the clock every time he enters or leaves the shops. The card is placed on the clock every day in the same slot; but the stamping mechanism moves four times a day, so that the marks for entering and leaving the shop on the afternoon of the thirty-first of the month, for instance, come on the lower right-hand corner of the back of the card, and the card is filled.

The time is marked in tenths of an hour, so that the amount of pay due at hour rates is easily computed. Ordinarily the clock stamps the cards in blue ink; but if a man enters late or leaves early the stamp mark appears in red ink, to call attention of the pay clerks to the circumstance.

Splints of Celluloid

CELLULOID splints, made by the doctor to fit a patient's arm or leg exactly, are displacing many of the old devices, such as wooden splints, steel braces and plaster-of-Paris casts, besides finding a new field as supporters for the weak muscles of patients recovering from infantile paralysis. This disease paralyzes groups of muscles, so that every possible care must be taken to prevent permanent deformities when the paralyzed muscles begin to recover.

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It is readily prepared either as a plain tomato bouillon—suitable with quite an elaborate dinner, or as a rich cream-of-tomato—to accompany a more moderate repast.

Its inviting character lends itself naturally to a wide variety of menus, while its distinctive and satisfying quality wins the approval of the most critical guest.

Why not order a dozen today?

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Cham. Bouillon	Pea
Beef	Cham. Chowder	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Consommé	Provençal
Celery	Curry	Tomato
Chicken	Mac. Turtle	Tomato-Olives
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Suppose your grocer sold Puffed Grains in bowls—as they come to your table, floating in milk. Or with cream and sugar. Or mixed with fruit.

And suppose children did the buying.

Don't you know that a child—whatever you sent for—would bring home this Puffed Wheat or Rice?

None Can Resist It

You read here—in cold print—of these Puffed Grain fascinations. And we can't describe them—can't make them seem good enough.

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But when one sees these grain bubbles—eight times normal size—she can't resist these airy, flaky morsels.

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Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15c

Please find them out. Our plea is for your enjoyment and the joy of those you serve.

There is nothing else like them. Grains were never puffed before. Never before have all the food granules been blasted by steam explosion. These are the only foods fitted for easy digestion by Prof. Anderson's process.

Get them all. See which one you like best. Serve in all the various ways. You'll be glad that we make them and glad we urged you. Get them today and see.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

VOX POPULI

(Continued from Page 7)

the only geese there were my friend and myself—and we were ganders—they stopped exhibiting geese at the Goose Fair a century or two ago. We had an opportunity of talking with the people of that section of England. The Goose Fair, as we discovered, was a street carnival, with merry-go-rounds, circuses, Ferris wheels, coconut shies, shooting galleries, side shows, and all the usual street-fair accompaniments; but there were a great many people there, and not a feathered goose.

Inasmuch as the flying pigs and the waltzing globes on the merry-go-rounds have, to some extent, lost their attractiveness, we spent our time in talking to the city folk and the country folk about the war and the effects of it. Nottingham, you know, is where the lace of that name comes from. We found that lace-making was still going on, though there had been some reduction in staffs and, it may be, in output. The coal mines were running, however, and the big tobacco factory had not laid off many hands as yet, owing probably to the ingenious argument of the tobacco dealers in England, who have put up posters which read: *Smoke More and Not Less in War-time*, because the more you smoke the greater the tax revenue will be for the country!

We went on Thursday, the big day of the fair, and found that a great number of the stores were closed, with shutters up. At first thought this seemed a kindly act on the part of the store owners which enabled their employees to enjoy themselves at the fair. It was not so. On every closed store there was a printed placard saying that the store was shut as a protest against a carnival in wartime. "Holding firmly to the idea that in these times of stress a carnival is unseemly, we hereby close our respective places of business as a protest against this lack of appreciation of the difficulties which beset the Empire," the placards said.

A burly policeman, red-faced and impressive, directed us to a restaurant. "The finest bit of beef in these parts!" he said. "I know, because I've tried it." I asked him about the war. "It's a terrible business, no doubt," he said—"a terrible business; but, as I look at it, it had to come, and there can be no ending of it except by a triumph for England. Nobody in these parts wanted war, sir. War was the last thing people were thinking of. Now that it has come, there's but one thing to do, and that is to finish it right and finish the Kaiser with it. There must be an end to him—poor, crazy man that he is!"

Great Britain's Job of Work

What the policeman said epitomizes what everybody else said, including the right honorable mayor and the head waiter at the Victoria Station Hotel. The head waiter was somewhat forcible. "You understand, sir, speakin' by and large, that it is quite impossible for Britain to lose the mastery in what I may call the pendin' struggle, sir—quite! You may know, sir, that we British 'ave a 'abit of winnin', sir, if I may be so bold as to say it, sir. We expect dark days, sir, and some setbacks; but we 'ave Lord Kitchener preparin' a harmy, sir, and when we gets that harmy prepared, then it will be hover in short border, sir. Will you 'ave a bit more Yorkshire puddin', sir?"

Wherefore I was not at all surprised to hear Mr. Haldane, the Lord High Chancellor of England, express the same sentiments when I met him at one of Mr. Strachey's Wednesday gatherings, at Number Fourteen, Queen Anne's Gate. There is a certain continuity of thought that runs through England concerning matters of this kind. It may very well be that men like those I have mentioned, and others in high places, to whom I have talked, realize rather more definitely what it all means than others without access to their superior sources of information; but there is no doubt that the basic idea in the mind of every Briton is that it is preposterous to think there can be any outcome other than a victorious one. It is a job of work that may take one year, two years or five years.

It is a job of work that will mean the sacrifice of thousands on thousands of lives; the outpouring of millions on millions of treasure; the saddening of almost every home; perhaps hunger; perhaps acute distress; loss of business; curtailment of pleasure; direct individual disaster—but

then what? Nothing, save the determination to see it through, to play out the string, to take adversity calmly and success quietly—to win—to do the job!

But—and here is an amazing feature of the British mind and the British temperament—notwithstanding this calmness and determination, there is a wide, almost universal, display of credulity that goes rightfully with neither calmness nor determination. Perhaps it is because information is so meager and so indefinite; but, whether that is so or not, it has come to pass in the British Isles that there appears to be no tale too fantastic to be believed and repeated as the solemn truth by people of every class and condition.

Possibly the men in charge knew of this temperamental idiosyncrasy when they prepared their elaborate scheme for impressing on the residents the fact of the existence of war; when they set up their searchlights to sweep across London and other ports at night; when they darkened the streets, put out lights and electric signs, and all that; when they set are lights in rows across the parks and public places, and plunged Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and other monumental buildings into impenetrable blackness at night, and made the middle of Hyde Park look like Piccadilly Circus; when they shut off the sale of liquor at eleven o'clock; and when they, on the day this was written, issued further orders darkening London after seven o'clock.

Listening to Old Wives' Tales

Possibly they realized this curious trend of the aggregate British mind. At any rate, there is no story too wild to be repeated. The great example is the story of the Russian soldiers. For weeks it was asserted by persons in every walk of life that two hundred and fifty thousand Russians had been brought to England and thence sent to France. Even now, after the story has been pronounced by the Premier as the "greatest legend of the present century"; after it has been denied officially by the Press Bureau and the government, large numbers of people in England, Ireland and Scotland firmly hold to the truth of the statement that the Russians did cross England from Archangel, and that they are now in France. Men of the learned professions and men of White-chapel have retailed this story to me time and again.

"But," I said, "there has been an official denial. Nobody has seen a Russian soldier in either England or France. How do you account for that?"

"Ah," they say; "they are keeping it quiet for reasons of their own. You just wait and see!"

Still, the Russian story died in spots. Immediately another story grew.

"It wasn't the Russians," said the manager of one of the famous hotels in London to me. "That was a mistake." He lowered his voice. "The soldiers who came were Finns," he whispered—"Finns—sixty thousand of them! They are in France now—Finns—sixty thousand Finns!"

"But," I protested, "why don't we hear something about them in action?"

"Hush!" he continued. "Hush! I'll tell you why. All their ammunition was on the Oceanic when the Oceanic ran on a rock up north of Scotland and went down. They are holding the Finns in reserve, sixty thousand of them, until they can make them some new ammunition."

Then, too, there are stories told of sufferers from atrocities. You'll hardly meet a man in London who will not tell you confidentially of a house where a Belgian child is stopping—a Belgian child with both ears and her nose cut off!

"Have you seen this child?" you ask. "No, I have not; but my brother knows the doctor who has attended her."

You search for the brother and the doctor and the house, and none of these is found; nor is the child. They do not exist, so far as can be ascertained by rigid investigation. The Englishmen dote on these stories, and they dote on preposterous stories about German spies. Their attitude of mind is always the same. You challenge them for proof, and they smile a superior smile and patronizingly tell you that their sources of information are impeccable, and that time will prove the truth of every contention they make.

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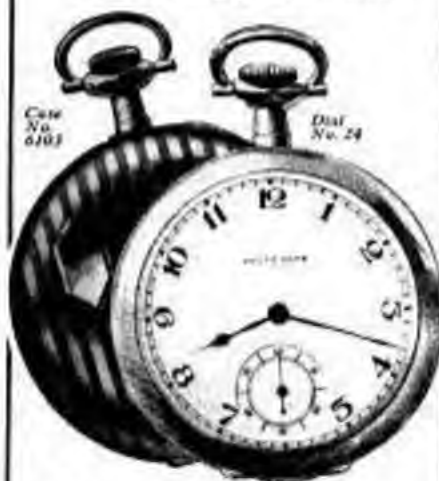
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The thing is not understandable except
on the basis of a slant toward the fanciful,
probably superinduced by the tremendous
strain of the war and the lack of definite
news, hitherto more or less concealed by
the assumption of literalness. The credu-
lity of the people is as remarkable as it is
widespread. When it comes to a tale that
involves the sending of reinforcements, of
German disaster, of atrocity, of airships or
Zeppelins, of the secret workings of spies,
of anything that tends to the mysterious or
the terrifying, your alleged matter-of-fact
Briton becomes a child, with whom to hear
is to believe, and to retell is to dilate.

Thus we have the two poles of the Brit-
ish view of the war. The first grasps the
size of the task, and the necessity of a suc-
cessful ending for it, with calm and dogged
determination to push it through at what-
ever cost. The other listens, with wide eyes
and gaping mouth, to any old wives' tales
of secret happenings or German outrages—
listens and believes and tells again, with
added features tending to increase the mys-
tery and the horror of them. Fantasy and
phlegm are intermixed. The case of nerves
is there, but is held in check, at times, by
the repeated and congenial idea with which
the British have deluded themselves for cen-
turies that, as a race, they are above nerves.

Meantime in this war, as in every war,
the women are bearing the heavy brunt—
not only the home women, the wives
and mothers and sisters and sweethearts,
but the business women and the working
women. The heaviest toll has been laid on
the women. I know a street in London
where a widow has lost two sons, where the
woman living in the next house on the right
has lost in active service five out of six mem-
bers of her family and where the woman
in the next house has lost her husband.
These are not isolated instances.

The toll, especially the toll of officers, has
been very heavy. And to all these mourn-
ing women, and all these women living in
constant apprehension that the next death
list will contain the names of some members
of their own families, must be added the
soldiers' wives, left with small pay on which
to live, and the hundreds of women thrown
out of work.

When War Steals Women's Work

So far as the working men are concerned,
the situation is not so bad. The building
trades, after being on strike for a long time,
are now at work. The tailors are working
overtime to supply clothes for the soldiers,
and so are the blanket makers, and the
clothmakers, and the equipment makers,
and the gunmakers, and all those who fur-
nish materials for the proper outfitting of
the six hundred thousand new soldiers who
are being prepared for the front. In addi-
tion to this the miners are working, and
the laborers along the water front, for there
is much shipping, not of the ordinary goods
of commerce, but of war material. The
railroads, which are in the hands of the
government and conducted by a govern-
mental commission, of which the general
managers are members, are busy, and so
are the foundries.

The women are feeling the brunt of it—
the shopgirls and the sewing girls and the
clerks, the milliners and dressmakers, and
all the vast army of women who toll. The
big stores are ghastly. With one or two ex-
ceptions the forces of saleswomen have
been reduced to the minimum. I went into
seven or eight of the big establishments on
the sixth and seventh of October. There
was no business. Counter after counter
had no buyers. The few saleswomen left
sat with folded hands, waiting for what
they knew would not come—customers—
and visibly depressed by the emptiness of
the stores. The floorwalkers stood in little
groups at the doors, straining their eyes for
possible buyers.

It is the same in the little shops. Along
Bond Street, in the various arcades, on the
smaller streets where the specialty shops
are, there is no business. In the shops
where women are usually employed in large
numbers only a few—one or two—remain.
I had to buy some few small things. I was
in half a dozen of these shops. In every
place, without exception, I was the only
person except the few clerks; and it was
evident, from the warmth with which I was
received as the possible spender of a few
shillings, that no one had been in the stores
before me for a long time.

The jewelry stores, the art shops, the
places where luxurious fripperies for women
are sold, are doing nothing. Many of the

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where sunlight is obstructed



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Possibly the use of electric light has been the limit of their discovery of the practical value of electric current. Or they may know from experience that electrical household appliances are absolute necessities in the modern home.

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in either case, will be highly appreciated and will be useful every day in the year.

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fancy goods usually offered at this season of the year cannot be obtained, because a large quantity of them ordinarily come from Germany, and from Austria and from France and from Switzerland. War has stopped imports. You can buy antiques and objects of art at your own price. Jewels are junk, not to be looked at.

One afternoon on Bond Street I made an experiment in a jewelry store. It was one of the best in London. I went in. Three clerks were standing by the door. They welcomed me as though I were a long-lost brother.

"What," I said, "is the price of that brooch in the window?" And I pointed it out.

The three clerks assisted in the ceremony of getting the brooch from the window. They gathered round me.

"The price," said one, "is sixty pounds." He watched my face. I displayed no interest. "But," he continued, almost without pause, "I will make you a very special price, owing to wartime, of forty-eight pounds."

I remained indifferent.

"Yes," chattered the man I thought was the owner of the store, taking me by the sleeve, "a very special price of forty pounds—that is to say," he went on, almost beseechingly, "you can have it for thirty-seven pounds ten shillings." And they were almost in tears when I left the store without buying.

The Englishman began to retrench as soon as the war hit him. A Sackville Street tailor told me that, late in September, he made his usual fall trip to Manchester, Liverpool and other cities for orders, and he booked only twenty-five per cent of his usual business. That is the usual story so far as the individual trades and shops are concerned, and it is the same with bigger business. Great numbers in the city, dependent on the stock exchange and other financial institutions there, are without work and without prospects; and the restriction of this business has had a heavy effect on collateral lines. There is plenty of money in England. Make no mistake about that. The banks are gathering it; and every person who by any possible use could take advantage of the moratorium has done so.

Of course the great hope of the city is that the American Stock Exchanges will open, for England yet holds vast quantities of American securities and is extremely anxious to get good American gold for them. There are repeated reports of deferred dividends and similar depressing events. The Business as Usual sign, with which Londoners have tried to hypnotize themselves into a feeling that things are better than they seem, has not worked appreciably well.

A Navy Ready to Perform

Early in October the English papers began to carry American dispatches saying there could be a far better situation if there was a frank interchange of financial views and plans between the United States and Great Britain. That was probably true; but it is difficult to interchange frank financial views concerning a financial situation that has become almost chaotic.

Down Whitechapel way, and in other congested quarters, they are cheerful, though pinched. The real grind has not yet come. The weather has been fine and things have gone along reasonably well. Also, there is always the hope that some portion of the Prince of Wales Fund, which amounts to fifteen million dollars as this is written, may come their way. This fund was started by somebody for the Prince of Wales—who is in high favor with the people because he is in a regiment, though Lord Kitchener will not allow him to go to war—and is for the purpose of relieving military and civil distress arising from the war. Thus almost any person may hope to come within the scope of its beneficence.

After one rather pointed newspaper article had inquired as to how it was to be administered the Prince announced that he had appointed an executive committee, by the advice of the Privy Council, to handle the money. The Prince, in true princely fashion, also trusted that such funds, when applied to the relief of civil distress, would flow into productive channels; for it was repugnant to him, he said, that "assistance should be distributed only in the form of doles. What men most want is work," he continued; "and what young people need is training"—which was pretty fair for a

prince who is not much more than twenty years of age.

There is one sore spot in every Englishman; he thinks it is an unwarranted outrage that the German ships do not come out and fight the British and French ships. "They are afraid to!" they all assert. The German policy of keeping their biggest ships behind the Kiel Canal and fortifications is considered nothing less than a direct lack of appreciation, by the Germans, of the fact that Britannia rules the waves. The English think the Germans should come out and let them prove this interesting theory.

"At that," said a well-informed Englishman to me, "the authorities will not let this war end, if they can help it, without something definite in the way of a naval battle. They cannot justify the billions they have spent for a navy, and taxed us for, if they go through a war with that navy doing nothing but blockading. The navy must have a fight, and the Admiralty knows it. Otherwise there will be no more funds for future naval upbuilding."

Concretely the British view and talk of this war are embodied in a fear, a fancy and a fact: They fear the forthcoming increase in taxation—and they have reason to, for they are taxed sufficiently now in all conscience; they fancy improbable things about both aid from their allies and danger from their enemies; and they hold to the fact that they must win.

Tennyson to the Rescue

Recruiting, on the day this was written, had reached six hundred thousand men. While all the leaders of the government were out appealing to the patriotism of the country and shouting "Britain needs every fit man!" Lord Kitchener calmly raised the standard for admission to the army. He knew—what the orators did not know—that there are now more men on hand than the war organization can handle. So he shut down on his part of it, but let the orators go as far as they liked.

They are going pretty far too. The German menace is most threatening, as described by these declaimers. And they have great assistance from the poets. Each day sees its new flood of poetry, but the best poem yet produced is a posthumous one by Lord Tennyson, printed early in September. The living poets do not seem to be getting anywhere. Nor do the song writers. A leading tea merchant wrote one and had pull enough to get it sung on various concert-hall stages; and the marching song continues to be Tipperary. Of the rest, the one they are trying to push forward is a lugubrious ditty entitled Your King and Country Need You! This is sung nightly in every music hall and moving-picture show, and is more of a wall than an inciter to gallant deeds of arms.

Here is the chorus, which is in slow march time, as the music says, and which the audiences are invited to chant slowly with the soloists:

Oh, we don't want to lose you, but we think
you ought to go,
For your King and country both need you so.
We shall wait you and miss you; but, with
all our might and main,
We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you,
when you come back again.

In order that the proprieties may be observed the author supplies a footnote, starred on the word kiss, which says: "When used by male voices substitute the word bless for kiss."

The war has resulted in the revival of a vast Puritanism, which is observable everywhere, just as it has revived the outward show of religion. Your average Briton is now a person who inveighs against frivolities and sports as not in keeping with the stress of the nation. The professional football players felt this most severely. Football in the British Isles is the same sort of popular game that baseball is in the United States; and the professional players are held in the same esteem by the English and Irish and Scotch and Welsh as are the professional ballplayers in our own country. There are leagues or associations that play regular schedules, and the finals are attended by all the excitement the World's Series creates in the United States.

When the war broke out many of the very English who had been eager to follow and cheer the fortunes of certain clubs wrote sternly to the papers about the lack of patriotism displayed by the professionals in continuing the game and by the people in going to see the sport; and football



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languished and all but died. Newspapers virtuously called attention to the fact that they had stopped their special football editions, and both players and spectators were roundly reprobated for not enlisting.

It was the same with cricket and horse racing and all the other outdoor sports on which the Briton prides himself. Shooting and fox hunting were largely abandoned, not because there was any change in the popular mind over the excellences of those sports, but because many Britons protested that pleasure and sport must be banished, and no life but the rigorous life lived by those who remained at home.

It was so with religion. Services of intercession were and are largely attended, as are the regular church services, which had rather given ground to golf and other outdoor amusements on Sundays before the war began.

However, these are only side lights on the national ideas and the national conduct. All in all, it is but fair to say the British are facing their crisis with good spirit. They are not whining or complaining. No matter how hard hit many of them are at present, the conditions prevailing now are not a circumstance to the conditions that will come if this war lasts a year or two.

"If my business fails to pick up in the forthcoming quarter," I heard a merchant say, "I shall be ruined."

"Shall be ruined!" exclaimed a man who sat at table with him. "Why, my dear fellow, I am ruined now!"

Then they went on to talk of other things.

Paper Clothes

PAPER dishes of every kind and paper underclothing were seriously proposed, as the next advance step of sanitation among civilized peoples, by a noted hygienist before the Congress of Sanitation in England. Substitute the fire for the wash-tub in every possible particular of life was his demand; and, to show that such substitution was possible now in a great many details, he had obtained and he exhibited a great quantity of samples of paper goods.

He quoted the results of an investigation in England, which showed that cups, plates, bowls and other tableware, taken as samples in hotels and homes, had been found to be infected with dangerous germs, even when they were supposed to have been thoroughly washed. And he told of hospitals that have adopted the precaution of giving all the dishes an extra bath in a strong antiseptic mixture.

Accordingly he suggested that the doctors attending the congress should advocate the general use of paper tablecloths, paper napkins, paper plates, cups, saucers and bowls, and paper serving dishes; so that after each meal most of the tableware could be burned, leaving only a small number of dishes and the silverware to be boiled before they were again used. Paper linings could be used in indispensable china dishes.

The most novel of his sanitation ideas was that underclothing should be made of paper and destroyed after it has been used once. Paper underclothing is entirely practicable now, and would not be much more expensive than ordinary cotton underwear at current laundry rates, and perhaps as cheap as linen clothing.

Paper yarn is new, yet it is beginning to be heard from in many textile lines. Some kinds are almost as stout as ordinary textiles and are made to withstand laundering. For paper underclothing, however, a cheap grade of paper yarn would be satisfactory, yarn having only a small proportion of the tensile strength of cotton or linen. As each garment would be burned after it had become soiled, there would be no occasion to use yarn adapted for hard wear. At the same time it would easily be possible to make up paper yarns that would be as smooth and absorbent as cotton or linen.

Underclothes woven from such yarn would be as comfortable as could be desired. The hygienist estimated that the low cost of such a paper garment, with the complete saving of laundering costs, ought to make the use of paper clothes for one wearing not an extravagance.



Sixty Years of Knowing How

Our Evening Dress Clothes—Men's and Young Men's—are the very finest that our Sixty Years of Knowing How can produce.

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

are sometimes called dear—but—when rightly estimated—they really are the cheapest.

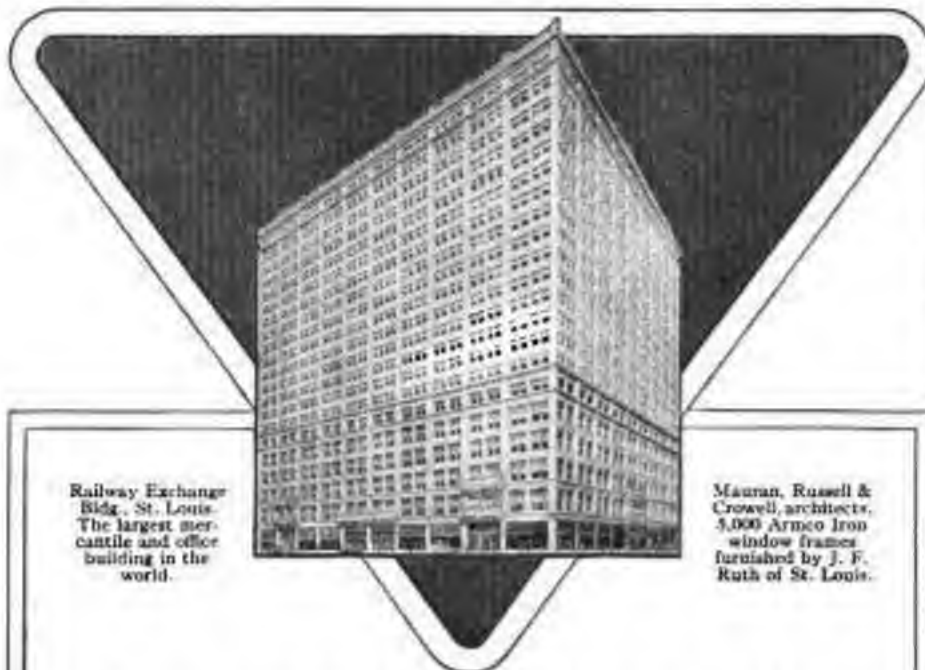
The Stein-Bloch Co.
Rochester, N. Y.



Our Young Men's Dress Suit



1000 LARGEST MAKERS OF UNDERWEAR
AND ALL KINDS OF CLOTHING



Railway Exchange Bldg., St. Louis. The largest mercantile and office building in the world.

Mauran, Russell & Crowell, architects. 5,000 Armco Iron window frames furnished by J. F. Ruth of St. Louis.

These 5,000 Window Frames Were Made of Armco Pure Iron Because

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

Before placing this big order the architects made thorough investigations to prove the rust-resisting quality of Armco—American Ingot Iron. They knew that a metal that would resist rust and corrosion would cut out big upkeep costs. Armco Iron, because of its unequalled purity and evenness, was found to be that metal.

Armco Iron has stood the test of years, not only in our laboratory, but in actual use. Armco—American Ingot Iron—has withstood, far better than steel or any other iron, salt air, the fumes of brimstone and all kinds and conditions of weather.

Because of its purity, Armco Iron shows practically no dissolution when the zinc is applied in the process of galvanizing; therefore the galvanized coating is purer and will last many times longer than that on steel or ordinary iron.

Armco Iron Lath resists rust. It is being used in some of the largest buildings of the country, such as Woolworth Building in New York. Armco lath, either in the Herringbone pattern as made by The General Fireproofing Co., or the Imperial Spiral Lath and several other styles made in our factory, results in better, more lasting plaster work.

New Use for Armco Iron



The Enameled Tank Co., of Kalamazoo, Mich., has adopted Armco Iron for enameled tanks in spite of its higher cost, because of its superior durability, welding qualities and unequalled enameling properties. This higher cost is more than balanced by the small number of tanks damaged in manufacture because of imperfect enameling. Enamel on a base of Armco Iron is free from pin holes and defects, because of the even texture of and freedom from gas bubbles in the iron. Armco Iron has already been adopted very largely by makers of refrigerators and other enameled products for the same reason.

The trademark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and ability associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.



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THRIFT LESSONS FROM THE PRESENT WAR

Increasing Your Income by Not Wasting It

By A. C. LAUT

WHEN the tumult and the shouting die the present war is likely to be remembered as the greatest thrift lesson ever forced on a joy-riding world. Armies may march on Paris and armies retreat from Paris, and the heart of the world sicken at the spectacle of civilized man turned back to the ravening beast; but what immediately concerns the several hundred million people who are not on the firing line is a sudden scarcity of bread and butter. They have lost their jobs.

Uncle Sam, three thousand miles from the scene of conflict, thought he was secure in the neutrality of watchful waiting; and in the twinkling of an eye, with the exception of cereal and meat products, his enormous foreign trade of four billion dollars a year is thrown back on his hands. Cotton, the best and biggest crop the country has ever known, remains unsold. California citrus fruits must find a market in America or rot. The bottom has literally fallen out of the price of the apple barrel, because England and Germany were the great buyers of American apples. Apple dealers, in fact, will hardly quote foreign prices.

Exporting houses on the Atlantic have in some cases put up their shutters and closed shop. Fighters must have bread and meat, so wheat and meat shipments have gone forward in enormous quantities; but, if you want to know whether exports of manufactures are a myth or not, take a look at facts—not by and large and in general, but specifically as they touch the individual.

In a certain section of the Eastern States are some agricultural machine shops that annually export millions of dollars' worth of goods to Russia and Germany. Within a week of the declaration of war two-thirds of all hands were laid off. I had a friend go to live in that section. She needed some fine laundry work done. To her amazement the wife of the head bookkeeper in those works asked for the privilege of doing it for the winter! Yes—the farmers were commanding top prices for all they had to sell; but this woman did not happen to be the wife of a farmer.

I said "top prices for all they had to sell." There are two exceptions. Fruit, already mentioned, is one, because the foreign demand for fruit kept our market from being glutted. Milk is the other, because fewer people in town are buying milk.

When Father Loses His Job

In New York eight thousand stenographers are out of work. Round Wall Street and the exporting houses it is estimated seventy thousand men clerks have been laid off; and on the shipping front one hundred thousand men are idle. Take, for an example of the effects of war on the export trade, one widely ramified concern that manufactures a household necessity: It employs, all over the United States, eighty thousand people, and does an enormous export business to Germany, Russia and South America. South America is crippled by the war; it has no surplus money and cannot buy. Russia and Germany are cut off. That American concern was compelled to lay off ninety per cent of its men.

Or, take some other industries: Germany is one of the biggest buyers of copper, iron, nickel and armor plate in the world. I know Arizona and British Columbia and Alaska mines that were paying twelve million dollars in dividends last year on shipments to Germany; they have been closed down since a week after the declaration of war. I know shareholders in those mines, with monthly expenses of from five hundred to five thousand dollars, who have not had an income of five cents since war was declared. A professional man of note, whose office expenses ran three thousand dollars a month, told me he had been unable to collect five dollars a month since the war broke out. If that happens to the big people, what is happening to the small?

Take a look at the grown men and women who have suddenly taken to selling newspapers on the streets! A frail-looking

elderly man was noticed selling papers on Winnipeg streets recently. Inquiry was made. He was a clergyman who had been a tutor. His employer could no longer afford a tutor. This was in a city of Canada. Yet Canada has taken such extraordinary steps to avert want for the winter that many poor people are likely to fare better than they ever have in their lives.

Uncle Sam feels himself so utterly detached that, with the exception of forming leagues to keep prices down, he is doing nothing. Yet it is a question whether anyone but the growers of wheat and meat will escape loss by the war. The curious feature is that the poorest are no poorer. It is the rich property owner, with heavy obligations, and the moderate-income man and woman, who are hardest hit. It may be said, Let them cut out expenses; but, as a matter of fact, when a rich property owner cuts out expenses it means dismissal of his employees and cutting out their bread and butter. He can hibernate like the bear and live on his own fat. They cannot.

Back to Grandmother's Cooking

That is where the thrift lesson of the present war comes in for the whole world. How are the millions not on the firing line, but in a battle of their own, going to weather this winter? I asked a woman who is an expert in economical nutritious food how she would meet the situation if her husband were thrown out of work, with one month's salary of one hundred dollars on hand and no prospect of work for six months.

"First," she said, "there is the question of food. We are going back to the simple economical cooking of our grandmothers."

"Did you ever walk through the city tenements in summer or drive past the farm-tenant houses in the country? What are the women doing? Sitting with idle hands, rocking and gossiping. You will not see one woman out of fifty with her hands busy over sewing, knitting or preparation of food. They buy clothes ready-made. They buy socks and mitts ready-made. They buy nearly all their food ready-made. And their men do not save one cent. Money is spent before it is earned."

"Let me show you exactly how cheaply a family can live nutritiously on homemade food. For a family of five you buy a quart of milk a day for eight cents; the cereal will cost ten cents a box and last a week—that is, the daily cost of cereal will be one and three-sevenths cents for the whole family. Divide the milk into three portions for the three meals, and it costs two and two-third cents a meal. Potatoes can be bought just now at twelve and a half cents a peck. Potatoes for one breakfast will cost half a cent. Bought bread will cost five cents for a small loaf; ten cents for a large one—big enough for a family of five. If a woman bakes her own bread that bread will cost three cents. Let me show you how this works out: Three pounds of flour make five pounds of bread. Now, a barrel of one hundred and ninety-six pounds, even at war prices, will not cost more than seven dollars and a half, or about four cents a pound—that is, twelve cents' worth of flour will make five loaves of bread—or cost, including yeast and fuel, three cents instead of ten paid at the store. Put down five cents for butter, coffee and sugar. Your breakfast of cereal, coffee, toast and fried potatoes totals, for five people, only a little over twelve cents. This is not a matter of theory. I have provided such meals hundreds of times."

"Handle a midday dinner in the same way. You have the same cost, plus soup and meat. If you buy a porterhouse steak, or a sirloin, or mock duck, that meat cost will send the price of a dinner up to a dollar; but do not buy expensive cuts. Let the housewife go to market and do her own marketing, and pick out a neck bone for soup, or a joint, or a boiling piece. A boiling piece costing forty cents will supply soup and meat for three dinners—or make

the dinner cost only thirteen cents higher than that of the breakfast.

"Nor, in hard times, do I believe in cutting down food. Unless the furnace is kept stoked up beneath the boiler there will not be any steam heat in the rooms upstairs; and unless the family stomach is stoked up there will be no courage and grit in the head. I should add a dessert always, in the hardest times.

"What do the average hard-up city tenement families do for dessert? They dash out to a delicatessen store and buy ready-made pastry or cake. Ten cents' worth of apples properly cooked with waste bread crumbs will supply a dessert for two days.

"You say people cannot eat boiling pieces at every dinner. To be sure they cannot; but on the day they buy liver or steak let them use carrots for the vegetable; and then you have both soup and meat at lower price than boiled meat. You ask me whether this is all theory—scientific cooking. Let me tell you: Hundreds of times I have served dinners of soup, meat, vegetables and dessert for four people that cost only fifteen cents each; and I defy you or anybody else to know it. At a restaurant the same meal would cost each person a dollar.

"Supper can be supplied at the same cost as breakfast; so your family of five can keep their living down to forty-eight cents for food a day—or less than fifteen dollars a month."

But how, I asked, is the hard-up family to pay for the extra gas to do this cooking?

The woman looked at me quietly. That is where this war is going to enforce thrift. When times are so hard there are multitudes of boys and girls out of a home who would gladly pay twenty dollars a month to board in the home of such a family. That would in many cases pay both rent and fuel. Is it any greater hardship than what I saw in Thirty-fourth Street yesterday? A woman who had been a forewoman in a factory was selling papers, and afraid to let her eyes wander an inch to the right or left for fear of being recognized!

Let us put our foolish pride in our pockets, resole our shoes and turn our dresses. When women like the Duchess of Sutherland roll up their sleeves and swash round in boiling soapuds, helping in European hospitals, why should not our women—on another kind of firing line—be bucking right up to the necessities of this winter?

The trouble is, because Uncle Sam is so far from the war, he has not yet awakened to the urgency of the need that may prevail this winter. If he had, countless precautions could be taken now to provide for the necessities of the poor. These would not consist of a publicity campaign against the middleman, or a lot of sumptuary laws regulating prices and products; in fact, there never was a sumptuary law passed that did not play right into the hands of the middlemen, against producers and consumers. For instance, law has been piled on law in every state in the Union regulating the sale and grading of apples. The barrels must be of a certain size; the quality or grade must be set forth in some states.

Apples Enough for Everybody

What have been the results? Threefold results: A very much higher class product has come to the market; a price three hundred per cent higher has been paid by the consumer for the product; but, third—and please note the third—tons upon tons of apples that did not come up to the grade have been sold for cider at twenty cents a bushel or left to rot in the orchards. One year, when the West boasted that not a bushel of Western apples sold under two and a half dollars, I saw incredible quantities of apples rotting unsold in the orchards because they did not come up to first grade. Sold by the bulk, ungraded, these apples would have repaid the farmer at thirty cents a bushel, and would have saved the poor consumer the difference between ninety cents for three bushels and seven and a half dollars. The same may be said of potatoes.

More than in any other instance, however, do sumptuary laws put milk beyond the price possible for the poor. That is why sales of milk fell off on the declaration of war. No one on earth, sane and in his right mind, objects to laws guarding public health; but when to rigid cleanliness are added unnecessary requirements as to sealed and matched boarding for stables, running water, paved yards, milk of a composition requiring high-priced feeds—then, just in proportion as oppressive demands are made, do farmers

go out of the milk business and the price to the consumer goes up.

We all remember the day when milk was four or five cents a quart; and the population survived, though an army of political harpies were not supported as inspectors. "Save the Babies' Lives!" has been used as a rallying cry—and milk to-day is from eight to ten cents a quart in the cities! You get it all Pasteurized and sterilized and the cows-only-know-what, in hermetically sealed germproof jars; but the trouble is the price seals those jars to many babies altogether.

It is worth asking whether more babies died under the old system of ample cheap milk than die under the present system of scarce high-priced milk. The net results are: Farmers go out of the milk business and babies go without milk.

And so one could go on down the list of all the farmer has to sell. If the discarded produce of the farmer could be put on the city market at a discard price no household need go hungry in a war year. I know farmers who are feeding pure unskimmed milk to their hogs because it does not pay them to ship it to the city babies.

How to Live Without Income

Rent is probably going to be the most oppressive feature of war times this winter. According to endless tables of statistics, compiled all over the world, rent should represent just a sixth of income. Statistics do not state what proportion rent should bear when there is no income; but, according to economics, income should be divided into rent, food, clothes, savings, contingencies, fuel, and extras such as street-car fares. Where, in a big city, can a family of five find a decent roof for fifteen dollars—the amount allowed for food? In a big city one cannot find housing for such a figure—not from Seattle to Washington. It does not exist; so quarters at higher rent are taken and rooms are sublet.

And here again intervene more sumptuary laws, forbidding housing under this, that and the other condition. Yet all through the country—in deserted hamlets, on quiet country roads not a hundred miles from the man-stuffed, room-straitened cities—are empty houses begging for tenants at four, five and six dollars a month, with free fuel in windfall. There are countless country and village homes where workers could live for their board.

Take a look at the long lines of the unemployed on Sixth Avenue, New York. Where are they going to house and hove for the winter? There are not sufficient charity funds available to meet the need. Canada has taken time by the forelock and is providing clothing and public work now. Uncle Sam is so sure he is far removed from the war that he is drifting along, with a happy optimism that it will all be over by Christmas.

There is no doubt that, when the war is over, there will be a new prosperity. Uncle Sam will manufacture for himself many things he formerly bought abroad. The hundreds of thousands of American tourists caught in Europe and stripped of all their belongings, even to the very things they carried in their hands, will undoubtedly practice that bromide precept, "See America First"; and incidentally the three hundred million dollars annually squandered by American tourists in Europe will be spent at home. Railroads report an enormously increased travel westward since the declaration of war.

All that means future prosperity for East and West. Also the chances are that, by the time the war is over, Uncle Sam will have recaptured his own shipping. He will carry his four billion dollars of foreign commerce in his own ships, and will save the three hundred millions he annually pays European countries in gold for ocean freight. What with saving the spendings of American tourists abroad and the freight paid on American commerce abroad, this all means a tidy six hundred million dollars of new prosperity to Uncle Sam.

Better than tourist money and freight tolls saved will be the saving of armies of boys and girls, forced back to domestic life indoors and outdoors—forced by lack of work away from city joy-riding to the thrift that lives on what was aforesaid waste.

Meantime the very thrift and ingenuity that must tide the out-of-work past war-time lays the surest foundation for a new prosperity. We are learning what France learned in 1871—only we shall not pay a huge indemnity. We shall put money in the bank against future want.



100 Per Cent Fine

You won't have to dodge the carving if you'll just make up your mind to have a Keen Kutter carving set. It will make the job easier and help put skill in your hand. The edge on a Keen Kutter carver stays on a long time, and it goes *through*. Yes, sir!

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are made with infinite pains from the finest of materials, by men who have gained rare skill through long experience. That's why they stand first in uncounted thousands of homes where nothing but first quality cutlery will do.

You ought to know Keen Kutter quality in your home. You ought to have this dependable table cutlery. Remember this, please: if you say, after you use it, that it isn't all we say, if it doesn't prove satisfactory, the dealer is authorized to return the money.

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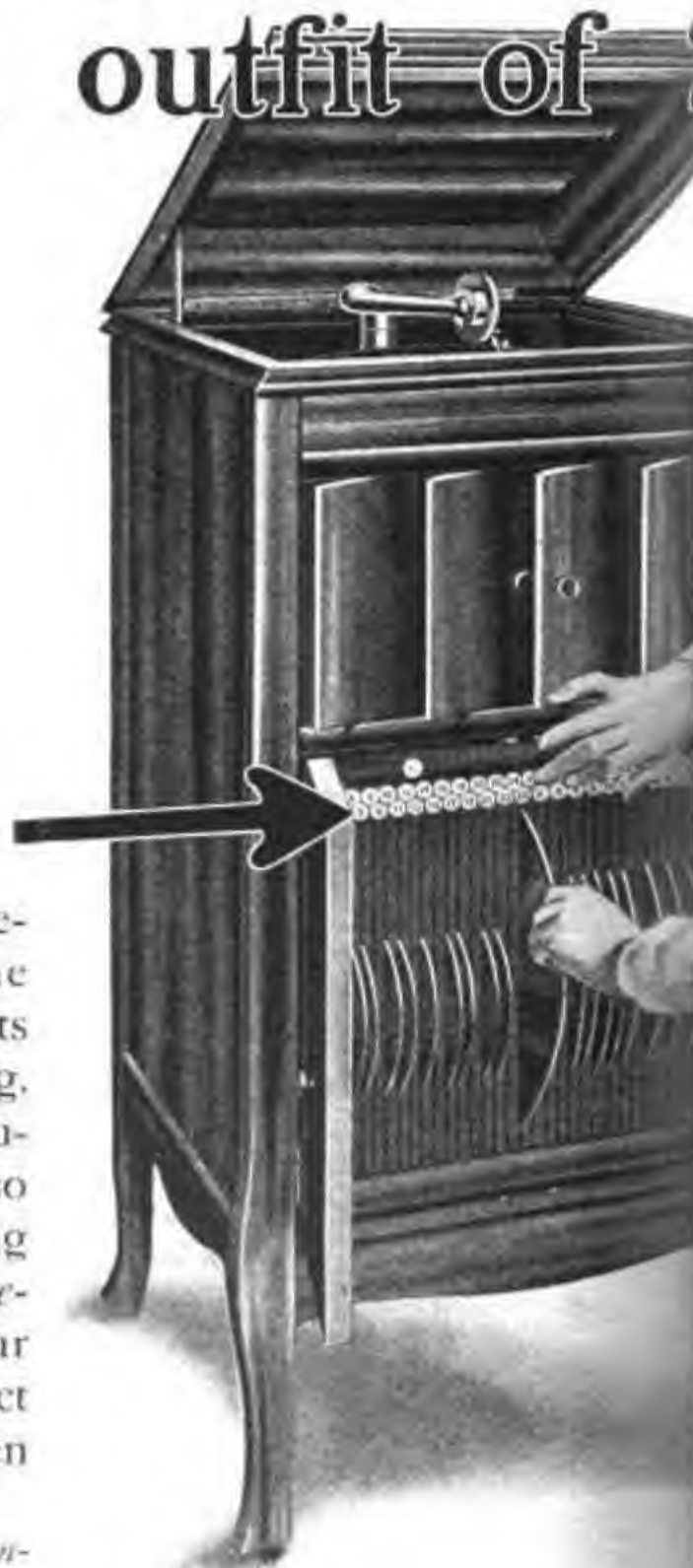
The new "Leader" with an outfit of

New features
New price
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Push the button — out comes the record

REFINEMENT in mechanical details and refinement in general design distinguish the "Leader." Nothing that could possibly add to its right to the place of honor in your home is missing. If you can figure out any way to secure more genuine, wholesome pleasure for the whole family, for so little money, all right. But if you have been waiting for the opportunity to buy a good instrument *some-time* at *your* price and on *your* terms, see your Columbia dealer now. Have him help you select your records. Make your first payment and open your home to "all the music of all the world."

Every Columbia dealer can show you larger and more expensively finished Columbia models at higher prices.





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3 records for \$100

This model \$85.
without records

At the Rate of \$10 a Month

(and a fractional first payment) you obtain immediate possession of this incomparable musical instrument with a full record outfit of 46 selections (23 double-disc sixty-five-cent records or records at any other price up to \$15 worth). We have arranged with our 8500 dealers, so that for just \$100 you may own a complete, *more* than up-to-date, upright, cabineted Grafonola with a liberal equipment of double-disc records—instead of the \$200 you may have had in mind as the price you would have had to pay for such an instrument *without* any records.

One Week's Use to Prove Satisfaction

Our guaranty covers this *offer* as well as the instrument itself. If you find the "Leader" not up to our claims for it—or *even not up to your expectations*—return it within one week and whatever money you have deposited as your first payment will be refunded.

Specifications

This "Leader" Columbia Grafonola embodies every one of the exclusive Columbia features found in no other make of "talking machine"—and several wholly new improvements for 1915.

Exclusive Columbia Features embodied in the "Leader"

Tone—full, round, clear, natural.
Tone Control—by means of the "tone-control" leaves which have taken the place of the old double-little-door idea.
Motor—Unit construction, mounted on metal plate. Three spring drive, non-varying, non-vibrant. One winding plays 4 records. Speed regulator operated on graduated dial combined with start and stop device.
Reproducer—New Columbia No. 6.
Tone-arm—New bayonet-joint tone-arm of one piece seamless drawn tapered tubing.
Tone-chamber—one continuous uninterrupted and insulated passage from diaphragm all the way out.

Exclusive Added Features for 1915 embodied in the "Leader"

Individual Record Ejector—Pressing the serially numbered push-button brings the record wanted forward far enough to be easily taken out, but without risk of falling.
Push-Lined Record Racks—The protective plush ribs hold the records snugly and dust proof, and act as a record cleaner by softly brushing the record surface when removing and replacing.
1915 Design—More distinctive and graceful than ever. Cabinet is 42 inches high, 19 inches wide and 21 inches deep. Your option of hand polished mahogany, quartered golden oak or satin walnut.

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The only
safety razor
that gives a
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edge without
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It strops itself

Remember this—it is just as true of any safety razor as it is of the blade your Grandfather used:

You've Got to Strop Your Razor to Get a Perfect Shave

A razor that hasn't been freshly stropped isn't fit to put on your face.

Give your AutoStrop Safety Razor half a dozen licks on the strop. You don't have to remove the blade from the holder. It strops itself—and you'll appreciate what a perfect shave means.

If your beard is wiry, strop your razor during the shave, just as the head barber does when he gives you a cool, velvety shave.

—and consider the economy. You don't have to buy a package of new blades every month or so.

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100 *Edwin's* **Havana Seconds \$1.90**
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FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU BY EX OR PARCEL POST

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our high-priced cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Customers call them *Diamonds in the Rough*. All 4 1/2 inches long, some even longer. Only 100 at this "Get Acquainted" price. Money cheerfully refunded if you don't receive at least double value. Mention strength when ordering. Use references: *U.S. or Bradstreet's* at any bank.

EDWIN CIGAR CO., INC.—Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the World
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THE FAKE BROKER

(Concluded from Page 8)

One bright broker in New York could see no reason why he should divide fees with anyone; so he organized his own redemption company, with himself as treasurer and his stenographer as secretary. And he even did some business, though it is understood that he has since abandoned this plan.

A broker generally takes care of his clients and cleans up without resorting to the use of European concerns, which always means greatly lessened earnings for each of the conspirators. He does this by having a confederate pose as an investor and find such faults with the enterprise as will cause the broker to declare that the whole matter has been misrepresented to him; and consequently he "cannot see his way clear to jeopardize the reputation of his house by continuing as fiscal agent."

Realizing on Good Prospects

Oftentimes the prospect seems so easy that the broker feels it would be a waste of opportunity to divide what money his client has in his pockets with any guaranty concern; so a plan is used whereby all the money paid by the client comes to the broker. This is termed the circularization plan.

Voluminous lists of names are shown the prospect as being those of possible investors. In some cases they are exploited as being regular customers who have bought thousands of dollars' worth of securities from this particular broker.

It is necessary that the enterprise in question be laid before these investors by means of attractive literature including, of course, a properly written and attractively printed prospectus. The broker estimates that having the prospectus written by an "eminent financial writer," including the preparation and cost of postage, will require a certain stated amount, which, when paid, is turned into as much profit as possible.

A prospectus is hurriedly dictated in the broker's office; but it may never be printed, the excuse given being that it was deemed best to have it typewritten, though it cost the broker more. An old and many times used post-office receipt for postage is brought to light and the date changed.

In order to increase the air of legitimacy further, friends or confederates of the broker write to the client, ostensibly for more data than the prospectus gives; so that the client has absolute proof from these inquiries that the circularization is being carried on and is bringing forth fruit.

This long-looked-for and anxiously awaited fruit never seems to ripen and drop, however. The client after a while gets tired of waiting and looks for another broker; and the broker is ready for another sucker.

In order to increase the feeling of confidence in the mind of the prospect, and to make him understand the great interest the broker has taken in his project, oftentimes the broker agrees to advance a portion of the expense money if the client will supply the balance, the broker to be recompensed when the securities are sold.

This practice was carried out so elaborately, in a case where the guaranty fee was three thousand dollars, that the broker and his client visited the guaranty company with two thousand dollars of the client's money and one thousand dollars belonging to the broker. The contract was made and the broker and the victim departed. On reaching the street the broker found an excuse for returning to the office of the company, where he hurriedly received the return of his one thousand dollars and also got half of the two thousand dollars the victim had paid over.

The habits and methods of fake stock and bond salesmen have been exposed before, but a new plan now being used successfully is worthy of mention. By this plan the salesman brings in signed subscriptions for a few thousand dollars' worth of the stock, to be paid for at some future time or when some specified amount of capital has

been raised, and demands his commission of, say, ten per cent thereon.

The victim, of course, refuses to pay it, on the ground that he has not received any money. This argument is met by the flat statement that if the salesman does not receive his commission he will advise his customers to withdraw their subscriptions; and the further fact that the commission is due when the sale is made and accepted by the principal, whether the stock is ever actually paid for or not, is forcibly presented to him.

Fear of a lawsuit—and, even more, of the loss of the subscriptions—generally causes the victim to pay the salesman at least a goodly percentage of this alleged commission. When he tries to deliver the stock sold and collect therefor, he actually finds the subscribers, but is informed that they have changed their minds, or for some reason have decided to do nothing further in the matter. So he has been victimized to the amount of the commissions paid.

To be successful in a game of this kind, it must be granted, a quality of brain and an ability far above the average are required. To converse intelligently regarding a different sort of project each hour of the day, and to show sufficient knowledge of it to make the other man think you have special knowledge of enterprises similar to his, require study and wide reading.

To be able to decide whether it is worth while to spend the necessary time to try to lead a victim to the end requires an ability to judge human nature that is secured only after long contact with and study of mankind. No average man can successfully conduct a scheme of this kind and remain out of jail; for in all his conversations he has to be careful not to go too far in his statements, and yet he must be emphatic and promise enough to induce his victim to part with his money.

Sometimes a promoter who has taken his share of the public's money falls a victim to these brokers. For instance, there came some time ago to a large Eastern city a man who was looking for some one to sell stock in a water-power company he had organized in a Western state.

Selling and Getting Sold

This promoter had organized the company with a lot of dummy directors, and so had no trouble in purchasing from it three hundred thousand dollars' worth of the stock, par value, for ten cents on the dollar, giving his demand note in payment therefor. By his own efforts he had sold this stock to an amount equal to two hundred and ten thousand dollars, par value, getting for it an average of about twenty cents a share. Then, in an unfortunate moment, he met a broker, who "sold," after being guaranteed, the balance to a large London financial house.

After the promoter had paid all fees, the expenses of a trip to Europe for the broker and himself—for he was going to know with whom he was dealing, being too experienced to be taken in—and the examiner's fees and expenses from London to California, he found that he had parted with something over sixteen thousand dollars; but he could not enter a complaint, for his own hands were too badly soiled.

When the seeker after capital finds a supposed financial house that will agree to endeavor to raise money for him, or secure underwritings, with no more knowledge of his enterprise than what he tells them himself, he had better lose his check book and have some one else carry his carfare. No legitimate house is going to give any time to any project that will not stand examination, and particularly examination before the securities are sold—not afterward.

What real chance has the average honest man in the hands of a crowd so able and willing to take his money as these here described? The answer is—he has none.



Learn How to Read these Faces



If you are a good judge of character—I can make you a better one

IN spite of your ability to judge men you have made many mistakes during the past year. These mistakes were costly, maybe. You could have avoided them. You will avoid them in the future if you learn from me the accurate

Science of Character Analysis

(Taught by Mail by Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford)

I HAVE saved large firms thousands of dollars in selecting men. I have trained assistants who are now earning large salaries as employment experts. For years letters by the thousands have come in demanding instruction.

At last the Review of Reviews Company suggested that I put the science in such form that you could study it by mail.

I have put this Science through a most rigid test by analyzing over 100,000 people. I do not teach you to measure a man's head, or employ any other method than that of looking at him. You do not ask him questions or in any way make known that you are gaining information about him.

There is no dictatorial laying down of rules, telling you that a wrinkled brow means concentration, full lips mean honesty, etc. You are taught principles and their application in such a way that you will not forget them.

The judging of people is not a gift, or a special talent of my own; it is a science based on facts that you can learn and apply with just as much success as I can.

What You Learn from the Course

How to judge all people.
How to understand yourself, and what you are best fitted to do.
How to understand your customer.
How to judge the aptitudes of your children.
How to have social ease.
How to read the secrets that men reveal in eyes and face and hand.

I can teach you to judge your jury, your congregation, your employer, your employee, your guests, the people you meet casually, and the man, who, as your partner, may make a success or a failure of your business ventures.

Only a limited number of students can be taken. Send coupon for whole story FREE before the rolls are filled up.

INQUIRY BLANK

S. E. P. 11-15-16 KATHERINE M. H. BLACKFORD
Review of Reviews Company

30 Irving Place New York

(Please send me full information regarding your Science of Character Analysis. The object is to win a subscription to the following.)

(I desire to acquire the line of greatest interest to me.)

☐ To employ help.
☐ To select my own vocation.
☐ To decide my children's future.
☐ To help me socially.
☐ To sell goods.

Name _____

Address _____

PUNITIVES VERSUS PRIMITIVES

(Continued from Page 15)

soldiers had three separate times hoisted white flags in token of submission and then had fired at close range on the German troops advancing to accept their surrender. Also, he went on, English soldiers, in trenches the Germans were about to take, smeared their faces with blood from dead companions and, counterfeiting death, lay quiet until the Germans had charged past them; then rose and fired into the backs of the Germans. Listen to him further:

"So now," he said, "our men are under orders to disregard the white flag unless the English come out into the open and throw down their guns and throw up their hands. Likewise we kill without mercy any uninjured man who is found behind an earthwork, pretending to be dead. We take no more chances with such treacherous scoundrels."

"Ah, but you should see our Bavarians going for them at close quarters! When the order is given to charge with fixed bayonets, each man pulls out a big knife and clamps it between his teeth. When he gets among the enemy he takes his rifle in both hands, holding it crosswise—so!—and, lifting it above his head, he brings it down with all his might on the other fellow's bayonet and beats it to the earth. Then he takes him by the throat and uses his knife—so!"

As I said before, in this war you can hear almost anything you have a mind to hear.

I am just as little inclined to believe the statement made by a wounded officer to a man who, in turn, told it to me. The first speaker said that, as he lay on the field at night, after being shot through the breast, he saw a French peasant robbing the bodies of the dead. According to this officer the ghoul cut off the swollen fingers of corpses for the sake of the rings on them, and hacked off the hand of a dead captain to get a gold bracelet which was chained fast about the stiffened wrist—most married men in Germany wear gold wedding rings, you know, and many of the unmarried men wear gold engagement bracelets, as women do in America.

The Story of the Doctor of Aix

The narrator wound up his ghastly story with a crowning touch of horror. From sheer devilry, he said, the robber stuck his knife into the legs of a German who was still conscious, though helpless, and then sliced off a strip of his flesh bodily.

The day after I heard this I was told that the decapitated body of a German officer had just been brought from Belgium. It was believed he had been beheaded by assassins who found him wounded. I investigated straightway. True enough, the dead man had been found; but the facts robbed the tragedy of some of its more awful aspects. It developed that, as he drove in an automobile through the country at high speed in the night, a dangling strand of telegraph wire caught the poor devil across the throat and almost severed his neck.

It was significant of the state of mind into which war puts an ordinarily peaceful community that this thing created no more than a passing interest among the people. They spoke of it for a moment, shrugged their shoulders and then talked of something else. Where men are being slaughtered daily by the thousand and the death of one man, even under circumstances so unusual and so horrifying, becomes of no consequence. There is one more name to be added to the sickening total—that's all!

I made a tour of half a dozen hospitals, seeking for victims of alleged atrocities. At the largest hospital of all I interviewed Doctor Lieven, a distinguished specialist of Aix, now enrolled in the service as a chief surgeon. He offered proof that on as early a date as September eighth an automobile flying the Red Cross flag and bearing nurses and physicians had been shot into by civilians in the town of Herve, directly across the frontier. A nurse was slightly wounded; the driver of the car came back with two bullet holes in his cap. But he could produce no men whose eyes had been gouged out.

"I believe these things have happened," he said. "I also believe that the number of such cases has been greatly exaggerated. You will understand, however, that when a man who has already been wounded is so

It's the brains of a Burroughs you try

H

Don't think of a Burroughs as a machine. No one wants a machine if he can get along as well without it. But every business needs Burroughs—the Brain. The machine itself is just a lot of wheels and levers. The Brain is a trained servant which renders profitable service every day and hour. Burroughs, the Brain, gives the bookkeeper's brain a real chance to work. It carries the burden of your figure work—more accurately than human brains—in a fraction of the time—and practically for nothing.

H

We have trained a Burroughs Brain to do your kind of work. There are many different kinds of Burroughs, each especially adapted to a particular business need—of smallest merchant or biggest manufacturer. Let us study your business. We will recommend a Burroughs which will take hold of your work with the specialized intelligence of a highly trained clerk. This preliminary study of your needs is an important phase of Burroughs Service. We prove what a Burroughs Adding Machine will do before we try to sell you.

H

We have a department of System Service which helps you work out better business methods. Thousands of business men are using this service.

H

Our Invention Service Department keeps 97 men at work studying how to make the Burroughs more useful and less expensive. This department has succeeded in building into even our \$175 machine several times the utility we were able at first to give in a \$475 machine.

H

And after you have purchased the right machine, Burroughs Service continues. There is a Burroughs Service Station within a few minutes' or an hour's reach of nearly every owner. If you damage a machine, we fix it immediately. We clean and oil every Burroughs for a year free.

H

And back of these Service activities is a great factory and organization, which, in a sense, is an active partner to Business the world over. The Burroughs is but a machine—Burroughs Service is a big force you need in your business. Tell us just what are your business problems—leaks—dangers—and we will come back with practical ideas gleaned from hundreds in your own business.

H

Will you talk this over with a Burroughs man?

Burroughs Adding Machine Company

99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

European Office: 76 Cannon St. London, E. C. 4, Eng.
Makers of adding and adding-subtracting bookkeeping machines, listing and non-listing adding and calculating machines, multi-printing adding and calculating machines—30 different models in 492 combinations of features—\$150 to \$950 on U. S. Easy payments if desired.



Burroughs Service

How the Public Profits By Telephone Improvements

Here is a big fact in the telephone progress of this country:



Original
Bell Telephone
1876

Standard
Bell Telephone
To-day



Early
Telephone
Exchange

Typical
Present-day
Exchange



If City Wires
Were Carried
Overhead

800
in Underground
Cable

This progress in economy, as well as in service, has given the United States the Bell System with about ten times as many telephones, proportionate to the population, as in all Europe.

Hand in hand with inventions and developments which have improved the service many fold have come operating economies that have greatly cut its cost.

To appreciate these betterments and their resulting economies, consider a few examples:

Your present telephone instrument had seventy-two ancestors; it is better and cheaper than any of them.

Time was when a switchboard required a roomful of boys to handle the calls of a few hundred subscribers. Today, two or three girls will serve a greater number without confusion and very much more promptly.

A three-inch underground cable now carries as many as eight hundred wires. If strung in the old way, these would require four sets of poles, each with twenty cross arms—a congestion utterly prohibitive in city streets.

These are some of the familiar improvements. They have saved tens of millions of dollars.

But those which have had the most radical effect, resulting in the largest economies and putting the telephone within everyone's reach, are too technical to describe here. And their value can no more be estimated than can the value of the invention of the automobile.

mutilated he is very apt to die on the spot. They do not bring him to a hospital. They give him burial. I have at present in this hospital but one patient who tells of mistreatment at the hands of a Belgian."

With that he called in a white, wasted lad of nineteen who carried his shattered right arm in a sling. The youth said his name was Wolfgang Koechler; that he was the son of a university professor at Magdeburg; and that on August fifth his company of the Seventy-fourth Infantry Regiment of Hanover, in which he was an ensign, went into action at Liège and was almost wiped out in the crossfire from two fortresses. With fourteen others, all badly wounded, he was captured and taken to a hospital in the city.

"The next day," he said, "the wife of the surgeon in charge of the hospital came into the room where we were lying and told us that if her brother, who was serving in the Belgian army, should be killed or injured she would poison all of us. We believed what she said, and we were so terrified by her threats that we feared to eat the food given us or to drink any water except that which we saw drawn from a tap in the room. I was almost dead from starvation when our soldiers captured the hospital, put us in automobiles and brought us here."

In all fairness I must say that this young Wolfgang Koechler was the only German soldier I found in Aix who could actually claim to have undergone hard usage in Belgian hands.

However, as I said at the beginning of this article, and as I say again at the finish of it, this war has taught me one thing, at least—to believe only what I see with my own eyes and to doubt most of what I hear from others. Certainly I have seen enough of horror and waste to sicken any normal-minded human creature with war, and to cure him forever of any delusion that war is a glorious thing, no matter in what cause it is waged.

Invincible Windows

GLARING reflections on the glass of a store window often make it difficult for passers-by to see the display inside the window; but a New York store has succeeded in applying the scientific principles of optics to the problem, so that its show window is no longer an exasperating mirror.

This store had a particularly useless window on a high-priced frontage. Anyone who took the trouble to stop in front of the glass and get the proper angle to avoid reflections, or to place his nose close to the glass, could see the window display; but show windows are designed to attract and hold the passing glances of people walking hurriedly by or riding past in an automobile, or even walking on the opposite side of the street—and to them it was nothing but a store front. There were many causes for the reflections in this particular window, one of the worst being a light-colored and so light-reflecting high building across the street.

Now the window is so free from glare and reflections that it instantly attracts attention; for, except on close examination, there does not appear to be any glass at all—simply a show window open to the air. The eyes of people passing are so accustomed to more or less reflection from show windows that they are caught by the complete absence of reflection, as a contrast. Every one almost instantly notices missing plate glass on the morning after a windstorm has blown in a show window.

The remedy for this window had to be worked out to suit the particular location, though the general principles apply to most cases. A curved plate-glass window was substituted for the ordinary flat glass—curved in such a way that the worst light reflections of that location would not reflect to the eye-level of pedestrians. This glass was placed in the show-window space some distance back, thus avoiding most of the reflections from up and down the street.

The window-space—floor, walls and ceiling—between the glass and the front of the building was painted a dull black. Black does not reflect light, but absorbs it. Thus any light falling just in front of the window would not reflect from the glass to the eye-level on the sidewalk. With ordinary show windows light from the sidewalk reflected from the glass often causes trouble.

The new window has been found to be safe from accidental damage, both because of its strength, due to its curve, and because it is far enough back from the sidewalk to be out of the way of most dangers.



Beasts of Prey

Is a cruel, lurking, murdering beast any less a beast because it is human? If your business takes you into bad or lonely neighborhoods, there is but one way to guard against the possibility of a crushed skull and a broken body—keep your distance and cow others into keeping theirs. You can get authority, from proper officials, to carry when you need it, an

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

At the crisis the Iver Johnson is instantly ready—nothing to adjust, or forget—it gets off the first shot.

But, above all, it is safe. A blow on the pocket won't discharge it—you can drop it, throw it against a wall, do anything except the one thing necessary to fire it—a long pull on the trigger. You can Hammer the Hammer. It is equipped throughout with permanent tension, unbreakable wire springs.

35—at Hardware or Sporting Goods Stores

Send for this 32-page book, which tells all about Revolvers, Iver Johnson, Champion Shotguns, Rifles and Motorcycles.



Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy One System Universal Service

The Largest Club in America

☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

Comparatively few people know that the largest club in America is composed exclusively of girls. There are no dues and no entrance fee, and the only qualification for membership is a desire to make money.

In the ten years of its existence its members have earned almost three quarters of a million dollars through their membership alone. This year they earned \$90,000. Most of these girls never earned a cent until they joined the club, the doings of which are chronicled each month in a department devoted to its interests in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

And now, at the commencement of its eleventh year of existence, the scope of the organization has been enlarged so that every member may earn a regular monthly salary. Membership is open to any girl who wants to earn money. Just as many as have that desire will be included. Any girl may learn all about the organization and its benefits by addressing



THE GIRLS' CLUB

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA



Beech-Nut

Tomato Catsup



Charles Dudley Warner said: "It takes more Brains to run a Grocery Store than to govern an island"

YOUR Grocer knows a great deal about Catsup. In fact, your Grocer today is a food authority. If only he had time to tell each customer what he really thinks and knows about quality!

He does take time every day to tell what he knows to some customers—and it is not always his big charge customers either, or his automobile trade. He tells the careful buyers. Folks who are interested. No use talking to people who don't care.

Your Grocer knows why we began to make Catsup. And how, under Beech-Nut auspices, Catsup became a delicacy.

He knows that as a basis we began in the usual way. We bought tomatoes in the market; shipped them to the factory; made them into pulp, from which we made Catsup. We made good Catsup. But we did not stop there.

Your Grocer knows that we found just this: producing an entirely different and better Catsup in quality and flavor is simply the original Beech-

Nut lesson over again—care, patience and delicacy of treatment.

We built a model plant in the heart of the finest tomato country in America. We get the tomatoes at their prime; take them fresh from the vine.

We do not use long-hauled tomatoes. We do not put down pulp. We do not re-cook our materials. Every step from selection of tomatoes to bottling is the untiring Beech-Nut process, the quest for taste and flavor; making a thing good to eat.

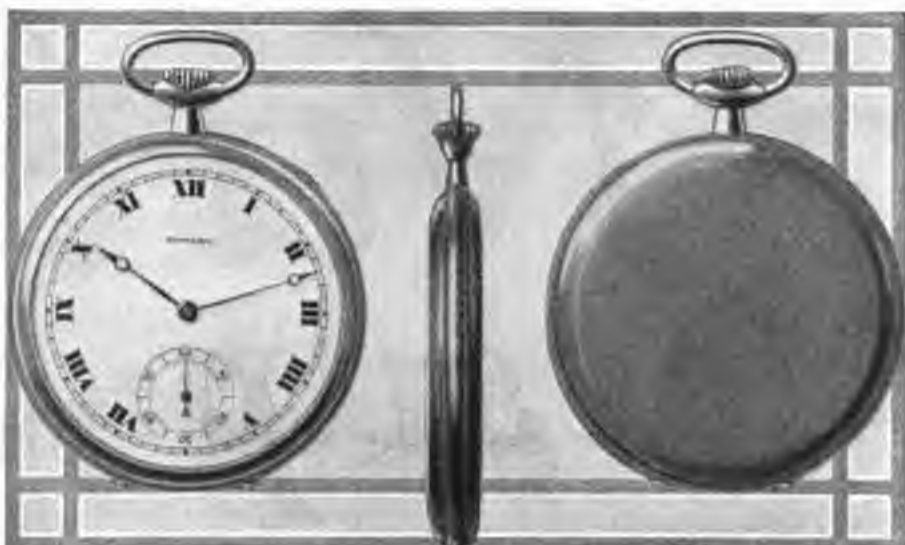
Your Grocer knows that the full-size bottle of this delicious Beech-Nut Catsup costs you no more than ordinary commercial Catsup. A bottle is 25 cents. There is more real Catsup in the bottle—more concentration, less water!

Another thing your Grocer knows is how the tendency toward economy and more careful buying is helping the sale of Beech-Nut Delicacies—simply because people are thinking more about what they are getting for their money.

Other famous Beech-Nut Delicacies are:
 Beech-Nut Prepared Mustard Beech-Nut Sliced Bacon Beech-Nut Beans
 Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce Beech-Nut Peanut Butter Beech-Nut Grape Jelly

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Catsup Plant at Rochester, N. Y.



The New Howard Ionic

The latest achievement of the HOWARD Watchmakers and one of the most beautiful Time-pieces ever designed.

The HOWARD Ionic—12-size, 17-jewel, extra-thin, open-face, the movement adjusted to three positions, temperature and isochronism, cased in a single-joint gold-filled case of special design, exceedingly flat and compact—price \$40.

Owing to the extreme care given to the finish and adjustment of every HOWARD movement, only a small number of these new watches will be available this year.

The more enterprising jewelers will make a point of having a few to show, and we would strongly advise anyone who is interested to see the Ionic and make reservation at an early date.

A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each Watch is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—shows the 17-jewel (double value) in a Concord Extra to Base Extra gold-filled case at \$40, in the 12-jewel at \$25—also the EDWARD HOWARD model at \$15.

*Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD WATCH.
The jeweler who can is a good man to know.*

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.
Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Bldg., Toronto

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 21)

"This is what I mean," he declared with the appearance of great frankness: "I am going to speak to you upon the absurd question of money. I have an income of which, even if I were boundlessly extravagant, I could not hope to spend half. A speculation the week before I left England brought me a profit of a million marks. But for the banking interests of my country and the feeling that I am the trustee for thousands of other people, it would weary me to look for investments. And you—you came in to-night looking worn out just because you had lost a handful or so of those wretched plaques. There, you see it is coming now! I should like permission to do more than call myself your friend. I should like permission to be also your banker."

She looked at him quietly and searchingly. His heart began to beat faster. At least she was in doubt. He had not wholly lost. His chance even was good.

"My friend," she said, "I believe that you are honest. I do, indeed, recognize your point of view. The thing is an absurdity, but you know all conventions, even the most foolish, have some human and natural right beneath them. I think that the convention that forbids a woman's accepting money from a man, however close a friend, is like that. Frankly, my first impulse a few minutes ago was to ask you to lend me a thousand pounds. Now I know that I cannot do it."

"Do you really mean that?" he asked in a tone of deep disappointment. "If you do I am hurt. It proves that the friendship that to me is so dear is to you a very slight thing."

"You mustn't think that," she pleaded. "And please, Mr. Draconmeyer, don't think that I don't appreciate all your kindness. Short of accepting your money I would do anything to prove it."

"There need be no question of a gift," he reminded her in a low tone. "If I were a perfect stranger I might still be your banker. You must have money from somewhere. Are you going to ask your husband?"

She bit her lip for a moment. If, indeed, he had known her actual position his hopes would have been higher still.

"I cannot possibly ask Henry for anything," she confessed. "I had made up my mind to ask him to authorize the lawyers to advance me my next quarter's allowance. After what has passed between us though, and considering everything, I don't feel that I can do it."

"Then may I ask how you really mean to get more money?" he went on gently.

She looked at him a little piteously. "Honestly, I don't know," she admitted. "I shall be quite frank with you. Henry allows me two thousand five hundred a year. I brought nine hundred pounds out with me, and I have nothing more to come until June."

"And how much have you left of the nine hundred pounds?" he asked.

"Not enough to pay my hotel bill," she groaned.

He smiled. "Circumstances are too strong for you," he declared. "You must go to a banker. I claim the right of being that banker. I shall draw up a promissory note—no, we needn't do that—two or three checks, perhaps, dated June, August and October. I shall charge you five per cent interest and I shall lend you a thousand pounds."

Her eyes sparkled. The thought of the money was wonderful to her. A thousand pounds that very night! She thought it all over rapidly. She would never run such risks again. She would play for small amounts each day—just enough to amuse herself. Then if she were lucky she would plunge, only she would choose the right moment. Very likely she would be able to pay the whole amount back in a day or two. If Henry minded—well, it was his own fault. He should have been different.

"You put it so kindly," she said gratefully, "that I am afraid I cannot refuse. You are very, very considerate, Mr. Draconmeyer. It certainly will be nice to owe the money to you than to a stranger."

"I am only glad that you are going to be reasonable," he remarked—"glad really for both our sakes. And remember," he went on cheerfully, "that one isn't young and at Monte Carlo too many times in one's life. Make up your mind to enjoy yourself. If the luck goes against you for a little longer, come again. You are bound to win in the end. Now, if you like, we'll have our coffee

outside. I'll go and fetch the money and you shall make out your checks."

He scribbled hastily on a piece of paper for a moment.

"These are the amounts," he pointed out. "I have charged you five per cent per annum interest. As I can deal with money at something under four I shall make quite a respectable profit—more than enough to pay for our dinner!"

She seemed suddenly years younger. The prospect of the evening before her was enchanting.

"You really are delightful!" she exclaimed. "You can't think how different I shall feel when I go into the club to-night. I am perfectly certain that it's having plenty of money that helps one to win."

He smiled. "And plenty of courage," he added. "Don't waste your time trifling with small stakes. Bid up for the big things. It is the only way in gambling and in life."

He rose to his feet and their eyes met for a moment. Once more she felt vaguely troubled. She put that disturbing thought away from her however. It was foolish to think of drawing back now. If he admired her—well, so did most men!

XX

THE Villa Mimosa flamed with lights from the top story to the ground floor. The entrance gates stood wide open. All along the drive lamps flashed from unsuspected places beneath the yellow-flowering trees. One room only seemed shrouded in darkness and mystery, and round that one room was concentrated the tense life of the villa. Thick curtains had been drawn with careful hands. The heavy door had been securely closed. The French windows that led out on to the balcony had been almost barricaded. The four men who were seated round the table had certainly secured for themselves what seemed to be a complete and absolute isolation. Yet there was, nevertheless, a sense of uneasiness, an indescribable air of tension in the atmosphere. The quartet had somehow the appearance of conspirators who had not settled down to their work. It was the last arrival, the man who sat at Mr. Grex's right hand, who was responsible for the general unrest.

Mr. Grex moved a little nervously in the chair he had just drawn up to the table. He looked toward Draconmeyer as he opened the proceedings.

"Monsieur Douaille," he said, "has come to see us this evening at my own urgent request. Before we commence any sort of discussion he has asked me to make it distinctly understood to you both—to you, Mr. Draconmeyer, and to you, Herr Seligman—that this is not in any sense of the word a formal meeting or convention. We are all here, as it happens, by accident. Our friend Seligman, for instance, who is a past master in the arts of pleasant living, has not missed a season here for many years. Draconmeyer is also a habitué. I myself, it is true, have spent my winters elsewhere for various reasons and am comparatively a stranger, but my visit here was arranged many months ago. You yourself, Monsieur Douaille, are a good Parisian, and no good Parisian should miss his yearly pilgrimage to the Mecca of the pleasure seeker. We meet together this evening, therefore, purely as friends who have a common interest at heart."

The man from whom this atmosphere of nervousness radiated—a man of medium height, inclined toward corpulence, with a small gray imperial, a thin red ribbon in his buttonhole and slightly prominent features—promptly interposed. He had the air of a man wholly ill at ease. All the time Mr. Grex had been speaking he had been drumming upon the table with his forefinger.

"Precisely! Precisely!" he exclaimed. "Above all things that must be understood. Ours is a chance meeting. My visit in these parts is in no way connected with the correspondence I have had with one of our friends here. Further," Monsieur Douaille continued impressively, "it must be distinctly understood that any word I may be disposed to utter, either in the way of statement or criticism, is wholly and entirely unofficial. I do not even know what the subject of our discussion is to be. I approach it with the more hesitation because I gather, from some slight hint dropped by our friend here, that it deals with a



SLIDEWELL
SHIRT
COLLARS

—demonstrate conclusively that correct style and absolute comfort can be obtained in the same collar.

The only collars with the little time and temper saving devices that keep your tie from sticking.

Sold Everywhere—15c, 2 for 25c

If your dealer hasn't them, send 75c for six, or write for the Slidewell catalog.

Hall, Hartwell & Company, Troy, New York

"Push the Button and Rest"



Over
1000 Styles
Prices
\$12 to
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Royal Easy Chairs
THE PUSH BUTTON KIND

Rest, relax, enjoy solid comfort in one of these big, stylish, famous easy chairs. Just "Push the Button" and your back supports are pushed comfortably in and hold that position until you change it.

Just Rest allows you to stretch out at full length—out of sight when not in use. Removable Backrest, convenient for Push Rest for Study and Periodicals. Fully upholstered. Best Materials and Best of Craftsmanship and Finest Leather, Tapestry and Upholstery of London.

SOLD BY ALL BEST FURNITURE DEALERS.
Don't buy unless you see the word "Royal" on the Push Button, like this.
If you doubt that our Royal Easy Chairs, write us and we'll tell you the name of our own store.

ROYAL CHAIR CO. Sturgis, Mich.

GUARANTEE

Each Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is made of the best materials. If defective we will replace it.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
Florence, Mass.

You are fully protected by this guarantee if you use a

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It means, if any Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush fails to give the service you think it should—return it to us and we will replace it with a new brush absolutely free. (We also refund the two-cent stamp you use for postage.)

By asking for the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush by name, you secure the most perfect kind of tooth brush service. "Satisfaction" or a new brush is the widest possible protection you can possibly have, and this is what you get when you buy a "Pro-phy-lac-tic."

(As a matter of fact, and notwithstanding all claims to the contrary, no method of brush making has yet been devised which will prevent occasional bristle shedding.)

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is the Guaranteed Tooth Brush—the World's Standard



The Pro-phy-lac-tic protects your teeth, as it is the one brush that really removes the food particles that cause decay. Its pointed, separated bristle tufts penetrate between the teeth and every angle and crevice in them.

Look for the Yellow Box. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes; rigid, flexible and De Luxe (colored transparent) handles.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
32 Pine St., Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keppelton Toilet Brushes

Guarantee to Dealers

We authorize you to replace with a new brush any Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush that proves defective or fails to give the service that the purchaser thinks it should. Send us the rejected brush and we will send you a new brush for it and refund the two-cent postage on it. We stand back of you.

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scheme which, if ever it should be carried into effect, would be to the disadvantage of a nation with which we are at present on terms of the greatest friendship. My presence here, except on the terms I have stated," he concluded, his voice shaking a little, "would be an unpardonable offense to that country."

Monsieur Douaille's somewhat labored explanation did little to lighten the atmosphere. It was the genius of Herr Seligman that intervened. He leaned back in his chair and he patted his waistcoat thoughtfully.

"I have things to say," he declared, "but I cannot say them. I have nothing to smoke—no cigarette, no cigar. I arrive here choked with dust. As yet the circumstance seems to have escaped our host's notice. Ah, what is that I see?" he added, rising suddenly to his feet, his face covered with a broad smile. "My host, you are acquitted! I look round the table here at which I am invited to seat myself, and I perceive nothing but a few stumpy pens and unappetizing blotting paper. By chance I lift my eyes. I see the parting of the curtains yonder, and behold!"

He rose and crossed the room, throwing back a curtain at the farther end. In the recess stood a sideboard laden with all manner of wines, glasses of every size and shape, sandwiches, pasties and fruit. Herr Seligman stood on one side with outstretched hand in the manner of a showman. He himself was wrapped for a moment in admiration.

"For you others I cannot speak," he observed, surveying the label upon a bottle. "For myself here is nectar!"

With careful fingers he drew the cork. At a murmured word of invitation from Mr. Grex the others rose from their places and also helped themselves from the sideboard. Seligman took up his position in the center of the hearthrug, with a long tumbler in one hand and a sandwich in the other.

"For myself," he continued, taking a huge bite, "I wage war against all formality. I have been through this sort of thing in Berlin, I have been through it in Vienna, I have been through it in Rome. I have sat at long tables with politicians, have drawn little pictures upon the blotting paper and been bored to death. In wearisome fashion we have drafted agreements, we have quarreled and bickered, we have yawned and made of ourselves men of parchment. But to-night," he added, taking another huge bite from his sandwich—"to-night nothing of that sort is intended. Draconmeyer and I have an idea. Mr. Grex is favorably inclined toward it. That idea isn't a bit of good to ourselves or to anyone else unless Monsieur Douaille here shares our point of view. Here we are, then, all met together, let us hope, for a week or two's enjoyment. Little by little we must try to see what we can do toward instilling that idea into the mind of Monsieur Douaille. We may succeed, we may fail, but let us always remember that our conversations are the conversations of four friends met together upon what is nothing more nor less than a holiday. I hate the sight of those sheets of blotting paper and clean pens. Who wants to make notes, especially of what we are going to talk about! The man who cannot carry notes in his head is no statesman."

To all of this Monsieur Douaille beamed his approval. Much of his nervousness had departed.

"I agree," he declared. "I like well the attitude of our friend Seligman. There is something much too formal about this table. I am not here to talk treaties or to upset them. To exchange views, if you will, but no more. Meanwhile I appreciate this generous hospitality, and I remove myself to this easy-chair. If anyone would talk world politics, I am ready. Why not? Why should we pretend that there could be any more interesting subject to men like ourselves, in each of whom is placed the trust of his country?"

Mr. Grex nodded his head in assent to what both men had said.

"The fault is mine," he declared; "but, believe me, it was not intentional. It was never my wish to give too formal an air to our little meeting—in fact, I never intended to do more than dwell on the outside edge of great subjects to-night. Unfortunately, Monsieur Douaille, neither you nor I, whatever our power or influence may be, are directly responsible for the foreign affairs of our countries. We can, therefore, speak with entire frankness. Our countries—your country and mine—are to-day bound



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together by an alliance. You have something that almost approaches an alliance with another country. I am going to tell you in plain words what I think you have been given to understand indirectly many times during the last few years—that understanding is not approved of in St. Petersburg."

Monsieur Douaille knocked the ashes from his cigarette. He gazed thoughtfully into the fire of pine logs that was burning upon the open hearth.

"Mr. Grex," he said, "that is plainer speaking than we have ever received from any official source."

"I admit it," Mr. Grex replied. "Such a statement on my part may sound a little startling, but I make it advisedly. I know the feeling—you will grant that my position entitles me to know the feeling—of the men who count for anything in Russian politics. Perhaps I do not mean the titular heads of my government. There are others who have even more responsibilities, who count for more. I honestly and truthfully assure you that I speak for the powers that are behind the government of Russia when I tell you that the English dream of a triple alliance between Russia, England and France will never be accepted by my country."

Monsieur Douaille sipped his champagne.

"This is candor," he remarked; "absolute candor. One speaks quite plainly, I imagine, before our friend the enemy?" he added, smiling toward Seligman.

"Why not?" Seligman demanded. "Why not indeed? We are not fools here!"

"Then I would ask you, Mr. Grex," Monsieur Douaille continued, "where in the name of all that is equitable are you to find an alliance more likely to preserve the status quo in Europe? Both logically and geographically it absolutely dovetails. Russia is in a position to absorb the whole attention of Austria and even to invade the north coast of Germany. The hundred thousand troops or so upon which we could rely from Great Britain would be invaluable for many reasons—firstly, because a mixture of blood is always good; secondly, because the regular army, which perforce they would have to send us, is of very fine fighting material; and thirdly, because they could land—to give away a very open secret to you, my friend Seligman—in a westerly position, and would very likely succeed thereby in making an outflanking movement toward the north. I presume that at present the German fleet would not come out to battle, in which case the English would certainly be able to do great execution upon the northern coast of Germany. All this, of course, has been discussed and written about, and the next war mapped out in a dozen different ways. I must confess, however, that taking every known consideration into account I can find no other distribution of powers so reasonable or so favorable to my country."

Mr. Grex nodded.

"I find no fault with any word of what you have said," he declared, "except that yours is simply the superficial and obvious idea of the man in the street as to the course of the next probable war. Now let us go a little farther. I grant all the points you urge in favor of your suggested triple alliance. I will even admit that your forecast of a war taking place under such conditions is a fairly faithful one. We proceed, then: The war, if it came to pass, could never be decisive. An immense amount of blood would be shed, treasure recklessly poured out, Europe be rendered desolate, for the sake most largely of whom?—of Japan and America. That is the weakness of the whole thing. A war carried out on the lines you suggest would be playing the game of these two countries. Even the victors would be placed at a huge disadvantage with them, to say nothing of the losers, who must see slipping away from them forever their place under the sun. It is my opinion—and I have studied this matter most scientifically and with the help of the secret service of every country, not excepting your own, Herr Seligman—it is my opinion that this war must be indecisive. The German fleet would be crippled but not destroyed. The English fleet would retain its proportionate strength. No French advance into Germany would be successful; no German advance into France is likely. The war would languish for lack of funds, through sheer inanition it would flicker out, and the money of the world would flow into the treasuries of America. Russia would not be fighting for her living. With her it could be at best but a half-hearted war. She would do her duty to the alliance. Nothing

more could be hoped from her. You could not expect, for instance, that she would call up all her reserves, leave the whole of her eastern frontier unprotected, and throw into mid-Europe such a force as would in time subjugate Germany. This could be done, but it will not be done. We all know that."

Monsieur Douaille smoked thoughtfully for several moments.

"Very well," he pronounced at last; "I am rather inclined to agree with all that you have said. Yet it seems to me that you evade the great point. The status quo is what we desire; peace is what the world wants. If, before such a war as you have spoken of is begun, people realize what the end of it must be, don't you think that that itself is the greatest help toward peace? My own opinion, I tell you frankly, is that at any rate for many years to come there will be no war."

Herr Seligman set down his glass and turned slowly round.

"Then let me tell you that you are mistaken," he declared solemnly. "Listen to me, my friend Douaille—my friend, mind, and not the statesman Douaille: I am a German citizen and you are a French one, and I tell you that if in three years' time your country does not make up its mind to strike a blow for Alsace and Lorraine, then in three years' time Germany will declare war upon you."

Monsieur Douaille had the expression of a man who doubts. Seligman frowned. He was suddenly immensely serious. He struck the palm of one hand a great blow with his clenched fist.

"Why is it that no one in the world understands," he cried, "what Germany wants? I tell you, Monsieur Douaille, that we don't hate your country. We love it. We crowd to Paris. We expand there. It is the holiday place of every good German. Who wants a ruined France? Not we! Yet unless there is a change in the international situation we shall go to war with you, and I will tell you why. There are no real secrets about this sort of thing. Every politician who is worth his salt knows them. The only difficulty is to know when a country is in earnest, and how far it will go. That is the value of our meeting. That is what I am here to say. We shall go to war with you, Monsieur Douaille, to get Calais, and when we've got Calais," Seligman almost reverently concluded, "then our solemn task will be begun."

"England!" Monsieur Douaille murmured.

There was a brief pause. Seligman had seemed for a moment to have passed into the clouds. There was a sort of gloomy rapture upon his face. He caught up Douaille's last word and repeated it:

"England! And through her—"

He moved to the sideboard and filled his glass. When he came back to his place his expression had lightened.

"Ah, well, dear Monsieur Douaille," he exclaimed, patting the other's shoulder in friendly fashion, "to-night we merely chatter. To-night we are here to make friends, to gain each the confidence of the other. To ourselves let us pretend that we are little boys playing the game of our nations—France, Germany and Russia. Germany and Russia, to be frank with you, are waiting for one last word from Germany's father, something splendid and definite to offer. What we would like France to do, while France loses its money at roulette and flirts with the pretty ladies at Ciro's, is to try to accustom itself, not to an alliance with Germany—no, nothing so utopian as that! The lion and the lamb may remain apart. They may agree to be friends, they may even wave paws at each other; but I do not suggest that they march side by side. What we ask of France is that she look the other way. It is very easy to look the other way. She might look, for instance—toward Egypt."

There was a sudden glitter in the eyes of Monsieur Douaille. Seligman saw it and pressed on.

"There are laurels to be won that will never fade," he continued, setting down his empty glass—"laurels to be won by that statesman of your country, the little boy France, who is big enough and strong enough to stand with his feet upon the earth and proclaim: 'I am for France and my own people, and my own people only, and I will make them great through all the centuries by seeing the truth and leading them toward it, single-purposed, single-minded.' But these things are not to be disposed of so

(Continued on Page 45)



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(Continued from Page 42)

readily as is this wonderful repast provided by our generous host. For to-night I have said my say. I have whims, perhaps, but with me serious affairs are finished for the night. I go to the Sporting Club. Mademoiselle keeps my place at the baccarat table. I feel in the vein. It is a small place, Monte Carlo. Let us make no appointments. We shall drift together. And, monsieur," he concluded, laying his hand for a moment upon Douaille's shoulder, "let the thought sink into your brain. Wipe out that geographical and logical map of Europe from your mind. See things, if you can, in the new daylight. Then when the idea has been there for just a little time—well, we speak again. Come, Draconmeyer, I am relying upon your car to get me into Monte Carlo. My bounteous host, Mr. Grex, good night! I touch your hand with reverence. The man who possesses such wine and offers it to his friends is indeed a prince."

Mr. Grex rose a little unwillingly from his chair.

SHYLOCK SEMPLE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Then it's settled," says he. "Here; let's just make a list of these stocks before they get out of our hands. Gee-whack! Won't Petersen be surprised when he sees me come in with the cash?"

They were counting and checking when we left, satisfied that all they'd have to do was to show the security and get the money.

"Pretty hard lines," says Long Tom, looking at me.

"Yes," says I; "but can they grab your property away from you on a deal of that kind? What's the law of the state on it?"

"You heard what John Wesley said."

Long Tom looked back over his shoulder.

"How do I know what the law of the state is? You're a Native Son—not me. . . .

Hel-lo! Look at Baldy, horning in on the Mills family, will you? And talking to 'em like he'd known 'em for years! Say, Dutch, you don't reckon that hard-luck story has touched his heart, do you?"

"Heart—nothing!" I says. "He ain't got any heart; but what in thunder is he up to?"

It was a queer sight. In the first place there was Baldy, with his hat off, his bean shining like the dome of the Fresno courthouse. That was something that none of us had ever seen before. And anybody could see that he was trying to make a favorable impression on John Wesley and Ella. We were too far away to make out what they said, but Baldy did most of the talking and John Wesley looked at him with his mouth open.

By and by John Wesley moved over and Baldy put his hat on the table and sat down. The first thing he did was to look through the stuff in the envelope. I'll bet Baldy never saw a stock certificate before in his life, but he looked as wise as a flock of owls and kept nodding his head from time to time.

"Well, now, whadda you think of that?" says Long Tom, slapping his leg. "Baldy is coming to the rescue of the little home place! You wouldn't have thought he had that much milk of human kindness in him, Dutch!"

"Don't kid yourself!" says I. "He ain't going to rescue a thing but that hundred per cent. He wouldn't loan you a Canadian dime unless you left your right eye as security!"

"He's going to do it, as sure as you live!" says Long Tom. "Now they're writing up the agreement—Baldy ain't taking any chances. . . . See that? Even the woman has got to sign it! Oh, he's going to have 'em cinched, you bet!"

"The crook!" says I. "He ought to be pinched, taking advantage of that poor devil's hard luck!"

"Yes; but Baldy can say it was their own proposition," says Tom; "and it was. What are they sending that bell boy for? . . . Oh, yes. String and sealing wax. They're going to see that nobody has a peek inside. Good idea!"

After the brown envelope was tied and sealed in half a dozen different places they put it on the table in front of 'em and the proceedings came to a halt.

"John Wesley wants to see the money," says Tom. "I wonder has Baldy got it on him. It's a cinch he'd never leave it in his room! . . . Yes; there he goes into his hip pocket. . . . Oh, ain't he the cagey boy?"

"It is of no use to protest," he remarked smiling. "I have discovered that our friend Seligman will have his way. Besides, as he reminded us, there is one last word to arrive. Come and breathe the odors of the Riviera, Monsieur Douaille. This is when I realize that I am not at my villa on the Black Sea."

They passed out into the hall and stood on the terrace while the cars drew up. The light outside seemed faintly violet. The perfume of mimosa and roses and oleander came to them in long waves, subtle and yet invigorating. Below them the lights of Monte Carlo, clear and brilliant, with no northern fog or mist to dull their radiance, shone like gems in the mantle of night. Seligman sighed as he stepped into the automobile.

"We are men who deserve well from history," he declared; "who in the midst of a present so wonderful can spare time to plan for the generations to come!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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WHEN I got back to the hotel after the game next day there was Baldy planked down in a chair by the front door, where he could see every one who came in. By that I figured that John Wesley hadn't showed up yet.

At seven o'clock Baldy was sweating freely all over his forehead and smoking one cigar after another. He was too cheap to spend a quarter all in a chunk and get six of 'em, so he walked over to the cigar stand every time he ran out of cabbage. I never saw a man burn those Connecticut perfectos so fast in all my life; and every other puff he'd look at his watch.

He didn't even go to dinner, but stuck there with his eyes glued on the door. It was too good a show to miss and I didn't go to dinner either. At seven-thirty Baldy was pretty near a nervous wreck. He was sliding round in his chair as if the cushion was red-hot when Long Tom Hughes appeared.

"Kind of itchy, ain't he?" says Tom. "Now, what do you reckon he hopes the strongest? Does he want John Wesley to show up with the five hundred and thirty? Or does he want him to fall down so he can grab that three thousand dollars' worth of oil stock?"



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"I don't know," says I; "but he certainly is on the hook for fair. He's pretty near looked the face off that dollar watch of his!"

I'll bet the last fifteen minutes seemed like fifteen years to Baldy. He was standing in front of the desk at seven-fifty-eight with his watch in his hand.

"You old fox!" says Long Tom. "One hundred per cent wasn't enough for you, eh? It's the oil stock that you're after! There! He's got it from the clerk. Let's go!" And he stepped into an elevator.

"Go where?" I says, following him.
"Ask me no questions," says Tom.
"Come on!"

He opened a door leading into a room, but he didn't switch on the electric. I found the button and pushed it, but somebody else turned off the lights in a jiffy and left it dark again. There was just time for me to see that the room wasn't empty. Rube Ellis was there, and so was Charlie Chech and Jack Ryan.

"What's the idea?" says I. "What are you fellows up here in the dark for?"

"Shut up!" says Ryan. "Now, boys, easy with that table; and, whatever you do, don't fall off and crash the act."

"Come on!" whispers Long Tom to me. "We're getting the evidence on Baldy. His room is next door and some of the other boys have got the room on the other side of that. We want to catch him with the stock in his hands. We're going to peek through the transom at him."

The five of us finally got balanced on the table, with our eyes on a level with the crack in the transom.

"S-s-s!" whispers Jack Ryan. "The loan shark approaches!"

A key rattled in the lock, the door creaked, the switch snapped and the lights came on. From where I was I had a pretty general view of everything in the room, but I didn't see Baldy when he first came in. He was in a corner hanging up his hat and coat.

When he did come into sight he was pushing a table into the middle of the room where the light was best. Then he sat down and lit a fresh cigar—a real one this time. I was beginning to wonder whether we'd have to stand there all night when Baldy brought out his brown envelope. It had been in the inside pocket of his vest. He held it in his hands and looked at it—gloated over it, I suppose a writing guy would say. He turned it over a couple of times, and once I thought he was going to kiss it. The way he fooled with that envelope reminded me of the way a kid will play with a piece of cake before he eats it.

By and by he went down into his jeans and brought out a knife. He opened it as deliberately as if every bit of him wasn't aching to get on the inside of that parcel; and then he cut the strings, one at a time. That wasn't enough, and he had to take more time to cut under the flap and scrape the sealing wax away. When he'd fooled with it just as long as he could he reached into the envelope and pulled out a bunch of papers.

I couldn't see them, because Baldy bent over to look and got in my way; but I did see his ears and the back of his neck. Did you know the back of a man's neck could turn blue? I wouldn't have believed it myself. Baldy let a big grunt out of him that was partly surprise and partly something else—like the noise a man makes when he gets a good jab in the pit of the stomach that he isn't expecting. He pushed himself back in his chair, and at the same time his fingers opened and a handful of papers fell on the floor in plain sight.

I don't know why I didn't faint or yell or fall off the table, because I felt like doing all those things at once. The papers on the floor were blue, and I'd seen too many of 'em pinned to my salary check not to know what they were. Baldy had fished out of that brown envelope the receipts for all the fines he had handed out since the beginning of the season!

"But why leave me out of it?" says I to Long Tom.

"We didn't want everybody wise," says he, "for fear they'd stick round to watch John and Ella work, and queer it. And then you're a Native Son, too, and we didn't know but what you'd tip him off—Ow! Leggo my ear!"

"John and Ella!" says I. "Who are those people anyway?"

"John Wesley Mills," says Jack Ryan, "is a friend of a good friend of mine, and he

and that lady have pulled that stunt in every city in the country. It's a dandy, ain't it? It had to be a dandy to get Baldy's money, didn't it?"

I admitted that it was a dandy. I don't mind going further and owning up that when Ella began to bear down on that old-homestead stuff she had me going too. And I was looking right at John Wesley when he switched those envelopes and didn't tumble even then!

"But hold on, Jack," says I. "Those receipts—suppose Baldy finds out that you had 'em?"

"Had 'em' is right!" says Ryan. "It's queer, Dutch, but the same thought occurred to me. If you will look downstairs by the clerk's desk you will see a notice that has been on the board since Wednesday noon. Get that? Wednesday noon. The notice reads that one John Ryan lost his pocketbook in this house some time Tuesday night—a pocketbook containing no money, but private papers. Those receipts—and here Jack winked his left eye—"those receipts were in the pocketbook, Dutch. If they fell into the hands of wicked people I can't help that, can I? Anything more?"

"Yes," says I, hesitating a bit; for I knew already what sort of an answer I would get. "Why the two hundred and sixty-five, Jack?"

"Because," says Jack Ryan, "there was just two hundred and sixty-five dollars' worth of receipts in that bunch—mostly in fives."

"Well," says I, "in that case I think John Wesley might have split the dough with us."

"That's what I told him," says Jack; "but he wouldn't listen to it. Didn't I tell you he was a friend of a good friend of mine? He and his wife ain't doing the old-home stunt any more, having cleaned up enough to last 'em the rest of their lives. They've reformed, but they were willing to do this to oblige a friend. John said that the two hundred and sixty-five was only chicken feed anyway, and he wasn't going to degenerate into a petty larcenist to oblige anybody; so he turned the dough over to me. Let's see, Dutch—you had six fives, I believe, at five a smash. Six times five is thirty." Jack juggled out a roll of bills and peeled off a twenty and a ten. "If you take this, Dutch," says he, "you are running the risk of being pinched for receiving stolen goods."

"Give it to me," says I. "It was stole from me in the first place!"

Maybe Baldy went to the chief of police with his story. That's about the sort of thing he'd do, and if he did maybe it didn't do him any good. The chief is a fan and a friend of Ryan's, so it might be that Baldy's news was stale. And maybe the chief told Baldy about the law that says you can't charge one hundred per cent interest in California and stay out of jail. I say maybe. I don't know. I'm only guessing.

We haven't heard a word out of Baldy yet, and if he is waiting for us to say something first he'll wait a long time. He can't make a move without absolute proof, and he'll never get it. One thing worth mentioning is that he's quit fining ball players now and is learning to point to the clubhouse instead.

Long Tom calls him Shylock once in a while; but Baldy never reads anything but his press notices, and it's likely he thinks that Tom is kidding him about his bald head.

New Office Frills

A NEW device for washstands has appeared in the workrooms and lavatories of a new office building for doctors. Hot and cold water flow into the washbowl through one spigot, and brass pedals on the floor—one for hot water and another for cold—control the flow. Thus both hands are free for washing operations, and at the same time, by means of the pedals, the flow of water can be started or stopped; and the temperature can be varied from cold to the hottest available.

The same building has a novel arrangement for doctors' offices. From half a dozen to a dozen offices are grouped together, with one main reception room. An attendant in the reception room answers inquiries and ushers patients one by one into the office of the doctor selected; and the same attendant answers telephone calls for all the doctors and switches calls to each of them when necessary.



NO "custom-tailored effects," mind you—but custom tailoring itself! Such is the workmanship given all Kirschbaum Dress Clothes.

Remembering always the supreme style requirements of such garments, our tailors, who specialize in dress attire, needle into these clothes that quiet elegance which later brings the wearer such complete satisfaction.

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"Look for the Guarantee and
Price Ticket on the Sleeve"





FIRST AID TO EARLY RISERS

HERE'S warmth and comfort for chilly weather. Here's a help out of bed these brisk fall mornings. Here's just the extra heat you need for bedroom, bathroom and breakfast room.

The PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER finds countless uses all day long. It warms the nursery, cheers up the living room, comes to the rescue wherever the regular heating system goes wrong.



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spection—the result—PERFECTION HEATERS give uniform satisfaction and last indefinitely.

More than twelve years ago the STANDARD OIL COMPANY adopted the PERFECTION HEATER as its standard. Today it is used in more than two million homes.

For sale everywhere by hardware and furniture dealers, general and department stores. Ask your dealer to show you one.

Like all good things, PERFECTION HEATERS are imitated. Our booklet, "Warmth for Cold Corners," tells you why you should get the real thing. Look for the TRIANGLE TRADE MARK.



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BOOKED THROUGH FOR THE EMPIRE

(Continued from Page 23)

some foreign coins. I can't mention to what nation the coins belonged. He said to this person—it might have been another man—You take these coins and get drunk with them as soon as you can; treat all your friends, too, for by the time you're sober all the coins in the whole world will be re-stamped, and the head on them will be the head of William the Great."

One was not surprised when presently the conductor became eloquent on the subject of spies. "I feel sorry for anyone who is not really a lady spy but who might be suspected," he said.

Then it seemed to occur to him that after all there might be something agreeable and worth talking of to other passengers about his association with an innocent lady suspected of being a German spy.

So he added: "The men in the immigration sheds have had everything to do with the transports that go down the St. Lawrence. I'm afraid if you asked them questions they'd think it was queer and telephone up to the military headquarters. Not that anyone would harm a lady who was not really a spy; they would just detain her till they had made sure—and maybe they'd shadow her a little after that."

It seemed more considerate to all concerned to get whatever information one wanted first and go to military headquarters afterward. So one visited Valcartier camp and the Exhibition Grounds. Then one went to the Quebec military headquarters, a place where the business of war is being carried on most intensely. An officer of the regulars who looked competent listened to one's questions.

"I don't believe I could find anyone just now," he said, "who would tell you what you want to know. Could you put the questions in writing?"

The impossibility of that was pointed out. "Perhaps," one suggested, "you could give me a pass to Valcartier camp and to the Exhibition Grounds."

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that. You see, at Valcartier there's not much to see, and at the Exhibition Grounds there are just twelve hundred horses and a few rough men, and some officers to take care of the men."

This officer made no attempt to tell one the story of the German prisoner and the coins. One smiled at the thought—and those three smiles over the coins were the only smiles one had in Canada. There are tears, and there is a serious and noble sort of exhilaration, but deep down in the heart there can be no smiles.

One means to obey the Canadian rule of silence, though one has learned some facts and many rumors about Canada's future preparations that a German spy would be glad to know. Sympathy is a better gleaner of facts than enmity. At best too much information seeps the way of the spies. Yet the attitude of the Canadians is admirable—not only their willingness not to tell but, what is more, their willingness not to know.

Facts the Papers Must Not Print

The newspapers set a good example. All along the censorship has been rigid enough, but during the past few weeks it has been more than severe, and no Canadian war news of importance has been printed. This withholding is the more admirable because the papers have not been commanded not to print; they have merely been asked not to do so. The duties of the Canadian press in time of war, as pointed out to them from the highest powers, are to suppress telegraphic dispatches that seem contrary to public interest; to conceal all movements of troops, except when local contingents of troops leave their own centers for service; to be silent when troops pass through a town; not to mention purchases and shipments of horses, hay, oats, clothes, munitions, and so on; not to refer to any unusual activity in arsenals; to say nothing about fixed defenses, ignoring their very existence; not to refer to aircraft or to the movements of British warships. If temporary technical difficulties appear the press is not to refer to them; if prices of staple articles rise the press is to be cautious about announcing the fact. It must be cautious about publishing letters from soldiers serving at the front. It must say nothing of temporary difficulties in enrollment, training, movement

and dispatch of troops. In general it is supposed to confine itself to the emotional and patriotic side of military affairs.

The best test of the silence of both press and people exhibited itself in the sailing forth of the Canadian Overseas Expedition, trained in Valcartier camp—that magnificent picked body of thirty-three thousand men, including nineteen infantry battalions, two cavalry regiments, three field-artillery brigades, and the various units of engineers, army service corps and army medical corps, the last-named including two hundred Canadian nurses. The soldiers themselves did not know when they were going, nor did the press correspondents.

During the fourth week in September the soldiers suspected that they must soon move, because they were ordered to begin testing out live shells in practice, and the camp thundered with incessant cannonading. Then, too, the soldiers were urged to take their final inoculations against typhoid fever. Yet not a word was put in the papers. Presently troops of soldiers began to march into Quebec, two or three hundred at a time, by day and by night. No man on the street was sure whence they came or where they were going. One large contingent marched during a heavy rain from midnight till past dawn. All these men went to the wharves and breakwaters, and disappeared. And one by one transports left the shore and moved down the river to an anchorage previously agreed on. Some troops were moved from camp by train, but even that invitation to publicity did not raise the voices of the newspapers or of the people in the streets. For eight days they moved—men and guns, eight thousand horses, artillery and transport wagons—leaving a ruined road behind them.

A People Kept in the Dark

There was a strict military guard about the wharves; no one could reach them without a pass, and passes were given only for military reasons. By ones and twos the transports went to anchorage. Then one afternoon there was a great crowd of people on the terrace. They were looking down at the water, in plain enough sight of eight ships pulling up anchor. The band of the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery came out in their service uniforms, and played on the terrace Tipperary, O Canada, and Auld Lang Syne. Most of the people accepted the tunes as a pleasant attention. But there were a few tearful women and men—wives, sweethearts, daughters and old parents—who knew that this music, like their own tears, was a farewell to the troops. They were too far away to distress the men on the ships, who sailed off in good spirits to join the transports farther along in the channel. So they went—thirty-one vessels of men and guns, horses and supplies, escorted by a fleet of eleven war vessels. It was the largest and most important movement ever effected on the Atlantic; yet the ships went away without cheers, with no advertisement whatever, and with no comment from the people or the press.

The next day a newspaper correspondent saw the fleet in full war rig at Rimouski, the last port of call in the St. Lawrence. He wrote an account of it, guarded enough, which appeared in one newspaper. Others refused to print it, and a good deal of disapproval was felt that any paper should have permitted its appearance, though once the expedition was well under way some of the spies must have seen it and sent word to their masters.

When the personnel of the Canadian Overseas Expedition is analyzed various facts appear that on the surface are striking. For example, about seventy-five per cent of the soldiers were born in the British Isles. That fact, however, does not show any lack of loyalty on the part of the Canadian-born; it means merely that there has been such a surprising amount of immigration to Canada from the Motherland in the last few years that a large percentage of the eight million population is English-born.

Naturally, the English would first hurry to the call of England's war. Another fact is that the French-Canadians have not responded to the call so rapidly as it was hoped they would. In the South African war most of the people in the Province of

MEMORIES

When I'm smokin' in th' twilight
All th' world just fades away,
While Time goes turnin' backward
To th' scenes of yesterday;
An' I lis'en to th' voices
Of the fren's I uster know
Till I hear one voice a-callin'—
Softly callin', "Little Joe."

Oh, thar's golden dreams aplenty
Of those days that uster be,
In th' fragrant smoke of Velvet,
But the sweetest one to me
Is to see my mother smilin'
Like she uster long ago,
At a round cheeked little rascal
That she called her "Little Joe."

Velvet Joe



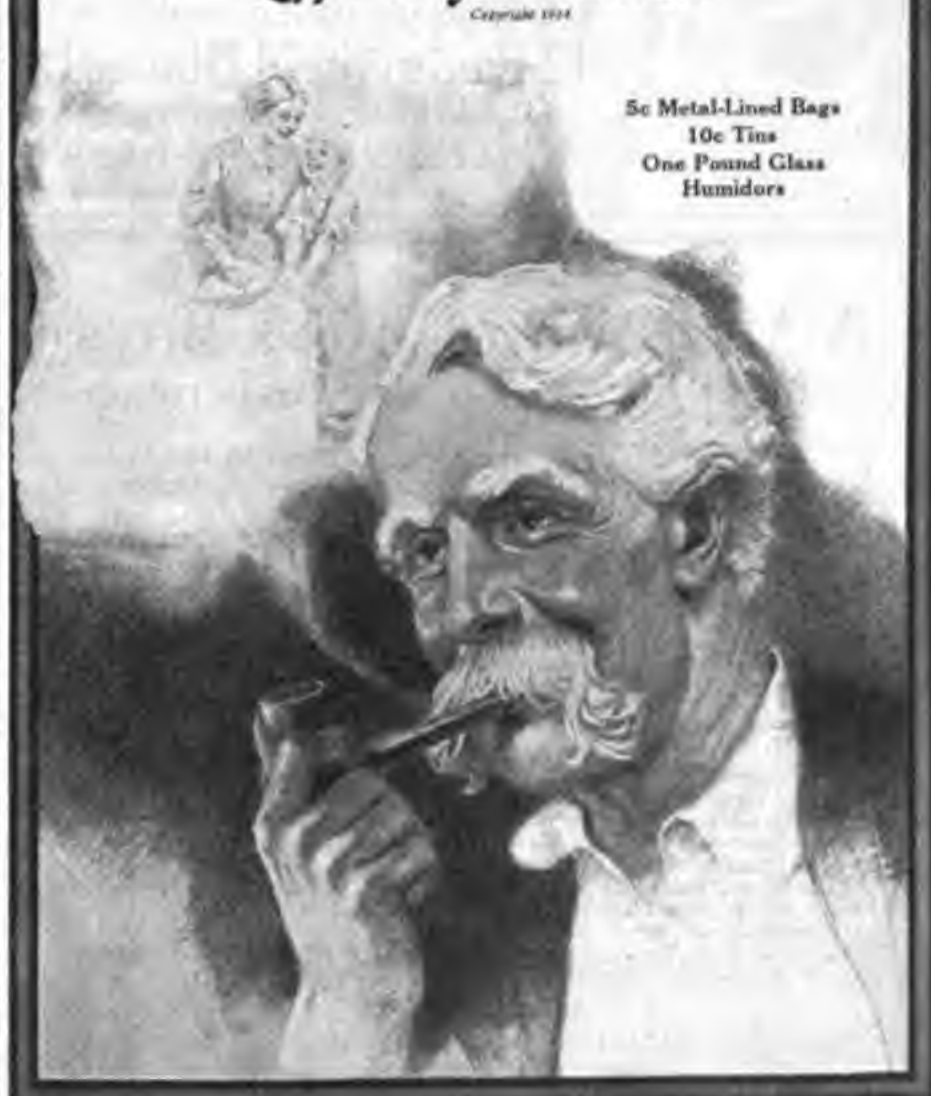
EVERY pipe is a treasure chest of riches, which only the right tobacco can open wide for you. Fill your pipe with VELVET, and in the fragrant, curling smoke are displayed rare jewels for your choosing. Solace, contentment, counsel, inspiration—what you will. Or, perhaps, you prefer that the memories of other days shall pass in review—happy days with all their troubles mellowed out by the gentle hand of Time.

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A Man Who Knows Boys writes of his own boyhood experience

COMMANDANT F. P. KEHEW of Company D, 11th Massachusetts Infantry, United Boys' Brigade of America, used to sell *The Saturday Evening Post*. In a recent letter he says:

"Although selling *The Saturday Evening Post* was great fun for me, and I considered myself quite a business man, now I realize it was really an education in business for me. This was my first experience in handling other people's money. I had to get used to the feeling of carrying around with me money that I could not spend because it wasn't mine, and for this reason I soon found that I could carry my own money around with the same safety. I know of boys today who have bank accounts larger than some business men because they, too, have learned this lesson in the same school. In my judgment, parents do well in urging their boys to take up the work of selling the Curtis publications for these reasons, and because it is easy, out-of-doors work, profitable according to the effort expended."

Fifty thousand American boys, largely the sons of well-to-do parents, are now selling the Curtis publications. These boys go to school, but in their leisure hours they enjoy the same "business play" that taught Commandant Kehew his first lessons of money-responsibility. The experience will be of inestimable value to them in later life.

These boys, incidentally, earn over a million dollars in cash every year and receive \$0,000 prizes—watches, cameras, bicycles, and so on.

How about your boy?

Let us send you, cost free, a copy of our booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" You will find it interesting.

Sales Division, Box 670

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Quebec and in Eastern Ontario were opposed to Canada's sending soldiers and spending money. A good many more are favorable to this war on account of France being involved and because many of them are half Belgian. Again, some of the French-Canadians have felt that their best men and officers have been ignored. But now a French-Canadian unit is being drilled and made ready for the front. It will be commanded by its own officers. Its men are to be the flower of the French-Canadians, and they are ready to show that the soldiers of Montcalm and of Lévis have not degenerated. It is a saying in Canada that the farther west you go the more loyal the Canadians are. Perhaps the fairest way to state it is to say that all Canadians love the Empire, but some love it more than others.

It is said by some frank people that the rapid enlistment of the soldiers in the Canadian Overseas Expedition was due to the fact that times have been bad in Canada, and that a Canadian soldier's pay is good. It is more than an English soldier's pay, being about a dollar a day. Besides, a married soldier goes away, sure that his wife and children will be, at least in a measure, provided for. The government pays a man's wife or mother twenty dollars a month. It may be that the man's late employer will see that the wife gets something, but if he does not, or if the man was out of work at the time of enlisting, the Canadian Patriotic Fund will be called on to aid the woman. Suppose she has three children; then she will receive, including the government allowance, forty-five dollars a month. It may be true that some men went to war more for the sake of their families than for the sake of the Empire, but a man big enough to pay such a price for the one ideal would also have the other in his heart.

Acts Speak Louder Than Songs

Another contingent must go over, as even the German spies know, and so the enlisting goes on steadily but surely. Writers in the newspapers are urging the Canadian-born to enlist, and there is no doubt they will; they will not have to be conscripted. As a writer in one Canadian newspaper pointed out, war is something that comes to the Continental Europeans, but it is something the Canadians go to. The Canadians constitutionally incapable of fighting stay home; while the poor Europeans, unnerved—not necessarily unwilling but mentally and physically unfitted—must fight. Even croakers know that Canada can and will send enough fit soldiers—a quarter of a million men if need be. But these latent soldiers are not being allowed to forget what is expected of them, and press and people remind them.

"Have you enlisted?" asked a clergyman of a young man who was emotionally caroling that Britons never would be slaves. "No, sir."

"Well, then, leave the singing to those who have. If you don't intend to do your duty by your country you'd better not be showing any hypocritical patriotism."

Not that the Canadians are in need of being reminded, for the war spirit is alive and growing everywhere. Even people who could not possibly fight are practicing rifle shooting. Veterans, and men prevented by age and by other reasons from joining the army, are forming themselves into a guard for home defense. The other day the Duke of Connaught reviewed the battalion at McGill University which will be ready for the front if it is called on. Here, side by side, were drilling callow students and noted men like the pathologist, Dr. J. G. Adams, and Doctor Ludlow. More than one seventeen-year-old boy, who yet hopes to go to the front, has this verse pinned to the big Union Jack in his bedroom:

*It's only an old piece of bunting,
It's only an old colored rag,
But thousands have died for its honor,
And shed their best blood for the flag.*

The Canadians do not talk much about the English flag, either in mediocre verse or well-chosen prose periods, but they love it. Some symbols are meager and bodiless, others melodramatic and sentimental; a few are adapted to the ideals they stand for, and are suggestive and alive. Such is the Union Jack. To Canadians it stands for ideals of liberty and fair play which they respect and even revere, and for which, when the Empire calls, men and women both are ready to pay, whether the price be life or youth, health or hope or happiness.

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An Advertisement of an Advertisement

Milk, the most important single article of food in the world, is very susceptible to contamination. It is difficult to keep it clean. It is very perishable. Yet it must frequently be used at times and places where it cannot be obtained fresh.

The tremendous importance of these facts impressed an earnest young pioneer named Gail Borden. Being of a studious nature, he found out what was necessary to make milk "keep." Being of an inventive nature, he devised methods for accomplishing this. The result was

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Gail Borden's invention laid the foundations of Borden's Condensed Milk Co., one of the largest organizations engaged in handling milk. It has revolutionized the milk business of the world.

Farmers have been taught how to feed and care for their cows so that they will give richer milk. They have conditions imposed upon them which will insure the cleanness of the milk. Every known process of eliminating the danger of contamination is utilized.

These steps and others, religiously followed year after year for sixty years, have made Gail Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the best known, the most widely sold, the most highly endorsed and the most frequently used of any preserved milk.

Reproduced upon this page is an advertisement of Gail Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It presents only one

of the uses of this product. But that one use is the most important one. This advertisement was printed in publications reaching women, because it is intended only for mothers. If this Condensed Milk is pure enough for feeding babies it is pure enough and good enough for all the purposes of condensed milk. No condensed milk made from a supply less pure and less wholesome than the milk used in all Borden's milk products can ever be as safe and sound as this milk.

Borden's Milk is sold in various forms—Condensed, Evaporated, Malted, Fluid and Cultured. The name "Borden's" stands always for heightened quality and unvarying cleanliness.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"
New York

This is the
advertisement. Read
the story
behind it.



*A dollar, a dollar, a two dollar whole—
"What makes you come to me?"
"My mother gives me Borden's milk
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No mother intends to take chances with her baby's food. She doesn't wish to guess as to its cleanliness and purity. She wants to *know*.

Such a mother, when for any reason she is unable to nurse her baby, should turn unhesitatingly to—

Gail Borden
EAGLE
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THE ORIGINAL



We want all mothers to know that three generations of physicians and mothers have found it the safest and most satisfactory substitute for mother's milk. We want them to know that more babies are fed on it today than on any other prepared infants' food. We want them to know that its cleanliness and purity have never been questioned.

No mother needs to guess. She can *know*. Send for booklets.

Borden's Condensed
Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York

DARBY AND JOAN, LIMITED

(Continued from Page 18)

"Why, what do you mean? Do you want her to go up in the air? Do you enjoy Kate Edgewater's scoldings and complaints about her husband? When you consider your point of view about wives dining without their husbands—"

"Exactly! But nobody else seems to consider it," said Bob.

The words were more pointed than his smile; he was very fond of Betty Girard and one of the few men her husband liked.

"My dear fellow! What do you mean? Do you seriously think Phyl should have stayed at home because you were too lazy to shave? And, of course, it's a mere detail," she went on airily, "but she had let Hilda and the cook go out for the evening, and there wasn't any dinner."

"So I discovered," he said, with a Fallowes-pursed lip.

"Oh, bosh! You're too absurd! It served you right, then!" Betty flared out at him. "Look here, Bob; as a matter of interest, do I understand that you do think Phyl should have stayed home and groused with you?"

"Oh, no," he answered absently, his eyes glancing down at his book.

"Then all I've got to say is, you've no business to take the attitude you do," she said definitely. "Either be a good old New England tyrant, and be proud of it, or don't act injured when Phyl takes it for granted that you're not one! So there!" And Betty clapped his book together like a saucy child and ran away.

Bob had tried to be vexed, but had not been able to succeed very well. When Mrs. Walter Girard chose to exercise her very real charms; when those curious, flecked hazel eyes met yours, and you felt that you had known her always—and only just discovered her!—then, if you were a man, you laid down your arms and surrendered.

That she knew this was not the least of her weapons; and to-day, when Phyllis left her, to sit with the children at their nursery tea, she sat for a while alone, thoughtful, flicking at her high tan riding boots with her little wicker-handled crop. Her eyes grew somber, darkened, and seemed to see pictures that were not in the room; her merry mouth drooped at the corners; she looked, for once, her age. Once she scowled, shrugged her shoulders and slanted her eyes.

"It's no affair of mine," she muttered to the riding crop.

Then, as her glance fell on a little pastel sketch she had made of Phyllis and Felicia four years before—Phyl in the lavender and black she had seen her in that first time, a little pensive, her eyes repeated, tint for tint, in the six-year-old face so close to her own—Betty's eyes softened.

"That's a darn good picture," she murmured—"a darn good picture! Well, I might as well get it over with. Come on, Betty Naldreth Girard, let's make a fool of ourselves!"

And she crossed to the library, where Bob lay stretched with his book.

"Will you walk over with me, Bob, and lead Haidee? My arm's tired and the saddle slips a bit," she said abruptly.

"Why, certainly," he said, and got up. "Or shall I send the boy round with her and take you over in the car?"

"Lazy!" she mocked; and then: "Why, yes; I don't mind. Come along."

"It's two miles, you know, and you're going to dance to-night," he suggested as she took her seat beside him.

"I know. This is all right. It was really a talk with you I wanted."

They rounded the gatepost.

"With me? Delighted, I'm sure."

"No; you won't be delighted a bit, Bobby dear. You'll probably throw me out of the car before we're through. Because I want to talk about Phyl."

"About Phyllis?"

"Yes, about Phyllis; and you can't scare me a bit, you know, looking that way. I'm as old as you—and that's ten years older. And we're both of us older than Phyl."

She paused; but he sat silent, guiding the little car easily, his eyes straight before him. He was going to make it very hard. "Bob," she said suddenly, "you used to play about with my Cousin Hattie when you were at Yale, didn't you?"

He smiled in spite of himself.

"I haven't thought of Harriet Naldreth for twenty years!" he said slowly. "And she was your cousin, was she? Good Lord!

Oh, yes, we were all crazy about her! Will was almost engaged to her once—he was a senior when I was a freshman, you know—and I sneaked in under his nose and took her to a dance. He nearly killed me!"

"She was a great dancer, wasn't she?"

"Best in New Haven!" he replied emphatically; "she taught me to waltz." He smiled reminiscently. "Her mother used to tell us to turn back the druggist in the dining room—they had an enormous dining room—and we'd lift away the table; and Mrs. Naldreth would play waltzes for us all night. She certainly was a good sport, Mother Naldreth. They had a darky cook, and about ten o'clock she'd bring in ice cream and fruit cake and raspberry punch—they certainly knew how to take care of boys! I never liked any parties better."

"Oh, well, I don't suppose there were very many big balls," Betty suggested tolerantly.

"I don't know about that, either!" he shot back. "Didn't Harriet ever tell you about Judge Witherbee's New Year's ball? He gave one every year for the girls—they had Lander's Orchestra from New York. I went to four of 'em, by George, and took Harriet to two! Then the Cadets gave a big hop at Hartford in the spring; we used to go up, a carload of us. And then young Leydendecker was in our class for two years and he got six of us invites for the big Leydendecker ball in New York, the two years he was with '90. He took me because his great chum was my roommate. I never saw so much champagne in my life, before or since—honestly, Betty! We rode home—four of us—in a hansom at five o'clock, and swam in the Athletic Club pool, and ate ham and eggs and buckwheat cakes, and took the eight-o'clock express back to New Haven, because Leydendecker had used up all his cuts."

He rounded Hairpin Curve and sighed comfortably.

"Oh, well, you're only young once!" he said. "Heavens, how my pumps hurt that morning! And I didn't mind—"

"No," Betty said softly; "one doesn't mind. Bob, do you happen to know that last year, at the tennis tournament dance, Phyllis was going to her first ball?"

"Oh, hardly so bad as that!" he said, still softened by his reminiscences. "That's putting it rather strong, isn't it?"

"It happens to be the literal truth," said she. "That little informal dance, with three pieces of music and perhaps a hundred people on the floor, and half the men in white flannels, was her first ball—and she's in her thirties!"

"But Phyl knows how to dance—"

"Certainly she does. She danced at dancing school. And there were about four little boys to twelve little girls. And she was at boarding school a year and danced with the girls there. And she visited one of her school friends one summer and danced on the veranda with some boys younger than she while the grown-ups enjoyed their hops inside. Exciting, wasn't it?"

"But—"

"But nothing at all! I tell you the girl never went to a party! And lots of American girls never did! You know yourself how they lived—every comfort; nice clothes; books; flowers; piano; embroidery and long walks. Her mother couldn't go anywhere and her father was awfully afraid she'd know vulgar people; and he couldn't tag round with her, after all. He took her on little trips for treats—the Profile House; Montreal; Boston. I don't mean to say for a minute that she was a suffering martyr—she had a good time, of course. And he knew interesting people; but they were all older than Phyl."

"That's true enough," he said briefly.

"Don't you know—you can remember, Bob—people in those comfortable little New England towns fifteen or twenty years ago? They didn't go in for sport, you know. The rich people had tennis courts—there weren't any country clubs; there weren't casinos, except in the big watering places. They went on beach picnics and took dinners. Why, Bob, if Phyl had ever known anything like those Naldreth dances in New Haven, even!"

They had come to the entrance of Foxden, the Girarda's place; but he gave the car a twist and they went by, up the ridge road. She talked on breathlessly.

"You didn't honestly think, Bob, that such a pretty woman as Phyllis would go on



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forever, knowing just you and the children, and ordering the meals? It seems all right to you, because your family apparently don't want or need people—you meet them in a business way, and you smoke and chat with a few men on the train, and then you come home."

"It seems a reasonable ending to the day," he said dryly.

"Ah, yes—but Phyl is home all day—according to you, that is. Of course, since she's learned to play tennis and golf, and goes about with women of her own age, that makes a lot of difference; but she doesn't see any men unless she goes out in the evening, does she?"

"I'm not aware that it's necessary —"

"Oh, Bob, try not to talk like Jonathan Edwards! If you have any sense you are aware that the human race is gregarious, aren't you? Healthy men and women like to see each other. I judge, from what Hattie used to write us about the Fellowes boys, that you occasionally wasted a few hours yourself."

"My dear Betty, any fellow at college —"

"My dear Bob, Phyllis was never even a girl at college! The sort of thing that Jess Turkington has had, ever since she came out, your wife has never known in her life. Don't get the idea that, because she did without it for ten years, she didn't want it, Bob! Even though she didn't know it, probably. But don't make any mistake about it now, Bobby—she's going to have it!"

"So it seems."

"And you can thank your stars she's getting it among such decent, sensible people as this set is, on the whole!" she pressed on, a little irritated at his obstinacy. "Let me tell you there are places where a pretty young woman like Phyllis—as eager for a good time as she is, so easily satisfied, so simple-minded and so good-hearted —"

"I'm quite aware of Phyllis' virtues, Betty."

"Oh, you are!"

She shot him a peculiar side glance.

"Perhaps, then, you're aware, also, of the temptations to which such virtues expose her if she goes about entirely alone! Perhaps you realize that the new people who've come here this year don't know whether you exist or not—have never seen you? Perhaps you're aware that Turkey and Billy Edgewater already consider you as one of Father Turkington's contemporaries, and that you've been placed with Mrs. Ponderby at the golf dinner? Perhaps you're aware that Victor Winquist said there was no use in urging you even for the scratch doubles, because you weren't up to it—in his opinion?"

"I have already warned Phyllis —"

"Oh, warned her! What earthly good is that? Warned her that if she goes alone the results will be thus and so—and then leave her to go alone! Honestly, Bob, I see what Grace Fellowes meant —"

"Grace? My sister-in-law?"

"Exactly—your sister-in-law. Why, I knew her in Paris, long before your brother married her. I had a studio next hers one year. He would have her and, of course, he bullied her into it; but I can tell you it was only her concert tours that kept her from getting a divorce the first three years. I will say for you, Bob, you're more human than he used to be. Why, he wanted poor Grace to spend all her summers on a lonely island off Mount Desert! But he got jealous of that absurd barytone, and that brought him to reason."

He had forgotten Betty's terrible habit of knowing everybody! Was there no privacy possible with her? She battered down one's dignity like a steam roller.

He turned the car; and from the curve of the road they saw the gray-tinged eaves of the Foxden. She watched him warily and struck her final blow:

"Of course, if you don't like all these crazy dances, that's a different matter. It's not going to last, and everybody admits it's being run into the ground. I don't know that I blame Lenny Edgewater for marching Kate out of the Jardin de Danse—that's a point of view; everybody has a right to it. But why on earth you want to sit round and get fat, and smoke yourself stupid, and act so superior, when you're only reading because it requires less exertion—you don't really think there's any virtue in reading Thackeray, do you?—passes my comprehension!"

He smiled a little shakily. They turned into the Foxden drive. Betty Girard sighed elaborately.

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"But there! What's the use?" she said. "If the Fellowesses all settle down at forty—why, they do; that's all! When they called Doctor Stanchon up to consult about your father, he told Phyllis how he used to be the best all-round athlete at Yale; and that if he'd kept up the slightest exercise he wouldn't have weakened his heart so when he ran for that car in the rain. He warned him that he couldn't keep his wind reading Buckle's History of Civilization!"

Bob gasped. How could one escape the woman? He put on the brake. Betty stepped out of the car, twisting herself supplely on the step.

"Good-by, you pompous, cross thing!" she said. "And remember, this Darby-and-Joan business is a great thing—but it has its limits!" She leaned nearer to him. "Bow nicely to the lady!" she commanded, smiling. And putting one smooth hand against each of his cheeks, she bent his head solemnly three times, looking deep into his unwilling eyes. He could not resent her, reading what he read there.

Late that night—early the next morning, in fact—he stood smoking a final cigar under the dying lanterns of the club veranda. The last waltzers bent and swayed to the last bars of a Viennese melody that beat like their own flagging pulses.

Bob buttoned his white waistcoat remorselessly—there was no doubt in the world it had shrunk, for it pinched him!—and stepped to one side as two shadowy figures danced out on the veranda and sat down near him.

"Oh, Turkey, I hate to stop!" Phyllis cried, soft and breathless.

"It's been a great dance, hasn't it?"

"The best I ever had!" she said solemnly. "Betty's been fussing about the floor; but I think it's been perfect!"

Turkey drew a long breath. "By gad, but it's a pleasure to see you enjoy yourself, Phyl!" he said. "To think that this is the best—You poor little thing! I wish—"

Bob tossed his cigar away. "Hello, Turkey!" he said. "How's it going?"

"Fine! Thanks, old man. Has she got to go?"

"She has, if she expects me to take her over to that—that soup *dansant* at Ridgely to-morrow—I mean to-day!" said Bob.

"Oh, Bob! will you, really? Good-night, Turkey. It was lovely. I'll get my cape."

She slipped her hand under her husband's arm.

"I—I didn't think you could get off," she began, her absurd little gurgling laugh breaking through the eager words. "I told them we couldn't possibly—"

"Oh, I can get off—if I have to!" said Bob Fellowes.

Falling Cages

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Our Cabriolet Model is Proving Especially Popular with Men. 132 Detroit Electrics of this Model Alone Have Been Bought by Men Since September First

THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 5)

both report the same thing. Wait a minute! He says Moscow has wired that at eight o'clock last evening a tremendous aurora of bright yellow light was seen to the northwest, and that their spectroscopes showed the helium line only. He wants to know if we have any explanation to offer —"

"Explanation!" gasped Evarts. "Tell Paris that we had earthquake shocks here together with violent seismic movements, sudden rise in barometer, followed by fall, statics and erratic variation in magnetic needle."

"What does it all mean?" murmured Thornton, staring blankly at the younger man.

The key rattled and the rotary spark whined into a shriek. Then silence.

"Paris says that the same manifestations have been observed in Russia, Algeria, Italy, London and Paris," called out Williams. "Ah! What's that? Nauen's calling." Again he sent the blue flame crackling between the coils. "Nauen reports an error of five minutes in their meridian observations according to the official clocks. And hello! He says Berlin has capitulated and that the Russians began marching through at daylight—that is about two hours ago. He says he is about to turn the station over to the Allied Commissioners, who will at once assume charge."

Evarts whistled.

"How about it?" he asked of Thornton.

The latter shook his head gravely.

"It may be—explainable, or," he added hoarsely, "it may mean the end of the world."

Williams staggered from his chair and confronted Thornton.

"What do you mean?" he almost shrieked.

"Perhaps the universe is running down!" said Evarts soothingly. "At any rate keep it to yourself, old chap. If the jig is up there's no use scaring people to death a month or so too soon!"

Thornton grasped an arm of each.

"Not a word of this to anybody!" he ground out through violet lips. "Absolute silence, or hell will break loose on earth!"

FREE translation of the Official Report of the Imperial Commission of the Berlin Academy of Science to the Imperial German Commissioners of the Federated States, at Mainz, August 1, 1915:

"The unprecedented cosmic phenomena which occurred during the month of July in the present year, and which were felt over the entire surface of the globe, have left a permanent effect of such magnitude on the position of the earth's axis in space and the duration of the period of the rotation that it is impossible to predict at the present time the ultimate changes or modifications in the climatic conditions which may follow. This commission has considered most carefully the possible causes that may have been responsible for this catastrophe—*Weltunfall*—and, by eliminating every hypothesis that was incapable of explaining all of the various disturbances, is now in a position to present two theories, either one of which appears to be capable of explaining the recent disturbances.

"The phenomena in question may be briefly summarized as follows:

"1. THE YELLOW AURORA. In Northern Europe this appeared suddenly on the night of July 22 as a broad, faint sheaf—*Lichtbündel*—of clear yellow light in the western sky. Reports from America show that at Washington it appeared in the north as a narrow shaft of light, inclined at an angle of about thirty degrees with the horizon, and shooting off to the east. Near the horizon it was extremely brilliant, and the spectroscope showed that the light was due to glowing helium gas.

"The Potsdam Observatory reported that the presence of sodium has been detected in the aurora; but this appears to have been a mistake due to the faintness of the light and the circumstance that no comparison spectrum was impressed on the plate. On the photograph made at the Washington Observatory the helium line is certain, as a second exposure was made with a sodium flame; and the two lines are shown distinctly separated.

"2. THE NEGATIVE ACCELERATION. This phenomenon was observed to a greater or less extent all over the globe. It was especially marked near the equator; but in Northern Europe it was noted by only a few observers, though many clocks were stopped and other instruments deranged. There appears to be no doubt that a force of terrific magnitude was applied in a tangential direction to the surface of the earth, in such a direction as to oppose its axial rotation, with the result that surface velocity was diminished by about one part in three hundred, resulting in a lengthening of the day by five minutes, thirteen and a half seconds.

"The application of this brake—*Bremsekraft*, as we may term it—caused acceleration phenomena to manifest themselves, precisely as on a railroad train when being brought to a stop. The change in the surface speed of the earth at the equator has amounted to about 6.4 kilometers an hour; and various observations show that this change of velocity was brought about by the operation of the unknown force for a period of time of less than three minutes. The negative acceleration thus represented would certainly be too small to produce any marked physiological sensations, and yet the reports from various places indicate that they were certainly observed. The sensations felt are usually described as similar to those experienced in a moving automobile when the brake is very gently applied.

"Moreover, certain destructive actions are reported from localities near the equator—chimneys fell and tall buildings swayed; while from New York comes the report that the obelisk in Central Park was thrown from its pedestal. It appears that these effects were due to the circumstance that the alteration of velocity was propagated through the earth as a wave similar to an earthquake wave, and that the effects were cumulative at certain points—a theory that is substantiated by reports that at certain localities, even near the equator, no effects were noted.

"3. TIDAL WAVES. These were observed everywhere and were very destructive in many places. In the Panama Canal, which is near the equator and which runs nearly east and west, the sweep of the water was so great that it flowed over the Gatun Lock. On the eastern coasts of the various continents there was a recession of the sea, the fall of the tide being from three to five meters below the low-water mark. On the western coasts there was a corresponding rise, which in some cases reached a level of over twelve meters.

"That the tidal phenomena were not more marked and more destructive is a matter of great surprise, and has been considered as evidence that the retarding force was not applied at a single spot on the earth's surface, but was a distributed force, which acted on the water as well as on the land, though to a less extent. It is difficult, however, to conceive of a force capable of acting in such a way; and Björnson's theory of the magnetic vortex in the ether has been rejected by this commission.

"4. ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCES. Some time after the appearance of the yellow aurora a sudden rise in atmospheric pressure, followed by a gradual fall considerably below the normal pressure, was recorded over the entire surface of the globe. Calculations based on the time of arrival of this disturbance at widely separated points show that it proceeded with the velocity of sound from a point situated probably in Northern Labrador. The maximum rise of pressure recorded was registered at Halifax, the self-recording barographs showing that the pressure rose over six centimeters in less than five minutes.

"5. SHIFT IN DIRECTION OF THE EARTH'S AXIS. The axis of the earth has been shifted in space by the disturbance and now points almost exactly toward the double star Delta Ursae Minoris. This change appears to have resulted from the circumstance that the force was applied to the surface of the globe in a direction not quite parallel to the direction of rotation, the result being the development of a new axis and a shift in the positions of the poles, which it will now be necessary to rediscover.



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"It appears that these most remarkable cosmic phenomena can be explained in either of two ways: they may have resulted from an explosive or volcanic discharge from the surface of the earth, or from the oblique impact of a meteoric stream moving at a very high velocity. It seems unlikely that sufficient energy to bring about the observed changes could have been developed by a volcanic disturbance of the ordinary type; but if radioactive forces are allowed to come into play the amount of energy available is practically unlimited.

"It is difficult, however, to conceive of any way in which a sudden liberation of atomic energy could have been brought about by any terrestrial agency; so that the first theory, though able to account for the facts, seems to be the less tenable of the two. The meteoric theory offers no special difficulty. The energy delivered by a comparatively small mass of finely divided matter, moving at a velocity of several hundred kilometers a second—and such a velocity is by no means unknown—would be amply sufficient to alter the velocity of rotation by the small amount observed.

"Moreover, the impact of such a meteoric stream may have developed a temperature sufficiently high to bring about radioactive changes, the effect of which would be to expel helium and other disintegration products at cathode-ray velocity—*Kathoden-Strahlen-Fortpflanzung-Geschwindigkeit*—from the surface of the earth; and the recoil exerted by this expulsion would add itself to the force of the meteoric impact.

"The presence of helium makes this latter hypothesis not altogether improbable, while the atmospheric wave of pressure would result at once from the disruption of the air by the passage of the meteor stream through it. Exploration of the region in which it seems probable that the disturbance took place will undoubtedly furnish the data necessary for the complete solution of the problem." [Pp. 17-19.]

SIX days later an extraordinary conference occurred at the White House, probably the most extraordinary ever held there or elsewhere. At the long table at which the cabinet meetings took place sat six gentlemen in dress suits, each trying to appear unconcerned, if not amused. At the head of the table sat the President of the United States; next to him Count von Koenitz, the German Ambassador, representing the Imperial German Commissioners, who had taken over the reins of the German Government after the abdication of the Kaiser; and on the opposite side Monsieur Emil Liban, Prince Rostoloff and Sir John Smith, the respective ambassadors of France, Russia and Great Britain. The sixth person was Thornton, the astronomer.

"With great respect, Your Excellency," said Count von Koenitz, "the matter is preposterous—as much so as a fairy tale by Grimm! This wireless operator of whom you speak is lying about these messages. If he received them at all—a fact which hangs solely upon his word—he received them after and not before the phenomena recorded."

"That might hold true of the first message—the one received July twenty-first, but the second message, foretelling the lengthening of July twenty-seventh, was delivered on that day, and was in my hands before the disturbances occurred. And yesterday the day was lengthened as you know by ten full minutes."

Von Koenitz fingered his mustache and shrugged his shoulders. It was clear that he regarded the whole affair as absurd, undignified.

Monsieur Liban turned impatiently from him.

"Your Excellency," he said, addressing the President, "I cannot share the views of Count von Koenitz. I regard this affair as of the most stupendous importance. Messages or no messages, extraordinary natural phenomena are occurring which may shortly end in the extinction of human life upon the planet. A power which can control the length of the day can annihilate the globe."

"You cannot change the facts," remarked Prince Rostoloff sternly to the German Ambassador. "The earth has changed its orbit. Professor Vaskofsky, of the Imperial College, has so declared. There is some cause. Be it God or devil, there is a cause. Are we to sit still and do nothing while the globe's crust freezes and our armies congeal into corpses?" He trembled with agitation.

(Continued on Page 60)



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(Continued from Page 58)

"Calm yourself, *mon cher Prince!*" said Monsieur Liban. "So far we have gained fifteen minutes and have lost nothing! But as you say, whether or not the sender of these messages is responsible, there is a cause, and we must find it."

"But how? That is the question," exclaimed the President almost apologetically, for he felt, as did Count von Koenitz, that somehow an explanation would shortly be forthcoming that would make this conference seem the height of the ridiculous. "I have already," he added hastily, "instructed the entire force of the National Academy of Sciences to direct its energies toward the solution of these phenomena. Undoubtedly Great Britain, Russia, Germany and France are doing the same. The scientists report that the yellow aurora seen in the north, the earthquakes, the variation of the compass and the eccentricities of the barometer are probably all connected more or less directly with the change in the earth's orbit. But they offer no explanation. They do not suggest what the aurora is nor why its appearance should have this effect. It therefore seems to me clearly my duty to lay before you all the facts so far as they are known to me. Among these facts are the mysterious messages received by wireless at the Naval Observatory immediately preceding these events."

"*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc!*" half sneered Von Koenitz.

The President smiled wearily. "What do you wish me to do?" he asked, glancing round the table. "Shall we remain inactive? Shall we wait and see what may happen?"

"No! No!" shouted Rostoloff, jumping to his feet. "Another week and we may all be plunged into eternity. It is suicidal not to regard this matter seriously. We are sick from war. And perhaps Count von Koenitz, in view of the fall of Berlin, would welcome something of the sort as an honorable way out of his country's difficulties."

"Sir!" cried the count, leaping to his feet. "Have a care! It has cost Russia three hundred thousand men to reach Berlin. When we have taken Paris we shall recapture Berlin and commence the march of our victorious eagles toward Moscow and the Winter Palace."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Be seated, I implore you!" exclaimed the President. The Russian and German ambassadors somewhat ungraciously resumed their former places, casting at each other glances of undisguised fury.

"As I see the matter," continued the President, "there are two distinct propositions before you: The first relates to how far the extraordinary events of the past week are of such a character as to demand joint investigation and action by the Powers. The second involves the cause of these events and their connection with and relation to the sender of the messages signed Pax. I shall ask you to signify your opinions as to each of these questions."

"I believe that some action should be taken, based on the assumption that they are manifestations of one and the same power or cause," said Monsieur Liban emphatically.

"I agree with the French Ambassador," growled Rostoloff.

"I am of opinion that the phenomena should be the subject of proper scientific investigation," remarked Count von Koenitz more calmly. "But so far as these messages are concerned they are, if I may be pardoned for saying so, a foolish joke. It is undignified to take any cognizance of them."

"What do you think, Sir John?" asked the President, turning to the English Ambassador.

"Before making up my mind," returned the latter quietly, "I should like to see the operator who received them."

"By all means!" exclaimed Von Koenitz. The President pressed a button and his secretary entered.

"I had anticipated such a desire on the part of all of you," he announced, "and arranged to have him here. He is waiting outside. Shall I have him brought in?"

"Yes! Yes!" answered Rostoloff. And the others nodded.

The door opened and Bill Hood, wearing his best new blue suit and nervously twisting a faded bicycle cap between his fingers, stumbled awkwardly into the room. His face was bright red with embarrassment and one of his cheeks exhibited a marked protuberance. He blinked in the glare of the electric light.

"Mr. Hood," the President addressed him courteously, "I have sent for you to explain to these gentlemen, who are the ambassadors of the great European Powers, the circumstances under which you received the wireless messages from the unknown person describing himself as 'Pax.'"

Hood shifted from his right to his left foot and pressed his lips together. Von Koenitz fingered the waxed ends of his mustache and regarded Hood whimsically.

"In the first place," went on the President, "we desire to know whether the messages which you have reported were received under ordinary or under unusual conditions. In a word, could you form any opinion as to the whereabouts of the sender?"

Hood scratched the side of his nose in a manner politely doubtful.

"Sure thing, your honor," he answered at last. "Sure the conditions was unusual. That feller has some juice and no mistake."

"Juice?" inquired Von Koenitz.

"Yare—current. Whines like a steel top. Fifty kilowatts sure, and maybe more! And a twelve-thousand-meter wave."

"I do not fully understand," interjected Rostoloff. "Please explain, sir."

"Ain't nothin' to explain," returned Hood. "He's just got a hell of a wave length, that's all. Biggest on earth. We're only tuned for a three-thousand-meter wave. At first I could hardly hear him at all. I had to throw in our new Henderson ballast coils before I could hear properly. I reckon there ain't another station in Christendom can get him."

"Ah," remarked Von Koenitz. "One of your millionaire amateurs, I suppose."

"Yare," agreed Hood. "I thought sure he was a bug."

"A what?" interrupted Sir John Smith.

"A bug," answered Hood. "A crank, so to speak."

"Ah, 'krank'!" nodded the German.

"Exactly—a lunatic! That is precisely what I say!"

"But I don't think it's a bug now," countered Hood valiantly. "If he is a bug he's the biggest bug in all creation, that's all I can say. He's got the goods, that's what he's got. He'll do some damage before he gets through."

"Are these messages addressed to anybody in particular?" inquired Sir John, who was studying Hood intently.

"Well, they are and they ain't. Pax—that's what he calls himself—signals NAA, our number, you understand, and then says what he has to say to the whole world, care of the United States. That first message I thought was a joke and stuck it in a book I was reading, *Silas Snooks*—"

"What?" ejaculated Von Koenitz impatiently.

"Snooks—man's name—nothing to do with this business," explained the operator. "I forgot all about it. But after the earthquake and all the rest of the fuss I dug it out and gave it to Mr. Thornton. Then on the twenty-seventh came the next one, saying that Pax was getting tired of waiting for us and was going to start something. That came at one o'clock in the afternoon, and the fun began at three sharp. The whole observatory went on the blink. Say, there ain't any doubt in your minds that it's him, is there?"

Von Koenitz looked cynically round the room.

"There is not!" exclaimed Rostoloff and Liban in the same breath.

The German laughed.

"Speak for yourselves, excellencies," he sneered. His tone nettled the wireless representative of the Sovereign American People.

"Do you think I'm a liar?" he demanded, clenching his jaw and glaring at Von Koenitz.

The German Ambassador shrugged his shoulders again. Such things were impossible in a civilized country—at Potsdam—but what could you expect—

"Steady, Hood!" whispered Thornton.

"Remember, Mr. Hood, that you are here to answer our questions," said the President sternly. "You must not address His Excellency Baron von Koenitz in this fashion."

"But the man was making a monkey of me!" muttered Hood. "All I say is, look out. This Pax is on his job and means business. I just got another call before I came over here—at nine o'clock."

"What was its purport?" inquired the President.

"Why, it said Pax was getting tired of nothing being done and wanted action of some sort. Said that men were dying like flies and he proposed to put an end to it at any cost. And—and—"



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"Yes! Yes!" ejaculated Liban breath-lessly.

"And he would give further evidence of his control over the forces of Nature to-night."

"Ha! Ha!" Von Koenitz leaned back in amusement. "My friend," he chuckled, "you—are—the bug!"

What form Hood's resentment might have taken is problematical; but as the German's words left his mouth the electric lights in the room suddenly went out and the windows rattled ominously. At the same moment each occupant of the room felt himself sway slightly toward the south wall, on which appeared a bright yellow glow. Instinctively they all turned to the windows which faced the north. The whole sky was flooded with an orange-yellow aurora that rivaled the sunlight in intensity.

"What'd I tell you!" mumbled Hood.

The Executive Mansion quivered, and even in that yellow light the faces of the ambassadors seemed pale with fear. And then as the glow slowly faded in the north there floated down across the aperture of the window something soft and fluffy like feathers. Thicker and faster it came until the lawn of the White House was covered with it. The air in the room turned cold. Through the window a large flake circled and lit on the back of Rostoloff's hand.

"Snow!" he cried. "A snowstorm—in July!"

The President arose and closed the win-dow. Almost immediately the electric lights burned up again.

"Now are you satisfied?" cried Liban to the German.

"Satisfied?" growled Von Koenitz. "I have seen plenty of snowstorms in July. They have them daily in the Alps. You ask me if I am satisfied. Of what? That earthquakes, the aurora borealis, electrical disturbances, snowstorms exist—yes. That a mysterious bugaboo is responsible for these things—No!"

"What then do you require?" gasped Liban.

"More than a snowstorm!" retorted the German. "When I was a boy at the gym-nasium we had a thunderstorm with fishes in it. They were everywhere one stepped, all over the ground. But we did not con-clude that Jonah was giving us a demon-stration of his power over the whale."

He faced the others defiantly; in his voice was mockery.

"You may retire, Mr. Hood," said the President. "But you will kindly wait out-side."

"That is an honest man if ever I saw one, Mr. President," announced Sir John, after the operator had gone out. "I am satisfied that we are in communication with a human being of practically supernatural powers."

"What then shall be done?" inquired Rostoloff anxiously. "The world will be annihilated!"

"Your Excellencies"—Von Koenitz arose and took up a graceful position at the end of the table—"I must protest against what seems to me to be an extraordinary credulity upon the part of all of you. I speak to you as a rational human being, not as an am-bassador. Something has occurred to affect the earth's orbit. It may result in a calam-ity. None can foretell. This planet may be drawn off into space by the attraction of some wandering world that has not yet come within observation. But one thing we know: No power on or of the earth can possibly derange its relation to the other celestial bodies. That would be, as you say here, 'Lifting oneself by one's own boot-strap.' I do not doubt the accuracy of your clocks and scientific instruments. Those of my own country are in harmony with yours. But to say that the cause of all this is a man is preposterous. If the mys-terious Pax makes the heavens fall they will tumble on his own head. Is he going to send himself to eternity along with the rest of us? Hardly! This Hood is a monstrous liar or a dangerous lunatic. Even if he has received these messages, they are the emanations of a crank, as he says he himself first suspected. Let us master this hysteria born of the strain of constant war. In a word, let us go to bed."

"Count von Koenitz," replied Sir John after a pause, "you speak forcefully, even persuasively. But your argument is based upon a proposition that is scientifically fallacious. An atom of gunpowder can dis-integrate itself, 'lift itself by its own boot-strap'! Why not the earth? Have we as yet begun to solve all the mysteries of Na-ture? Is it inconceivable that there should be an undiscovered explosive capable of



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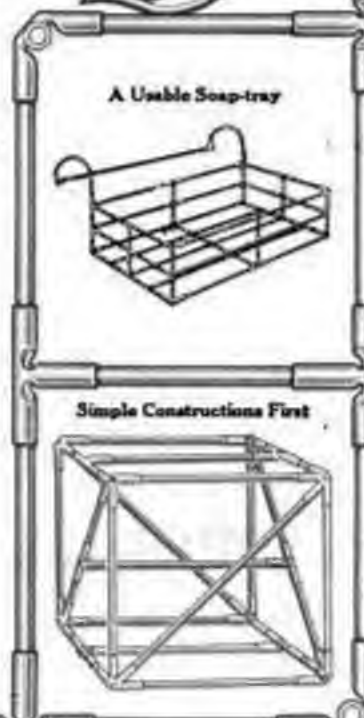
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disrupting the globe! We have earthquakes. Is it beyond imagination that the forces which produce them can be controlled?"

"My dear Sir John," returned Von Koenitz courteously, "my ultimate answer is that we have no adequate reason to connect the phenomena which have disturbed the earth's rotation with any human agency."

"That," interposed the President, "is something upon which individuals may well differ. I suppose that under other conditions you would be open to conviction?"

"Assuredly," answered Von Koenitz. "Should the sender of these messages prophesy the performance of some miracle that could not be explained by natural causes I would be forced to admit my error."

Monsieur Liban had also arisen and was walking nervously up and down the room. Suddenly he turned to Von Koenitz and in a voice quivering with emotion cried: "Let us then invite Pax to give us a sign that will satisfy you."

"Monsieur Liban," replied Von Koenitz stiffly, "I refuse to place myself in the position of communicating with a lunatic."

"Very well," shouted the Frenchman, "I will take the responsibility of making myself ridiculous. I will request the President of the United States to act as the agent of France for this purpose."

He drew a notebook and a fountain pen from his pocket and carefully wrote out a message which he handed to the President. The latter read it aloud:

"Pax: The Ambassador of the French Republic requests me to communicate to you the fact that he desires some further evidence of your power to control the movements of the earth and the destinies of mankind, such phenomena to be preferably of a harmless character, but inexplicable by any theory of natural causation. I await your reply."

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

"Send for Hood," ordered the President to the secretary who answered the bell. "Gentlemen, I suggest that we ourselves go to the Naval Observatory and superintend the sending of this message."

Half an hour later Bill Hood sat in his customary chair in the wireless operating room at the observatory, surrounded by the President of the United States, the ambassadors of France, Germany, Great Britain and Russia, and Professor Thornton. The faces of all wore expressions of the utmost seriousness, except that of Von Koenitz, who looked as if he were participating in an elaborate hoax. Several of these distinguished gentlemen had never seen a wireless apparatus before, and showed some excitement as Hood made ready to send the most famous message ever transmitted through the ether. At last he threw over his rheostat and the whine of the rotary spark rose into its staccato song. Hood sent out a few V's and then began calling: "PAX—PAX—PAX."

Breathlessly the group waited while he listened for a reply. Again he called: "PAX—PAX—PAX."

He had already thrown in his Henderson ballast coils and was ready for the now familiar wave. He closed his eyes, straining his ears for that faint metallic note that came no one knew whence. The others in the group also listened intently, as if by so doing they too might hear the answer if any there should be. Suddenly Hood stiffened. "There he is!" he whispered. The President handed him the message and Hood's fingers played over the key while the spark sent its singing note through the ether.

"Such phenomena to be preferably of a harmless character, but inexplicable by any theory of natural causation," he concluded. An uncanny dread seized on Thornton, who had withdrawn himself into the background. What was this strange communion? Who was this mysterious Pax? Were these real men or creatures of a grotesque dream? Was he not drowsing over his eyepiece in the meridian-circle room? Then a simultaneous movement upon the part of those gathered round the operator convinced him of the reality of what was taking place. Hood was laboriously writing upon a sheet of yellow pad paper, and the ambassadors were unceremoniously crowding each other in their eagerness to read.

"To the President of the United States," wrote Hood: "In reply to your message requesting further evidence of my power to compel the cessation of hostilities within twenty-four hours, I"—there was a pause of nearly a minute, during which the ticking of the big clock sounded to Thornton like revolver shots—"I will excavate a channel





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through the Atlas Mountains and divert the Mediterranean into the Sahara Desert.

"Pax."

Silence followed the final transcription of the message from the unknown—a silence broken only by Bill Hood's tremulous, half-whispered: "He'll do it all right!"

Then the German Ambassador laughed. "And save your ingenious nation a vast amount of trouble, Monsieur Liban," said he.

VI

ATRIPOLITAN fisherman, Mohammed Ben Ali el Bad, a holy man nearly seventy years of age, who had twice made the journey to Mecca and who now in his declining years occupied himself with reading the Koran and instructing his grandsons in the profession of fishing for mullet along the reefs of the Gulf of Cubes, had anchored for the night off the Tunisian coast, about midway between Sfax and Lesser Syrtis. The mullet had been running thick and he was well satisfied, for by the next evening he would surely complete his load and be able to return home to the house of his daughter Fatima, the wife of Abbas, the confectioner. Her youngest son Abdullah, a lithe lad of seventeen, was at that moment engaged in folding their prayer rugs, which had been spread in the bow of the falukah in order that they might have a clearer view as they knelt toward the Holy City. Chud, their slave, was cleaning mullet in the waist and chanting some weird song of his native land.

His master, Mohammed Ben Ali el Bad, was sitting cross-legged in the stern, smoking a hookah and watching the full moon sail slowly up above the Atlas Range to the southeast. The wind had died down and the sea was calm, heaving slowly with great orange-purple swells resembling watered silk. In the west still lingered the fast fading afterglow, above which the stars glimmered faintly. Along the coast lights twinkled in scattered coves. Half a mile astern the Italian cruiser Fiala lay motionless, save that as she swung at anchor her lights showed now red, now green. From the forecabin came the smell of fried mullet. Mohammed Ben Ali was at peace with himself and with the world, including even the irritating Chud. The west darkened and the stars burned more brilliantly. With the hookah gurgling softly at his feet Mohammed leaned back his head and gazed in silent appreciation at the wonders of the heavens. There was Turka Kabar, the crocodile; and Moniah el Tabir, the sleeping beauty; and Rook Hamana, the leopard; and there—up there to the far north—was a shooting star. How gracefully it shot across the sky, leaving its wake of yellow light behind it. It was the season for shooting stars, he recollected. In an instant it would be gone—like a man's life! Saddened, he looked down at his hookah. When he should look up again—if in only an instant—the star would be gone. Presently he did look up again. But the star was still there, coming his way! He rubbed his old eyes, keen as they were from habituation to the blinding light of the desert. Yes, the star was coming—coming fast.

"Abdullah!" he called in his high-pitched voice. "Chud! Come, see the star!"

Together they watched it sweep onward. "By Allah! That is no star!" suddenly cried Abdullah. "It is an air-flying fire chariot! I can see it with my eyes—black, and spouting flames from behind."

"Black," echoed Chud gutturally. "Black and round! Oh, Allah!" He fell on his knees and knocked his head against the deck.

The star, or be it what it was, swung in a wide circle toward the coast, and Mohammed and Abdullah now saw that what they had taken to be a trail of fire behind was in fact a broad beam of yellow light that pointed diagonally earthward. It swept nearer and nearer, illuminating the whole sky and casting a shimmering reflection upon the waves.

A shrill whistle trilled across the water, accompanied by the sound of footsteps running along the decks of the cruiser. Lights flashed. Muffled orders were shouted.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" cried Mohammed Ali. "Something is going to happen!"

The small black object from which the incandescent beam descended passed at that moment athwart the face of the moon, and Abdullah saw that it was round and flat like a ring. The ray of light came from a point directly above it, passing through its aperture downward to the sea.

"Boom!" The fishing boat shook to the thunder of the Fiala's eight-inch gun and a blinding spurt of flame leaped from the

cruiser's bows. With a whining shriek a shell rose toward the moon. There was a quick flash followed by a dull concussion. The shell had not reached a tenth of the distance to the flying machine.

And then everything happened at once. Mohammed described afterward to a gaping multitude of dirty villagers, while he sat enthroned upon his daughter's threshold, how the star-ship had sailed across the face of the moon and come to a standstill above the mountains, with its beam of yellow light pointing directly downward so that the coast could be seen bright as day from Sfax to Cubes. He saw, he said, genii climbing up and down on the beam. Be that as it may, he swears upon the beard of the Prophet that a second ray of light—of a lavender color, like the eye of a long dead mullet—flashed down alongside the yellow beam. Instantly the earth blew up like a cannon—up into the air, a thousand miles up. It was as light as noonday. Deafened by titanic concussions he fell half dead. The sea boiled and gave off thick clouds of steam through which flashed dazzling discharges of lightning, accompanied by a thundering, grinding sound like a million mills. The ocean heaved spasmodically and the air shook with a reeling, ripping noise, as if Nature were bent upon destroying her own handiwork. The glare was so dazzling that sight was impossible. The falukah was tossed this way and that, as if caught in a simoom, and he was rolled hither and yon in the company of Chud, Abdullah and the headless mullet. This ear-splitting racket continued, he says, without interruption for two days. Abdullah says it was several hours, the official report of the Fiala gives it as six minutes. And then it began to rain in torrents until he was almost drowned. A great wind arose and lashed the ocean, and a whirlpool seized the falukah and whirled it round and round. Darkness descended upon the earth, and in the general mess Mohammed hit his head a terrific blow against the mast. He was sure it was but a question of seconds before they would be dashed to pieces by the waves. The falukah spun like a marine top with a swift sideways motion. Something was dragging them along, sucking them in. The Fiala went careening by, her fighting masts hanging in shreds. The air was full of falling rocks, trees, splinters and thick clouds of dust that turned the water yellow in the lightning flashes. The mast went crashing over and a lemon tree descended to take its place. Great streams of lava poured down out of the air, and masses of opaque matter plunged into the sea all about the falukah. Scalding mud, stones, hail, fell upon the deck. And still the fishing boat, gyrating like a leaf, remained afloat with its crew of half-crazed Arabs. Suffocated, stunned, nauseated, seared, petrified with fear, they lay among the mullet while the falukah raced along in its wild dance with death. Mohammed recalls seeing what he thought to be a great cliff rush by close beside them. The falukah plunged over a waterfall and was almost submerged, was caught again in a maelstrom and went twirling on in the blackness. They all were deathly sick, but were too terrified to move. And then the nearer roaring ceased. The air was less congested. They were still showered with sand, clods of earth, twigs and pebbles. It is true, but the genii had stopped hurling mountains at each other. The darkness became less opaque; the water smoother. Soon they could see the moon through the clouds of settling dust, and gradually they could discern the stars. The falukah was rocking gently upon a broad expanse of muddy ocean, surrounded by a yellow seum broken here and there by a floating tree. The Fiala had vanished. No light shone upon the face of the waters. But death had not overtaken them. Overcome by exhaustion and terror Mohammed lay among the mullet, his legs entangled in the lemon tree. Did he dream it? He cannot tell. But as he lost consciousness he thinks he saw a star shooting toward the north.

When he awoke the falukah lay motionless upon a boundless ocean sea. They were beyond sight of land. Out of a sky slightly dim the sun burned pitilessly down, sending warmth into their bodies and courage to their hearts. All about them upon the water floated the evidences of the cataclysm of the preceding night—trees, shrubs, dead birds and the distorted corpse of a camel. Kneeling without their prayer rugs among the mullet they raised their voices in praise of Allah and his Prophet.

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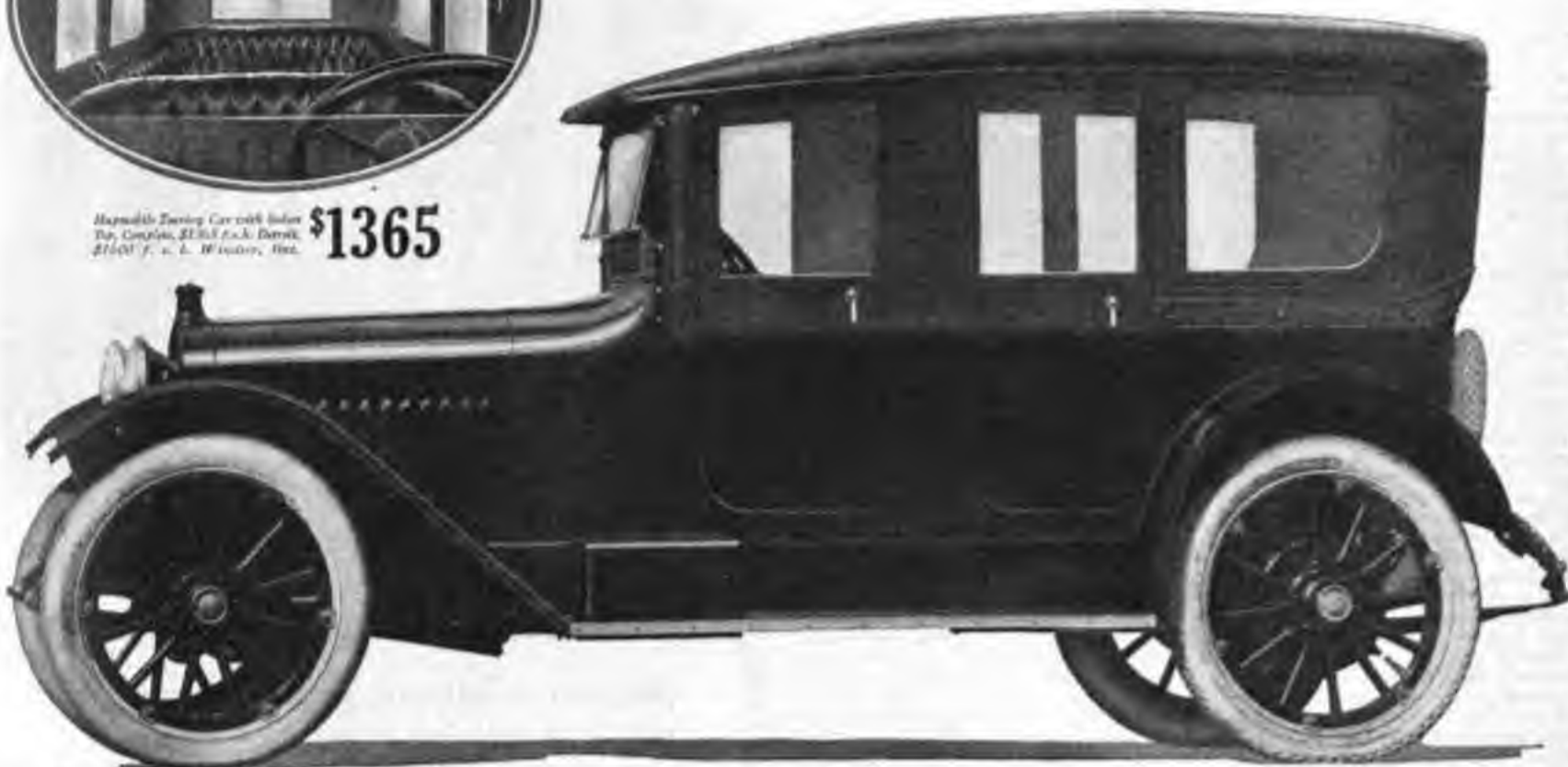
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\$1325

Hupmobile Roadster with Coach Top, Complete, \$1325 f.o.b. Detroit. \$1550 f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.



VANITIES

(Continued from Page 13)

puffing steam through a layer of froth—streamers of smoke that rose lazily in the dead air and merged themselves into a fantastically striated cloud, which hung like a fog over the sea of heads.

The orchestra was blaring and chattering discordantly, the little leader, with the antics of a monkey, plunging from one side of the pit to the other. Girls circled about incessantly between the features with merchandise to sell; there appeared to be an intimate understanding between many of the performers and persons in the gallery, who kept up a constant stream of banter. It was so cheap and tawdry! And Holbard had wanted Anne to prostitute her talent before such as these. Yet, as Liscomb's eye roved over the crowd beneath, which surged in densely after nine, he recognized people of the fashionable and official set. He smiled as he remembered that the Varieties was becoming a vogue. New York was copying London.

The intermission was over. The male members of the audience, who had left their seats to promenade behind the rail and lay in fresh supplies of tobacco, were resuming their places. The hard-working musicians, who at a wink from the footlights had picked up their implements and disappeared in a cave below stage, were replaced now by a quartet, consisting of two violins, a cello and a harp.

The plink-plink of strings whispering to each other in plaintive fifths was in the air, as two call boys deposited cards at each side of the proscenium, plain white cards, on which was printed the single word—Vanities. Liscomb remembered having read that this Verzain frequently came on unannounced, sometimes out of her turn—it was one of her little foibles—and went into the throes of temperament if her audience failed to recognize her.

The song of the four strings began to rise as gently and softly as the smoke in the air. The musty curtain laboriously ascended and showed a bare stage—such a stage as Liscomb, sitting late after the play, talking with Holbard, had seen many a time. The back wall, of uncompromising brick and mortar, relieved by no other object than a battery of steam pipes, faced the audience. On each side was a jumble of scenery butts and rope rigging. A chill bank of air descended and fell on the house, making it shiver.

After an unusual wait three stage hands came on—four, because a woman joined them later. They dragged out some broken-down furniture from the region behind the flies—an old deal table that leaned dejectedly on one leg; a plain mirror, with a corner missing; a chair, on which was set a common white bowl, which they filled with water from a pitcher; a three-legged stool in front of the table, and some nondescript articles of cheap china and stage make-up. Then, a screen; and this scene they boxed in with stage walls on three sides, making an interior—a theatrical dressing room. Outside they laid a canvas, dragged out a tree or two, lowered a drop, which instantly became a street at dusk, with gas lamps burning and reflecting the pavement and the dull fronts of the ramshackle buildings.

During the course of the action there occurred some banter between the lay actors in the balcony and the stage hands, one of whom was addressed as Percy by a friend beyond the footlights; the three stage hands finally stalked off into the wings with an assumption of ease peculiar to their class.

Their woman companion started to follow them, but stopped irresolutely at the flies, against which she leaned wearily. The air was filled with a fine hum of the exquisite harmonies of the strings in the pit, as the woman turned and crossed the street to the door, entered, and lighted a lamp on the rickety table. Then she sat down on the stool, kicked off her shoes and began peeling off her stockings. With the point of a heel poised on one knee and a stocking rolled into a bunch at the ankle, she suddenly became abstracted by the sight of a hole through which one toe peeped. A hole in one's stocking is such a tragedy when one must pursue art through the portals of a scrubby little boulevard theater such as this!

The audience caught itself with a gasp. It emitted a weird sound, the spontaneous cry from a thousand throats—then a roar of applause that thundered from pit to

gallery in wave on wave, amid wild cries of Verzain! Verzain! Then suddenly, as though hushed by some smothering hand, the house became still.

Liscomb raised his glasses and studied the face. It was not the face of Verzain as he had seen it in passing that memorable afternoon at Anne's. It had evidently been touched up for the street on that occasion. This face was flat and lacked individuality. Little by little the lights had crept up, and the effect of the footlights, into which she was staring, was to render it ghastly white.

Liscomb's glass revealed no trace of make-up. The eyebrows, of an indeterminate color and texture, threw the features out of relief; the eyes themselves were dull; and in the searching glare the face showed pouches under the lids. Her dress was of the mode, or rather, after the mode—such a pathetically cheap copy of it as one finds in the little shops on the side streets patronized by factory girls who know the latest from Paris.

She flung aside her outer attire with the incomprehensible swiftness of the lightning-change artist, drew on a pair of thin silk stockings and pushed her feet into fancy slippers—thrusting them out before her approvingly. The chill of the air seemed to affect her; she threw a shawl about her bare shoulders and sat down before the mirror. She seemed unconscious of her audience, weighed down only by the weariness of it all.

The house followed her, fascinated. That peculiar effect of levitation, by which a great artiste raises her audience above and beyond the mere physical conditions, was in the air. This woman, in her tawdry petticoat, was unquestionably an artiste. Every movement was superb. She studied herself in the glass for some time. Then suddenly, as though recalled to the present, she pulled out the pins that held her little knot of hair.

The effect was ludicrous. The hair was short, barely reaching to the shoulders, roughened and burned by the acids that had robbed it of its luster, the ends pitifully broken. She shook it out with a quick jerk of her head, ran a comb through it, and, with one turn of her hand, coiled and fastened it in a tight little wad on the crown of her head. This done she began to touch her eyebrows and eyelids with a tiny pencil; her rapid fingers moved incessantly among the china things lying on the table; they seemed to be everywhere about her features at once.

Now and again she stopped to take the effect, in profile and full face, with a small hand glass. As she applied a stroke here, a vigorous massage there, reddened the lobe of an ear, lengthened the line of an eye, heightened the pout of a lip, lessened the hollow of a cheek—she seemed to emerge from her chrysalis of commonplace ugliness. Her spirits rose correspondingly; she was humming a merry little tune and her pretty foot was tapping the floor, keeping time.

Suddenly, as though startled by some sound, she turned her face full on the audience. The change was magical. The faded creature who had come in so wearily from the dusk of the street to the shabbiness of this little theatrical dressing room was gone. Her face was transformed, ravishingly beautiful, with some vague haunting familiarity of outline—so Liscomb told himself—except for the hair!

As she turned again to the mirror some pleasing thought seemed to come to her. She smiled, showing a set of flashing teeth, at which Liscomb—still with his glass trained on her—started involuntarily. There was a movement behind him and he turned to look into the eyes of Holbard. As the manager, obviously agitated, seated himself he clutched the rail with his hands and stared fixedly at the stage. When he turned again Liscomb replied to his mute question:

"No! No! It is impossible!"

The woman at the mirror had reached a new phase. From a bag at her feet she tossed out a brown bundle, which broke under her fingers into fragments of tresses—tresses of a marvelous bronze! From these she selected, one by one, the miraculous aids to the coiffure that was the fad of the hour, anchoring each to the wad of her own hair. First, a wavy band, which, when its ends were made fast, she tossed forward

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and then back, so that it fell like a soft cloud over her head, to be securely caught with myriad pins. The foundation established, she began to build up the superstructure. With deft fingers she pulled out puffs, tacking them here and there where they were most becoming, tilting her head on this side and that with each new addition. A stray curl was pinned against the nape, and the whiteness of the neck now for the first time stood out sharply in contrast. Holbard snatched a furtive look as he heard Liscomb's sharp indrawn breath.

The task was at length completed. The woman on the stage had slipped behind the screen. In a moment she reappeared in a costume of black satin and spangles. As she faced the house a second time, tugging at her hooks and laces, there was a second's interval of intense silence—then the entire assemblage seemed to rise with the deafening shout it gave forth. Cries of "Erskine! Anne Erskine!" rent the air. A scene of indescribable confusion resulted. Every one was on his feet. Men and women crushed into the aisles; the entire house seemed to be moving in masses toward the stage. They were talking to each other, wildly gesticulating, pointing at her, crying aloud again and again: "It's Erskine! It's Anne Erskine!"

It was the Erskine—their Erskine, for so many years their idol and their ideal—this creature of pieces, who had so calmly put herself together before them! She had come back to them as herself—pitilessly revealed herself a plain, jaded woman, almost old, shorn of every lovely illusion, of every endearing adornment—and with magnificent audacity, in the full glare of the lights, she had built up for them, with photographic detail, through the sordid accoutrements of her craft, the beauty they adored.

There she stood now, lovely beyond belief—deaf to the acclaim of her art that was rising in salvo on salvo. She turned a fearful look toward the door of the little dressing room; and the house, realizing that the play was but begun, became hushed. A man was entering. He slouched against the wall, looking at the woman hatefully. It was Julien, the man who played opposite in De Gar's Vanities—for this was the great scene in De Gar's Vanities when, to save him from himself, she was willing to sacrifice everything. Her words came crisp, sharp, decisive; her very soul was on her lips, struggling for utterance. The strings in the orchestra were weaving their wonderful melodies in and out through the scene, as though hurrying on the stress of human emotion.

Liscomb and Holbard climbed down a short flight of steps as steep as a ladder and found themselves in a dusty back corner of the stage, through the lumber of which they made their way to the wings. Then came the rustle of the descending curtain. First a deadly calm; then the storm broke afresh. The house, now that the spell was broken, had gone mad. The sound came to the listeners here as the far-away cry of an ocean beating itself to pieces against the rocks.

A woman was running through the wings. Old Heinemann, waddling after her, caught her—held her at arm's length—then roughly thrust her ahead of him, dragged aside the curtain and pushed her out. The tumult redoubled in volume. Again and again he thrust her out to face the audience, barring her escape. Now she was frightened; she raised her hands feebly in protest; she pressed against the proscenium, shrinking from the violence that fairly overwhelmed her.

Holbard was plucking at Heinemann's sleeve with trembling fingers. Heinemann turned his eyes, now strangely bright, on Holbard.

"It is sacrilege!" cried Holbard fiercely. "Sacrilege?" Heinemann answered, his coarse face growing purple. "You! You speak of sacrilege! You—who worship nothing but beauty! You—who see art only through your eyes! You—who turn down the lights! I—I—Heinemann"—and he beat himself fiercely on the chest—"I—I—Heinemann—I turn up all the lights. And see!"

He dragged aside the curtain. It was the answer. Holbard turned away beaten. A handful of dramatic critics who had come in at the last minute—for the sensation of Anne Erskine's return was already in the street—crowded about Holbard; but he brushed them aside savagely.

Shortly the four were sitting in her dressing room. Anne was studying them with her deep eyes. She had defied all the canons of the theater this night and had the world at her feet. Finally her gaze came back to Liscomb.

"Unblushing realism is the vanity of vanities, Anne," he said, with a tremulous smile, attempting to mask his agitation with his wit.

Just then Heinemann's son came in and whispered in his father's ear.

"Verzain!" repeated the old man with a laugh. Then: "What the devil is that to me? Hein! Led her go outside if she has a fit—if she thinks the Erskine has stolen her act!"

The son accepted the responsibility of this message rather dubiously. Mademoiselle Verzain, the ugliest woman in the world at two thousand a week, had refused to go on after Vanities had knocked her house cold; and a physician was hastily summoned. Heinemann went forward to placate the house, and he took Holbard with him. Anne and Liscomb sat for several seconds in silence. She picked up a mirror, and he watched her soft fingers as they played with her beautiful tresses. With a smile she disengaged a fragment—the curl that gave her neck its alabaster whiteness.

"Here is the little lovelock," she said, "to which you wrote that sonnet." She laughed as she handed the precious thing to him. "It is yours, my good friend, as a memento of your dead loves, Francesca and Isabella."

As they seated themselves in her limousine some time later she said to him:

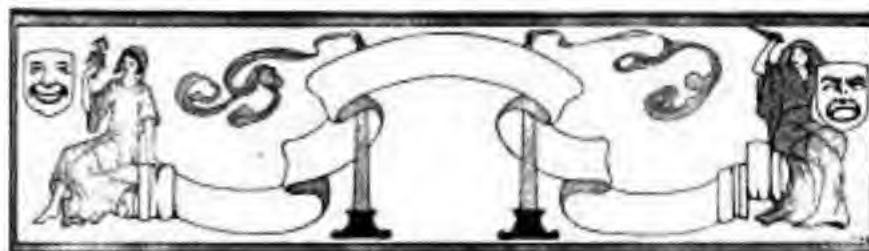
"I have given Elsie the secret of my skin—which Piretti coveted. She is to be a raving, tearing beauty for the rest of her life."

Cooling by Flame

IT IS hard to appreciate that fire has widely different degrees of heat, for every burning blaze seems to have the extreme heat of fire; yet the flame of burning alcohol is actually used for cooling purposes in a new searchlight, because the alcohol flame is not nearly so hot as the point of fire at the center of the searchlight.

A good searchlight needs to have its lamp as small as possible; and the nearer it is to just a point of light, though still having intense light, the farther can its beams be thrown. The only way to concentrate the light is to raise the degree of heat of the light source, such as an electric arc; but intense heat is likely to result in melting the whole apparatus.

This new searchlight succeeds in highly concentrating the light source; and then, to prevent this concentrated light from melting everything near it, alcohol vapor is fed round it. The alcohol vapor burns, of course; but, as it naturally burns at a temperature far lower than that of the electric arc, it acts something like the water jacket of an automobile engine, and prevents the metal and glass of the searchlight from becoming excessively hot.



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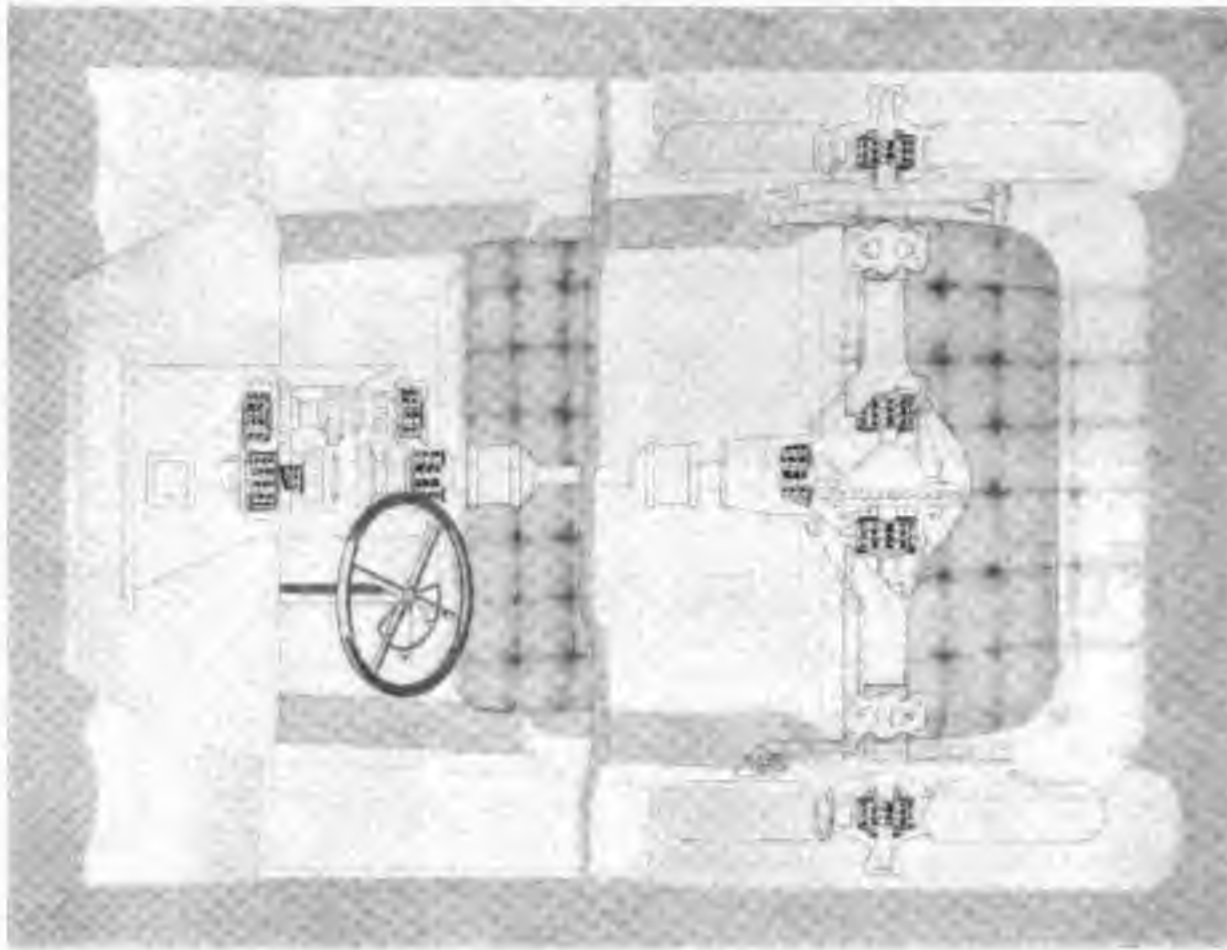
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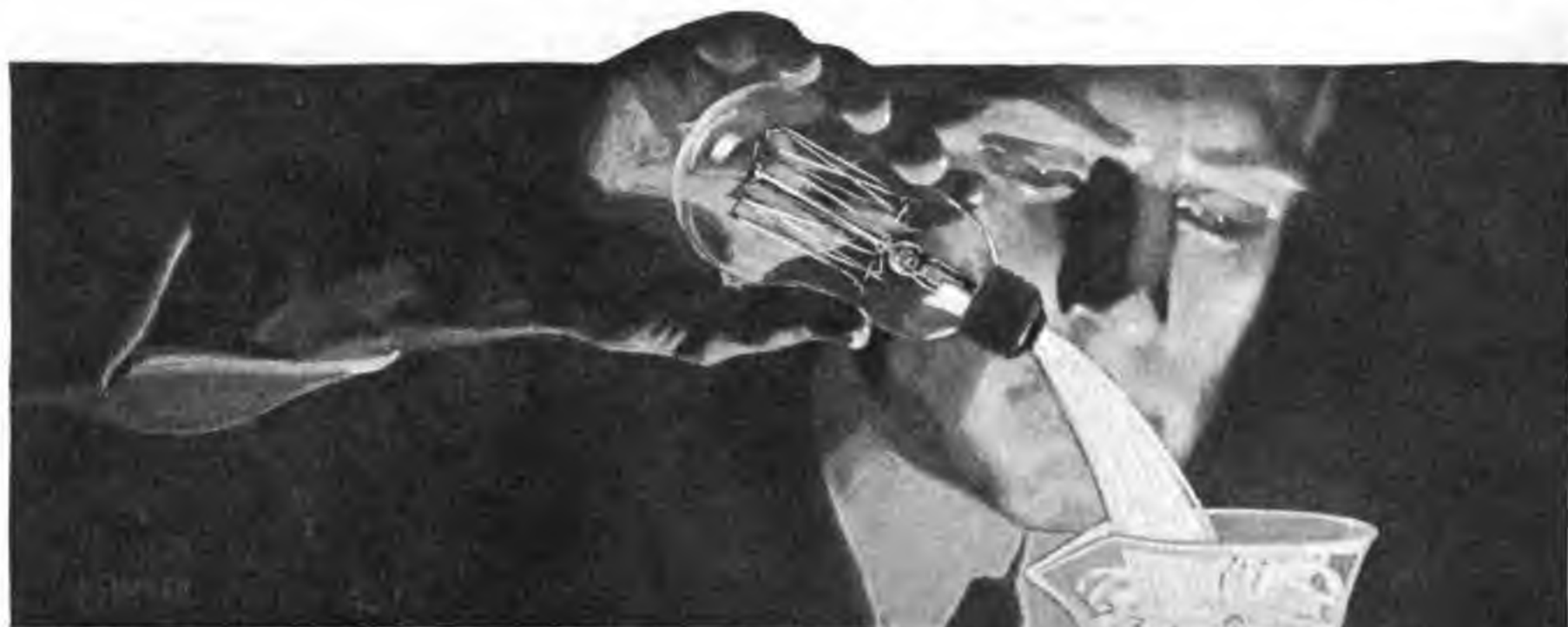
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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing
Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^D 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21, 1914

Number 21

THE NEW MILITANTS

ON THE twenty-ninth of September three years ago I took the boat at Harwich bound for Berlin by way of the Hook of Holland. I left London spread wide, her foundations laid centuries deep in time, her towers and spires shining in the sun as they had shone for centuries. Children were playing in the parks and in the little green gardens along the Thames. The streets were filled with comfortable people. Even the beggars were enjoying themselves as only the beggars of a nation can that provides whole streets of almshouses for their shelter and protection.

The women of the upper classes were employing their enforced idleness—from which women always suffer in a prosperous country—in working through their guilds and in hectoring paupers and taking care of them. The suffragists were active, but the virago branch of this movement had not then become offensively militant. They were merely furnishing street entertainments for the populace; and Mrs. Humphry Ward was beginning her house-to-house distribution of antisuffrage literature. Neither the one nor the other was having the least effect on the mind of the nation.

London had just passed through a great strike with deserved self-congratulation, having shown the world how to conduct a strike in an orderly and effective manner. The strikers themselves were proud of the decency and law-abiding spirit they had maintained. And they had reason to be.

All this time, and doubtless for many years, the British War Office must have had its monocle eye grimly fixed on Germany; but the Kaiser and his cousin, King George, were lunching together and presumably gossiping about their other cousin, the Czar of Russia.

War was incredible to the English people. They had outgrown war in England. It was a matter of history, which they were changing into legends to amuse the children. Their men went away to the ends of the earth when they fought in battle.

The only thing that was bothering thoughtful men in the Old World then was the Socialists, who did not believe in war, or monarchs, or emperors—or even in governments for that matter. Still, they served a useful purpose. They formed one of the bulwarks of the Universal Peace Plan. And it was the custom to refer to the overwhelming number of Socialists in Germany, when anyone deplored the persistent medieval militarism of that country, as a proof that the Kaiser could never realize his ambition as a War Lord, because Socialists would not fight. This was their cardinal virtue.

Last week I came up to London again, exactly three years to the day from the date of my departure.

For two months the Kaiser had been fighting the troops of the allied nations, with all the Socialists in Germany in the front ranks of his army! For two months, along with thousands of other Americans, I had been in Times Square, New York, reading war news from bulletin boards that covered three sides of the Times Building.

Like every other American, I was lifted to the nth degree of sympathy and compassion for this war-stricken country. As I came out of Euston Station in London I was prepared to see the streets blocked with terrified crowds, women in tears, and troops marching to the strains of national hymns.

Nothing of the sort was visible. London was a magnificent anticlimax. She stood as I had left her, sublimely mild in the warm September sunlight. The same traffic and the same streams of calm, self-possessed people filled the thoroughfares. As we passed through Printing House Square I saw a white bulletin board about half the size of a



English Nurses Arriving at Dieppe En Route to the Front

By CORRA HARRIS

shining rivers between mournful gray cliffs, that one could realize the horrible situation these English men and women face with their immemorial fortitude. Stars showed like the street lights of some far Eternity above her chasms and curious silence. Somewhere far down in the shadows of Piccadilly a woman was singing the Marseillaise to the accompaniment of a street organ—a terrible evangel of the spirit of war.

Searchlights passed continually above the city, wide fans of splendor in the darkness. Once I saw an object moving slowly, like a great silver fish, across the path of one of those lights—an airship, which guards London from the attack of German Zeppelins.

When one understands the significance of all this, the roar of guns and the wild orgy of battle are not more terrible to contemplate. Yet these people do understand, and they face the situation with calculated courage and patience. No terror of the enemy can drive them to extremes. There is no rush for enlistment; but as fast as room is made in the barracks and training grounds for troops new regiments of these shopkeepers, artisans and gentlemen's sons are at the gates waiting to be received as volunteers for Kitchener's army. That which impresses the stranger is the absence of fear; the stolid, unemotional quality of this nation's confidence and courage.

And this is not peculiar to the men. It is equally characteristic of the women. The Englishwoman has become the British woman. There is a difference. She is equal to everything—every loss, every hardship, every emergency—except the loss of confidence in her men's courage and ability to accomplish victory. I have not seen a single woman who entertains the possibility of failure. Their confidence in the British soldiers is literal. They do not struggle to maintain it.

"You see we know they cannot fail! Our armies have never been defeated. They have always been victorious. Is it not so?"

The cruel woman is an abomination, an abortion of Nature. There are no cruel women in England now, no militant suffragists, no antimilitants, none of those ruffian gentlewomen that many of us remember, but whom we must forget. They no longer exist here. You cannot tell one Englishwoman from another. They have all returned to the nature of the elemental woman, which is to succor and minister to men without question. Her Ladyship, Her Grace, Mrs. Famous So-and-So, and the biddy maids, and the factory girls, and the saleswomen, and the poorest of the poor are all working side by side in the common cause. "They are our men and we are their women!" is the motto of the Englishwomen.

Yet they are enduring at the present time the greatest possible injustice from the men of England and the government that Englishmen have made: they are being robbed of their husbands and sons. They are reduced to poverty and their children to beggary. The battle for them begins where this war ends, and it must last so long as they live; for all wars are waged against women and children.

pillowcase on the London Times Building, with two men instead of two thousand standing in front of it.

The evidences of war were purely ornamental. There was a strip of red hunting stretched across Piccadilly Circus with these words in white letters on it: "Enlist to-day! Your King needs you!" Placards at street corners, pasted on public buildings, showed this appeal: "Your Country needs you! Enlist To-day!" Every taxicab carried "A Call to Arms!" on its dust shield. Lord Kitchener's

address to the young men of England has taken the place of the famous Pink's Jam advertisements on the omnibuses. It was not until evening, when London disappeared night-hidden, with her streets like black,

However victorious an army is, it must purchase victory by defeating them. They are the victims who cannot end their sufferings on the field of battle; who will never be decorated with the Victoria Cross for their courage; who will have no monuments raised to praise them, but who must serve life sentences to poverty, and endure the long siege of the years helpless and alone. And most of them will; for it is the private soldier who does the dangerous bloody drudgery of the actual fighting, and the average private soldier is a man of no fortune at all, whose family depends on his labor from day to day for support.

This is the fallacy of patriotism: It places the ambition of war lords, the cupidity of national governments and the love for country above the love of a man for his wife and children. The land on which a nation lives is not sacred. It is the nation that is sacred, and the arts and institutions and virtues which uphold it. These are the very things war destroys in the name of patriotism, and for the restoring of which the broken and impoverished people must be enormously taxed.

That is not all. Every woman in England to-day whose husband dies in the Battle of the Rivers, every child whose father perishes there, is a living sacrifice that England makes to Germany for the victory she may win.

But that is not the view instilled by the military spirit. With all their intelligence and humanity, the men who govern here are still too primitively just men for men consciously to take the fate of women and children into consideration as being separate and different in needs from their own. For "men must fight and women must weep" is as much the sense of England in this war as it was two hundred years ago.

When the Women of a Nation Mobilize

LORD ROBERTS has just addressed a message to the children of the British Isles, designed to instill patriotism, but which indicates how little their future is thought of when a government makes treaties. He explains that England was bound to keep her treaty with France. The word of a gentleman and of a nation is a bond of honor that must be redeemed. He tells how England, as a powerful nation, was obliged to come to the aid of Belgium invaded, as a chivalrous man protects a weaker man from a merciless enemy.

It sounds well, noble-minded; but, as a matter of fact, it is medieval. Later, when these children are grown; when they have buried their widowed mothers; when they have endured the privations this war must cost them in fortune, in education and in opportunities, they will forbid the making of treaties the keeping of which is predicated on the sword and the sacrificing of the women and children at home.

So long as women cannot fight or have any voice in determining whether the nation shall go to war, it is immoral and unjust to force them to endure the burdens and sorrows that war brings chiefly to them—which reminds me to add that before I came to England I should have said this war would have been impossible if the women of Germany, France and England had the franchise.

Now I should not feel justified in making that assertion. If one may judge by these British women the women of the other nations involved, one must conclude that they are as much in favor of fighting as the men are. However, it must not be forgotten that some years before our Civil War more than ten thousand negro slaves in the South sent a petition to Washington protesting against freedom.

It comes to the same thing: Women who would vote for war must be as much under the dominion of their men as those slaves were under the dominion of their masters. But when one mentions here the injustice war entails on women and children they answer: "Yes; we know it. We have thought all that through; but this is no time to complain. War is! Our men are dying. Our duty is to serve and love and protect."

And they are doing that with an intelligence, an energy and a dispatch of which no one suspected that they were capable.

Five days after war was declared one hundred and sixty thousand women in London alone had mobilized. They



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The Duchess of Westminster and, Among Others, a Well-Known Yachtsman

were volunteers from every class—rising out of the depths of poverty; from the inertia and indulgence of wealth and idleness; out of a long repression into the most splendid activity. Most of them serve without pay and most of them work night and day.

This is the great Army of Defense that Englishwomen have raised at home for protection against the destructive agencies of the war. There are twenty-nine divisions in London, encamped in every part of the city, from Old Ford Road in East London to the headquarters of the Queen's Fund in Portland Place. There are what may be called garrisons of women in every town and village in England. The discipline is perfect; and, what is even more remarkable, the various elements work together harmoniously.

The Women's Emergency Corps, with headquarters at Old Bedford College, in Baker Street, is probably the most notable division. This corps was organized early in August. It has enrolled since that time the names of nearly fifteen thousand women.

The first night I was in London I went to a public meeting they held in Kingsway Hall. The house was filled with what in America we should call a representative audience—only we mean the best people; but these were all kinds of men and women, from the lowest to the highest, from the poorest to the richest.

The decorations of the speakers' platforms alone were worth the shilling or even the five shillings paid for a seat. Children's toys, "golliwogs," Noah's arks, cabinet work, strange tapestries, needlework, a landscape painted by a famous Belgian artist, were some of the things that hung from the railings, all produced by workers under direction of members of the corps, paid for by them at union-labor prices, and now exposed for sale and as samples from which merchants could make orders.

The Duchess of Marlborough presided. She is a frail young woman with a good speaking voice, who did not once look at the audience as she reported the work planned and accomplished by the corps. She was followed by

Elizabeth Robins, the author. Her address enchanted the audience. She is a woman gifted with the high treble of a vibrant personality. She was frequently interrupted by cheers as she passed from one story to another of the corps' service, all related with the charm and sympathy of her literary art.

England, like the rest of us, has been getting most of her children's toys from Germany. One service of the Emergency Corps has been the establishment of a toy factory on a small scale, where destitute girls are given employment. One of these girls has produced what Elizabeth Robins calls a "practically indestructible" golliwog; and the story of this achievement, as told by her, was about the only part of the meeting reported in the London papers the next day.

The golliwog is destined to be the most popular child's doll in England this winter, though I must say it is hideous enough to frighten any normal child into fits—which is beside the mark just now. The point is that sixty girls who would otherwise be walking the streets of London are in an upper room somewhere in Old Bedford College earning a livelihood by crocheting these black-and-red monsters with protruding French-knot eyes.

Speaking of toys reminds me that we are to send over from America a shipload of Christmas gifts for the poor children in these stricken lands. If there are any German toys in the lot I doubt whether they would be acceptable to the most doll-less child in England or France or Belgium.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was the next speaker. It will be remembered that some years ago the Honorable Pethick Lawrence gave up his position at the bar here and his position at Cambridge to devote himself to the militant-suffrage cause. He and Mrs. Lawrence gave a very large sum to finance the movement. Later they both withdrew from it.

Mrs. Lawrence, however, is the best that England affords in the way of a brilliant democratic woman. She is what we should call a good stump speaker; and America is likely to have some experience of her valorous mind and methods shortly, as she is about to make a tour of the United States. She practically grasped that stolid British audience by the wrist and swung it round to her point of view. She showed that women, and women chiefly, could have dealt successfully with the terrific domestic disasters which face England in this crisis. And she concluded by collecting nearly five hundred pounds in ten minutes.

An Army That Does Not Get to the Front

I UNDERSTOOD for the first time why the streets of London are still clean and cheerful, and not filled with poignant scenes of distress, of half-crazed and homeless Belgian refugees, of wretched women, destitute girls and hungry children. These are the wounded who fall behind all battle lines; and this is the work of salvation that this Women's Army of Defense is doing in the wings of this war.

Two thousand Englishwomen who held positions on the Continent, especially in Germany and Austria, drifted back to London in August destitute. Not one of them failed to find shelter and food provided by the Emergency Corps and other branches of the Army of Defense. Since the fall of Liège and Brussels, Belgian refugees, at the rate of from four to six thousand a day, have been pouring into England. Their condition beggars description—half-clothed and half-starved peasants, women about to be confined, hordes of children, desolate old men and battle-maimed young men. All of them are met and provided for chiefly by these women, either directly or indirectly. They instituted the famous Surplus Food Plan for feeding them which has since been adopted by the government.

When these wretched people began to come faster than the women could place them, the Belgian War Refugee Committee took charge of this work. The women were dismissed, government clerks were put in wherever it was possible, and the work is now being conducted with a pay roll that exceeds two hundred pounds a week, which is taken out of the funds contributed for the relief of the Belgians. Even then the committee actually depends on the women to place and provide for the refugees. They are packed into the Alexandra Palace until they can be distributed throughout the towns of England, where the women volunteers take care



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The Duchess of Sutherland With a Corps of Nurses, Photographed Upon Her Return to England From Belgium

of them, do their marketing, clothe them, and give them that sympathy of which they stand so much in need.

The Belgians, like people who have had the very world in which they live literally destroyed, are reduced to their faith in God—the last resort for the hard-pressed soul of man. One of the most pathetic sights I have witnessed in England was a crowd of Belgian women and children standing in the railroad station of an old Sussex town, where they were met by Englishwomen who were to conduct them to homes.

These pallid-faced Flemish peasant mothers, with the eyes of crucified Madonnas, with wailing children clasped to their breasts and clinging to their skirts, craved another shelter. Their first question was: "Where is the church?" And by the church they meant the Catholic Church.

So they were led there, already shriven by the mighty sorrows of war and sacrifice, stripped of their worldly goods and often of every earthly tie, to make their prayer to the Prince of Peace, who is the Kaiser's God of War. Their faith was not shaken; it was intensified.

They fell on their knees before the Mary Mother in this little village church—fifty women, with their eyes fixed on the passionless faces of their dear saints. I could not bear the sight. I waited outside the church door with the Protestant women who had taken them there. We stood with bowed heads. Not a word was spoken. Not a sound came from within. Even the famished children had ceased to cry, in wonder at the peace and silence of that sanctuary. I thought of a preacher I had seen, crazed by the scenes of carnage through which he had passed, walking with his hands lifted in horror and repeating over and over this dolorous refrain: "The God that failed! The God that failed!"

Presently the women filed out, strangely comforted, their faces sweetly calm. They had been fed and clothed in that place by their faith, by the evidences they somehow retained of things hoped for, beyond the vision of this awful moment in their lives. They had projected themselves into that peaceful future of believing souls. They had prayed, at last, before an altar for their dead sons and husbands and fathers. These were now safe. The priest—they had seen him. He promised also to pray—not for them, but for their dead at Malines, who had not even been buried, and who had been trampled beneath the feet of the German soldiers.

Working Instead of Weeping

THE trouble with us is we think always of the providence of God in the terms of time, with the mortal sense of limitation. As I watched these simple women I understood that this war and the horrors it brings are only moments in the fate of these people. Beyond the moment of death, beyond these

swift years of poverty and privation for those who survive, there remains Eternity, in which to live and to accomplish righteousness and peace.

What Englishmen do, they do well; that is their distinction. As officials of the government, however, they retain the majesty and deliberation of Almighty God; and they do things as though they had Eternity before them in which to do them. Though the heavens fall and the Kaiser rums this island with uhlans, they think now they shall be ready really to begin fighting before next spring! And they will be ready then; but before that time many of us who have not the Blücher-British poise of mind believe that the Kaiser will have failed or succeeded in his terrific ambition.

The humanitarian work of the government, in particular, is conducted in a manner so slow that it may be likened to "the mills of God." Years and years ago, though the War Office stood to support Florence Nightingale in her work for the wounded soldiers, she was often obliged to spend of her own fortune in order to meet the emergency rather than wait for funds from the government, which would reach her only after the emergency had died of its wounds. If it had been left entirely to the machinery of the British War Office to provide for these Belgians, half of them would already be begging in the streets of London.

As it is, I have not seen one there. The Englishwomen have been like live coals on the back of the government. They have organizations that move quickly and effectively. This is the more remarkable when one considers that there are no mass meetings of women, no parades, no campaigning to enlist attention and support. Far apart, they are of one mind, moved by a single motive.



PHOTO BY THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING BUREAU, LONDON.
Mrs. Humphry Ward

these philanthropists—the Englishwomen want the babies "for keeps."

I witnessed this interview between a round British matron from near Stratford and a poor Flemish woman who had a young infant in her arms: The Englishwoman explained to the Relief Committee that all her children were sons, grown now, and she wanted a girl baby. She showed references to prove that she could provide handsomely for the child.

All this was explained to the Flemish mother through an interpreter, while the Englishwoman fixed covetous eyes on the infant. I could not see why anyone should want the little creature. It was very young, almost as ugly as a goliwog, and evidently distressed at being alive at all.

England's Open Door

THE mother was terrified. This was the only baby she had ever had. Its father had died before Brussels. She felt the need of the baby. It was all she had now of him. She begged that it should not be taken from her. Very well then; the Englishwoman would take both of them home with her. And she did.

No refugees have been turned from England's door. They have been mercifully cared for, and chiefly through her women. Women have set an example for all time in the wisdom of love and charity, for that which impresses the intelligent observer is the understanding with which they have performed this stupendous task. They have not only worked as women never worked before but they have loved as women have never loved before—not their own, but the other peoples of the stricken earth. They have accomplished the eloquence of mercy without emotion, while their men have worked out a more rhetorical glory in the din of battle. One is constructive—the other destructive; it is destructive, no matter how great the victories are that they may win.

Two days since, I had my first experience in active service with the Women's Emergency Corps. I was permitted to join, though I doubt whether I conformed to the usual military demands.

Five hundred of the four thousand Belgian refugees who came that day to London from Antwerp were expected on the next train at the Liverpool Street Station.

Miss Valliamia, who is at the head of the interpreters' department at Old Bedford College, saw me in her office. She was having her lunch, from a cup and plate on her desk, while she saw visitors, gave instructions, answered telegrams and attended to the hundred details of her work. For weeks this woman has been at her post from early morning until sometimes as late as four o'clock the next morning, controlling and commanding the various elements of which her staff is composed, which includes anybody and everybody of good report who can speak French or Flemish and who is willing to volunteer for this service.

(Continued on Page 37)



PHOTO BY THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING BUREAU, LONDON

Girls and Women Who Have Been Thrown Out of Employment Find Work in Workshops in the Residence of Sir Hiram Maxim

They have received a kind of baptism. They are out of themselves, in one spirit. They have become blood kin through the blood that has flowed from their men in battle—the one to the other, everywhere. It is a common sight in the streets of London at this time to see a very poor woman walk up and address milady, seated somewhere in her motor car—not to beg, but to ask something like this:

"Is there any news? My son is with the army. I have not heard from him. I do not know if he is still living."

Her ladyship's son is also with the army. She has heard nothing. She does not know, either, whether he is living—for there never is any news. When news reaches London it will be the last news. The Kaiser may be expected on the next boat—or the victorious English troops.

I doubt whether we can understand these Englishwomen. They have accomplished a sentimentality on a stupendous scale as stolidly as though it were a mere decency with one of their everlasting feather boas dangling from its neck. Many of them who are in the thick of this activity have been reduced to poverty since the war began; but this has no effect on their sense of duty. The women of the Emergency Corps alone during the last month have been teaching French to six hundred English recruits every day. They have furnished over a thousand sheets and bedslips for the wounded and hundreds of blankets for the army.

In connection with other organizations they have furnished and equipped four hospitals in France and Belgium, which are entirely supported by women, with corps of women doctors and nurses. Besides providing practically for the refugees, they have managed to place the Belgian children in school. Many of these children have been legally adopted, and the destitute Belgian mothers who come with babies in their arms face a strange danger from



PHOTO BY THE BAIN NEWS SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY
The Vanderbilt House in Paris Turned Into a Hospital

ARABELLA'S HOUSE PARTY

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

FARRINGTON read the note three times, fished the discarded envelope out of his wastepaper basket, scrutinized it thoroughly, and then addressed himself again to the neat vertical script. What he read was this:

If Mr. Farrington will appear at the Sorona Tea House, on the Bayfield Road, near Corydon, at four o'clock to-day—Tuesday—the matter referred to in his reply to our advertisement may be discussed. We serve only one client at a time and our consultations are all strictly confidential.

The note was unsigned, and the paper, the taste and quality of which were beyond criticism, bore no address. The envelope had not passed through the post office, but had been thrust by a private messenger into the R. F. D. box at Farrington's gate.

Laurance Farrington had been established in the Berkshires for a year, and his house in the hills back of Corydon, with the Housatonic tumbling through his meadow, had been much described in newspapers and literary journals as the ideal home for a bachelor author. He had remodeled an old farmhouse to conform to his ideas of comfort, and incidentally he maintained a riding horse, a touring car and a runabout; and he had lately set up an Airedale kennel.

He was commonly spoken of as one of the most successful and prosperous of American novelists. He not only satisfied the popular taste but he was on cordial terms with the critics. He was thirty-one, and since the publication of *The Fate of Catherine Gaylord*, in his twenty-fourth year, he had produced five other novels and a score or more of short stories of originality and power.

An enviable man was Laurance Farrington. When he went back to college for commencement he shared attention with presidents and ex-presidents; and governors of states were not cheered more lustily. He was considered a very eligible young man and he had not lacked opportunities to marry. His friends marveled that, with all his writing of love and marriage, he had never, so far as any one knew, been in love or anywhere near it.

As Farrington read his note in the quiet of his study on this particular morning it was evident that his good fortune had not brought him happiness. For the first time he was finding it difficult to write. He had begun a novel that he believed would prove to be the best thing he had done; but for three months he had been staring at blank paper. The plot he had relied on proved, the moment he began to fit its parts together, to be absurdly weak; and his characters had deteriorated into feeble, spineless creatures over whom he had no control. It was inconceivable that the mechanism of the imagination would suddenly cease to work, or that the gift of expression would pass from him without warning; and yet this had apparently happened.

Reading somewhere that Sir Walter Scott had found horseback riding stimulating to the imagination, he galloped madly every afternoon, only to return tired and idealless; and the invitations of his neighbors to teas and dinners had been curtly refused or ignored. It was then that he saw in a literary journal this advertisement:

PLOTS SUPPLIED. Authors in need of assistance served with discretion. Address X Y Z, care of office, THE QUILL.

To put himself in a class of amateurs requiring help was absurd, but the advertisement piqued his curiosity. Baker, the editor of *The Quill*, wrote him just then to ask for an article on *Tendencies in American Fiction*; and in declining this commission Farrington subjoined a facetious inquiry as to the advertisement of X Y Z. In replying, Baker said that copy for the ad had been left at the business office by a stranger. A formal note accompanying it stated that a messenger would call later for answers.

"Of course," the editor added jocularly, "this is only another scheme for extracting money from fledgling ink-slingers—the struggling geniuses of Peoria and Ypsilanti. You're a lucky dog to be able to sit on Olympus and look down at them."



Farrington forced his unwilling pen to its task for another week, hoping to compel the stubborn fountains to break loose with their old abundance. His critical faculties were malevolently alert and keen, now that his creative sense languished. He hated what he wrote and cursed himself because he could do no better.

To add to his torture, the advertisement in *The Quill* recurred to him persistently, until, in sheer frenzy, he framed a note to X Y Z—an adroit feeler, which he hoped would save his face in case the advertisement had not been put forth in good faith.

Plots—he wrote—were the best thing he did; and as X Y Z seemed to be interested in the subject it might be amusing if not indeed profitable for them to meet and confer. This was the cheapest bravado; he had not had a decent idea of any sort for a year!

X Y Z was nothing if not prompt. The reply, naming the Sorona Tea House as a rendezvous, could hardly have reached him sooner; and the fact that it had been slipped into his mail box unofficially greatly stimulated his interest.

The Sorona Tea House stood on a hilltop two miles from Farrington's home and a mile from Corydon, his post office and center of supplies. It had been designed to lure motorists to the neighborhood in the hope of interesting them in the purchase of property. It was off the main thoroughfares and its prosperity had been meager; in fact, he vaguely remembered that some one had told him the Sorona was closed. But this was not important; if closed it would lend itself all the better to the purposes of the conference.

He lighted his pipe and tramped over his fields with his favorite Airedale until luncheon. It was good to be outdoors; good to be anywhere, in fact, but nailed to a desk. The brisk October air, coupled with the prospect of finding a solution of his problems before the day ended, brought him to a better mood, and he sat down to his luncheon with a good appetite.

When three o'clock arrived he had experienced a sharp reaction. He was sure he was making a mistake; he was tempted to pack a suitcase and go for a week-end with some friends on Long Island, who had been teasing him for a visit; but this would not be a decent way to treat X Y Z, who might be making a long journey to reach the tea house.

The question of X Y Z's sex now became obtrusive. Was the plot specialist man or woman? The handwriting

in the note seemed feminine and yet it might have been penned by a secretary. The use of *our* and *we* rather pointed to more than one person. Very likely this person who offered plots in so businesslike a fashion was a spectacled professor who had gone through all existing fiction, analyzing devices and making new combinations, and would prove an intolerable bore—a crank probably; possibly an old maid who had spent her life reading novels and was amusing herself in her old age by furnishing novelists with ideas. He smoked and pondered. He was persuaded that he had made an ass of himself in answering the advertisement and the sooner he was through with the business the better.

He allowed himself an hour to walk to the Sorona, and set off rapidly. He followed the road to the hilltop and found the tea house incontestably there.

The place certainly had a forsaken look. The veranda was littered with leaves, the doors and windows were closed, and no one was in sight. Depression settled on him as he noted the chairs and tables piled high in readiness for storing for the winter. He passed round to the western side of the house, and his heart gave a thump as he beheld a table drawn close to the veranda rail and set with a braver showing of napery, crystal and silver than he recalled from his few visits to the house in midsummer. A spirit lamp was just bringing the kettle to the boiling point: it puffed steam furiously. There were plates of sandwiches and cakes, cream and sugar, and cups—two cups!

"Good afternoon, Mr. Farrington! If you're quite ready let's sit down."

He started, turned round and snatched off his hat.

A girl had appeared out of nowhere. She greeted him with a quick nod, as though she had known him always—as though theirs was the most usual and conventional of meetings! Then she walked to the table and surveyed it musingly.

"Oh, don't trouble," she said as he sprang forward to draw out her chair. "Let us be quite informal; and, besides, this is a business conference."

Nineteen, he guessed—twenty, perhaps; not a day more. She wore, well back from her face, with its brim turned up boyishly, an unadorned black velvet hat. Her hair was brown, and wisps of it had tumbled down about her ears; and her eyes—they, too, were brown—a golden brown which he had bestowed on his favorite heroine. They were meditative eyes—just such eyes as he might have expected to find in a girl who set up as a plot specialist. There was a dimple in her right cheek. When he had dimpled a girl in a story he bestowed dimples in pairs. Now he saw the superiority of the single dimple, which keeps the interested student's heart dancing as he waits for its appearance. Altogether she was a wholesome and satisfying young person, who sent scampering all his preconceived ideas of X Y Z.

"I'm so glad you were prompt! I always hate waiting for people," she said.

"I should always have hated myself if I had been late," he replied.

"A neat and courteous retort! You see the tea house is closed. That's why I chose it. Rather more fun anyhow, bringing your own things."

They were very nice things. He wondered how she had got them there.

"I hope," he remarked leadingly, "you didn't have to bring them far!"

She laughed merrily at his confusion as he realized that this was equivalent to asking her where she lived.

"Let's assume that the fairies set the table. Do you take yours strong?"

He delayed answering that she might poise the spoonful of tea over the pot as long as possible. Hers was an unusual hand; in his tales he had tried often to describe that particular hand without ever quite hitting it. He liked its brownness—tanned probably; possibly she did golf too. Whatever sports she affected, he was quite sure that she did them well.

"I knew you would like tea, for the people in your novels drink such quarts; and that was a bully short story of yours, *The Lost Tea Basket*—killingly funny—the real Farrington cleverness!"

He blinked, knowing how dead the real Farrington cleverness had become. Her manner was that of any well-brought-up girl at a tea table, and her attitude toward him continued to be that of an old acquaintance. She took him as a matter of course; and though this was pleasant, it shut the door on the thousand and one questions he wished to ask her.

Just now she was urging him to try the sandwiches; she had made them herself, she averred, and he need not be afraid of them.

"Perhaps," he suggested with an accession of courage, "you won't mind telling me your name."

"It was nice of you to come," she remarked dreamily, ignoring his question, "without asking for credentials. I'll be perfectly frank and tell you that I couldn't give you references if you asked for them; you're my first client! I almost said patient!" she added laughingly.

"If you had said patient you would have made no mistake! I've been out of sorts—my wits not working for months."

"I thought your last book sounded a little tired," she replied. "There were internal evidences of weariness. You rather worked the long arm of coincidence overtime, for example—none of your earlier bounce and zest. Even your last short story didn't quite get over—a little too self-conscious probably; and the heroine must have identified the hero the first time she saw him in his canoe."

She not only stated her criticisms frankly but she uttered them with assurance, as though she had every right to pass judgment on his performances. This was the least bit irritating. He was slightly annoyed—as annoyed as any man of decent manners dare be at the prettiest girl who has ever brightened his horizon. But this passed quickly.

Not only was she a pretty girl but he became conscious of little graces and gestures, and of a charming direct gaze, that fascinated him. And, for all her youth, she was very wise; he was confident of that.

"I must tell you that though I had dozens of letters, yours was the only one that appealed to me. A majority of them were frivolous, and some were from writers whose work I dislike. I had a feeling that if they were played out they never would be missed. But you are different; you are Farrington, and to have you fail would be a calamity to American literature."

He murmured his thanks. Her sympathetic tone was grateful to his bruised spirit. He had gone too far now to laugh away his appeal to her. And as the moments passed his reliance on her grew.

They talked of the weather, the hills and the autumn foliage, while he speculated as to her identity.

"Of course you know the Berkshires well, Miss —"

"A man who can't play a better approach than that certainly needs help!" she laughed.

He flushed and stammered.

"Of course I might have asked you directly if you lived in the Hills. But let us be reasonable. I'm at least entitled to your name; without that —"

"Without it you will be just as happy!"

"Oh, but you don't mean that you won't —"

"That's exactly what I mean!" She smiled, her elbows on the table, the slim brown fingers interlaced under her firm rounded chin.

"That isn't fair. You know me; and yet I'm utterly in the dark as to you —"

"Oh, names are not of the slightest importance. Of course X Y Z is rather awkward. Let's find another name—something you can call me by as a matter of convenience if, indeed, we meet again."

She bit into a macaroon dreamily while this took effect.

"Not meet again!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, of course it's possible we may not. We haven't discussed our business yet; but when we reach it you may not care for another interview."

"On a strictly social basis I can't imagine myself never seeing you again. As for my business, let it go hang!"

She lifted a finger with a mockery of warning.

"No business, no more tea; no more anything! You would hardly call the doctor or the lawyer merely to talk about the scenery. And by the same token you can hardly take the time of a person in my occupation without paying for it."

"But, Miss —"

"There you go again! Well, if you must have a name, call me Arabella! And never mind about 'Missing' me."

"You're the first Arabella I've ever known!" he exclaimed fervidly.

"Then be sure I'm your last!" she returned mockingly; then laughed gayly. "Oh, rubbish! Let's be sensible. I have a feeling that the girls in your stories are painfully stiff, and they're a little too much alike. They're always just coming down from Newport or Bar Harbor, and we are introduced to them as they enter their marble palaces on Fifth Avenue and ring for Riggles to serve tea at once. You ought to cut out those stately, impossible queens and go in for human interest. I'll be really brutal and say that I'm tired of having your heroine pale slightly as her lover—the one she sent to bring her an orchid known only to a cannibal tribe of the upper Amazon—appears suddenly at the door of her box at the Metropolitan, just as Wolfram strikes up his eulogy of love in *Tannhäuser*. If one of the cannibals in his war dress should appear at the box door carrying the lover's head in a wicker basket, that would be interesting; but for Mister Lover to come wearing the orchid in his buttonhole is commonplace. Do you follow me?"

She saw that he flinched. No one had ever said such things to his face before.

"Oh, I know the critics praise you for your wonderful portrait gallery of women, but your girls don't strike me as being real spontaneous American girls. Do you forgive me?"

He would have forgiven her if she had told him she had poisoned his tea and that he would be a dead man in five minutes.

"Perhaps," he remarked boldly, "the fact that I never saw you until to-day will explain my failures!"

"A little obvious!" she commented serenely. "But we'll overlook it this time. You may smoke if you like."

She lighted a match for him and held it to the tip of his cigarette. This brought him closer to the brown eyes for an intoxicating instant. Brief as that moment was, he had detected on each side of her nose little patches of freckles that were wholly invisible across the table. He was ashamed to have seen them, but the knowledge of their presence made his heart go pitapat. His heart had always performed its physical functions with the utmost regularity, but as a center of emotions he did not know it at all. He must have a care. Arabella folded her hands on the edge of the table.

"The question before us now is whether you wish to advise with me as to plots. Before you answer you will have



There Were Three Men and He Guiltily
Jurmised That They Were Deputy Sher-
iffs or Constables Looking for Him

to determine whether you can trust me. It would be foolish for us to proceed if you don't think I can help you. On the other hand, I can't undertake a commission unless you intrust your case to me fully. And it wouldn't be fair for you to allow me to proceed unless you mean to go through to the end. My system is my own; I can't afford to divulge it unless you're willing to confide in me."

She turned her gaze on the gold and scarlet foliage of the slope below, to leave him free to consider. He was surprised that he hesitated. As an excuse for tea-table frivolity this meeting was well enough; as a business proposition it was ridiculous. But this unaccountable Arabella appealed strongly to his imagination. If he allowed her to escape, if he told her he had answered the advertisement of X Y Z merely in jest, she was quite capable of telling him good-by and slipping away into the nowhere out of which she had come. No—he would not risk losing her; he would multiply opportunities for conferences that he might prolong the delight of seeing her.

"I have every confidence," he said in a moment, "that you can help me. I can tell you in a word the whole of my trouble."

"Very well, if you are quite sure of it," she replied.

"The plain truth about me is," he said earnestly—and the fear he had known for days showed now in his eyes—"the fact about me is that I'm a dead one! I've lost my stroke. To be concrete, I've broken down in the third chapter of a book I promised to deliver in January, and I can't drag it a line farther!"

"It's as clear as daylight that you're in a blue funk," she remarked. "You're scared to death. And that will never do! You've got to brace up and cheer up! And the first thing I would suggest is —"

"Yes, yes!" he whispered eagerly.

"Burn those three chapters and every note you've made for the book."

"I've already burned them forty times!" he replied ruefully.

"Burn them again. Then in a week, say, if you follow my advice explicitly, it's quite likely you'll find a new story calling you."

"Just waiting won't do it! I've tried that."

"But not under my care," she reminded him with one of her enthralling smiles. "An eminent writer has declared that there are only nine basic plots known to fiction; the rest are all variations. Let it be our affair to find a new one—something that has never been tried before!"

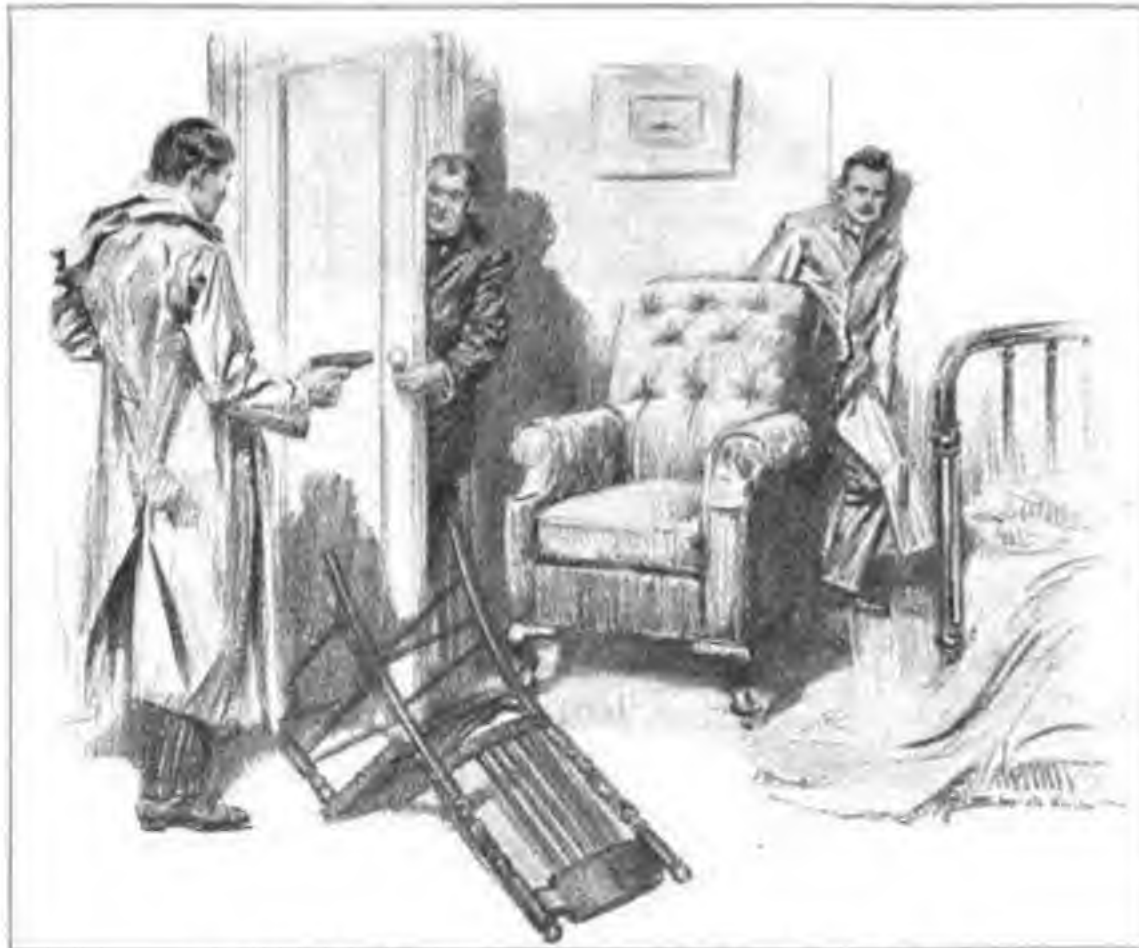
"If you could do that you'd save my reputation. You'd pull me back from the yawning pit of failure!"

"Cease firing! You've been making hard work of what ought to be the grandest fun in the world. The Quill had a picture of you planted beside a beautiful mahogany desk, waiting to be inspired. There's not much in this inspiration business. You've got to choose some real people, mix them up and let them go to it!"

"But," Farrington frowned, "how are you ever going to get them together? You can't pick out the interesting people you meet in the street and ask them to work up a plot for you."

"No," she asserted, "you don't ask them; you just make them do it. You see"—taking up a cube of sugar and touching it to the tip of her tongue—"every living man and woman, old or young, is bitten with the idea that he or she is made for adventure."

"Rocking-chair heroes," he retorted, "who'd cry if they got their feet wet going home from church!"



"And if You're Not Pretty Lively With That Key I'm Going to Shoot You Too!"

"The tamer they are, the more they pine to hear the silver trumpet of romance under their windows," she replied, her eyes dancing.

He was growing deeply interested. She was no ordinary person, this girl.

"I see one obstacle," he replied dubiously. "Would you mind telling me just how you're going to effect these combinations—assemble the parts, so to speak; or, in your more poetical phrase, make the characters hearken to the silver horn?"

"That," she replied readily, "is the easiest part of all! You've already lost so much time that this is an emergency case and we'll call them by telegraph!"

"You don't mean that—not really!"

"Just that! We'll have to decide what combination would be the most amusing. We should want to bring together the most utterly impossible people—people who'd just naturally hate each other if they were left in the same room. In that way you'd quicken the action."

He laughed aloud at the possibilities; but she went on blithely:

"We ought to have a person of national distinction—a statesman preferred; some one who figures a lot in the newspapers. Let's begin," she suggested, "with the person in all the United States who has the least sense of humor."

"The competition would be keen for that honor," said Farrington, "but I suggest the Honorable Tracy B. Banning, the solemnest of all the United States senators—Idaho or Rhode Island—I forget where he hails from. It doesn't matter."

"I hoped you'd think of him," she exclaimed, striking her hands together delightedly.

"He owns a house—huge, ugly thing—on the other side of Corydon."

"Um! I think I've heard of it," she replied indifferently.

She drew from her sweater pocket and spread on the table these articles: a tiny vanity box, a silver-backed memorandum book, two caramels and a lead-pencil stub. There was a monogram on the vanity box, and remembering this she returned it quickly to her pocket. He watched her write the Senator's name in her book, in the same vertical hand in which the note making the appointment had been written. She lifted her head, narrowing her eyes with the stress of thought.

"If a man has a wife we ought to include her, perhaps."

Farrington threw back his head and laughed.

"Seems to me his wife's divorcing him—or the other way round. The press has been featuring them lately."

"Representative of regrettable tendency in American life," she murmured. "They go down as Mr. and Mrs."

"Now it's your turn," he said.

"Suppose we put in a gay and cheerful character now to offset the Senator. I was reading the other day about the eccentric Miss Sallie Collingwood, of Portland, Maine; she's rich enough to own a fleet of yachts, but she cruises up and down the coast in a disreputable old schooner—has a mariner's license and smokes a pipe. Is she selected?"

"I can't believe there's anybody so worth while on earth!"

"That's your trouble!" she exclaimed, lifting her head as she wrote the name. "Your characters never use the wrong fork for the fish course; they're all perfectly proper and stupid. Now it's your turn."

"It seems to me," he suggested, "that you ought to name all the others. As I think of it, I really don't know any interesting people. You're right about the tameness of my characters, and my notebooks are absolutely blank."

She merely nodded.

"Very well; I suppose it's only fair for me to supply the rest of the eggs for the omelet. Let me see; there's been a good deal in the papers about Birdie Coningsby, the son of the copper king, one of the richest young men in America. I've heard that he has red hair, and that will brighten the color scheme."

"Excellent!" murmured Farrington. "He was arrested last week for running over a constable in New Jersey. I judge that the adventurous life appeals to him."

"I suppose our Senator represents the state; the church also should be represented. Why not a clergyman of some sort? A bishop rather appeals to me; why not that Bishop of Tuscarora who's been warning New York against its sinful ways?"

"All right. He's at least a man of courage; let's give him a chance."

"A detective always helps," Arabella observed meditatively.

"Then by all means put in Gadsby! I'm tired of reading of his exploits. I think he's the most conceited ass now before the public."

"Gadsby is enrolled!"

She held up the memorandum for his inspection.

"That's about enough to start things," she remarked.

"It's a mistake to have too many characters in a novel. Of course others may be drawn in—we can count on that."

"But the heroine—a girl that realizes America's finest and best —"

"I think she should be the unknown quantity—left up in the air. But if you don't agree with that —"

"I was thinking," he said, meeting her eyes, "that possibly you —"

One of her most charming smiles rewarded this.

"As the chief plotter, I must stand on the side lines and keep out of it. But if you think —"

"I think," he declared, "that the plot would be a failure if you weren't in it—very much in it."

"Oh, we must pass that. But there might be a girl of some sort. What would you think of Zaliska?"

"The dancer! To offset the bishop!"

The mirth in her eyes kindled a quick response in his. She laughingly jotted down the name of the Serbian dancer who had lately kicked her way into fame on Broadway.

"But do you think," he interposed, "that the call of the silver horn is likely to appeal to her? You'd need a brass band for her!"

"Oh, variety is the spice of adventure! We'll give her a chance," she answered. "I think we have done well. One name more needs to be inscribed—that of Laurance Farrington."

She lifted her hand quickly as he demurred.

"You need experiences—adventures—to tone up your imagination. Perhaps Zaliska will be your fate; but there's always the unknown quantity."

They debated this at length. He insisted that he would be able to contribute nothing to the affair; that it was his lack of ideas which had caused him to appeal to her for help, and that it would be best for him to act the rôle of interested spectator.

"I'm sorry, but your objections don't impress me, Mr. Farrington. If you're not in the game you won't be able to watch it in all its details. So down you go!"

For a moment she pondered, with a wrinkling of her pretty brows, the memorandum before her; then closed the book and dropped it into her sweater pocket. He was immensely interested in her next step, wondering whether she really meant to bring together the widely scattered and unrelated people she had selected for parts in the drama that was to be enacted for his benefit.

She rose so quickly that he was startled, gave a boyish tug at her hat—there was something rather boyish about her in spite of her girlishness—and said with an air of determination:

"How would Thursday strike you for the first rehearsal? Very well, then. There may be some difficulty in reaching all of them by telegraph; but that's my trouble. Just where to hold the meeting is a delicate question. We should have"—she bent her head for an instant—"an empty house with large grounds; somewhere in these hills there must be such a place. You know the country better than I. Maybe —"

"To give a house party without the owner's knowledge or consent is going pretty far; there might be legal complications," he suggested seriously.

"Timidity doesn't go in the adventurous life. And besides," she added calmly, "that matter doesn't concern us in the least. If they all get arrested it's so much the better for the plot. We can't hope for anything as grand as that!"

"But how about you? What if you should be discovered and go to jail! Imagine my feelings!"

"Oh, you're not to worry about me. That's my professional risk."

"Then, as to the place, what objection is there to choosing Senator Banning's house? He's in the east anyhow. His place, I believe, hasn't been occupied for a couple of years. The gates were nailed up the last time I passed there."

She laughed at this suggestion rather more merrily than she had laughed before.

"That's a capital idea! Particularly as we've chosen him for his lack of humor!"

"If he has any fun in him he'll have a chance to show it," said Farrington, "when he finds his house filled with people he never saw before."

Questions of taste as to this procedure, hanging hazily at the back of his consciousness, were dispelled by Arabella's mirthful attitude toward the plan. He could hardly tell this joyous young person that it would be transcending the bounds of girlish naughtiness to telegraph a lot of people she didn't know to meet at the house of a gentleman who enjoyed national fame for his lack of humor. Arabella would only laugh at him. The delight that danced in her eyes was infectious and the spirit of adventure possessed him. He was impatient for the outcome; still, would she—dared she—do it?

She had drawn on a pair of tan gloves and struck her hands together lightly.

"This has been the nicest of little parties! I thank you—the first of my clients! But I must skip!"

He had been dreading the moment when she might take it into her head to skip. They had lingered long and the sun had dropped like a golden ball beneath the long levels of the woodland.

"But you will let me help with the tea things?" he cried eagerly. "I can telephone from the crossroads for my machine."

She ignored his offer. A dreamy look came into her eyes.

"I wonder," she said with the air of a child proposing a new game, "whether anyone's ever written a story about a person—man or girl—who undertakes to find some one; who seeks and seeks until it's a puzzling and endless quest—and then finds that the quarry is himself—or herself! Do you care for that? Think it over. I throw that in merely as a sample. We can do a lot better than that."

"Oh, you must put it in the bill!"

"Now," she said, "please, when you leave, don't look back; and don't try to find me! In this business who seeks shall never find. We place everything on the knees of the gods. Thursday evening, at Mr. Banning's, at eight o'clock. Please be prompt."

Then she lifted her arms toward the sky and cried out happily:

"There, sir, is the silver trumpet of romance! I make you a present of it."

He raised his eyes to the faint outline of the new moon that shone clearly through the tremulous dusk.

As he looked she placed her hands on the veranda railing and vaulted over it so lightly that he did not know she had gone until he heard her laughing as she sprang away and darted through the shrubbery of the woodland beneath the tea house.

From the instant Arabella disappeared Farrington tortured himself with doubts. One hour he believed in her implicitly; the next he was confident she had been playing with him and that he would never see her again.

He rose early Wednesday morning and set out in his runabout—a swift scouting machine—and covered a large part of Western Massachusetts before nightfall. Somewhere, he hoped, he might see her—this amazing Arabella, who had handed him the moon and run away! He visited the tea house; but every vestige of their conference had been removed. He was even unable to identify the particular table and chairs they had used. He drove to the Banning place, looked at the padlocked gates and the heavily shuttered windows, and hurried on, torn again by doubts. He cruised slowly through villages and past country clubs where girls adorned the landscape, hoping for a glimpse of her. It was the darkest day of his life, and when he crawled into bed at midnight he was seriously questioning his own sanity.

A storm fell on the hills in the night and the fateful day dawned cold and wet. He heard the rain on his windows gratefully. If the girl had merely been making sport of him he wanted the weather to do its worst. He cared nothing for his reputation now; the writing of novels was a puerile business, better left to women anyhow. The receipt of three letters from editors asking for serial rights to his next book enraged him. Idiots, not to know that he was out of the running forever!

He dined early, fortified himself against the persistent downpour by donning a corduroy suit and a heavy mackintosh, and set off for the Banning place at seven o'clock. Once on his way he was beset by a fear that he might arrive too early. As he was to be a spectator of the effects of the gathering, it would be well not to be first on the scene. As he passed through Corydon his engine changed its tune ominously and he stopped at a garage to have it tinkered. This required half an hour, but gave him an excuse for relieving his nervousness by finishing the run at high speed.

A big touring car crowded close to him, and in response to fierce honkings he made way for it. His headlights struck the muddy stern of the flying car and hope rose in him. This was possibly one of the adventurers hastening into the hills in response to Arabella's summons. A moment later a racing car, running like an express train, shot by and his lamps played on the back of the driver huddled over his wheel.

When he neared the Banning grounds Farrington stopped his car, extinguished the lights and drove it in close to the fence.

It was nearly eight-thirty and the danger of being first had now passed. As he tramped along the muddy road he heard, somewhere ahead, another car, evidently seeking an entrance. Some earlier arrival had opened the gates, and as he passed in and followed the curving road he saw that the house was brilliantly lighted.

As he reached the steps that led up to the broad main entrance he became panic-stricken at the thought of entering a house the owner of which he did not know from Adam, on an errand that he felt himself incapable of explaining satisfactorily. He turned back and was moving toward the gates when the short, burly figure of a man loomed before him and heavy hands fell on his shoulders.

"I beg your pardon!" said Farrington breathlessly. An electric lamp flashed in his face, mud-splashed from his drive, and his captor demanded his business. "I was just passing," he faltered, "and I thought perhaps —"

"Well, if you thought perhaps, you can just come up to the house and let us have a look at you," said the stranger gruffly.

With a frantic effort Farrington wrenched himself free; but as he started to run he was caught by the collar of his raincoat and jerked back.

"None of that now! You climb right up to the house with me. You try bolting again and I'll plug you."

To risk a bullet in the back was not to be considered in any view of the matter, and Farrington set off with as much dignity as he could assume, his collar tightly gripped by his captor.

As they crossed the veranda the front door was thrown open and a man appeared at the threshold. Behind him hovered two other persons.

"Well, Gadsby, what have you found?"

"I think," said Farrington's captor with elation, "that we've got the man we're looking for!"

Farrington was thrust roughly through the door and into a broad, brilliantly lighted hall.

II

SENATOR BANNING was one of the most generously photographed of American statesmen, and the bewildered and chagrined Farrington was relieved to find his wits equal to identifying him from his newspaper pictures.

"Place your prisoner by the fireplace, where we can have a good look at him," the Senator ordered. "And, if you please, Gadsby, I will question him myself."

Rudely planted on the hearth, Farrington stared about him. Two of the persons on Arabella's list had answered the summons at any rate. His eyes ran over the others. A short, stout woman, wearing mannish clothes and an air of authority, advanced and scrutinized him closely.

"A very harmless person, I should say," she commented; and, having thus expressed herself sonorously, she sat down in the largest chair in the room.

The proceedings were arrested by a loud chugging and honking on the driveway.

Farrington forgot his own troubles now in the lively dialogue that followed the appearance on the scene of a handsome middle-aged woman, whose face betrayed surprise as she swept the room with a lorgnette for an instant, and then, beholding Banning, showed the keenest displeasure.

"I'd like to know," she demanded, "the precise meaning of this! If it's a trick—a scheme to compromise me—I'd have you know, Tracy Banning, that my opinion of you has not changed since I bade you farewell in Washington last April."

"Before we proceed farther," retorted Senator Banning testily, "I should like to ask just how you came to arrive here at this hour!"

She produced a telegram from her purse. "Do you deny that you sent that message, addressed to the Gassaway House at Putnam Springs? Do you suppose," she demanded as the Senator put on his glasses to read the message, "that I'd have made this journey just to see you?"

"Arabella suffering from nervous breakdown; meet me at Corydon house Thursday evening," read the Senator.

"Arabella ill!" exclaimed the indomitable stout lady. "She must have been seized very suddenly!"

"I haven't seen Arabella and I never sent you this telegram," declared the Senator. "I was brought here myself by a fraudulent message." He drew a telegram from his pocket and read impressively:

Arabella has eloped. Am in pursuit. Meet me at your house in Corydon Thursday evening.

SALLIE COLLINGWOOD.

The stout lady's vigorous repudiation of this telegram consumed much time, but did not wholly appease the Senator. He irritably waved her aside, remarking sarcastically: "It seems to me, Sallie Collingwood, that your presence

here requires some explanation. I agreed to give you the custody of Arabella while Frances and I were settling our difficulties, because I thought you had wits enough to take care of her. Now you appear to have relinquished your charge, and without giving me any notice whatever. I had supposed, even if you are my wife's sister, that you would let no harm come to my daughter."

"I'll trouble you, Tracy Banning, to be careful how you speak to me!" Miss Collingwood replied. "Poor Arabella was crushed by your outrageous behavior, and if any harm has come to her it's your fault. She remained with me on the Dashing Rover for two weeks; and last Saturday, when I anchored in Boston Harbor to file proceedings against the captain of a passenger boat who had foully tried to run me down off Cape Ann, she ran away. Last night a telegram from her reached me at Beverly saying you were effecting a reconciliation and asking me to be here to-night to join in a family jollification. Meantime I had wired to the Gadsby Detective Agency to search for Arabella and asked them to send a man here."

"Reconciliation," exploded the lady with the lorgnette, "has never been considered! And if I've been brought here merely to be told that you have allowed Arabella to walk off your silly schooner into the Atlantic Ocean—"

"You may as well calm yourself, Frances. There's no reason for believing that either Tracy or I had a thing to do with this outrage."



Gadsby shook him savagely, presumably in the hope of jarring loose some information.

"Well, Bishop Giddings is with me; he, too, has been lured here by some one. We met on the train quite by chance and I shall rely on his protection."

A black-bearded gentleman, who had followed Mrs. Banning into the hall and quietly peeled off a raincoat, was now disclosed in the garb of a clergyman—the Bishop of Tuscarora, Farrington assumed. He viewed the company quizzically, remarking:

"Well, we all seem to be having a good time!"

"A great outrage has been perpetrated on us," trumpeted the Senator. "I'm amazed to see you here, Bishop. Some lawless person has opened this house and telegraphed these people to come here. When I found Gadsby on the premises I sent him out to search the grounds; and I strongly suspect"—he deliberated and eyed Farrington savagely—"that the culprit has been apprehended."

A young man with fiery red hair, who had been nervously smoking a cigarette in the background, now made himself audible in a high piping voice:

"It's a sell of some kind, of course. And a jolly good one!"

This provoked an outburst of wrath from the whole company with the exception of Farrington, who leaned heavily on the mantel in a state of helpless bewilderment. These people seemed to be acquainted; not only were they acquainted but they appeared to be bitterly hostile to one another.

Mrs. Banning had wheeled on the red-haired young man, whom Farrington checked off Arabella's list as Birdie Coningsby, and was saying imperiously:

"Your presence adds nothing to my pleasure. If anything could increase the shame of my summons here you most adequately supply it."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Banning," he pleaded; "but it's really not my fault. When Senator Banning telegraphed asking me to arrive here to-night for a week-end I assumed that it meant that Arabella—"

"Before we go farther, Tracy Banning," interrupted the Senator's wife, "I want to be sure that your intimacy with this young scamp has ceased and that this is not one of your contemptible tricks to persuade me that he is a suitable man for my child to marry. After all the scandal we suffered on account of that landgrab you were mixed up in with old man Coningsby, I should think you'd stop trying to marry his son to my poor, dear Arabella!"

The Bishop of Tuscarora planted a chair behind Mrs. Banning just in time to save her from falling to the floor. "Somebody has played a trick on all of us," said the detective. "My message was sent to my New York office and said that the Senator wished to see me here on urgent business. I got that message an hour after Miss Collingwood's and I have six men looking for the lost girl."

They compared notes with the result that each telegram was found to have been sent from a different railroad station

between Great Barrington and Pittsfield. While this was in progress Farrington felt quite out of it and planned flight at the earliest moment. He pricked up his ears, however, as, with a loud laugh, the Bishop drew out his message and read it with oratorical effect:

"Adventure waits! Hark to the silver bugle! Meet me at Tracy Banning's house on Corydon Road via Great Barrington at eight o'clock Thursday evening. X Y Z."

Farrington clung to the mantel for physical and mental support. His mind was chaos; the Stygian Pit yawned at his feet. Beyond doubt, his Arabella of the tea table had dispatched messages to all the persons on her list; and, in the Bishop's case at least, she had given the telegram her own

individual touch. No wonder they were paying no attention to him; the perspiration was trailing in visible rivulets down his mud-caked face and his appearance fully justified their suspicions.

"All my life," the Bishop of Tuscarora was explaining good-humoredly, "I have hoped that adventure would call me some day. When I got that telegram I heard the bugles blowing and set off at once. Perhaps if I hadn't known Senator Banning for many years, and hadn't married him when I was a young minister, I shouldn't have started for his house so gayly. Meeting Mrs. Banning on the train and seeing she was in great distress, I refrained from showing her my summons. How could I? But I'm in the same boat with the rest of you—I can't for the life of me guess why I'm here."

Farrington had been slowly backing toward a side door, with every intention of eliminating himself from the scene, when a heavy motor, which had entered the grounds with long, raucous honks, bumped into the entrance with a resounding bang, relieved by the pleasant tinkle of the smashed glass of its windshield.

Gadsby, supported by the agile Coningsby, leaped to the door; but before they could fortify it against attack it was flung open and a small, light figure landed in the middle of the room, and a young lady, a very slight, graceful young

(Continued on Page 34)

Efficiency Over the Counter

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



A Merchant Who Can Command Almost Half the Trade of His Line in a City of Twenty-Six Thousand Inhabitants Certainly Delivers the Goods

IN A CERTAIN Illinois city of twenty-six thousand inhabitants there is a merchant who does almost fifty per cent of the grocery business of the entire town. Apparently there is nothing to account for this remarkable record except sheer efficiency. He has no special pull; no big contracts; no inside advantage of a financial sort—but he does have plenty of keen, high-class competition, and his location is by no means the best in the city.

If the country grocers of America could go to school to this man the methods of the whole trade would be marvelously improved. There can be no argument on this score, because every distinctive method of this merchant has been evolved from the necessities and the opportunities of the daily grind—not superimposed by an efficiency theorist who never candled eggs or packed sacks of flour on an aching shoulder.

There may be other retail grocers whose stores have a more efficient appearance, who can talk the modern efficiency jargon more glibly, and who do a larger business than Franz Schmidt—I give him this name to suggest his German origin; but a merchant who can command almost half the trade of his line in a city of twenty-six thousand inhabitants certainly delivers the goods and would seem to have mastered much of the secret of efficiency of over-the-counter methods.

The modern manufacturer knows what rational, common-sense efficiency will do for a business in cutting costs, saving waste, increasing output and extending trade. He studies the technical journals of his line and talks of improved methods whenever he meets a man from whom he thinks he can learn something. In short, he makes a business of becoming at least moderately efficient, because he knows he cannot meet competition on any other basis.

How to Beat the Mail-Order Bogymen

THE efficiency spirit, however, has not yet really permeated the ranks of the retail trade. Especially is this true in the smaller cities and the country towns. Here selling goods over the counter is still largely an unclassified, undisciplined, haphazard traffic in which the temperament of the merchant is the dominating element. The general storekeeper of the small country town, or the grocer or dry-goods merchant of the little inland city, has not yet wakened to the fact that efficiency over the counter is a real thing which can be cultivated into a crop that will pay rich profits. Better merchandising is still a rather vague term to his mind and one not calculated to stir his pulses with quickened interest.

Franz Schmidt is not among the storekeepers who can hear that term without showing signs of life. And increasing hundreds like him are learning to sit up and take notice whenever the subject of more efficient merchandising methods is mentioned. They are pushing for new leads, crowding for new advantages, and are awake to any hint that offers hope of improving their service, tightening their control of their business, getting new customers and giving better satisfaction to their old ones.

Retailers of this progressive type have rendered a unanimous verdict:

"We must get just as much efficiency into our business as the progressive manufacturer is getting into his. If we don't the Mail-Order Bogymen will nab us too!"

time he started his store in a basement he has made cleanliness his commercial religion. Perhaps that was one reason why a big wholesale grocer who happened to visit the little basement grocery said:

"You're too good to hide your light in a basement. Get a store on the street level and you can have all the credit you need."

The grocer who keeps his place scrupulously clean has certainly learned the first lesson in efficiency, in good merchandising, in service to his customers, and in securing a clean business standing with the wholesale houses and their representatives.

This grocer was undoubtedly the first merchant in his city to install a wastepaper press or baling machine. It was regarded as an extravagant contraption by some of his competitors. Schmidt was not at all sure it would pay for itself and its operation in direct savings, but he was certain it would help to make a cleaner store and reduce the fire peril. When he installed that luxury he was paying six dollars a ton to have his wastepaper hauled away—and there was always a bulky, dirty and unsightly mass of it about. With the press it is compressed as fast as it accumulates and it brings six dollars a ton.

In short, a direct expense of six dollars has been changed into a straight six-dollar income, making a gain of twelve dollars a ton. This amounts to several hundred dollars' gain a year in this store.

Another efficiency device here is the broken-package room in the basement—tended by the same man who operates the freight elevator and the wastepaper press. A middle-aged man who has seen better days and is glad to get light work at low wages is ideal for this combination job, which is dignified by the title of stock custodian. The main requirement is absolute integrity.

"Grocery clerks," explained my guide to the broken-package room, "are naturally no more dishonest than any other kind of help; but there is a general moral looseness with regard to small articles of food that does not seem to apply to other merchandise. This is quite as true of customers as of clerks. A customer will serenely help himself to an apple when he would not think of lifting a paper of pins or a cheap cigar. So with some clerks—it is at times difficult to instill into a man the fact that slipping a can of sardines into his pocket and taking it home on the sly is as much stealing as

though he took the cost of the article in coin. That is the reason for the broken-package room. Clerks do not generally do this sort of petty thieving from the stock on open display in the customers' room of the store. They are too likely to be detected. The broken package in the regular stockroom furnishes them a safe opportunity for such pilfering.

"Now packages are opened in this room in the presence of the custodian, who carries the only key to the place and who is responsible for the contents. When a clerk wants a can of sardines or any other article the custodian unlocks the room and deals it out. Of course there could be collusion between a clerk and the custodian; but the solution of this problem is to pick a custodian whose honesty and loyalty are beyond question. And there are plenty of such men to be had—especially elderly men who perhaps have lost better positions on account of their age.

"It is impossible to tell how much money this room saves us in a year, but it is certainly several hundred dollars; and the saving is not only in the stealing it prevents but in an elimination of waste. When broken packages of food supplies are left about a big open stockroom they are likely to be overturned and broken or damaged. Goods in glass are specially liable to this sort of waste. In an orderly and well-kept room specially arranged for broken packages all this waste and leakage are reduced to a minimum.

"Besides, there is another consideration. Many a clerk has got a wrong start by swiping a can of stuff from a broken package. From swiping he sometimes goes on to what he recognizes as deliberate stealing. By removing the broken-package temptation from his way both he and the store are protected against more serious thieving."

When Good Service Comes First

THE two rear corners of the store are occupied by freight elevators; and chutes from the sidewalk lead to the various storerooms for apples, potatoes, fruit and box merchandise. Unloading by gravity is an economy in labor and time with which no grocery of any size can afford to dispense.

For some time Franz Schmidt felt that he could not afford to install an ammonia system of refrigeration. As his town was located on a large river, natural ice was as low in price there as it could be expected to be anywhere; but his progressive efficiency temperament forced him to recognize the advantages of the ammonia system, and so he adopted it—with some misgivings as to its economy. A month of its use made him regret that he had not installed it much sooner. It permitted him to put a handsome refrigerated show case in his delicatessen department, which not only saved loss in spoiled goods but stimulated sales. His refrigerator room is so lighted that it is, to all practical purposes, a showroom. In the basement there is another refrigerated room for heavy vegetables.



As a Puller of New Business the Census Taker Holds First Rank

Automatic scales for weighing sugar and other commodities that are put up in standard-weight packages are great timesavers; for instance, the demand is for twenty-five-cent, fifty-cent and one-dollar packages of sugar. The big hopper is filled and the scales weigh out the quantities as fast as a man can seal one package and place an empty paper sack under the spout. This device, so familiar in large city stores, is an immense timesaver and, according to Mr. Schmidt, could be profitably used by many town and village grocers who now consider their business too small for such equipment.

All these things, however, are the mere mechanics of efficiency. The real thing is most effective in ways not nearly so apparent to the eye of the casual observer. Planning the distinctive features of the delivery system, and then keeping those departments working smoothly and at concert pitch, are where real efficiency finds its shining opportunity.

"My big job," says this alert retailer, "is to see that my customers have the best and the most dependable service any store can give them inside the price they are willing to pay for their goods. Service is the one thing we sell to all customers and it is the commodity about which every customer is most particular. As a general proposition, in the retail stores of this country, the kicks on service far outnumber the complaints on goods. Therefore, the merchant who can get his service into the right shape has won the big end of the battle.

"Of course he must give satisfactory prices. Put it this way: More retail trade changes hands on account of service than of a difference in quality or price. Service is the most important word in the vocabulary of the retail merchant, especially the food merchant. It begins before the order is taken and it does not end until the goods are actually used or consumed."

The first step in the practical application of this view of service, as it is seen in Franz Schmidt's store, is the telephone department. Here the telephone is not handled as an incidental accessory, but as a selling agency of the first rank, which must be treated with the respect and care calculated to develop all its possibilities. According to Mr. Schmidt and his lieutenants, taking orders over the telephone is a specialty, a distinct branch of salesmanship that should, so far as possible, be handled by persons who look at it in this light and who give their exclusive attention to this feature of service.

Though almost every counter in the store has a telephone, so that a customer who prefers to do business with any particular clerk may be accommodated, there is a telephone-order desk, at which a son of the proprietor and an assistant spend practically all their time.

They must have a better knowledge of the stock on hand, of incoming stock and of prices, than the clerks on the floor, as they must be able to answer all inquiries without leaving the telephone desk.

Rapid-Fire Work Over the Wire

ON A BUSY Saturday more than a thousand orders are taken by telephone at this store, and sometimes the number is close to twelve hundred. This means rapid-fire salesmanship; and there can be no hesitation in price quotations or in information regarding the quantity or quality of goods on hand.

"No," says the telephone salesman, "I can't recommend the raspberries this morning. They are not up to your requirements; but we have choice early blueberries, and to-morrow morning we shall have in a shipment of redcaps that are sure to be prime."

This merchant's instructions are: "Be more conservative in your statements as to quality over the phone than you would be if the customer were personally present in the store and could see what you are selling. Make it so safe to buy of us over the phone that every housewife will feel that she can shop by wire to just as good advantage as though she made a trip to the store."

The telephone clerks are carefully coached not to permit themselves to lapse into mere order takers, but to remember that they are salesmen. They must learn which customers resent suggestions, and handle them accordingly; but, in general, the telephone salesman who allows a call to get past him without adding at least one article to the customer's list feels that he has failed to meet requirements.

Frequently the telephone salesmen reverse the usual order, take the aggressive, and open up a selling campaign to move certain seasonable goods. This happens most frequently in the fruit-canning season, when a large shipment of fruit is received or when prices on an incoming lot are especially attractive. The telephone salesmen of this enterprising provincial grocery sell carloads of fruits every season by wire solicitation.

No clerk in this establishment can commit a more serious offense than to give a discourteous or even a gruff answer over the phone. In the opinion of this shrewd merchant it takes almost as much training to make a good telephone salesman as it does to make a graceful tango artist. Some persons are temperamentally barred from success in this line, and real efficiency is secured only by constant practice of the Scriptural text: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Close-range solicitation has its advantages, however. How keenly this is appreciated by the watchful Franz

"This is a dairy country," he remarked. "There was a time when no dairy farmer took the trouble to weigh the milk from each cow and record it. Now the farmer who doesn't follow this practice is called a boarding-house keeper, because he is bound to be keeping some cows that do not pay their way. So with certain lines of goods in this trade—they are as much boarders as are the unproductive cows; but they are not detected and put on a right basis so long as all lines are handled in a general pot instead of by departments.

"Also this division of responsibility often helps to bring dishonesty and speculations to the surface. The buying is all done with a view to a quick turnover; and if the buyer makes an error of judgment and gets something that is indisposed to turn, an extra pressure of salesmanship is called into play to force the movement."

Bargain Prices Used as Trade Tonics

IT IS the theory of this merchant that seldom is any food product too good or too poor to find a buyer if the attention of a good merchandising force is centered on that article and the price is adjusted to meet the emergency.

Franz Schmidt will make a low price in order to move logy goods, but not to get under the skin of a competitor. His attitude is that a grocer has troubles enough without

starting a feud with his competitors; that if he maintains his service at the right pitch he can sell every line of goods in his store at a fair profit under normal conditions. Therefore he refuses to let any competitor worry him into a price-slashing contest. That practice he regards as a game for children too young to play London Bridge or Post Office.

His business runs about one-third cash and two-thirds credit. Collections are looked after in this store with care and energy. The proprietor gives this end of the business close personal attention and can often collect where others would fail. The largest factory in the city pays semi-monthly and the smaller ones once a month. The dairymen also receive their checks the first of each month. These pay days have first place on the collection calendar of this store, and the credit



The Efficiency Spirit Has Not Yet Really Permeated the Ranks of the Retail Trade

Schmidt is shown by the fact that seven solicitors leave his store every morning. As there are fourteen routes a solicitor is able to cover his territory each alternate day. When a solicitor starts out in the morning he delivers the orders, on the route for the day, that have been received by telephone late the preceding day or early that morning. On his return at one o'clock he fills the orders taken in the forenoon and they are immediately delivered. The rule is that all orders must be filled and the last regular-delivery wagons leave at three-thirty in the afternoon.

Besides the seven wagons used by the combination solicitor-delivery men, a large autotruck is constantly on the road and another is shortly to be put into service; but the special feature of the delivery system is the "chasers"—two light wagons that run on odd routes and handle special and emergency orders. Each hurry-up wagon makes at least two trips in the morning and two in the afternoon, making fifteen to twenty miles a day. On a busy day the truck covers sixty-five square miles inside the city limits.

It is admitted by Schmidt that his delivery system can be keyed up by the use of more automobiles, and that this will undoubtedly be his next requirement. Each department in the store is treated as an individual unit, as though it were a separate concession. This has many advantages; but one of them was apparent when a certain department failed to pay a profit. Its manager was discharged and a new one installed. In a short time it was in the profit column.

Each department—fruit, vegetables, bakery, confectionery, spices, delicatessen, and candy and fancy goods—has its responsible head, who must give a strict account of his or her stewardship. In Mr. Schmidt's opinion many groceries much smaller than his own are losing in efficiency because they are not handled on the departmental plan.

customer who does not make his appearance at the store coordinate with the receipt of his pay check is tactfully reminded of the oversight. Here is at least one case where the farmers have been educated to pay as regularly and as frequently as the workingmen. Professional men and the wealthiest citizens are the most difficult problems of the credit and collection department.

Taking discounts is the favorite diversion of this far-sighted merchant. He holds that the grocer who does not take every discount the wholesaler can be induced to offer is blind to his biggest advantage and has not mastered the first element of efficiency. If all retailers were as blood-thirsty discount hunters as Franz Schmidt discounts would speedily go out of fashion. If he has not the money to discount a bill at the moment when it will yield the greatest advantage he goes to the bank and borrows. In his opinion the easiest and quickest profits in the business are to be taken out of the discount bin.

Of course he does not neglect to handle his finances in such a manner as to make borrowing at any time an easy matter. His store enterprise is operated as a corporation. Instead of drawing a fat salary as president and general manager, he pays himself only a moderate wage and gets his main income in the form of dividends on his stock-holdings.

The same policy is pursued by his sons, who are associated with him. This policy has enabled him to maintain the highest standard of credit at the bank. The corporation has gone still farther and put aside a very respectable little surplus. As Franz Schmidt sees it the average retailer does not give sufficient study to the fundamental finances of his business.

"If nine-tenths of the men in this trade would let a cheap man roll barrels, load wagons and tie up bundles, and would

put in their time, with a lead pencil, figuring out the underlying facts and conditions of the business, just as a real Wall Street financier does, they would be a long way ahead of where they now are. Just plain thinking seems to be a mighty tiresome process to a majority of merchants—they'd a lot rather work with their hands; but the trouble is, nobody else will do their headwork for them—not until the creditors and the sheriff take over the job."

The stock in this store is turned over eighteen times a year. There is genuine efficiency of the first water! Probably many grocers in large cities break this record; but it must be remembered that Franz Schmidt is in a provincial territory, where stock is inclined to move more slowly.

This is an inspiring demonstration of what closely coordinated buying and selling will accomplish. When goods of any sort show a tendency to stick to the shelves a little dynamite in the form of special-sales effort is applied to jar them loose. And one of the pastimes of the proprietor of this store is to prow through the stock, looking for goods that have outstayed their welcome. It is a very profitable indoor pastime for any merchant.

Another wholesome symptom of efficiency is the fact that this enterprise, capitalized at fifty thousand dollars, last year made a net profit of eighteen per cent. This was on a gross business of three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

It costs this man fourteen per cent to do business—just that and no more. Many retail merchants who are struggling to adjust themselves to modern conditions pay as high a percentage for service alone as this store pays for operation and fixed charges together. It is not to be wondered at, then, that wholesalers are anxious to have retailers generally enthused a little over the possibilities of efficiency—especially the particular brand Franz Schmidt uses. They put the proposition this way:

"When a grocer, in a town of twenty-six thousand inhabitants, can corral almost half the trade of his city, operate at a total cost of fourteen per cent, turn his stock eighteen times a year, and make a net profit of eighteen per cent on a capital of fifty thousand dollars, it certainly

shows how far efficiency can go in a retail grocery; and it ought to wake up the whole trade to reach out for a knowledge of better merchandising."

In a city of 300,000 inhabitants there is another remarkable retail grocery where efficiency is more than a watchword—it is a habit. A young man, trained under the strict discipline of this establishment, finally became disgruntled because of what he considered red-tape regulations. He decided it would be much to his liking to work where the lines were not drawn so closely, and where he would have a little more elbowroom.

No salesman who has been trained in this store, and can show a clean record, has any difficulty in getting a good job elsewhere; consequently he made a change to a store that was regarded as one of the best in the city. Incidentally he secured a higher salary; but the real reason for his leaving was to escape the efficiency pest.

A few months later he appeared at the desk of his first employer and rather sheepishly asked whether he could have his old job.

"What's the matter?" asked the merchant. "Are they going to let you out over there?"

"No," answered the salesman. "I'm on the pay roll and I can stay there as long as I like; but the fact is I can't stand the way things are done over there. It seems to me there's neither head nor tail to the way they run things. There's a lot of stealing going on, and there isn't system or order enough to locate it and place the blame where it belongs. I can't stand it any longer and I want to get back to where there's some system and order."

This incident is about as significant a testimonial to the effect of efficiency on the employees of a store as could be desired by the most ardent advocate of better merchandising.

This is a store without a back door. In the opinion of the manager you might as well bore a hole in a barrel of oil and expect its contents to remain inside as to have a back door to a grocery large enough to employ a big force.

Though there is a rear door that may be closed to keep out cold and rain, so far as free passage in or out of the

store is concerned the statement stands—there is no back door. A high iron grating extends from one side wall to the other. On the alley side of this grating there is a loading space, while inside are the quarters of the checkers. All packages are passed through openings in this grating. There is a special device for handling barrels and large boxes—but no door! And no goods are ever loaded at the front of the store.

Between the men who put up the orders and the drivers of the delivery wagons are the checkers; and between the checkers and the drivers is the iron grating. When goods are passed through to a driver they are practically charged to him; if a shortage occurs he must settle for it.

All orders are made out in triplicate—one copy goes to the driver and the other two are passed to the adding machine. Then one copy is retained by the checker and the other is passed on to the cashier. Besides the items and their total these slips show the clerk's number, the flat number, by whom the goods were put up, the time of delivery promised, and by whom checked.

The principal purposes served by this system are to stop leaks and thieving; to insure accuracy in the filling of orders; and to establish a clear chain of responsibility that may be back-traced without the slightest difficulty.

"I should not dare to do business without this system of complete checks and no back door," declares the managing partner. "Before this was in operation our invisible losses were alarming. Now they are only three per cent of our sales."

The basement door is kept locked, as are the doors to the broken-package room and to the candy room. A conspicuous sign in the basement bears the legend: Stop Swearing!

All sacks, all empty boxes and packing cases, and all wastepaper are saved. The salvage on sacks in this store amounts to about seven hundred dollars a year, while empties bring in an annual revenue of nearly one thousand dollars. The baled-paper salvage produces an income to be envied by any clerk in the store.

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The Man Who Rocked the Earth

VII

WITHIN twenty-four hours of the destruction of the Mountains of Atlas by the Flying Ring, and the consequent flooding of the Sahara, the official gazettes and such newspapers as were still published announced that the Powers had agreed upon an armistice and accepted a proposition of mediation on the part of the United States looking toward permanent peace. The news of the devastation and flood caused by this strange and terrible dreadnought of the air created the profoundest apprehension and caused the wildest rumors, for what had happened in Tunis was assumed as likely to occur in London, Paris or New York. Wireless messages flashed the story from Algiers to Cartagena, and it was thence disseminated throughout the civilized world by the wireless stations at Paris, Nauen, Moscow and Arlington.

The fact that the rotation of the earth had been retarded was still a secret, and the appearance of the Ring had not as yet been connected with any of the extraordinary phenomena surrounding it; but the newspaper editorials universally agreed that whatever nation owned and controlled this new instrument of war could dictate its own terms. It was generally supposed that the blasting of the mountain chain of Northern Africa had been an experiment to test and demonstrate the powers of this new demonic invention, and in view of its success it did not seem surprising that the nations had hastened to agree to an armistice, for the Power that controlled a force capable of producing such an extraordinary physical cataclysm could annihilate every capital, every army, every people, upon the globe or even the globe itself.

The flight of the Ring machine had been observed at several different points, beginning at Cape Race, where at about four A. M. on July thirtieth the wireless operator reported what he supposed to be a large comet discharging earthward a diagonal shaft of orange-yellow light and moving at incredible velocity in a southeasterly direction. During the following day the lookout on the Vira, a fish-guard and scout cruiser of the North Atlantic Patrol,

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



A Great Fiery Comet Soaring Through the Heavens Toward Paris

observable from Badajoz, Almadén, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Oran, Biskra and Tunis, and at the latter places it was easily possible for telescopic observers to determine its size, shape and general construction.

Daniel W. Quinn, Jr., the acting United States Consul stationed at Biskra, who happened to be dining with the abbot of the Franciscan monastery at Linares, sent the following account of The Flight of the Ring to the State Department at Washington, where it is now on file—See Vol. 527, pp. 491-498, with footnote, of Official Records of the Consular Correspondence for 1915-1916. After describing general conditions in Algeria he continues:

"We had gone upon the roof in the early evening to look at the sky through the large telescope presented to

the Franciscans by Count Philippe d'Ormay, when Father Antoine called my attention to a comet that was apparently coming straight toward us. Instead, however, of leaving a horizontal trail of fire behind

it, this comet or meteorite seemed to shoot an almost vertical beam of orange light toward the earth. It produced a very strange effect on all of us, since a normal comet or other celestial body that left a wake of light of that sort behind it would naturally be expected to be moving upward toward

the zenith, instead of in a direction parallel to the earth. It looked somehow as if the tail of the comet had been bent over. As soon as it came near enough so that we could focus the telescope upon it we discovered that it was a new sort of flying machine. It passed over our heads at a height no greater than ten thousand feet, if as great as that, and we could see that it was a cylindrical ring like a doughnut or an anchor ring, constructed, I believed, of highly polished metal, the inner aperture being about twenty-five yards in diameter. The tube of the cylinder looked to be about twenty feet thick and had circular windows or port-holes that were brilliantly lighted.

"The strangest thing about it was that it carried a superstructure consisting of a number of arms meeting at a point above the center of the opening and supporting some sort of apparatus from which the beam of light emanated. This appliance, which we supposed to be a gigantic searchlight, was focused down through the ring and could apparently be moved at will over a limited radius of about fifteen degrees. We could not understand this, nor why the light was thrown from outside and above instead of from inside the flying machine, but the explanation may be found in the immense heat that must have been required to generate the light, since it illuminated the entire country for fifty miles or so and we were able to read without trouble the fine print of the abbot's rubric. This flying ring moved on an even keel at the tremendous velocity of about two hundred miles an hour. We wondered what would happen if it turned turtle, for in that case the weight of the superstructure would have rendered it impossible

for the machine to right itself. In fact, none of us had ever imagined any such air monster before. Beside it a Zepplin seemed like a wooden toy.

"The Ring passed over the mountains toward Cabes and within a short time a volcanic eruption occurred that destroyed a section of the Atlas Range." [Mr. Quinn here describes with considerable detail the destruction of the mountains.] "The next morning I found Biskra crowded with Arabs, who reported that the ocean had poured through the passage made by the eruption and was flooding the entire desert as far south as the oasis of Wargla, and that it had come within twelve miles of the walls of our own city. I at once hired a donkey and made a personal investigation, with the result that I can report as a fact that the entire desert east and south of Biskra is inundated to a depth of from seven to ten feet and that the water gives no sign of going down. The loss of life seems to have been negligible, owing to the fact that the height of the water is not great and that many unexpected islands have provided safety for the caravans that were in transit. These are now marooned and waiting for assistance, which I am informed will be sent from Cabes in the form of flat-bottomed boats fitted with motor auxiliaries.

"Respectfully submitted,

"D. W. QUINN,
"Acting U. S. Consul."

The Italian cruiser *Fiala*, which had been carried one hundred and eighty miles into the desert on the night of the eruption, grounded safely on the plateau of Tasili, but the volcanic tidal wave on which she had been swept along, having done its work, receded, leaving too little water for the *Fiala's* draft of thirty-seven feet. Four launches sent out in different directions to the south and east reported no sign of land, but immense quantities of floating vegetable matter, yellow dust and the bodies of jackals, camels, zebras and lions. The fifth launch after great hardships reached the seacoast through the new channel and arrived at Sfax after eight days.

The mean tide level of the Mediterranean sank fifteen inches, and the water showed marked discoloration for several months, while a volcanic haze hung over Northern Africa, Sicily, Malta and Sardinia for an even longer period.

Though many persons must have lost their lives the records are incomplete in this respect; but there is a curious document in the mosque at Sfax touching the effect of the Lavender Ray. It appears that an Arab mussel gatherer was in a small boat with his two brothers at the time the Ring appeared above the mountains. As they looked up toward the sky the Ray flashed over and illuminated their faces. They thought nothing of it at the time, for almost immediately the mountains were rent asunder and in the titanic upheaval that followed they were all cast upon the shore, as they thought, dead men. Reaching Sfax they reported their adventures and offered prayers in gratitude for their extraordinary escape, but five days later all three began to suffer excruciating torment from internal burns, the skin upon their heads and bodies began to peel off, and they died in agony within the week.

VIII

IT WAS upon the second day of August that the President of the United States received the official note from Count von Koenitz, on behalf of the Imperial German Commissioners, to the effect that Germany would join with the other Powers in an armistice looking toward peace and ultimately a universal disarmament. Similar notes had already been received by the President from France, Great Britain, Russia, Italy, Austria, Spain, Turkey and Slavia, and a multitude of the smaller Powers who were engaged in the war, and there was no longer any reason for delaying the calling of an international council or diet for the purpose of bringing about what Pax demanded as a ransom for the safety of the globe.

In the files of the State Department at Washington there is secreted the only record of the diplomatic correspondence touching these momentous events and a transcript of the messages exchanged between the President of the United States and the Arbiter of Human Destiny. They are comparatively few in number, for Pax seemed to be satisfied to leave all details to the Powers themselves. In the interest of saving time, however, he made the simple

suggestion that the present ambassadors should be given plenary powers to determine the terms and conditions upon which universal peace should be declared. All these proceedings and the reasons therefor were kept profoundly secret. It began to look as though the matter would be put through with characteristic Yankee promptness. Pax's suggestion was acceded to and the ambassadors and ministers were given unrestricted latitude in drawing the treaty that should abolish war forever.

Now that he had been won over no one was more indefatigable than Von Koenitz, none more fertile in suggestions. It was he who drafted with his own hand the forty pages devoted to the creation of the commission charged with the duty of destroying all arms, munitions and implements of war; and he not only acted as chairman of the preliminary drafting committee, but was an active member of at least half a dozen other important subcommittees. The President daily communicated the progress of this



They Heard the Faint, Smothered Whirr of Machinery, Followed by a Gigantic Detonation

conference of the Powers to Pax through Bill Hood, and received daily in return a hearty if laconic approval.

"I am satisfied of the sincerity of the Powers and with the progress made."

PAX."

was the ordinary type of message received. Meantime word had been sent to all the governments that an indefinite armistice had been declared, to commence upon August tenth, for it had been found necessary to allow for the time required to transmit the orders to the various fields of military operations throughout Europe. In the interim the war continued.

On the fifth of August Count von Koenitz, who now was looked upon as the leading figure of the conference, arose and said: "Your Excellencies, this distinguished diet will, I doubt not, presently conclude its labors and receive not only the approval of the Powers represented but the gratitude of the nations of the world. I voice the sentiments of the Imperial Commissioners when I say that no Power looks forward with greater eagerness than Germany to the accomplishment of our purpose. But we should not forget that there is one menace to mankind greater than that of war—namely, the lurking danger from the power of this unknown possessor of superhuman knowledge of explosives. So far his influence has been a benign one, but who can say when it may become malignant?

Will our labors please him? Perhaps not. Shall we agree? I hope so, but who can tell? Will our armies lay down their arms even after we have agreed? I believe all will go well; but is it wise for us to refrain from jointly taking steps to ascertain the identity of this unknown juggler with Nature, and the source of his power? It is my own opinion, since we cannot exert any influence or control upon this individual, that we should take whatever steps are within our grasp to safeguard ourselves in the event that he refuses to keep faith with us. To this end I suggest an international conference of scientific men from all the nations to be held here in Washington coincidentally with our own meetings, with a view to determining these questions."

His remarks were greeted with approval by almost all the representatives present except Sir John Smith, who mildly hinted that such a course might be regarded as savoring a trifle of double dealing. Should Pax receive knowledge of the suggested conference he might question their sincerity and view all their doings with suspicion. In a word, Sir John believed in following a consistent course and treating Pax as a friend and ally and not as a possible enemy.

Sir John's speech, however, left the delegates unconvinced and with the feeling that his argument was overrefined. They felt that there could be no objection to endeavoring to ascertain the source of Pax's power—the law of self-preservation seemed to indicate such a course as necessary. And it had, in fact, already been discussed vaguely by several of the less conspicuous delegates. Accordingly it was voted, with but two dissenting voices,* to summon what was known as Conference No. 2, to be held ten days from date, its proceedings to be conducted in secret under the auspices of the National Academy of Sciences, with the president of the Academy acting as permanent chairman. To this conference the President appointed Thornton as one of the three delegates from the United States.

The council of the Powers having so voted, Count von Koenitz at once transmitted, by way of Sayville, a message which in code appeared to be addressed to a Herr Karl Heinweg, Notary, at 12th Bundel Strasse, Strassburg, and related to a mortgage about to fall due upon some of Von Koenitz' properties in Thuringen. When de-coded it read:

"To the Imperial Commissioners of the German Federated States: I have the honor to report that acting according to your distinguished instructions I have this day proposed an international conference to consider the scientific problems presented by certain recent phenomena and that my proposition was adopted. I believe that in this way the proceedings here may be delayed indefinitely and time thus secured to enable an expedition to be organized and dispatched for the purpose of destroying this unknown person or ascertaining the secret of his power, in accordance with my suggestion of the twenty-ninth of July. It would be well to send as delegates to this Conference No. 2 several

professors of physics who can by plausible arguments and ingenious theories so confuse the matter that no determination can be reached. I suggest Professors Gargahlaus, of München, and Leybach, of The Hague.

"VON KOENITZ."

And having thus fulfilled his duty the count took a cab to the Metropolitan Club and there played a discreet game of billiards with Señor Tomasso Varilla, the minister from Argentina.

IX

THE Imperial German Commissioner for War, General Hans von Helmuth, was a man of extraordinary decision and farsightedness. Sixty years of age, he had been a member of the General Staff since he was forty. He had sat at the feet of Bismarck and Von Moltke, and during his active participation in the management of German military affairs he had seen but slight changes in their policy. Mass—overwhelming mass; sudden momentous onslaught, and, above all, an attack so quick that your adversary could not regain his feet. It worked nine times out of ten, and when it didn't it was usually better than taking the defensive. General von Helmuth having an approved system was to that extent relieved of anxiety, for all he had to do was to work out details. In this his highly efficient

*The President of the United States also voted in the negative.

organization was almost automatic. He himself was a human compendium of knowledge, and he had but to press a button and emit a few gutturals and the information that he wanted lay typewritten before him. Now he sat in his office smoking a Bremen cigar and studying a huge Mercatorian projection of the Atlantic and adjacent countries, while with the fingers of his left hand he combed his heavy beard. From the window he looked down upon the inner fortifications of Mainz—to which city the capital had been removed three months before—and upon the landing stage for the scouting planes which were constantly arriving or whirling off toward Holland or Strassburg. Across the river, under the concealed guns of a sunken battery, stood the huge hangars of the now useless dirigibles Z¹⁻¹⁷. The landing stage communicated directly by telephone with the adjutant's office, an enormous hall filled with maps, with which Von Helmuth's private room was connected. The adjutant himself, a worried-looking man with a bullet head and an iron-gray mustache, stood at a table in the center of the hall addressing rapid-fire sentences to various persons who appeared in the doorway, saluted and hurried off again. Several groups were gathered about the table and the adjutant carried on an interrupted conversation with all of them, pausing to read the telegrams and messages that shot out of the pneumatic tubes upon the table from the telegraph and telephone office on the floor below.

An elderly man in rather shabby clothes entered, looking about helplessly through the thick lenses of his double spectacles, and the adjutant turned at once from the officers about him with an "Excuse me, gentlemen."

"Good afternoon, Professor von Schwenitz; the general is waiting for you," said he. "This way, please."

He stalked across to the door of the inner office.

"Professor von Schwenitz is here," he announced, and immediately returned to take up the thread of his conversation in the center of the hall.

The general turned gruffly to greet his visitor. "I have sent for you, professor," said he, without removing his cigar, "in order that I may fully understand the method by which you say you have ascertained the place of origin of the wireless messages and electrical disturbances referred to in our communications of last week. This may be a serious matter. The accuracy of your information is of vital importance."

The professor hesitated in embarrassment, and the general scowled.

"Well?" he demanded, biting off the chewed end of his cigar. "Well? This is not a lecture room. Time is short. Out with it."

"Your Excellency!" stammered the poor professor, "I—I— The observations are so—inadequate—one cannot determine —"

"What?" roared Von Helmuth. "But you said you had!"

"Only approximately, Your Excellency. One cannot be positive, but within a reasonable distance —" He paused.

"What do you call a reasonable distance? I supposed your physics was an exact science!" retorted the general.

"But the data —"

"What do you call a reasonable distance?" bellowed the Imperial Commissioner.

"A hundred kilometers!" suddenly shouted the overwrought professor, losing control of himself. "I won't be talked to this way, do you hear? I won't! How can a man think? I'm a member of the faculty of the Imperial University. I've been decorated twice—twice!"

"Fiddlesticks!" returned the general, amused in spite of himself. "Don't be absurd. I merely wish you to hurry. Have a cigar?"

"Oh, Your Excellency!" protested the professor, now both ashamed and frightened. "You must excuse me. The war has shattered my nerves. May I smoke? Thank you."

"Sit down. Take your time!" said Von Helmuth, looking out and up at a monoplane descending toward the landing in slowly lessening spirals.

"You see, Your Excellency," explained Von Schwenitz, "the data are fragmentary, but I used three methods, each checking the others."

"The first?" shot back the general. The monoplane had landed safely.

"I compared the records of all the seismographs that had registered the earthquake wave attendant on the electrical discharges accompanying the great yellow auroras of July. These shocks had been felt all over the globe, and I secured reports from Java, New Guinea, Lima, Tucson, Greenwich, Algeria and Moscow. These showed the wave had originated somewhere in Eastern Labrador."

"Yes, yes. Go on!" ordered the general.

"In the second place, the violent magnetic storms produced by the helium aurora appear to have left their mark each time upon the earth in a permanent, if slight, deflection of the compass needle. The earth's normal magnetic field seems to have had superimposed upon it a new field comprised of lines of force nearly parallel to the equator.

The Earth
Shook,
Grouched,
Grunbled,
Grated



My computations show that these great circles of magnetism center at approximately the same point in Labrador as that indicated by the seismographs—about fifty-five degrees north and seventy-five degrees west."

The general seemed struck with this.

"Permanent deflection, you say!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, apparently permanent. Finally, the barometer records told the same story, although in less precise form. A compressional wave of air had been started in the far north and had spread out over the earth with the velocity of sound. Though the barographs themselves gave no indication whence this wave had come, the variation in its intensity at different meteorological observatories could be accounted for by the law of inverse squares on the supposition that the explosion which started the wave had occurred at fifty-five degrees north, seventy-five degrees west."

The professor paused and wiped his glasses. With a roar a Taube slid off the landing stage, shot over toward the hangars and soared upward.

"Is that all?" inquired the general, turning again to the chart.

"That is all, Your Excellency," answered Von Schwenitz.

"Then you may go!" muttered the Imperial Commissioner. "If we find the source of these disturbances where you predict you will receive the Black Eagle."

"Oh, Your Excellency!" protested the professor, his face shining with satisfaction.

"And if we do not find it there will be a vacancy on the faculty of the Imperial University!" he added grimly. "Good afternoon."

He pressed a button and the departing scholar was met by an orderly and escorted from the War Bureau, while the adjutant joined Von Helmuth.

"He's got him! I'm satisfied!" remarked the Commissioner. "Now outline your plan."

The bullet-headed man took up the calipers and indicated a spot on the coast of Labrador:

"Our expedition will land, subject to your approval, at Hamilton Inlet, using the town of Rigolet as a base. By availing ourselves of the Nascopee River and the lakes through which it flows we can easily penetrate to the highland where the inventor of the Ring Machine has located himself. The auxiliary brigantine Sea Fox is lying now under American colors at Amsterdam, and as she can steam eighteen knots an hour she should reach the Inlet in about ten days, passing to the north of the Orkneys."

"What force have you in mind?" inquired Von Helmuth, his cold gray eyes narrowing.

"Three full companies of sappers and miners, ten mountain howitzers, a field battery, fifty rapid-fire standing rifles, and a complete outfit for throwing lyddite. Of course we shall rely principally on high explosives if it becomes necessary to use force, but what we want is a hostage who may later become an ally."

"Yes, of course," said the general with a laugh. "This is a scientific not a military expedition."

"I have asked Lieutenant Münster to report upon the necessary equipment."

Von Helmuth nodded, and the adjutant stepped to the door and called out: "Lieutenant Münster!"

A trim young man in naval uniform appeared upon the threshold and saluted.

"State what you regard as necessary as equipment for the proposed expedition," said the general.

"Twenty motor boats, each capable of towing several flat-bottomed barges or native canoes, forty mules, a field telegraph, and also a high-powered wireless apparatus, axes, spades, wire cables and drums, windlasses, dynamite for blasting, and provisions for sixty days. We shall live off the country and secure artisans and bearers from among the natives."

"When will it be possible to start?" inquired the general. "Day after to-morrow if you give the order now," answered the young man.

"Very well, you may go. And good luck to you!" he added.

The young lieutenant saluted and turned abruptly on his heel.

Over the parade ground a biplane was hovering, darting this way and that, rising and falling with startling velocity.

"Who's that?" inquired the general approvingly.

"Schlönigen," answered the adjutant.

The Imperial Commissioner felt in his breast pocket for another cigar.

"Do you know, Ludwig," he remarked amiably as he struck a meditative match, "sometimes I more than half believe this business is all rot!"

The adjutant looked pained.

"And yet," continued Von Helmuth, "if Bismarck could see one of those things," he waved his cigar toward the gyrating aeroplane, "he wouldn't believe it."

ALL day the International Assembly of Scientists, officially known as Conference No. 2, had been sitting, but not progressing, in the large lecture hall of the Smithsonian Institution, which probably had never before seen so motley a gathering. Each nation had sent three representatives, two professional scientists and a lay delegate, the latter some writer or thinker renowned in his own country for his wide knowledge and powers of ratiocination. They had come together upon the appointed day, although the delegates from the remoter countries had not yet arrived, and the Committee on Credentials had already reported. Germany had sent Gasgabelaus, Leybach and Wilhelm Lamszus; France—Sortell, Armand and Buona Varilla; Great Britain—Sir William Crookes, Sir Francis Soddy and Mr. H. G. Wells, celebrated for his *The War of the Worlds* and *The World Set Free*, and hence supposedly just the man to unravel a scientific mystery such as that which confronted this galaxy of immortals.

The Committee on Data, of which Thornton was a member, having been actively at work for nearly two weeks through wireless communication with all the observatories—seismatic, meteorological, astronomical and otherwise—throughout the world, had reduced its findings to print, and this matter, translated into French, German and Italian, had already been distributed among those present. Included in its pages was Quinn's letter to the State Department.

The roll having been called the president of the National Academy of Sciences made a short speech in which he outlined briefly the purpose for which the committee had been summoned and commented to some extent upon the character of the phenomena it was required to analyze.

And then began an unending series of discussions and explanations in French, German, Dutch, Russian and Italian, by goggle-eyed, bushy-whiskered, long-haired men who looked like anarchists or sociologists and apparently had never before had an unrestricted opportunity to air their views on anything.

Thornton, listening to this hodgepodge of technicalities, was dismayed and distrustful. These men spoke a language evidently familiar to them, which he, although a professional scientist, found a meaningless jargon. The whole thing seemed unreal, had a purely theoretic or literary quality about it that made him question even their premises. In the tainted air of the council room, listening to these little pot-bellied Professors from Amsterdam and Munich, doubt assailed him, doubt even that the earth had changed its orbit, doubt even of his own established formulae and tables. Weren't they all just talking through their hats? Wasn't it merely a game in which an elaborate system of equivalents gave a semblance of actuality to what in fact was nothing but mind-play? Even Wells, whose literary style he admired as one of the beauties as well as one of the wonders of the world, had been a disappointment. He had seemed singularly halting and unconvincing.

"I wish I knew a practical man—I wish Bennie Hooker were here!" muttered Thornton to himself. He had not seen his classmate Hooker for thirteen years; but that was one thing about Hooker: you knew he'd be exactly the same—only more so—as he was when you last saw him. In those years Bennie had become the Lawson Professor of Applied Physics at Harvard. Thornton had read his papers on induced radiation, thermic equilibrium, and had one of Bennie's famous Gem Home Cookers in his own little bachelor apartment. Hooker would know. And if he didn't he'd tell you so without befogging the atmosphere with a lot of things he did know, but that wouldn't help you in the least. Thornton clutched at the thought of him like a falling aeronaut at a dangling rope. He'd be worth a thousand of these dreaming lecturers, these beer-drinking visionaries! But where could he be found? It was August, vacation time. Still he might be in Cambridge giving a summer course or something.

At that moment Professor Gasgabelaus, the temporary chairman, a huge man, the periphery of whose abdomen

rivalled the circumference of the "working terrestrial globe" at the other end of the platform, pounded perspiringly with his gavel and announced that the conference would adjourn until the following Monday morning. It was Friday afternoon, so he had sixty hours in which to connect with Bennie if Bennie could be discovered. A telegram of inquiry brought no response, and he took the midnight train to Boston, reaching Cambridge about two o'clock the following afternoon.

The air trembled with heat. Only by dodging from the shadow of one big elm to another did he manage to reach the Appian Way—the street given in the University catalogue as Bennie's habitat—alive. As he swung open the little wicket gate he realized with an odd feeling that it was the same house where Hooker had lived when a student, twenty-five years before. "Board" was printed on a yellow, fly-blown card in the corner of the window beside the door. Up there over the porch was the room Bennie had inhabited from '85 to '89. He recalled vividly the night he, Thornton, had put his foot through the lower pane. They had filled up the hole with an old golf stocking. His eyes searched curiously for the pane. There it was, still broken and still stuffed—it couldn't be!—with some colorless material strangely resembling disintegrating worsted. The sun smote him in the back of his neck and drove him to seek the relief of the porch. Had he ever left Cambridge? Wasn't it a dream about his becoming an astronomer and working at the Arlington Observatory? And all this stuff about the earth going on the loose? If he opened the door wouldn't he find Bennie with a towel round his head cramming for the "exams"? For a moment he really imagined that he was an undergraduate. Then as he fanned himself with his straw hat he caught, on the silk band across the interior, the words: "Blank's Famous Headwear, Washington, D. C." No, he was really an astronomer.

He shuddered in spite of the heat as he pulled the bell knob. What ghosts would its jangle summon? The bell, however, gave no sound; in fact the knob came off in his hand, followed by a foot or so of copper wire. He laughed, gazing at it blankly. No one had ever used the bell in the old days. They had simply kicked open the door and yelled: "O-o-h, Bennie Hooker!"

Thornton laid the knob on the piazza and inspected the front of the house. The windows were thick with dust, the "yard" scrappy with weeds. A piece of string held the latch of the gate together. Then automatically and without intending to do so at all Thornton turned the handle of the front door, assisting it coincidentally with a gentle kick from his right toe, and found himself in the narrow cabbage-scented hallway. The old, familiar, battered black-walnut hatrack of his student days leaned drunkenly against the wall—Thornton knew one of its back legs was missing—and on the imitation marble slab was a telegram addressed to "Professor Benjamin Hooker." And also, instinctively, Thornton lifted up his adult voice and yelled: "O-o-h, ye-ay! Bennie Hooker!"

The volume of his own sound startled him. Instantly he saw the ridiculousness of it—he, the senior astronomer at Arlington, yelling like that—

"O-o-h, ye-ay!" came in smothered tones from above. Thornton bounded up the stairs, two, three steps at a time, and pounded on the old door over the porch.

"Go away!" came back the voice of Bennie Hooker. "Don't want any lunch!"

Thornton continued to bang on the door, while Professor Hooker wrathfully besought the intruder to depart before he took active measures. There was the cracking of glass.

"Oh, damn!" came from inside.

Thornton rattled the knob and kicked. Somebody haltingly crossed the room, the key turned and Professor Bennie Hooker opened the door.

"Well?" he demanded, scowling over his thick spectacles. "Hello, Bennie!" said Thornton, holding out his hand. "Hello, Buck!" returned Hooker. "Come in. I thought it was that confounded Ethiopian."

So far as Thornton could see, it was the same old room, only now crammed with books and pamphlets and crowded with tables of instruments. Hooker, clad in sneakers, white ducks and an undershirt, was smoking a small "T. D." pipe.

"Where on earth did you come from?" he inquired good-naturedly.

"Washington," answered Thornton, and something told him that this was the real thing—the goods—that his journey would be repaid.

Hooker waved the "T. D." in a general sort of way toward some broken-down horsehair armchairs and an empty crate.

"Sit down, won't you?" he said, as if he had seen his guest only the day before. He looked vaguely about for something that Thornton might smoke, then seated himself on a cluttered bench holding a number of retorts, beside which flamed an oxyacetylene blowpipe. He was a wizened little chap, with scrawny neck and protruding Adam's apple. His long hair gave no evidence of the use of the comb and his hands were the hands of Esau. He had an alertness that suggested a robin, but at the same time gave the impression that he looked through things rather than at them. On the mantel was a saucer containing the fast oxidizing cores of several apples and a half-eaten box of oatmeal biscuits.

"My Lord! This is an untidy hole! No more order than when you were an undergrad!" exclaimed Thornton, looking about him in amused horror.

"Order?" returned Bennie indignantly. "Everything's in perfect order! This chair is filled with the letters I have already answered; this chair with the letters I've not answered; and this chair with the letters I shall never answer!"

Thornton took a seat on the crate, laughing. It was the same old Bennie!

"You're an incorrigible!" he sighed despairingly.

"Well, you're a star gazer, aren't you?" inquired Hooker, relighting his pipe. "Some one told me so—I forget who. You must have a lot of interesting problems. They tell me that new planet of yours is full of uranium."

Thornton nodded.

"Yes; the spectrum emphasizes it markedly. What are you working at particularly?"

"Oh, radium and thermic induction mostly," answered Hooker. "And when I want a rest I take a crack at the fourth dimension—spacial curvature's my hobby. But I'm always working at radio stuff. That's where the big things are going to be pulled off, you know."

"Yes, of course," answered Thornton. He wondered if Hooker ever saw a paper, how long since he had been out of the house. "By the way, did you know Berlin had been taken?" he asked.

"Berlin—in Germany, you mean?"

"Yes, by the Russians."

"No! Has it?" inquired Hooker with politeness. "Oh, I think some one did mention it."

Thornton fumbled for a cigarette and Bennie handed him a match. They seemed to have extraordinarily little to say for men who hadn't seen each other for thirteen years.

"I suppose," went on the astronomer, "you think it's deuced funny my dropping in casually this way after all this time, but the fact is I came on purpose. I want to get some information from you straight."

"Go ahead!" said Bennie. "What's it about?"

"Well, in a word," answered Thornton, "the earth's nearly a quarter of an hour behind time."

Hooker received this announcement with a polite interest but no astonishment.

"There's a how-de-do!" he remarked. "What's done it?"

"That's what I want you to tell me," said Thornton sternly. "What could do it?"

Hooker unlaced his legs and strolled over to the mantel.

"Have a cracker?" he asked, helping himself. Then he picked up a piece of wood and began whittling. "I suppose there's the devil to pay?" he suggested. "Things upset and so on? Atmospheric changes? When did it happen?"

"About three weeks ago. Then there's this Sahara business."

"What Sahara business?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No," answered Hooker rather impatiently. "I haven't heard anything. I haven't any time to read the papers; I'm too busy. My thermic inductor transformers melted last week and I'm all in the air. What was it?"

"Oh, never mind now," said Thornton hurriedly, perceiving that Hooker's ignorance was an added asset. He'd get his science pure, uncontaminated by disturbing questions of fact. "How about the earth's losing that quarter of an hour?"

"Of course she's off her orbit," remarked Hooker in a detached way. "And you want to know what's done it? Don't blame you. I suppose you've gone into the possibilities of stellar attraction."

"Discount that!" ordered Thornton. "What I want to know is whether it could happen from the inside?"

"Why not?" inquired Hooker. "A general shift in the mass would do it. So would the mere application of force at the proper point."

"It never happened before."

"Of course not. Neither had needless oranges happened before until Burbank came along," said Hooker.

"Do you regard it as possible by any human agency?" inquired Thornton.

"Why not?" repeated Hooker. "All you need is the energy. And it's lying all round if you could only get at it. That's just what I'm working at now. Radium, uranium, thorium, actinium—all the radioactive elements—are, as everybody knows, continually disintegrating, discharging the enormous energy that is imprisoned in their molecules. It may take generations, epochs, centuries for them to get rid of it and transform themselves into other substances, but they will inevitably do so eventually. They're doing with more or less of a rush what all the elements are doing at their leisure. A single ounce of uranium contains about the same amount of energy that could be produced by the combustion of ten tons of coal—but it won't let the energy go. Instead it holds on to it, and the energy leaks slowly, almost imperceptibly, away, like

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Almost Instantly There Was a Loud Report and a Blinding Flash of Yellow Light

THE MINE LAYER



THE Grimsby Twins' otter trawl was down, scratching up fish from the Doggerbank below, and John Henry Shepherd, the elder of the twins, was smoking in the wheelhouse and keeping the little steamboat approximately on her course. Arthur Cleethorpes Shepherd, his brother, and the only other hand on deck, was seated, with his back against the main hatch, reading war news from a stale copy of the Grimsby Gazette.

To them came the strains of ecclesiastical music from the cabin skylight, proving that Captain Shepherd was awake and was working his way through Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Collection of Hymns. The Steam Trawler Grimsby Twins' harmonium had a compass of two octaves only; but Captain Shepherd was a resourceful man, and when his music encroached beyond those narrow limits he whistled the missing notes with his own lips very efficiently. Mixed with the music that came from the skylight there drifted a fine aroma of onions, hinting that tea—with fried cod sounds—was under way, and that presently the watch would be changed.

"Owt fresh i' t' paper, Clee?" called out John Henry. "Aye; they're asking for more hands for them trawlers they've set on at mine sweeping. I wish the old man would let us go."

"Well, he won't!" said the elder twin in a husky whisper. "Said only just now, when I took the wheel from him, that all war was a crime and a mistake, and recommended me, when she was steering easy, to put up a bit of prayer to be delivered from the sin of wanting to chip in. I've a durn good mind—Hey, Clee, what's that packet coming out of the mist ahead there?" He grabbed the binocular from its box and clapped it to his eyes. "It's a Grimsby-man. GY. 4696! Why, there's no such number!"

"Looks more to me like a Dutch boat."

"Looks to me like that Lowestoft craft, the Bishop Something."

"Bishop Argles. That's her. You can tell by that fancy vane Old Man Argles shipped on his foretruck. But she's strangely mucked up! Those Lowestoft fellows have the queerest ideas of fishing. What for have they got that big derrick rigged aft?"

It was at this moment the S. T. Grimsby Twins struck the mine. She had missed it with her bows by a good fathom, but the drag of the heavy trawl warp over the quarter made her gait somewhat crabwise; and, with the help of a lifting swell, she dropped down on the infernal machine almost amidships, so that one of its strikers was rammed thoroughly home by a downward blow from her starboard bilge keel.

Captain Shepherd's first intimation of disaster was his being plucked from the harmonium stool by some unseen force and flung violently against the cabin roof. The yell of the explosion and the crash of smashing steel and iron came to him next, and by the time he had fallen back to the cabin floor the stink of the yellow melinite fumes was making him cough and choke. The companionway was gushing wreckage and sea water, and he reached the deck by a scramble through the skylight.

His vessel was in halves. Already the forward half was cruising away drunkenly by itself, with four dazed fishermen hanging on to the windlass; the poop end was sinking visibly; and in the churning water between the two there swirled about the dead and shattered bodies of his twin sons, one of them headless.

Ice was hot compared with the trawler skipper's coolness then. In an instant of time all that he loved in the world and all that he owned in the world was plucked from him. He did not whimper; he did not, after the manner of his kind, bombard heaven and all beneath it with furious

By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne

curses; instead, he gazed with stolid eyes at the other trawler looming through the mist ahead, and nodded slowly.

"It's what they said," he muttered, "and what I wouldn't believe—mines sown broadcast over the North Sea. O God, forgive me for not believing before what the British Government said, and give me life to pay back a bit of what I owe. Amen!"

After which prayer he jumped overboard and swam to the Grimsby Twins' boat, which had been blown clear and floated undamaged. Then he clambered into her and set about rescuing those of his men who still floated about on wreckage.

The council of war which decided the fate of some three thousand men and—it is said—no less than five German ships of war took place in the trawler's jolly-boat some twenty minutes later. There were seven men on board of her, including Captain Shepherd, as survivors of the fishing steamer's complement; and two of them were wounded—one badly. Among them, also wet and miserable, and with his fur stained yellow by the explosive, was Joe, the trawler's cat.

"I suppose most of you think that good old Grimsby's the place we want to see next?" began Captain Shepherd.

"You bet!" said Olsen, the third hand.

"I'm no' sure," said McCrae, chief engineer, looking hard at his superior officer.

"You're thinking of Jimmy, Mac?" suggested Captain Shepherd.

"I am, cap. He was ma sister's son."

"And he's now down—or parts of him are—among the cod on the bank below. Olsen, your brother's not here either?"

"Nein."

"Nor your boy, Dick?"

"He was smashed to a pulp, with young Olsen, by the winch falling on them," said old Dick. He clutched at a sob in his throat. "A splendid lad he was too—the young beggar. And there were your two pups and all, skipper. I saw them go out, too, in the middle of that stinking yellow smoke. We've always been a bit of what you might call a family ship—very comfortable too, and no trouble ever that meant anything. I'm sorry them cod sounds I was frying for you was wasted, chaps."

Captain Shepherd nodded to the compliment, and then hit the gunwale a hard blow with his fist to call the meeting to business.

"Look here, men; we've all suffered, and we've got to get busy if we're going to show ourselves better than Joe, and do anything besides mewing. I'll own up I've been a man with a wrong idea. I've been led away by a discourse once given in our chapel, which said that at bottom the Dutchmen only wanted a bit of argument and some prayer to make them reasonable. That's wrong. What they want is hell, and I'm the man to give it to them. Do you come in on the usual share terms as arranged for this fishing fleet?"

"If we were fitted as a man-o'-war," said McCrae cautiously, "I'd be wi' ye on the nod." He indicated with the wave of a hand the heavily built boat that carried them lumberingly over the fog-covered swells. "This is all I can see beyond the end of ma neb at present. But perhaps you've a scheme, cap?"

"Aye," said Captain Shepherd heavily. "I have what you might call a strategy in my head. Man and boy I've fished the Dogger—with short holidays in the Iceland seas—these forty years, and I know it, sea bank and sea

top, better than most. I know the ways of the cod, I know the thoughts of the men that fish them, and I know the tracks of the shipping, come fog, come fine, as a North Sea fisherman should.

I got but one short look at yon spawn of Beelzebub that was laying those mines from Tommy Argles' boat—I bet some language came out when they cut Tommy's throat, by the way—and she was steering north an' by east to half a ticktack. Now do you see the scheme?"

They did not. Captain Shepherd went on patiently to explain:

"They'll lay one line of mines across the ship track from south to north; and then, when they've covered it, they'll turn and lay another parallel to it, so that a ship which misses one line will be gathered by the next."

McCrae held up a brown hand and spat into it.

"That's sound metaphysics, Cap, it's a pleasure to listen to ye. Go on!"

"We'll pull out west from here; we'll miss the mines in the first line—and, fellers, you can take it from me, He will help us—and we'll wait for Mister Blessed Murder Spreader as he comes down on his next trip. Then we'll get aboard and attend to his people; and when we've done that I'll tell you what we'll do next. Any objections?"

They looked at one another thoughtfully and conned the matter over. Your East Coast fisherman is always a mightily independent person, and sees to it that his private opinion has full weight; but there was no amendment and the heavy boat was got under way.

Captain Shepherd, wooden-faced and silent, tucked his arm over an oar in the stern notch and steered. As utensils of navigation he had a watch-chain compass, a big silver watch and his nose; and he held a course through the fog as unfalteringly as a keeper might tread across familiar heather. Thrice they saw steam trawlers from Hull and Grimsby and Scarborough. Once they were hailed; but they made no attempt to break their voyage or even to give a hint of its purpose. They were all silent except Joe, the cat. Joe, having less control than his betters, spat and swore aloud as he licked the yellow melinite stain from his salty fur.

"We don't want the navy butting in," Captain Shepherd said as an afterthought. "We'll make this a fisherman's job; and if afterward they say we're a pack of pirates—well, I hope they'll have to own we're efficient pirates. The dead were our dead, and we're going to arrange the funeral ceremony without help or interference. Spell-o at those oars! Two of you other fellers take a turn now."

The mine-laying trawler crossed their track on its return trip exactly as Captain Shepherd had calculated; and, though her lookout saw them and commented, the officer in charge made no attempt to slow down or pick them up. But some such courtesy as that had been anticipated. The boat lay in the steamer's track, stern to bow and at full pressure on her oars; and under Captain Shepherd's handling she presently rasped down the trawler's side. Men who spend their lives boarding fish on to the carriers in all varieties of North Sea weather are impossible to beat at that sort of game.

What followed was by no means a massacre. The seven men tumbled over on to the mine-cluttered decks without resistance, certainly, the cat following them. They had two iron belaying pins among them and quickly picked up other weapons; but, if it had not been for the surprise of their boarding, they would have been driven in quick time over into the sea whence they came. The surprise gave them the first start, however, and their toughness and the wild ferocity of their attack did the rest.

Captain Shepherd found an ax and wielded it bloodily. They cleared the main deck under a spray of revolver

bullets from an officer in the pilot house. Captain Shepherd went for him, ignoring the revolver, got the ax well home on his right shoulder blade, and cleft him through to the middle. There was no asking for or giving quarter.

The invaders cleared the decks of Germans and then went below to the fore-castle, engine room and cabin, and killed there, leaving only two alive. These two were English and in the stokehold, and they heard hard things from their saviors about Englishmen who, even under duress, work for Germans and do not kill them.

"So back to your kennel, you whipped pupa!" said Captain Shepherd at the end of his discourse on their personal appearance and behavior. "And keep a full head of steam. We're away to the south-east on pressing business. . . . Are you other fellers all sound? Where's Albert Henry?"

"Albert Henry got a bayonet in his stomach, and clapped his arms round the Dutchman that put it there and jumped with him into the ditch."

"And I think Hull Harry died just as we boarded. He must have been worse hurt than we guessed at when the Twins blew up."

"That leaves five," said Captain Shepherd. "You, Olsen, take the wheel. Your course is sou'-east-'n'-by-east. Mac, get below and learn up the coffee mill; and rub the fear o' God into those putty-livers that are firing her. And the rest of you swill down decks. I'm going to worry out how these mines are launched, and I want a clear head for it; so don't any of you fellers disturb me. . . . Oh, yes, and there's one other thing. One of you hunt up a Dutch ensign—they're bound to have one aboard—and get it bent on to the signal halyards and ready to break out if any of their cruisers overhaul us."

The fishermen obeyed these orders none too promptly. They were all of them more or less cut and scratched; and, to start with, they gave one another rough first aid. Then, at Dick's suggestion, they raided galley and larder and pocketed a meal; and then, with food to refer to between whiles, they started to work; and each, according to the North Sea habit, set himself to do two men's toil.

Meantime Captain Shepherd, who had never in his life seen a floating sea mine, either on a ship's deck or elsewhere, set to work to puzzle out from the mass of boiler iron and steel cable before him how he could sink, burn and destroy his hated enemies without blowing up the S. T. Bishop Argles in the process. After he had done a given amount of execution he did not in the least mind what became of her or, for that matter, of himself or his crew. He was a man now entirely reckless and, if he gave a thought for his mates, concluded they were the same. He had received irreparable injury: the bigger injury he could do to any German in return the happier he should die—that was all.

The raveling out of the plan for a fleet of floating sea mines is no job for an amateur; but Captain Shepherd was not the ordinary layman in this matter. He was a North Sea fisherman, which is as much as to say that he was a mechanic, sailorman, carpenter and rule-of-thumb scientist combined; and he picked up intelligently the details of mooring tackle, riding cables, depth adjustment, striker adjustment, and all the rest of the intricate apparatus. He reasoned it out piecemeal from A to Z and back again tediously from Z to A, slurring over nothing, concentrating thoughtfully on every doubtful point until it became entirely clear. Now and again Joe bumped a sympathetic nose against his leg, and he always pulled the cat's tail gratefully in recognition of the attention.

The North Sea, too, was kind to them in being comfortably covered with fog. In fine weather Captain Shepherd was no better navigator than any other man who has grasped the truths of Norie's Epitome; but in a thick gray blanket of fog, even among the fisher skippers, there were few to equal him. With a sluggish compass on a pole, a handful of tal-low smeared into the bottom of the lead, and a nose to sniff the wet air, he could feel his way from any part of the North Sea waste to any other part with unfaltering accuracy.

At intervals a hand would bring the lead to him and he would examine and sniff at the arming.

"Huh! Sand and small shells, and one of them brown creepy things, and that crisp brass-wire smell! We are just off the sou'-east corner of that hole where I carried away a trawl beam

in Nought-one. Tell Olsen to give her half a point more starboard, and take another cast of the lead in twenty minutes; and if there's black sand with these same shells you needn't bother me for another hour. I guess that half point will just overtake the drift."

So, on across his chosen line to the German coast, Captain Shepherd did not trouble with charts. He carried a map of the contours of the North Sea floor in his head and had resourcefulness enough for all other requirements.

Once he was hailed by a hurrying German destroyer, but had backed away into the fog with a ported helm by the time she had come to look for him, and so escaped inquiries. The incident gave him an idea, however. He went to the engine-room skylight and hailed down to one of his impressed stokers:

"Hey, you putty-feller there, what did the Dutchmen do with your fishing gear when they took you?"

"Slung it overboard, sir."

"All of it?"

"All of it except the warps."

"Did they jettison the otter boards?"

"Yes, sir."

"But didn't Captain Argles carry a spare?"

The two stokers consulted.

"Yes, sir; there's a spare otter board used as a floor for one of the fish boxes."

"Good!" said the captain, and he proceeded to get it on deck. "We'll call the depth here twenty-six fathoms, and we'll shackle one of these devil's machines on to the otter board, with enough drift of painter to keep it just under the surface when we're towing it out a quarter of a mile ahead of us. How's that, fellers? Take that mine there, marked thirty-two, that's next under the derrick; and handle it like eggs or it'll go off hot. And that'll be the end of our tale, and our job'll be left undone. By Crumbs, fellers, be careful! Keep it in your heads that we've a stack of these Dutchmen to kill before our own time comes."

Success came that very night. From out the mist and the darkness a German light cruiser came pelting up at a five-and-twenty-knot gait, with guns nosing round for prey and searchlights blazing. She sighted the trawler and hove to, with engines working full speed astern, athwart the Bishop Argles' trawl warp, bawling questions.

"Ja! Ja!" shouted Captain Shepherd in polite response. "No compremnay!"

Meantime Mr. McCrae had set the deck winch going, and hove in on the trawl warp until he drew the mine and its murderous strikers into place.

It hit the cruiser squarely beneath her bilge, amidships. It blew her half in two; it exploded some if not all of her boilers, and these—or the mine—exploded her magazines.

Heaven yelled to the din of the blasts. The fog lit to a flaming yellow. The Bishop Argles rocked and tossed like a cork in a flooded gutter with the shock; and when the reeking smoke of the melinite blew to him, Joe, the cat, spat and swore with excited frenzy.

"Good puss, then!" said Captain Shepherd. "Hates a Dutchman, doesn't he? Get the slack of that trawl warp hove in, Mac, will you? And then we'll steam on again. Back to your course, Olsen!"

"Aye!" said Dick, the old fisherman. "Here's a sandwich for you, skipper. You missed your dinner, so you'll need it. The meat's some kind of liver sausage with black things in it; but I fried it with onions, so you'll never notice the taste. And here's a mug of hard-boiled tea."

"Thank you, Dick. Now go and take a spell at the wheel and send Olsen to me, aft here. And, Dick, if he doesn't seem to want to come, or if he shows awkward in any way, throw him over into the pond."

"Aye!" said the burly old man. "I was expecting that, too, skipper. Olsen's a Dutchman of sorts himself."

Olsen came and was sharply bidden to stand ten feet from his interviewer.

"And now, my man," said Captain Shepherd, "as the only feller who speaks German on this packet, why the whiskers didn't you palaver that brass-edged Dutchman when I told you to? Frightened?"

"Nein; it was nod dot exactly."

"Kind o' forgot they murdered your brother a few hours ago, did you?"

"Mein Gott, nein!"

"Look here, my feller, what countryman are you? An Olsen should be some sort of a Sou'wegan."

"Deutschland über alles!" murmured Olsen softly, and rushed.

Captain Shepherd stepped slightly aside, but left one heavy carpet-slipped foot behind him. Olsen struck wildly, hit nothing, tripped over the foot, and tumbled over the rail into the North Sea—where he remained.

"They're everywhere, those Dutchmen!" commented Captain Shepherd patiently, and cut himself some tobacco. "They'll do with a lot of weeding out. I must weed."

It was dark again when the Bishop Argles entered the Helgoland Bight, and she was steaming without lights. Furthermore, her engine-room and cabin skylights were covered with tarpaulins; and the binnacle lights were muffled, so that not the smallest ray could escape seaward. The clothing of her people was dried by now, and Captain Shepherd's carpet slippers showed their colors in full brilliancy.

A more desperate venture than the one they were set on it would be impossible to find, but none of the bipeds showed emotion. Fishermen are not a demonstrative lot at any time, and these few survivors of what was once a happy family ship were perhaps dulled with grief; anyway, they had decided that it was worth dying to encompass a certain ambition against the enemy, and there was an end of it. So they ate, drank, kept watches, and behaved as normal fishermen should.

Joe, the cat, was the exception. Joe complained personally and individually to each of the crew in turn—except, of course, the two pariahs in the stokehold—and had his neck tickled or his tail pulled in good-tempered toleration. Everybody liked Joe, but nobody was going to be worried too much about his obvious forebodings. He went to McCrae last of all as that excellent person came up to cool off at the fiddle door. Mr. McCrae was wiping grease from his hands and face with a wad of cotton waste and thriftily transferring it to his boots.

"Fey!" he said to Dick, who had been trying to tempt the cat with a bone—"Fey, that's what ails the puir beastie. I thought second sight of that kind was confined to humans. Here's a proof to the contrary. It would be a vera interesting topic to write an article on for the E'n'b'ro' Review if ever we get hame again—which we shalln't. Dick, there was an eye in that egg you fried for ma breakfast this morning. I'll trouble you to pick the meaty bits out in the future. They're ower rich for ma stomach."

A new danger cropped up as they neared their goal. The British Navy, both on the water and below it—though mostly below it—was keeping watch and ward on the German ships that were cooped up inside; but Captain Shepherd instinctively felt that



There Was a Crash and a Thrill Scream

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WAR AND THE HEARTH

By Maude Radford Warren

NO ONE in Canada can fail to realize that the nation is taking part in a war. All the signs are present, both obvious and subtle. The British flag, which has always carried to Canadians a message as deep and splendid as its own coloring, soars everywhere. The sight of it helps to express the emotions of people who prefer not to put into words all they feel. They have a sense of nearness to the war—quite as strong as the English people have.

They even had the aeroplane scare; an aeroplane circled repeatedly round the big rifle factory in Quebec. Some one in authority gave the guards about the factory an order to fire, when, just in time, it was discovered that the aeroplane was in the service of the Empire.

In every town and city companies of soldiers march to barracks or to train. In Ottawa one reads an advertisement demanding recruits for the Fifth Royal Highlanders, who must be from eighteen to forty years of age, not less than five feet three inches in height, and ready to serve for the duration of the war. In the window of a Quebec shop one reads an advertisement that goods are to be sold to soldiers at a ten per cent reduction. On the train to Montreal, on Sundays, the car called the Priests' Car is nearly empty, for the priests who were accustomed to hold mass among the French Canadians in the big lumbering camps have lost that duty; the war has brought the lumber business almost to a standstill.

In Toronto one sees an old white-haired woman, whose daughter died in Brussels, collecting money in the streets for the Belgians. In a Montreal paper a man occupies nearly a whole page in stating that for twenty years Germany has been preparing to rule the seas, and that it is the duty of Canada to place at the disposal of the British Government a cash contribution of fifty million dollars, because the final victory of the present war will be fought on the seas.

What singing and speech making there is comes not faintly, but deeply. It is offered to the honor of the Empire, because the Empire is great and is in the right; and the honor to the soldier is, as Ruskin would have had it, not because he is eager to slay, but because he is willing to die.

In every city and village can be found a number of articulate people whose remarks prove the wonderful unity of the Canadians, and also their excellent grasp of the situation. These people are intent on contriving that there shall be the least possible amount of physical suffering for those at the front and for those at home; and the least possible amount of financial loss—for in Canada they do not sing the war song entitled *War is a Bountiful Jade*. It is extremely probable they do not sing it in Germany, either. It goes with swagger and swashbuckling and out-of-date impressions that war means gain. War, as we moderns see it, cannot mean gain—not even for nations who go out after territory and get it.

The Service of Those Who Stay at Home

THE European war means loss, both to victor and to vanquished. The Canadians know that every one has to pay—man, woman and child—and some of them in several ways. What has been equally clear is that everybody must help—either help to fight or help to make the best of the results of fighting. Any stay-at-home who has remarked, "They also serve who only stand and wait," has been shown that serving and waiting are in order, but not standing; every one must move forward.

And yet, in spite of all the bravery and common sense, there is in Canada, especially behind the closed doors of the homes, a strong feeling of loss, both financial and human. It cannot, indeed, be said, as in France or Germany, that every man who can bear arms has gone to the front; but many households have yielded up son or father, and many more know that sacrifice is yet to come.

At the least, every one has bidden farewell to dear friends. A woman in Quebec sent away her husband and son. She was on the Terrace to see them sail, and then she went home; and when her friends call they do not see her, and are told that she is not quite well. A couple in Montreal sent their three young officer sons. The day after the expedition sailed the father was at his place of business as



The Canadians Have a Sense of Nearness to the War Quite as Strong as the English

usual, listening now and then to a word of congratulation about his children; but the next day he stayed at home, and he and his wife sat alone in their drawing room reviving, who knows what memories of the childhood of their boys.

The day when the news began to be whispered that the Canadian overseas expedition had really sailed, and when wives and parents began to receive letters of farewell, without date or postscript, a woman, with two little eager children, walked in front of the armory at Ottawa. She had the dark brown shadows about her eyes that are a sign not so much of tears as of tears held back.

"I have to bring them here every day," she said; "they won't be satisfied without seeing the place where their father was recruited. It's as good a way as any, I suppose, of keeping him in their minds. No; my husband was not a reservist. He was in South Africa, but he went as a volunteer. It was hard for me then to have him go, for I hadn't been married long and the war seemed so far away. It was a reasonable thing to suppose that people near it ought to do the fighting; but that was only my idea, of course. I wanted him with me; but I knew his country had a better right to him than I had; and there were not any children then, anyway."

"He came back safe and well—that is, as well as a man can be who has passed bitter nights in the open without a cover of any sort, and who has gone long hours without even a crust to gnaw—not that he talked much about it; for a long time he didn't let a word out of him, but sometimes his friends would talk round the dining-room table of nights when I had set out some cider and currant bread for them. I'd be sewing on the clothes of the baby that was coming, and I'd listen. And then I'd hear about a man, whose name nobody knew, dying and being buried, with no one able to send a word to his family; and I'd hear of wounded men crying and calling for their mothers—and the night so black you couldn't tell where they were, even if it would have done you any good to know. When you come to think of it, a grown-up man has to go through a lot of suffering before he begins to cry in the dark for his mother. I wish now I'd never heard any of those stories, for I can't put them out of my mind."

"When the children began to come nothing seemed very real but them. The South African War seemed to me just something my husband liked to talk about—just like the way some men talk of fishing or horse racing. Then this war began to be rumored; and at first it meant nothing to me. My baby had the croup; and what I thought, if I thought at all, was that it was not the heads of families that should go, but young men with no responsibilities. But of late, when I've been awake in the night, I've thought of the mothers of those young men. Then I noticed how my husband would keep poring over the newspaper, and I got so I was afraid to look straight at him, for fear of what I might see in his face. Then I got so I didn't say very much to him."

"One day at breakfast, when I was cutting bread for the children, he leaned across the table and took the knife and

loaf away from me, and began to cut it himself. And when he'd got about twice as much as they could eat cut off—to get all dry and hard—he said:

"Mary, you needn't say anything to me. If war is declared I'm going!"

"Then he got up and left the table without drinking his tea. So I knew he felt bad at having to go against me—for I didn't want him to go, at least not yet. The way I look at it is that he has served his country once, and that much active service ought to excuse him; but if he was really wanted I could have let him go with the second contingent. That's what my mother is doing with my two brothers. They want to go. They talked it over at our house, and they said a man's life belonged to his mother and to his country. So they went to my mother and asked her to let them go. She said to them:

"Boys, I'm an old woman, and I don't want the last years of my life to be harder than they must. Don't leave yet. If it's a disgrace and a shame in you to hold back from the war then I'll take that shame and disgrace on myself. Wait until they ask for the second lot of men—it may never come to that; but if it does I'll let you go."

"My mother-in-law is so different! She encouraged my husband and his

brother to go. She said if any harm came to them it wouldn't be so long before she joined them, and she'd have the satisfaction of knowing that she didn't hold them back from their duty. Sometimes it seems to me a mother has more influence over a man than his wife. When my mother-in-law put it to me, and asked whether I would say the word to keep my man from going, I couldn't say that I would. What I said to her was that if you cross or thwart a man he makes you pay for it; but, besides that, I believe that if a man says something is his duty, and you are his wife and you know that it isn't an easy duty, then you can't hold him back from it, even if his choice costs you more than it does him. There's plenty of women I know who've consented to let their men go; but they don't want to put it down in writing, because that would look as though they'd sent them. But I just reminded my mother-in-law of what happened to Sarah Jordan."

The Wife Who Wouldn't Let Her Man Go

"SARAH JORDAN never seemed to me to set much store by her husband—they quarreled a good bit; but when this war broke out he enlisted. According to the law she had the right to hold him back, because he was a volunteer; so she wrote a letter to the colonel of the regiment and gave it to one of the children to post. Jordan got it away from the child. Then he told Sarah there was some loophole out of the law, and that they were going to take him anyway. She wouldn't believe it entirely. Anyway, she was always one to do things before everybody, with a lot of fuss. So she went up to the armory one day when the men were drilling—not the company only, but the whole regiment—and flung her arms round Jordan's neck and claimed him before everybody. They're both the laughingstock of all their friends; but people feel sorry enough for him—though, indeed, as my husband said, this is no time when a man wants to be pitied. But Jordan is putting in his time making Sarah wish she had let him go."

"The world seems to me to be a changed place. Everything has been so different for maybe ten years—earthquakes and terrible fires and accidents, and the price of everything going up so that a body hardly knows how to live. And now this war! I suppose it could be worse; I hear the wives of the poor French soldiers don't get what we do to live on. My husband is assigning me all his pay, except a little for tobacco. I wish now I'd said less to him about smoking up the parlor curtains."

"Then there's what the government gives me; but, at that, altogether it's only fifty dollars, and my husband made ninety-five at his job. Ten of that we put by against the education of the children and for old age; but we spent eighty-five. The rent is eighteen, and I can't find anything for less in a decent neighborhood—and if I could a lot of money would go in the moving."

"I'll have to take a lodger if I can get one. I'll have to stop the children's music lessons, and see whether I can't get their winter clothes out of the cast-off things of

their cousins. They won't like to wear them, for the school children will know. I'll go out sewing by the day now and then, if I can get it to do; and that'll be bad for the children, me leaving them to get their own food alone and run the streets after school.

"Maybe I'll not be able to get anything to do, and then I suppose I'll have to use up the earnings. Some poor women are without earnings, and they'll have to take the children out of school and put them to work, if they can find it. Some people say there will be no work for anyone. I suppose things could be worse than they are with me. It's just that I feel as though I'm living in a bad dream—only I don't know that I'll ever wake. The ones that go to the front aren't the only ones that suffer."

In a sense every one in Canada has been conscripted. There is a story of a man who was with a surveying party in the wilderness of Northern Ontario when the news came of the breaking out of the war. He walked ninety miles through the woods to the nearest railroad station to offer himself as a volunteer. Those who must fight the stay-at-home battle make their sacrifices just as willingly as those who go to the front.

One sweet-faced old gentlewoman, who has supported an invalid sister for years by keeping a private school, lost so many of her pupils that she was obliged to dismiss her assistant teachers and close her establishment. A former pupil got work for her in a department store.

"Of course it's not what I would have chosen," she said; "but I'm thankful to get it. The other saleswomen help me and I often get a chance to sit down. It gives a living if I draw a little on our savings; and when the war is over I shall reopen the school."

A middle-aged woman who has a rooming house is drawing on her savings because her rooms are full of girls who have lost their positions and cannot pay her.

"I couldn't turn them out," she said, "for where could they go? I get them to help me with the work; and maybe when times are better they'll pay me back. I can't fight, but I can do a little for Canada and the King."

The Canadian Government is also, so to speak, drawing on its savings. To say it has appropriated about a hundred million dollars for the war, and that the total net debt at the end of August, 1914, showed an increase of over thirty-one millions in a year, is not at all telling the story of what the war is costing Canada. When the matter is looked at from the point of view of industry and commerce, and of the people shut away from pay rolls, the figures are staggering.

The nation is suffering severely, financially and commercially, for the whole fiscal system is strained. A great many people are learning for the first time that the world lives and does business on credit; and when war begins credit stops. It seems strange that one man can ruin international credit and pinch countless millions of people!

To Canada the war could scarcely have come at a worse time, for her era of construction was changing to one of production, and she was undergoing the difficulties of the new adjustment. British and foreign investors were holding off to see what Canada would make of herself during the next few months. The Dominion and provincial governments had borrowed heavily.

There were some critics who thought a considerable share of the trouble of the nation was due to a too free expenditure of the governmental funds. The leaders of financial and commercial circles were keeping a keen eye on the general development of the country, particularly watching preferred stocks. There was a list of nonpayers that gave a feeling of uncertainty.

When the war was declared these stocks went down. With some of them it was a case of "three times and out." Firm after firm began to fail and thousands of people lost their employment. Some of these firms were in a bad way before the war, but one or two of them need not have shut down if they had cared to reduce profits, or even run at a loss for a time. It is said that one firm alone, which closed its doors early in August, threw out of employment five thousand men.

Many thousands more have been dropped from steel corporations, electrical concerns, and car and railroad

shops; but there would have been many more forced failures and voluntary withdrawals if it had not been for the spirit of unity which sprang up, as though overnight, in the nation. Political and religious and social differences were forgotten; the instinct of personal gain was forced into the background. It almost seemed as though sympathy and love and money had become communal.

The spirit was and is much as it was in San Francisco just after the earthquake. He is a hard man who is not helping in these parlous times in Canada, either with money or with brains. The rich man is not so rich as he was; he may become bankrupt to-morrow; and he is ready to give help to the man who has always been poor.

From the day after the war broke out concerted effort began to help those who were fighting at home. The government at once placed itself behind the banks. At present it even seems to be the intention of the Finance Department to extend assistance to provinces and municipalities the treasury bills of which, floated in London, will fall due in the course of the next few months. Suggestions were made that Toronto should keep its little army of six thousand men engaged on its civic works; and this has been done. It was also proposed that the Ontario Government should carry out its extensive plans for road construction, to give work to the unemployed; but this suggestion, at the present writing, is still pending.

Almost at once a strong committee of business men was appointed, representing the various industries of Canada, to find ways and means of keeping the wheels of industry and of commerce turning. Of course no care had to be taken of the industries that received orders for supplies from the militia department—such as cotton companies, cloth factories, knitting mills, boot and shoe companies, saddlery and harness companies, tent concerns, and so on; but many others were in a sad way.

The manufacturers who shared the patriotic spirit of those who had gone to the front expressed themselves—some of them in print—as wishing to show the same courage

(Continued on Page 30)

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFF

XVI
SELINGMAN drew out his watch and held it underneath the electric light set in the back of the automobile. "Good!" he declared. "It is not yet half past eleven."

"Too early for the Austria," Draconmeyer murmured a little absently.

Selingman returned the watch to his pocket.

"By no means," he objected. "Mademoiselle is doubtless amusing herself well enough, but if I go now and leave in an hour she will be peevish. She might want to accompany us. To-night it would not be convenient. Draconmeyer, tell your chauffeur to take us direct to the rendezvous. We can at least watch the people there. One is always amused. We will forget our nervous friend. Those little touches, Draconmeyer, my man, they mark the man of genius, mind you. Did you notice how his eyes lighted up when I whispered that one word 'Egypt'? It is a great game when you bait your hook with men, and fish for empires!"

Draconmeyer gave an instruction to his chauffeur and leaned back.

"If we succeed—" he began.

"Succeed?" Selingman interrupted. "Why, man alive, he is on our hooks already! Be at rest, my friend; the affair is half arranged. It remains for us to deal with only one man."

Draconmeyer's eyes sparkled beneath his spectacles. A slow smile crept over his white face.

"You are right," he agreed. "That man is best out of the way. If he and Douville should meet—"

"They shall not meet," Selingman thundered. "I, Selingman, declare it. We are here already. Good! The aspect of the place pleases me."

The two men, arriving so early, received the distinguished consideration of a bowing *maitre d'hôtel* as they entered



"That Two Hundred Shall be Five Hundred, But it Must be a Cemetery to Which They Take Him!"

the Austria. They were ushered at once to a round table in a favorable position. Selingman surrendered his hat and coat to the obsequious *restaurateur*, pulled down his waistcoat with a familiar gesture, spread his pudgy hands upon the table and looked round him with a smile of benevolent approval.

"I shall amuse myself here," he declared confidently. "Pass the menu to me, Draconmeyer. You have no more idea how to eat than a rabbit. That is why you suffer from indigestion. At this hour—why, it is not midnight yet!—one needs sustenance; sustenance, mark you, intelligently

selected, something nourishing yet not heavy. A sheet of paper, waiter. You see, I like to write out my dishes. It saves trouble and there are no disappointments, nothing is forgotten. As to the wine, show me the vintage champagnes. So! You need not hurry with the meal. We shall spend some time here."

Draconmeyer arrested the much-impressed *maitre d'hôtel* as he was hurrying away.

"Is there dancing here to-night?" he inquired.

"But certainly, monsieur," the man replied. "A Spanish lady, altogether ravishing, the equal of Otéro at her best—Señorita Melita."

"She dances alone?"

"By no means. There is the young Frenchman, Jean Coulois, who is engaged for the season. A wonderful pair indeed! When May comes they go to the music halls in Paris and London."

Draconmeyer nodded approval.

"Coulois was the name," he whispered to Selingman as the man moved away.

The place filled up slowly. Presently the supper was served. Selingman ate with appetite, Draconmeyer only sparingly. The latter, however, drank more freely than usual. The wine had, nevertheless, curiously little

effect upon him, save for a slight additional brightness of the eyes. His cheeks remained pale, his manner distant. Without any apparent interest he watched the people enter and pass to their places. Selingman, on the other hand, easily absorbed the spirit of his surroundings. As the night wore on he recognized his neighbors, beamed upon the pretty little Frenchwoman who was selling flowers, and with obvious enjoyment ate and drank what was set before him. Both men, however, showed at least an equal interest when Señorita Melita, in Spanish costume, accompanied by a slim, dark-visaged man, began to dance.

Draconmeyer was no longer restless. He sat with folded arms, watching the performance with a strangely absorbed air. One thing, however, was singular: although Selingman was confessedly a ladies' man, his eyes, after her first few movements, scarcely rested for a moment upon the girl. Both Draconmeyer and he watched her companion steadfastly. When the dance was over they applauded with spirit. Selingman beckoned to the man, who with a little deprecating shrug of the shoulders swaggered up to their table with some show of condescension.

"A chair for Monsieur Jean Coulois, the great dancer," Selingman ordered; "and another glass. Monsieur Jean, my sincerest congratulations! But a word in your ear: Her steps do not match yours. It is really you who make the dance. She has no initiative. She can do nothing but imitate."

The dancer looked at his host a little curiously. He was slightly built and without an atom of color. His black hair was closely cropped, his eyes of somber darkness, his demeanor almost sullen. At Selingman's words, however, he nodded rapidly and seated himself more firmly upon his chair. It was apparent that although his face remained expressionless he was gratified.

"They notice nothing, these others," he remarked with a little wave of the hand. "It is always the woman who counts. You are right, monsieur. She dances like a stick. She has good calves and she rolls her eyes. The *canaille* applaud. It is always like that. Your health, monsieur!"

Selingman leaned across the table toward the young dancer.

"Coulois," he whispered, "the wolves bay loudest at night, is it not so?"

The man sat quite still. If such a thing was possible, he grew a shade paler. His eyes glittered. He looked steadfastly at Selingman.

"Who are you?" he muttered.

"The wolves sleep in the daytime," Selingman replied.

The dancer shrugged his shoulders. The double password had reassured him.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said, "these have been anxious hours."

"The little affair the other night at La Turbie?" Selingman suggested.

Coulois' mouth had taken an evil turn. He leaned across the table.

"See you," he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "what happened, happened justly! Martin is responsible. The whole thing was conducted in the spirit of a pantomime, a great joke. Who are we, the Wolves, to brandish empty firearms, to shrink from letting a little blood! Bah!"

Selingman nodded approvingly as he refilled Coulois' glass.

"My friend and I," he confided, "were among those who were held up. Imagine it! We stood against the wall like a row of dummies. Such treasure as I have never before seen was poured into that sack. Jewels, my friend, such as only the women of Monte Carlo wear! Packet after packet of thousand-franc notes! Wealth immeasurable! Oh, Coulois, Coulois, it was an opportunity lost!"

"Lost!" the dancer echoed fiercely. "It was thrown into the gutter! It was madness! It was hellish, such ill fortune! Yet what could I do? If I had been absent from here—I, Coulois, whom men know of—even the police would have had no excuse. So it was Martin who must lead. Our armory had never been fuller. There were revolvers for every one, there was ammunition for a thousand. Pardon, monsieur, but I cannot talk of this affair. The anger rises so hot in my heart that I fear to betray myself to those who may be listening. And, besides, you have not come here to talk with me of it."

"It is true," Selingman confessed.

There followed a brief silence. The dancer was studying his two companions. There was uneasiness in his expression.

"I do not understand," he said hoarsely, "how you came by the passwords."

"Make yourself wholly at ease, my young friend," Selingman begged him reassuringly. "We are men of the world, my friend and I. We seek our own ends in life, and we have often to make use of the nearest and the best means for the purpose of securing them. Martin has served me before. A week ago I should have gone to him. To-night, as you know, he lies in prison."

"Martin, indeed!" the dancer jeered. "You would have gone, then, to a man of sawdust, a chicken-livered bungler! What is it that you want done? Speak to me, I am a man."

The leader of the orchestra was essaying upon his violin the tentative strains of a popular air. The girl had reappeared and was poised herself upon her toes. The leader of the orchestra summoned Coulois.

"I must dance," he announced. "Afterward I will return."

He leaped lightly to his feet and swung into the room with extended arms. Draconmeyer looked down at his plate.

"It is a risk, this, we are running," he muttered. "I do not see, Selingman, why you could not have hired this fellow through Allen or one of the others."

Selingman shook his head.

"See here, Draconmeyer," he explained, "this is one of the cases where agents are dangerous. For Allen to have been seen with Jean Coulois here would have been the same as though I had been seen with him myself. I cannot, alas, in this place, with my personality, keep my identity concealed! They know that I am Selingman. They know well that wherever I move I have with me men of my secret service. I cannot use them against Hunterleys. Too many are in the know. Here we are simply two visitors who talk to a dancer. We depart. We do not see him again until afterward. Besides, this is where fate is with us. What more natural than that the Wolves should revenge themselves upon the man who captured one of their leaders? It was the young American, Richard Lane, who really started the debacle, but it was Hunterleys who seized Martin. What more natural than revenge? These fellows hang by one another always."

Draconmeyer nodded with grim approval.

"It was devilish work he did in Sofia," he said softly. "But for him much of this would have been unnecessary."

The dance was over. Both men joined enthusiastically in the applause. Coulois, with an insolent nod to his admirers, returned to his seat. He threw himself back in his chair, crossed his legs and held out his empty glass. Though he had been dancing furiously there was not a single bead of perspiration upon his forehead.

"You are in good condition, my friend," Selingman observed admiringly.

"I need to be for my work," Coulois replied. "Let us get to business. There is no need to mince words. What do you want with me? Who is the quarry?"

"The man who ruined your little affair at La Turbie and captured your comrade Martin," Selingman whispered. "You see you have every provocation to start with."

Coulois' eyes glittered.

"He was an Englishman," he muttered.

"Quite true," Selingman assented. "His name is Hunterleys—Sir Henry Hunterleys. He lives at the Hôtel de Paris. His room is number 189. He spends his time upon the terrace, at the Café de Paris and in the Sporting Club. Every morning he goes to the English Bank for his letters, deals with them in his room, calls at the post office and takes a walk, often up into the hills."

"Come, come, this is not so bad!" Coulois exclaimed. "They laughed at us in the cafés and down in the wine shops of Monaco, those who know," he went on, frowning. "They say that the Wolves have become sheep. We shall see! It is an affair, this, worth considering. What do you pay, Monsieur le Gros, and for how long do you wish him out of the way?"

"The pay," Selingman announced, "is two hundred louis, and the man must be in hospital for at least a fortnight."

Draconmeyer leaned suddenly forward. His eyes were bright, his hands gripped the table.

"Listen!" he whispered. "Are the Wolves sheep, indeed, that they can do no more than twist ankles and break heads? That two hundred shall be five hundred, Jean Coulois, but it must be a cemetery to which they take him, and not a hospital!"

There was a moment's silence. Selingman sat back in his place. He was staring at his companion with wide-open eyes. Jean Coulois was moistening his lips with his tongue, his eyes were brilliant.

"Five hundred louis!" he repeated under his breath.

"Is it not enough?" Draconmeyer asked coldly. "I do not believe in half measures. The man who is wounded may be well before he is welcome. If five hundred louis is not enough, name your price; but let there be no doubt. Let me see what the Wolves can do when it is their leader who handles the knife!"

The face of the dancer was curiously impassive. He lifted his glass and drained it.

"An affair of death!" he exclaimed softly. "We Wolves, we bite, we wound, we rob. But death—ugh! There are ugly things to be thought of."

"And pleasant ones," Draconmeyer reminded him. "Five hundred louis is not enough? It shall be six hundred. A man may do much with six hundred golden louis."

Selingman sat forward once more in his place.

"Look here," he interposed, "you go too far, my friend. You never spoke to me of this. What have you against Hunterleys?"

"His nationality," Draconmeyer answered coolly. "I hate all Englishmen!"

The gamy had left Selingman's face. He gazed at his companion with a curious expression.

"My friend," he murmured, "I fear that you are vindictive."

"Perhaps," Draconmeyer replied quietly. "In these matters I like to be on the safe side."

Jean Coulois struck the table lightly with his small, feminine hand. He showed all his teeth as though he had been listening to an excellent joke.

"It is to be done," he decided. "There is no more to be said."

Some visitors had taken the next table. Coulois drew his chair a little closer to Draconmeyer.

"I accept the engagement," he continued. "We will talk no more. Monsieur desires my address? It is here"—scribbling on a piece of paper. "But monsieur may be warned," he added with a lightninglike flash in his eyes as he became conscious of the observation of some passers-by: "I will not dance in England. I will not leave Monte Carlo before May. Half that sum—three hundred louis, mind—must come to me on trust; the other three hundred afterward. Never fear but that I will give satisfaction. Keep your part of the bargain," he added under his breath, "and the Wolves' fangs are already in this man's throat."

He danced again. The two men watched him intently. Draconmeyer's face was as still and colorless as ever. In Selingman's face there was a shade of something that suggested repulsion.

"Draconmeyer," he exclaimed, "you are a cold-blooded fish indeed! You can sit there without blinking and think of this thing we have done. Now as for me I have a heart. I can never see without a shiver even a bitter opponent pass out of the game. Talk philosophy to me, Draconmeyer. My nerves are shaken."

Draconmeyer turned his head. He, too, raised his wine to his lips and drank deliberately.

"My friend," he said, "there is no philosophy save one. A child cries for the star he may not have. The weak man comforts himself in privation by repeating to himself the dry-as-dust axioms conceived in an alien brain, and weaving from them the miserable comfort of empty words. The man who knows life and has found wisdom pays the price for the thing he desires and obtains it!"

XVII

HUNTERLEYS sat that night alone in a seat at the Opera and lost himself for a time in a maze of recollections. He seemed to find himself growing younger as he listened to the music. The days of a more vivid and ardent sentimentality seemed to reassert themselves. He thought of the hours when he had sat side by side with his wife, the only woman to whom he had ever given a thought; of the thrill that even the touch of her fingers had given him, of the drive home together, the little confidences and endearments, the glamour that seemed to have been thrown over life before those unhappy misunderstandings. He remembered so well the beginning of them all—the terrible pressure of work that was thrown upon his shoulders, his engrossed days, his disturbed nights; her patience at first, her subsequent petulance, her final anger. He was engaged often in departmental work that he could not even explain.

She had taken up with unhappy facility the rôle of a neglected wife. She declared that he had ceased to care for the lighter ways. There had certainly been a time when her complaints had been apparently justified, when the opera had been banned, the theater impossible, when she could not even rely upon his escort to a dinner or to a reception. He had argued with her very patiently at first, but very unsuccessfully. It was then that her friendship with Linda Draconmeyer had been so vigorously renewed, a friendship that seemed from the first to have threatened his happiness.

Had it been his fault, he wondered? Had he really been too much engrossed in his work? His country had made large demands upon him in those days. Had he ever explained the matter fully and carefully enough to her? Perhaps not. At any rate he was the sufferer. He realized more than ever, as the throbbing of the music stole into his blood, the loneliness of his life. And yet it seemed so hopeless. Supposing he threw up his work and let things take their course? The bare thought chilled him. He recognized it as unworthy. The great song of mortification from the broken hero rang in his ears. Must every woman bring to every man the curse of Delilah!

He passed out of the building into the cool, starlit night. People were strolling about in evening clothes, hatless, the women in white opera cloaks and filmy gowns, their silk-stockinged feet very much in evidence. They resembled almost some strange kind of tropical birds, with their little shrill laughter and graceful movements, as they made their way toward the club or round to the rooms, or to one of the restaurants for supper. While Hunterleys hesitated there was a touch upon his arm. He glanced round.

"Hello, David!" he exclaimed. "Were you waiting for me?"

The young man fell into step by his side.

"I have been to the hotel," he said in a low tone. "They thought you might be here. Can you come up later—say at one o'clock?"

"Certainly," Hunterleys answered. "Where's Sidney?"

"He's working now. He'll be home by half past twelve unless anything goes wrong. He thinks he'll have something to tell you."

"I'll come," Hunterleys agreed. "How's Felicia?"

"All right, but working herself to death," the young man replied. "She is getting anxious too. Give her a word of encouragement if you see her to-night. She was hoping you might have been up to see her."

"I won't forget," Hunterleys promised.

The young man drifted silently away, and Hunterleys, after a moment's hesitation and a glance at his watch,

turned toward the club. He climbed the broad staircase, surrendered his hat and turned in at the roulette room. The magic of the music was still in his veins and he looked round him almost eagerly. There was no sign of Violet. He strolled into the baccarat room, but she was not there. Perhaps she, too, had been at the Opera. In the bar he found Richard Lane sitting moodily alone. The young man greeted him warmly.

"Come and have a drink, Sir Henry," he begged. "I've got the hump."

Hunterleys sat down by his side.

"What's the matter with you, Richard?" he asked.

"She isn't here," the young man declared. "I've been to the rooms and she isn't there either."

"What about the Opera?" Hunterleys asked.

"I started at the Opera," Lane confessed; "took a box so as to be able to see the whole house. I sat through the first act, but there wasn't a sign of her. Then I took a spin out and had another look at the villa. It was all lighted up as though there were a party. I very nearly marched in."

"Just as well you didn't, I think," Hunterleys remarked, smiling. "I see you're feeling just the same about it."

The young man did not even vouchsafe an answer.

"Then you're not going to take advantage of your little warning and clear out?" Hunterleys continued.

"Don't you think I'm big enough to take care of myself?" Lane asked with a little laugh. "Besides, there's an American consul here, and plenty of English witnesses who saw the whole thing. Can't think why they're trying on such a silly game."

"Mr. Grex may have influence," Hunterleys suggested.

"Who the mischief is my prospective father-in-law?" Richard demanded almost testily. "There's an atmosphere about that house and the servants I can't understand a bit."

"You wouldn't," Hunterleys observed dryly. "Well, in a day or two I'll tell you who Mr. Grex is. I'd rather not to-night."

"By the by," Lane continued, "a few minutes ago your wife was asking if you were here."

Hunterleys rose quickly to his feet.

"Where is she?"

"She was at her usual place at the top roulette table, but she gave it up just as I passed, said she was going to walk about," the young man replied. "I don't think she has left yet."

Hunterleys excused himself hastily. In the little space between the restaurant and the roulette rooms he came suddenly upon Violet. She was leaning back in an obscure corner, her hands clasped helplessly in her lap before her. She was sitting quite still, and his heart sank when he saw her. The lines under her eyes were unmistakable now; her cheeks, too, seemed to have grown hollow. Her first look at him almost made him forget all their differences. There was something pitiful in the tremble of her lips. He drew a chair to her side.

"Richard told me that you wished to speak to me," he began as lightly as he could.

"I asked if he had seen you," she admitted. "I am afraid that my interest was rather mercenary."

"You want to borrow some money?" he inquired, taking out his pocket-book.

She looked at it, and though her eyes at first were listless they still seemed fascinated.

"I don't think I can play any more to-night," she sighed.

"You have been losing?"

"Yes!"

"Come and have something. You look tired."

She rose willingly enough. They passed out side by side.

"Some champagne?" he suggested.

She shook her head quickly. The memory of the champagne at dinner came back to her with a sudden sickening insistence. She thought of the loan. She thought of Dracmeyer with a new uneasiness. It was as though she had admitted some new complication into her life.

"Could I have some tea?" she begged.

He ordered some and sat with her while she drank it.

"Do you know," he declared, "if I might be permitted to say so, I think you are taking the gaming here a little

too seriously. If you have been unlucky it is very easy to arrange an advance for you. Would you like some money? If so, I will see to it when I go to the bank to-morrow. I can let you have a hundred pounds at once if you like."

A hundred pounds! If only she dared tell him that she had lost a thousand within the last two hours! Once more he was fingering his pocket-book.

"Come," he went on pleasantly, "you had better have a hundred from me for luck."

He counted out the notes. Her fingers began to shake.

"I didn't mean to play any more to-night," she faltered.

"Nor should I," he agreed. "Take my advice, Violet, and go home now. This will do for you to-morrow."

She took the money and dropped it into her jeweled bag.

"Very well," she said, "I won't play any more; but I don't want to go home yet. It is early, and I can never sleep here when I do go to bed. Sit with me for half an hour, and then perhaps you could give me some supper?"

He shook his head. "I am so sorry," he answered, "but at one o'clock I have an appointment."

"An appointment?"

"Such bad luck," he continued. "It would have given me very great pleasure to have had supper with you, Violet."



"I Don't Fancy the Law Would See You Out of Any Trouble if They Got an Idea That You Were an English Secret-Service Man"

"An appointment at one o'clock," she repeated slowly. "Isn't that just a little unusual?"

"Perhaps so," he assented. "I can assure you that I am very sorry."

She leaned suddenly toward him. The aloofness had gone from her manner. The barrier seemed for a moment to have fallen down. Once more she was the Violet he remembered. She smiled into his face, smiled with her eyes as well as her lips, just the smile he had been thinking of an hour ago in the opera house.

"Don't go, please," she begged. "I am feeling lonely to-night and I am so tired of everybody and everything. Take me to supper at the Café de Paris. Then, if you like, we might come back here for half an hour. Or —"

She hesitated.

"I am horribly sorry," he declared in a tone that was full of real regret. "Indeed, Violet, I am. But I have an appointment that I must keep, and I can't tell exactly how long it may take me."

The very fact that the nature of that appointment concerned things that from the first he had made up his mind must be kept entirely secret stiffened his tone. Her manner changed instantly. She had drawn herself a little away. She considered for a moment.

"Are you inclined to tell me with whom your appointment is, and for what purpose?" she asked coldly. "I don't want to be exacting, but after the request I have made, and your refusal —"

"I cannot tell you," he interrupted. "I can only ask you to take my word for it that it is one I must keep."

She rose suddenly to her feet.

"I forgot!" she exclaimed. "I haven't the slightest right to your confidence. Besides, when I come to think of it I don't believe that I am hungry at all. I shall try my luck with your money."

"Violet —"

She swept away with a little farewell nod, half insolent, half angry. Hunterleys watched her take her place at the table. For several moments he stood by her side. She neither looked up nor addressed him. Then he turned and left the place.

XVIII

HUNTERLEYS remained in the hotel only long enough to change his hat for a cap, put on a long light overcoat and take an ash stick from his wardrobe. He left the place by an unfrequented entrance and commenced at once to climb to the back part of the town. Once or twice he paused and looked round, to make sure that he was not followed. When he had arrived as far as a certain hotel he crossed the road. From here he walked very quickly and took three turns in rapid succession. Finally he pushed open a little gate and passed up a tiled walk that led between a little border of rose trees to a small white villa covered with creepers. A slim girlish figure came suddenly out from the porch and danced toward him with outstretched hands.

"At last!" she exclaimed. "At last! Tell me, my coguardian, how you are going to excuse yourself."

He took her outstretched hands and looked down into her face. She was very small and dark, with lustrous brown eyes and a very sensitive mouth that just now was quivering with excitement.

"All the excuses have gone out of my head, Felicia," he declared. "You look such a little elf in the moonlight that I can't do more than say that I am sorry. But I have been busy."

She was suddenly serious. She clasped his arm with both her hands and turned toward the house.

"Of course you have," she sighed. "It seems too bad, though, in Monte Carlo. Sidney and David are like ghouls. I don't ask what it is about; I know better; but I wish it were all over, whatever it is."

"Is Sidney back?" Hunterleys asked eagerly.

She nodded.

"He came in half an hour ago looking like a tramp. David is writing as though he hadn't a moment to spare in life. They are both waiting for you, I think."

"And you?" he inquired. "How do the rehearsals go?"

"The rehearsals are all right," she admitted, looking up at him almost pathetically. "It's the night

itself that seems so awful. I know every word, I know every note, and yet I can't feel sure. I can't sleep for thinking about it. Only last night I had a nightmare. I saw all those rows and rows of faces, and the lights, and my voice left me, my tongue was dry and hard, not a word would come. And you were there—and the others!"

He laughed at her.

"Little girl," he said solemnly, "I shall have to speak to Sidney. One of those two young men must take you out for a day in the country to-morrow."

"They seem so busy," she complained. "They don't seem to have time to think of me. I suppose I had better let you go in. They'd be furious if they thought I was keeping you."

They passed into the villa, and with a farewell pat of the hand Hunterleys left her and opened a door on the left-hand side of the hall. The young man who had met him coming out of the Opera was standing with his hands in his pockets upon the hearth-rug of an exceedingly untidy-looking apartment. It contained a table covered with papers, another piled with newspapers, and there were books upon the floor, and pipes and tobacco lay about haphazard. A space had been swept clear upon one

(Continued on Page 40)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newspapers.
To Canada—By Subscription \$1.25 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.50).
Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, \$1.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21, 1914

How Long Can They Fight?

IF THE war is to be ended only by financial exhaustion we may as well resign ourselves to about ten years of it. Probably it would take something like that period so to exhaust England, Germany, France and Russia that they could no longer fight—presuming, of course, they were not actually overrun and occupied by an enemy.

A country's credit may sink so low that it cannot borrow a dollar abroad and its treasury may be as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard; yet it may continue to fight hard for years. So long as there is a pound of powder, a sack of flour, a can of beef or a pair of shoes in the country, the government can take it in exchange for a piece of paper.

First, of course, a warring nation uses up its real money and real credit; and all the belligerents are a long way from having done that. Next, it grinds out paper money, which its fiat makes exchangeable for whatever commodities it wants.

The American Colonies began the War of Independence almost without money. The paper currency issued by the Continental Congress sank so low that the phrase "Not worth a continental" still conveys the idea of zero in value; but the Colonies kept on fighting. The Southern Confederacy was the merest wreck financially long before Washington felt entirely secure from capture by its armies. The Balkan States ended their first war in a condition of bankruptcy, and immediately fought another one.

Even where it is necessary to buy supplies abroad a belligerent nation can husband its whole gold stock for that purpose, and so continue buying long after its credit is shattered.

There must be enough hands both to man the guns and to keep up sufficient domestic production to subsist the population. Given these, fighting may go on indefinitely after credit is gone.

The Bonds of War

AN INSOLVENT nation can fight indefinitely, but it cannot settle the score. By 1863, for example, the Confederate States Government had at least a billion dollars in obligations outstanding, consisting of bonds and paper money, the latter worth six cents on the dollar in gold and the former not much more. It fought hard for two years more, and at the end of the war its vast quantity of debts was merely so much waste paper. In that case there was no question of settlement with holders of the paper. The debt was simply expunged; but the Confederacy was expunged too. And a belligerent nation that survives must settle its debts.

In three months of the present war the European belligerents borrowed about two billion dollars, in large part on short-term notes and almost all on obligations maturing before 1920. Every additional month of war will probably in the end involve long-term bond issues, amounting to well toward a billion dollars—perhaps considerably more than that. This means that much investable capital diverted from industry. For some years the savings of the world, instead of being invested productively, will go to pay for a dead horse.

As to what might happen if the war should continue until the belligerents were unable to settle the score, that—like the result of a comet's collision with the earth—is something for a frightened imagination to dally with.

A Bit of Salvage

THE CZAR has stopped selling vodka to his subjects; the Kaiser has warned his troops to shun John Barleycorn; and, along with some square yards of war news, the London Times recently contained this:

"The London Licensing Authority has decided that the hour for suspension of sales of intoxicants shall be ten P. M. This order affects all licensed premises, including clubs and restaurants. The Licensing Authority also expressed a strong opinion that the opening hour for the sale of intoxicants should be ten A. M., and this view has been conveyed to the Chief Commissioner of Police."

We hope the brewers are right in their prediction that a war tax of seventy-five cents a barrel will diminish the consumption of beer. At any rate, war has been no boon to the booze industry.

National Trade Guilds

SIR GEORGE PAISH, the British Treasury representative, who is now in this country, suggests we should pay our debts to England in cotton instead of in gold. The desirability of that is obvious. We probably owe London on current accounts about a quarter of a billion dollars. To ship that much gold would be extremely inconvenient; but we have millions of bales of raw cotton, and to find a market for it is one of our most acute business problems. England needs our cotton much more than our gold. Her great textile industry is starving for it. Yet in September our exports of cotton were under six million dollars in value, against over sixty-five millions last year.

On both sides of the water the cotton trade is completely demoralized. All exchanges were closed for weeks. British spinners, with no place to hedge their purchases, will not buy cotton at seven cents a pound, for fear it will fall to five cents. They would not buy at six, for fear it would fall to four. So they demand that their government shall intervene and buy the cotton for them. At the same time American cotton growers demand that our Government shall buy their cotton. In England every big interest that has been hit by the war has turned at once to the government for help. In both England and America the war has illustrated the great extension of government activities in late years; and that extension naturally begets an increased inclination to fall back on the government.

All this suggests a picture of the government as a vast bureaucracy supervising everything, helping everything, with myriad fingers in a million pies. As against that single, myriad-fingered political organization we prefer the picture of many great trade organizations, each comprehensive and powerful enough to deal with the crises that develop in its own field.

Irrespective of antitrust theories we look for a big extension of business organization.

Too Many Reserves

FROM the low point following the beginning of the present war up to the middle of October the Bank of England gained a hundred and sixty million dollars of gold. In the same time the New York clearing-house banks—which in their relation to the whole banking system are the nearest analogy to the Bank of England this country affords—gained barely fifty millions. And for weeks money on the best commercial paper cost borrowers in London about half what it cost them in New York and Chicago, the British interest rate being from three to three and a half per cent and the American from six to seven.

This is one effect of a centralized bank reserve. The new banking system now coming into operation is a great improvement on the old one in that respect, but much behind the European systems. It provides ultimately twelve reservoirs for bank reserves, instead of some hundreds, as at present. It should have provided only one. We do not recall a person competent to speak on the subject who doubted that one would be better than twelve. The reasons for making twelve instead of one were purely political. The argument was: "One may be better than twelve, but the poorer arrangement will be more popular."

If Congress were passing a banking law now—in the light of the world's financial experience since July last—we have no doubt there would be one central bank instead of twelve regional banks.

However, the new banks are a welcome improvement.

Profits of Statecraft

BISMARCK was the last century's great master of statecraft. His diplomacy made an empire and got him vast admiration and many monuments.

And after it was all done—to wit, on Sunday, the twenty-first of October, 1877, as Busch scrupulously records:

"While he was seated in the position I have described, and after gazing for a while into space, he complained to us that he had had little pleasure or satisfaction in his political life; he had made no one happy thereby—neither himself nor his family nor others. We protested, but he continued:

"There is no doubt, however, that I have caused unhappiness to great numbers. But for me, three great wars would not have taken place. Eighty thousand men would not have been killed and would not now be mourned by parents, brothers, sisters and widows."

Probably the makers of the present war will philosophize about it that way long after it is too late.

Women Who Kill

OCCASIONALLY there is an exception to the rule that any female who is not wholly disreputable and has not a positive aquint can kill anybody she chooses and go free. Making due allowance for infants and for females who are handicapped by physical repulsiveness or by vulgar police records, we should say that, as to fully a quarter of the population of the United States, the chance of being punished for homicide is barely one out of a hundred. Women are in much the same position as though the law defined homicide as a misdemeanor punishable by a fortnight's attendance in court, attired in their most becoming clothes and duly wept over by sympathetic spectators.

In view of the almost total immunity for mob murders, the near immunity for female homicides, the near immunity for male murderers who plead the unwritten law, and the chance that any other male homicide the police capture will escape on some technicality, it is an open question whether the death penalties and life imprisonments with which the law threatens murderers are of any value in protecting life.

We consider it highly probable that if every murderer were quickly and surely punished by a year's imprisonment there would be fewer homicides in the United States than there are to-day, when the law threatens awful penalties, but rarely inflicts them.

As to women who kill, it would be a decided improvement if they could be brought before some unsentimental judge who would sternly sentence them to scrub the courthouse floors for the next six months.

Politics in High C

WE IMAGINE the country is very tired of politics in high C. The prolonged scream causes a reaction. We never were, as a matter of fact, tottering on the brink of a precipice. The house, in sober truth, never was on fire: only the gasoline stove was smoking.

Of late we have been rescued so many times and with such infernal clamor that the next man who leaps through a closed window and yells, amid a crash of falling glass, that he has come to save our lives—well, without further inquiry, we should prefer just to kick him out and resume the game of pinochle.

Politics tells you the only serious fault you can commit is to vote the wrong ticket—that otherwise you are all right; and if you are not flourishing as you wish you must look for the cause somewhere outside yourself—in some full conspiracy against you that operates through the tariff or the trusts, or the banks or the railroads.

As an antidote, take this: Whether you form a cocktail habit or decide to stay on the water wagon is of infinitely more importance to you than who shall be President of the United States. Smoking three cigars a day too many counts for vastly more in your weal or woe than what party is in power. In the enrichment or impoverishment of your own life, what you shall read this winter counts for a hundred, while the state of the tariff counts for only fifty.

Deciding whether to borrow a hundred dollars on your life-insurance policy or to get along with last winter's overcoat is an act of incomparably greater weight in determining your success or failure than the vote you cast at the last election.

The Bill of Warfare

THE European countries now at war owe, in round numbers, twenty billion dollars of funded debt, excluding debts of the German states, and the annual debt charge exceeds three-quarters of a billion. In all probability this war will increase the debt by at least ten billion dollars, and the increase in the annual debt charge will be proportionately greater, because on new borrowings a higher interest rate than has prevailed in the last twenty years will be paid.

If there had been no war these countries would have spent this year on army and navy over a billion and a half dollars, or double their present debt charge. That sum would pay the interest at five per cent on a debt of thirty billion dollars.

The brightest spot in the present situation consists of the strong probability that wholesale reduction in armaments will be necessary in order to meet the financial burden imposed by the war.

Germany and England—the Real Issue

By Bernhard Dernburg
FORMER MINISTER FOR THE COLONIES

DECORATION BY HENRY J. SOULEN



AS EVERYBODY knows, the trouble that led to the present world war started in a little corner in the Southeast of Europe, and it is remarkable to see how, in spite of this common knowledge, in the eyes of the world the European conflict has resolved itself into a question between Germany and England as to supremacy in Europe. Of course England claims that she went to war on account of the breach of Belgian neutrality and that she must fight to destroy the spirit of militarism that has led to such a flagrant disregard of solemn treaties, a tendency that is endangering the peace of the world and consequently must be crushed entirely. While England fosters no ill feeling whatsoever and no antagonism toward the good people of Germany, unfortunately, in order to crush militarism, led by the emperor and the military caste, the German people will have to be destroyed as a nation, reducing what is left to the size of a subordinate power. For this purpose England has created in her literary arsenal a special docket called German Militarism, with the works of Von Bernhardi, Treitschke and Nietzsche as the main exhibits.

How Germany Has Kept the Peace

IT IS interesting to note the number of copies of the books of these three men that were sold in America before the beginning of the war. I dare say there were not twenty of the works of any one of them in the hands of Americans, outside of clubs and public libraries. Von Bernhardi is the chief witness for the prosecution. He is a retired German general of great learning, independent views and strong personality. His book makes interesting reading. Yet he is not among the German generals in the present war, having been retired from the service just because his writings and sayings did not meet with the approval of his superiors and because his teachings were considered very extravagant. His book has excited some comment also in Germany, but it has been printed in only two editions, and certainly never more than ten thousand copies in all have been sold in our country. The book appeared in 1911, a little over two and a half years ago, and I fail to see how it can have created the feeling of militarism that is said to have been predominant in Germany for the last thirty years. I further fail to see how a book that is obviously written to warn the German people against existing dangers; to rouse in them a warlike spirit; to teach them the ethics of war and the rights of the stronger, can be used to prove that such a spirit of war was rampant in Germany. If it already existed there was no need to write such a book!

There are Von Bernhardis in all countries. I refrain from citing American examples, because I have made it a rule in this country not to fall back on them. The feeling of obligation I have as a guest of the United States does not permit me to become personal. But what about Lord Charles Beresford, who, together with Captain Faber, has for years and years been egging on the English to increase

the British Navy at a great sacrifice to the country? What about Lord Roberts' writings and sayings for years back that England must have universal conscription and a compulsory service? What about Senator Humbert, who has vigorously denounced the French ministry for neglecting the defense of the country? Did they teach anything different from Von Bernhardi's teachings? I cannot see it.

Then about Treitschke. He was a professor of history and the historian of the Prussian Government. His ideas were formed from a lifelong study of this history. He hated England sincerely and thoroughly for the way in which she had conquered her Empire, by using might versus right; but his conferences were mainly attended on account of his refined rhetoric, for he was indeed an orator of the first order. But from being an orator to having an influence on the German people as a whole is a very far cry, and Treitschke's preachings of twenty years ago have not even formed a school. You might just as well say that it can be proven that America is a warlike nation because a celebrated Harvard professor at a later day impressed upon his women audience to go into war and help the Allies. If that were presented to the world as a proof of the American spirit there would be a very energetic protest.

And now I come to Nietzsche: He was one of the finest of poetical philosophers, or perhaps rather a philosophizing poet. His teaching of the right of the individual as the basis of all right is in direct contradiction to Von Bernhardi's teaching that the right of the collectivity—that is, of the state—is paramount to the right of the citizen as an individual. How, therefore, can it be said that Von Bernhardi is a disciple of Nietzsche?

The expression "superman" is universally attributed to Nietzsche. This is just as incorrect as it is to cite the German song *Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles* as a proof of the world-wide aspirations of my people. Superman, in German *Ueberschensch*, is a word coined by Goethe and used repeatedly in his *Faust*, and so one might just as well lay the present war to the door of Goethe.

The absurdity of the thing is patent, and those who cite *Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles* in proof of German aspirations do not know even the first lines of this song so dear to the Germans. It is a song of modesty and shows better the tendencies of the German nation than anything else could:

Germany, Germany above everything, above everything in the world.

May her sons ever stand united for defense and protection

From the Maas unto the Memel

From the Elbe unto the Belt

Germany, Germany above everything, above everything in the world.

Now the Maas is part of the western frontier of my home country and the Memel part of the eastern frontier, and so are the Elbe in the south and the Belt in the north. Could a patriotic song be more modest? You may compare it with your own saying that the United States is the

finest country in the world. The meaning is the same. Everybody praises his country and loves it best. And is Rule Britannia without aspiration, without pretensions?

And just as our national anthem is cited, so is our militarism. It has been created as a dire necessity for the defense of our four frontiers and has never been used beyond them. If every country could stand on so good a record as Germany there would not be so much cant about the reasons for the present war. It has been stated that militarism in general is a threat to the peace of the world. Yet German militarism has kept the peace for forty-four years. While Russia went to war with Turkey and China, and, after having promoted The Hague Conference, battled with Japan and "protected" Persia, conquering territory double the size of the United States on the might-is-right principle; while England, the defender of the rights of the small states, smashed the Boer republics, took Egypt, Cyprus and South Persia; while the French Republic conquered the Sudan, Tunis, Madagascar, Indo-China and Morocco; while Italy possessed itself of Tripoli and the islands in the Aegean Sea; while Japan fought China, took Formosa, Corea and Southern Manchuria, and has now with the aid of her allies invaded China, a neutral country—there is not one annexation or increase of territory to the charge of Germany. She has waged no war of any kind, has never acquired a territory in all her existence except by treaty and with the consent of the rest of the world.

The Battleground of All Europe

BUT why, then, did she keep up such a tremendous army? Certainly not for aggressive purposes. She never was aggressive toward anybody. She needed this army because her exposed situation in the middle of Europe, without natural boundaries, between unsettled neighbors, has made her for ages and centuries the cockpit and the battleground of all Europe. Her soil was drenched with blood and her population nearly exterminated in the Thirty Years' War; Louis XIV in the Palatinate left hardly one stone on the other, destroyed old Heidelberg and took Alsace and Lorraine, then a German-speaking dukedom; the devastations of the Seven Years' War, the battles and six years' occupation of the Napoleonic times, all taught Germany bitter lessons. Her soil has been the rendezvous of Swedes, Danes, Russians, Croats, Poles, Italians, French and Spaniards for centuries past. Impotent and not able to ward them off, she has been continually destroyed, until the genius of Bismarck welded her twenty-six states together into one unit, and Germany made the vow that she would never again give anyone such chances. That is why we kept our army, and if a people have an army at all, it is a waste not to make it strong enough for any emergency. That it is not too strong may be judged from the fact that Germany is now attacked by seven nations.

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against culture, advancement and scientific progress. The Germany of to-day proves the contrary. While we have been keeping up a big army—which, by the way, is the cheapest of the European armies so far as the taxpayer is concerned—we have increased our population, we have enormously increased our wealth, we have built up a gigantic overseas trade, we have constructed the second largest merchant marine in the world. More, we have been able to spend as much as \$250,000,000 a year to take care of our workmen, giving them a compulsory insurance against sickness and invalidism, accident and old age, pensioning widows and providing for orphans. Every German employee earning less than 5000 marks a year can with a degree of security look forward to a comfortable provision for himself and for the people dear to him when his own forces fall. We pay yearly more for this social work than we ever paid for our army.

And our productive and inventive genius has not suffered. I do not say that Germany's civilization is superior to that of England and France; it certainly is superior to the civilization of any of the other warring nations. We have been able to give our people a primary and technical education of the first order, and that in turn has led to the perfection of scientific work and to inventions that are a comfort to all the world. Germany stands in the first rank in applied science, be it in chemistry, or electricity, or in the perfection of medicines. With just pride the Germans provide a great many absolute necessities of life to a very large part of the world. While the population has increased fifty per cent, the wealth of the nation is now three times what it was before, and thanks to our democratic government the repatriation of this wealth is such that we have a well-to-do middle class and few colossal fortunes; and the number of really poor people in Germany is infinitely small in comparison with other countries.

This is the story of German militarism, unaggressive and certainly not unproductive, based on actual facts. Those antagonistic to our nation say it has created a warlike spirit, and that such a spirit by itself is a danger. This warlike spirit is generally shown by people going to war; and yet of all the European peoples Germany alone did not do that.

The case of Belgium is frequently cited as proving Germany's reckless warlike spirit. It is said we have broken wantonly most solemn treaties, and therefore we ought to be punished for it. The question as to the right—so far as obligations under treaties go—has been decided by nearly all nations in the same spirit—namely, that no nation can bind itself by a treaty to its own destruction, just as no individual can so bind himself by contract; that the national interest supersedes the international interest, and that treaties are closed on the basis of circumstances existing at the time they are made, and that therefore they are not binding when those circumstances change.

Treaties That are Not Binding

England, who claims to have gone to war on account of the breach of Belgium's neutrality, has never hesitated to break her obligations whenever she considered doing so of paramount interest. She has done so in this war any number of times. There is a treaty of peace and amity between Germany and Portugal, which is to be broken on England's bidding. There is the Triple Alliance, which is to be severed at English solicitation. Egypt is a sovereign state, where the rights of the foreigners are guaranteed by solemn pledges, yet the Khedive had to banish the German Minister and even the judges of the mixed tribunal at England's command. China is a neutral country and bound to the open-door policy by international treaties; she has been invaded by the Allies in breach of these treaties. Morocco has pacts binding England as well as Germany, regulating the rights of the foreigners; yet the German diplomatic representative has been chased out of the country.

When Sir Edward Grey expounded the European situation before the English Parliament he cited Gladstone in regard to Belgium—Gladstone, who said that the maintenance of the obligations of a treaty without regard to changed circumstances was an impracticable, stringent proposition to which he could not adhere; and when England seized two Turkish dreadnoughts

on the Tyne on August eighth, she proclaimed the fact with the following words: "In accordance with the recognized principle of the right and supreme duty to assure national safety in times of war." France has been doing the same in Morocco; and Japan, when she sent to the German Consul in Mukden—a Chinese city in Manchuria—his passports, acted on the same principle, leaving aside all her other infractions on Chinese treaties and rights.

This is sad and does not portend well for the permanent peace by arrangement of international affairs through treaties; yet it seems that it cannot be helped. The United States Supreme Court says in a judgment rendered in 1889, written by Judge Field, expressing the unanimous conviction of the whole court: "Circumstances may arise which would not only justify the Government in disregarding their treaty stipulations, but demand in the interest of the country that it should do so. There can be no question that unexpected events may call for a change of the policy of the country." This judgment was handed down when the Chinese were excluded from the United States in violation of a previous treaty which had assured them the same rights as United States citizens; and the United States has acted on the quoted decision ever since.

The Case of Belgium

It is, therefore, universally recognized that the vital interests of a country supersede its treaty obligations. But though this is the theoretic side of the question, there is a practical one as regards Belgium: When the war broke out there was no enforceable treaty in existence to which Germany was a party. Originally, in 1839, a treaty was concluded providing for such neutrality. In 1866 France demanded of Prussia the right to take possession of Belgium, and the written French offer was made known by Bismarck in July, 1870. Then England demanded and obtained separate treaties with France and with the North-German Federation to the effect that they should respect Belgium's neutrality, and such treaties were signed on the ninth and twenty-sixth of August, 1870, respectively. According to them both countries guaranteed Belgium's neutrality for the duration of the war and for one year thereafter. The war came to an end with the Frankfurt Peace in 1871, and the treaty between Belgium and the North-German Federation expired in May, 1872.

Why the new treaties, if the old one held good? The Imperial Chancellor has been continuously misrepresented as admitting that in the case of Belgium a treaty obligation was broken. What he said was that the neutrality of Belgium could not be respected and that we were sincerely sorry that Belgium, a country that in fact had nothing to do with the question at issue and might wish to stay neutral, had to be overrun. But it should not be forgotten that the offer of indemnity to Belgium and the full maintenance of her sovereignty had been made not only once but even a second time after the fall of Liège, and that it would have been entirely possible for Belgium to avoid all the devastation under which she is now suffering.

England takes the position that in case France had used Belgium as a stepping stone England would have gone to war against France for breaking the Belgian neutrality. This is a remarkable proposition. On July thirtieth the Belgian chargé d'affaires at St. Petersburg wrote to his government—and the authenticity of this letter cannot be impeached—that the Russian war party got the upper hand upon England's assurance that she would stand in with France. This was written before the Belgian question ever came up; and before Sir Edward Grey expounded in the Parliament the Belgian question he insisted that England was obliged to protect the French coast against Germany because of the amity and friendship existing between the two nations. He then read the correspondence of 1912 between himself and the French Minister of War, where the arrangement is alluded to that the French fleet should protect the Mediterranean Sea and the English fleet the northern coast of France. So in consequence of this Sir Edward Grey insisted to Count Lichnowsky that the maintenance of Belgium's neutrality alone would not keep England from going to war, but that if France should be attacked England would aid her.

I wish an intelligent American reader to picture to himself a situation where England



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protects the French coast against Germany and goes to war against France for breach of the Belgian neutrality.

But Belgium was not neutral at all any more, and with her circumstances had greatly changed. Even since 1906 she had been in correspondence with England, elaborating plans for a common defense, providing for the landing of a hundred thousand English at Antwerp. She had been in correspondence with France, building fortresses all along the German frontier, which form a continuous chain with the French fortresses along that same frontier. She had been changing her military system to a system of compulsory conscription, establishing an army of more than three hundred thousand men, creating—on English instigation—a spy system on her eastern frontier, acquiring enormous overseas possessions of nine hundred thousand square miles, an area three times as great as Germany and populated by nine million inhabitants. This acquisition, by the way, was also obtained by breach of treaty.

Belgian population at home is bigger by one-half than that of Portugal. Though Belgium left her frontiers toward France entirely unprotected and open, she was actively preparing to make a stand against Germany. This is not the "poor little country" that is being pictured to the Americans. I think the Belgian fighting, which she has had to do almost quite alone against a large part of the German forces, should fully prove that.

But she did more. The Imperial Chancellor said that he had proofs that the French were to invade Germany by way of Belgium. Proof there is. French soldiers and French guns, in spite of all the denials made by the French ambassador at Washington, were in Liège and Namur before the thirtieth of July. Certainly this proof is only in private letters, but it comes from absolutely unimpeachable people. Of course it is not in the White Books, such as are held up as evidence of the purest water.

But do Americans believe all the "official news" that the Russians are sending continuously from the seat of war as to their enormous successes, the routing of the Austrians, the destruction of their whole army, the march on Vienna and Berlin, and so forth? I do not think they do; but why then place an implicit faith on so-called White Books, written by identically the same people? Such books are written for the purpose of making out a nation's case, and they are the diplomatic war weapons used in the war of diplomats that always precedes the war at arms.

There is a great deal of talk of crushing Germany, and the necessity for it, because of her military spirit. I confess we are a manly people, and want to be strong and want to be secure. We want to live and to thrive, and are ready to pay for our civic liberty and national independence with our blood. And we should despise a nation that did not feel the same way.

Safety for the Monroe Doctrine

The case of England is different. Though she wants to be free and independent, she has always managed to have her fighting done for her by others, from the time she trafficked in Hessians, and that is why she has not had a standing army such as Lord Roberts and his friends have always demanded. Though there is a fighting spirit in the English Army, it is mostly Irish, and so are the leaders—Lord Roberts, Lord Beresford, Sir John French, Admiral Jellicoe and Lord Kitchener of Khartum. The way in which she cares for the little nations whose interests she has so much at heart is to allow her fighting to be done by the Belgians, of whom Sir Edward Grey said that he expected them to fight to the last man for the independence of the country. And so she called in the Canadians, who should have much better things to do; and she made a treaty with Portugal to help her—the Portuguese, who do not know what the conflict is about. She brings over ambitious Indian princes and poor ignorant Indian soldiers to fight against the white men; she relies on Japan and she gets the Boers to attack the German possessions; she tries to persuade Italy to do some fighting for her. Most of these are "poor little states," who now are expected to fight for the sovereignty and independence of Great Britain. In this way she has time left to talk at home and to force the unemployed into a new army that is going to be created. That she too must become militaristic she now finds out to her surprise and grief.

The fact that Canada has taken part in this struggle has opened up a new prospective to Americans. It is a willful breach of the Monroe Doctrine for an American self-governing dominion to go to war, thereby exposing the American Continent to a counter-attack from Europe and risking to disarrange the present equilibrium. But I think America can set her mind at rest on that point. I at least would most emphatically say that no matter what happens the Monroe Doctrine will not be violated by Germany either in North America or in South America. When she is victorious there will be enough property of her antagonists lying about over the four parts of the globe to keep Germany from the necessity of looking any farther, and causing trouble where she seeks friendship and sympathy.

While England in the Venezuelan case of 1895 most coolly challenged the Monroe Doctrine, it was Germany in 1904, in a similar case, also with Venezuela, who submitted her claim in Washington and got the consent of the United States Government to prosecute the collection. Moreover, I am in the position to state here that immediately after the outbreak of the war, by one of the first mails that reached the United States, the German Government sent of its own free initiative a solemn declaration to the Department of State that whatever happened she would fully respect the Monroe Doctrine.

The Dangers of Navyism

I wish also to make clear to the American people that Germany neither wanted nor started this war, which had its origin in Russia's pretensions to mix in Austrian affairs, and that got its size from the fact that England and France joined the conflict, the latter from treaty obligations, the former from self-interest, and that we have no ambitions of enlargement in Europe or in America. Modern democracies and especially the German one, which is directed by the most liberal ballot law that exists, even more liberal than the one in use in the United States, rest at least in Europe on a national basis.

We do not believe in incorporating in our Empire any parts of nations that are not of our own language and race. The history of Europe has shown us the danger of such a thing. The difficulties between France and Germany are over the French-speaking population in Lorraine; the small internal differences in Germany came because of some millions of Poles and thirty thousand Danes; the trouble between Austria and Italy is because of a few hundred thousand Italian-speaking people under Austrian government. England had what nearly amounted to a civil war because of Ireland. The trouble in Russia is on account of the Poles, Finns and Baltic Germans; and Austria, the country of many nations, is not very strong just for this very reason. And as to overseas possessions, as I said before, there are enough to be had without borrowing trouble; especially in Africa, where considerable parts of land lend themselves to colonization by the white man.

Even there our ambitions do not go very far and we are quite content with what we have, and with our spheres of influence in Mesopotamia, and some countries such as Morocco, that a civilized nation with great resources and inventive genius might open to the world's culture. All assertions that our ambition goes beyond this are untrue, and simply invented for the purpose of rousing distrust between the United States and a country that has for generations been the friend of the Stars and Stripes, and that has never gone to war with you as England has done.

I have read in your papers statements to the effect that probably the next thing Germany would do after the close of the present war would be to invade the United States or take Brazil. Why not say the same of England? She has always had a navy twice the size of that of any other nation; she is now creating a big army; she has always been aggressive; she has conquered half the world; she has shown utter disregard of treaties; she has coaling stations all along the American coast, which form a fighting basis from Halifax down to the Falklands and from Chile up to British Columbia; she controls the entrance to the Panama Canal; she is even now dictating to Uncle Sam her own rights and laws in regard to contraband, seizing American petroleum, seizing American ships flying the Stars and Stripes, harassing American citizens, cutting cables, using wireless stations



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If you can't get Edgeworth in one-pound humidor tins (price \$1.00) at your retail tobacco store, Larus & Brother Co. will ship you direct on receipt of \$1.00, all charges prepaid. If you want to make one or more of your friends Christmas gifts of these Edgeworth packages, give your instructions to your dealer, or, if he will not supply you, send us names and addresses of friends with your cards and check to cover your order at \$1.00 per package and we will gladly attend to the shipping.

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"My father gave me my Elgin Watch in London, when I emigrated to Canada. I carried it for two years of heavy farm work. I joined the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, at Regina, and during my three years in that force my watch got some very rough handling.

"On one occasion another constable and myself had arrested some drunken Indians and had trouble getting them into a four-horse wagon to take them to the lockup. Arriving there, I found my watch missing. Next morning I looked into the wagon and found my Elgin lying on the bottom, still going, but the glass was broken and the stem ring was off. The watch must have fallen out when I was subduing our prisoners, about 24 miles down the rough trail. The watch had ridden in the bottom of the wagon all that distance and was still keeping perfect time.

"Later, I went to Australia, where I again broke the crystal when I was struck by a belt coming off an engine wheel. I used the watch then about seven months without a crystal, being too far in the bush to get one."

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as she pleases, maiming the trade of America, locking up the Mediterranean, the North Sea, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf.

Why not consider navyism under the same light that we do militarism? I ask, who is bulldozing the rest of the world, including America, at this present moment? England wants to rule the seas. There lies her power; thence comes her commerce and therefore her riches. Whenever a nation that is but human—as I think the English are—poses as being on a higher level than any other nation, doing everything for the benefit of the under dog, because of altruism and a recognition of the sacredness of her given word, disclaiming emphatically any self-interest, while at the same time advertising through her writers the loftiness of her intentions, I cannot help feeling suspicious, and everybody else should, it seems to me, feel the same way.

Americans have been hearing a great deal about the English angel without wings standing with a sword drawn for the protection of liberty, freedom and humanity and just causes, using as watchwords the fight against militarism, the principle that might is right, the infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, and so on. She has sent a host of English authors of a very special type to defend her case. I read articles by W. K. Chesterton, Hall Caine, H. G. Wells, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and other writers of fiction. They consider the American people a sentimental people, preferring humane stories to the cold truth, fiction to facts, and unused to doing their own thinking. Well, fiction is what these men are writing; that is their business, and the gentleman who detailed the English case in the issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of October seventeenth, Mr. Arnold Bennett, is an artist of no common attainments.

But I shall make free to dig somewhat deeper into what I see to be the reason for the English attitude. England has created a large shipping trade and acquired enormous possessions overseas, and she felt secure in her supremacy. She was uneasy only on account of the United States, which—until Germany loomed up on the horizon as a big power—she tried to treat as she was treating Germany before the war. But now she feels that her absolute sway is in danger. Even in her own domain she does a very large share only by foreign help. Most of the big bankers, from Rothschild down, are of German descent; the whole English credit would have broken down if the English authorities had not within four hours forced Baron Schroeder to become a British citizen; the diamond and gold business is in the hands of Anglicized Germans; theirs is a large share in the produce business. The English cannot do without German clerks.

A Commercial Quarrel

I remember a speech by the chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce, Lord Southwark, not longer ago than last June, in which he said: "You Germans are getting ahead of us because you are working sixteen per cent longer than we and because you do not consider Saturday a holiday." That state of things was not felt much so long as it was going on within British confines and for the interest of Great Britain alone—that is, until about 1880; but then the German nation commenced to assert itself. Germans learn all the languages, whereas the English very seldom do. If an Englishman wants a stenographer to write Portuguese letters to Brazil he must take a German clerk. German dominion in trade all over the world has been established through the fact that the German talks to the people in their own language, respects their national feeling, finds out their national wants and delivers to them exactly what they wish to get. He never says "We cannot do this" or "You have to take our standard," but carefully carries out their orders according to the best scientific methods and therefore at the best price. The German iron industry has, because of its improved methods, obtained a great part of England's trade. German machinery, except in the textile business, is more efficient than English machinery. The field of electricity has been entirely abandoned by England to America and Germany. Dyestuffs are now even shipped by way of America and Canada back to England. German proprietary medicines have conquered the world market and the German competition is felt everywhere.

Then, too, there is the enormous increase of German shipping, in spite of the fact

that practically all the English companies doing passenger service are half broke. While the International Mercantile Marine Company has suspended payment and the big liners of the Cunard Line can live only by subsidies, Germany has been building up a most magnificent merchant marine, with ships that exceed in comfort and size anything launched from England's shipyards. Even in the tramp-steamer business, the backbone of English shipping, the Germans have made big inroads. So while the trade of Great Britain and Ireland since 1870 has risen from two billion dollars to five and a half billions, that of Germany has risen from one billion to five billions—in other words, while Germany's trade is now five times what it was in 1870, English trade is only two and a half times its former amount. For a commercial nation such as England this condition is very serious. It goes to the very core of the nation's existence. Therefore, Great Britain faced the alternative of getting better habits of work, improved machinery, better education, better knowledge of foreign languages—that is, being more industrious, less luxurious and more painstaking—or of fighting. But England was not accustomed to doing her own fighting, save with her fleet. The other fellows, whose welfare she has so much at heart, could fight for her, so it was not very difficult for her to make her choice.

This is the real explanation of the present war. The correctness of this view is proved by the constant invitations sent out from England to America to help her get away with the German trade, an idea that is justly repulsive to the American mind. So it was not Germany's militarism that England feared, but German trade and commerce, which she could not destroy because of the military and naval forces behind them.

Germany is now attacked by seven nations. She is fighting morally for her freedom and for her existence. She has no special grudge against anybody. She is modest in her aspirations, and merely wants to maintain her place under the sun. She wants equal opportunity, open-door politics and open commerce throughout the world. Nor is she either Hunnic or barbarian, as Americans will have learned from the twenty-five million German or German-American people who live in their midst. She is out for conquest on a peaceful line, the line where the higher culture wins, where the more industrious and laborious are sure to prevail. This is to the interest of all the world. Germany has to her record forty-four years of peace, and she has never coveted her neighbors' possessions. So, as far as the moral issue goes, she has much the best showing to make of all the nations now at war, and it is within eternal justice that she should and will prevail.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last article in a series presenting the cases of England, France and Germany as they appear to representative men in these three nations. The first article in the series was *Liberty—A Statement of the British Case*, by Arnold Bennett; and the second, *The Cause of France*, by Former Premier Clemenceau.

Only a Captain

October 22, 1914.

EDITOR, SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Penna.

PERMIT me to call your attention to a misstatement of facts in Arnold Bennett's article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Mr. Bennett speaks of a "General" von Edelsheim who he tells us is a member of the German general staff as well as the author of a strategic plan for an attack on the United States in case of a war with Germany. My information is based on the following letter from Colonel von Papen, Imperial German Military Attaché:

"Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiry about Mr. A. Bennett's article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I beg to state that there never has existed a 'General' von Edelsheim in the German Army nor has an officer of this name at any time been a member of the German general staff. This can be easily proved by studying the German Army lists. The author mentioned by Mr. Bennett, as far as I know, only held the position of a captain in the Prussian Army years ago. It seems to me an absurdity to charge on the German general staff the responsibility for a publication which already so often has been repudiated not only by the authorities but by the whole German public opinion."

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.



My Thanksgiving Sentiment

On November 26th I will pass my eightieth Thanksgiving Day. Still very much in the ring, if you please! Still living and loving life to its fullest; still meeting each day's call, at my desk, with the joy and zest of one who has always found prime fun in his work.

As I look back over the years, my deepest gratitude is that the day's work has brought me into active and constant relationship with thousands of the best merchants in America; merchants who stand for constructive Americanism; clean, characterful men, who have played a big part in making the square deal a leading plank in today's business policies.

I am proud to be a member of the Royal family. I am proud of my long connection with it. It is the greatest family of broad-gauged retailers in the world.

Joseph Nehan
President, The Royal Tailors

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STEERING GEAR—17-inch wheel. Irreversible nut and sector type.

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RUNNING BOARDS AND FOOT BOARDS—Wood, linoleum covered and aluminum bound.

WHEELS—Hickory; demountable rims. 32 by 3½ inches.

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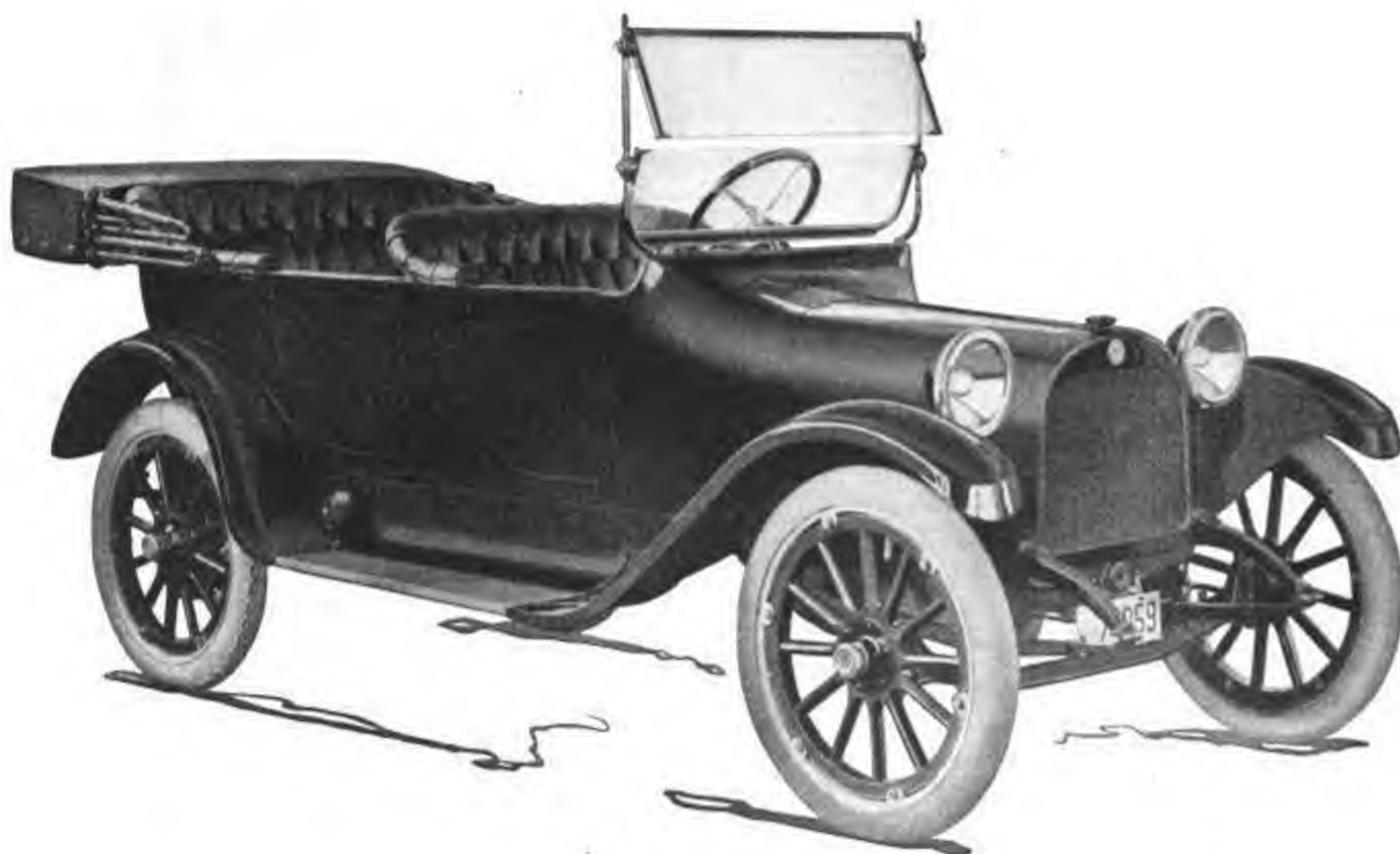
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DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

MONEY is cheaper in London than it was a year ago. In October of this year the current discount rate for sixty and ninety day bills was from three and an eighth to three and a quarter per cent. In October last year, with war undreamed of, the rate for like bills was from four and three-quarters to four and seven-eighths per cent.

In the middle of October last year an issue of seventeen million dollars in bonds of the New Zealand Government, bearing four per cent interest, was offered on the London market at ninety-eight and a half cents on the dollar. The loan was a complete failure, the public subscribing to little over one million dollars of the bonds. This so discouraged British bankers that they held a meeting and decided that no further bond issues of any sort should be floated until the situation improved.

From the beginning of the present war up to the middle of October the British Government offered three hundred million dollars' worth of six months' treasury bills on the London market. The issue was quickly taken at rates not much over three per cent a year. Seventy-five million dollars' worth of them was offered in October. Subscriptions amounted to more than a hundred and fifty million dollars and the interest return to the investor was about three and a half per cent.

With the nation engaged in the greatest war of its long history—a war involving destruction of capital and with demands for capital far in excess of any predecessor—why should money on sixty and ninety day commercial paper be decidedly cheaper than it was a year ago? Why should there be a rush to subscribe to a government loan paying only three and a half per cent now, when a government loan paying over four per cent went begging then?

The reason, of course, is that war acts on the money market in two opposite ways. An immediate effect of war is greatly to curtail commercial and industrial operations. Cotton mills, with the Continental demand for their goods cut off, are half idle. Consequently spinners are not borrowing money as usual to buy raw cotton and finance foreign sales. All plans for industrial or commercial expansion go by the board. Nobody is seeking to borrow for the purpose of extending a plant, establishing new agencies, and so on. With the Stock Exchange closed, there is no borrowing for investment or speculation. So the ordinary trade demands for money fall off all round.

Money Both Cheap and Dear

The British fiscal quarter ending with September included two months of war. Practically every item of government revenue showed a decrease. Customs, excise or internal revenue, stamp taxes, income tax, postal service, telegraph service and telephone service, all declined as compared with the year before, reflecting a decrease in the general volume of business in the country. This obviously makes for easier money.

Except British Treasury notes, hardly any new securities are offered; so for the time being money tends to accumulate. No one expects any important change in the situation for some time to come, so a ninety-day bill is readily taken at a quite low rate of interest. A treasury bill running six months easily finds buyers at three and a half per cent interest; but the huge war bill is to be settled later on—so when it comes to a long-time use of money there is a different situation.

For example, the British Government has borrowed three hundred million dollars on short-time bills at about three and a half per cent. The German Government, however, elected to take its medicine at the start, and so borrowed a billion dollars for several years; and to do so it was obliged to sell five per cent bonds at a discount. In October one of the strongest English railroads, in order to borrow only five million dollars for a term of years, had to sell five per cent bonds at a discount—which brought vigorous protests from bond houses that were loaded with gilt-edge railroad bonds acquired before the war at a much higher level.

Investors here should remember this twofold effect of the war on the money market. By curtailing or stopping business it tends to make money easier; but the huge

war bill must be footed later on, and that will involve an immense demand for investable capital.

There are all sorts of estimates as to what the bill will be. In October the French Minister of Finance calculated France's war outlay at seven billion dollars a day. About the same time Berlin said the war was costing Germany five million dollars a day. It is perfectly obvious, however, that it is costing Germany—with one army in France, far from the home base, and another army at its eastern frontier—considerably more than it is costing France.

A well-known French economist has calculated that the war, if continued six months, will cost the belligerents sixteen billion dollars. Evidently not all of this is outlay of a sort that will have to be met by bond issues; but that several billion dollars in bonds will be offered to investors, to meet the war cost, is pretty certain. So, though short-time money may be cheap, long-time money is dear. Moreover, the outlook for the near future is tolerably settled. Beyond that everything is uncertain.

If you look back to a year ago, when there was no war demand, but when, nevertheless, bankers had to put an embargo on bond offerings in London, and the investment market was in much the same state on the Continent and in this country, you may conclude that this huge war demand will put interest rates on gilt-edge bonds up to about what a conscientious pawnbroker charges when he makes a loan on a stolen watch. But that will not happen, because the war is also operating powerfully to make money easier—that is, it is causing liquidation and curtailing of business all over the world—even in the United States, which is much less affected than any other important country.

When the Exchanges Open

Therefore do not sit back until somebody offers you a gilt-edge bond on a ten per cent interest basis. It is as safe an axiom in investment as it is in speculation, that the man who waits to buy at the very lowest price and sell at the very highest will never make any money. Good bonds will be cheap, but they will not be given away. You may get one per cent more for your money on equally good security—possibly one and a half per cent. That is a good deal. Six per cent instead of five per cent means a twenty per cent gain in income. Six per cent instead of four and a half per cent means a thirty-three and a third per cent gain in income. Or eighty-three and a third dollars invested at six per cent brings the same return as a hundred dollars invested at five per cent.

To take the other side of the account, six per cent money costs the borrower twenty per cent more than five per cent money, and there is obviously a point at which advancing interest rates would prohibit all but absolutely necessary borrowing—or, for that matter, where it would be cheaper for a concern to go through bankruptcy than to fund its debts.

I suppose the ordinary accumulation of investable capital in this country cannot be less than a hundred and fifty million dollars a month. In the year covered by the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency, for instance, savings deposits increased nearly five hundred million dollars; and it seems unlikely that savings deposits represent so much as a third of the accumulation of investable capital.

For three months, at this writing, there has been hardly any investing. All stock exchanges have been closed and all listed securities have been pegged at the closing prices of July thirtieth. Very few investors will pay those prices and the result has been little buying. Again, almost no new securities have been brought out in the three months. There has been some buying of municipal bonds and some buying of farm mortgages; but undoubtedly a great amount of investable capital has accumulated during the three months, which has been piled up to await the lifting of the embargo on investment business. This accumulation should, of course, have a steadying effect on prices when business is resumed; and this, in turn, will tend to

disappoint those who wait to buy gilt-edge bonds on a ten per cent basis.

For buy-at-the-bottom-and-sell-at-the-top investors the closing of the exchanges has been a signal mercy. If the exchanges had remained open they would undoubtedly have seen their listed investments selling at a price lower than the one they paid; and that would have made them unhappy, though there is no reason why it should.

The investment is as good as it was when they bought it and is yielding the return they calculated on. That ought to be entirely satisfactory. And in picking out a new investment it does not matter at all that it may possibly, later on, sell somewhat lower. If it is a sound investment and yields a good interest return it is a good bargain, irrespective of whether it may sell lower at some future time.

The exchanges were closed to prevent a slump in security prices. When they are opened, no doubt, banks, brokers and bond houses with large amounts of securities on hand will try to uphold prices. But with open markets the actual equation between supply and demand will soon assert itself, and the level on which a given grade of securities ought to sell under conditions then existing will be determined. The moment that level is determined, people with investable capital lying in the banks had better buy, without waiting for the extraordinary bargain that may never materialize.

And, whatever you do, do not buy any blue-sky stuff, or any dubious, unproved, little-known stuff at any price. Stick to things you know are good. This is no time to consider even third-rate things. Here are some general rules:

Do not make any investment simply on the strength of an advertisement or circular. If the names signed to the advertisement or circular are not already known to you as those of thoroughly responsible, well-established, reputable concerns, ask the nearest banker you know. If he, on his own knowledge or on the advice of his city correspondent, cannot recommend the advertiser, do not touch the investment.

If you are considering any investment, and cannot get a satisfactory explanation and recommendation of it from somebody you personally know to be trustworthy and experienced, let it alone. True, the investment may possibly be a good one, though nobody you know and can rely on is able to get a satisfactory endorsement of it; but you do not have to take that chance. You have no business, in fact, to take the chance, because plenty of investments that come with good credentials, and are sold and recommended by concerns of high standing, are available.

Beating the Line-Hog

THE eavesdropper and the line-hog on party telephone lines are attacked in the latest of the numerous inventions to stop the national habit of "listening in." The device is small and simple, enclosed in a little box attachable to any ordinary telephone instrument; and it is now going through the practical test of daily trial on a number of rural telephone lines. A dial on the box gives the numbers on the party line as well as a number for Central. By turning a pointer to any one of the numbers conversation becomes impossible except between the two numbers so connected, and no other instruments on the line can detect the conversation. At the end of the talk the line automatically restores itself to normal. This takes care of the listening-in trouble.

In order to prevent the unreasonable use of the line by any of the patrons, another little device at the central office, at the end of three or five minutes—whichever the manager sets it for—will throw all the telephones on the whole line into the circuit, so the conversation will no longer be secret. Thus any other person on the line will get a chance to kick for the use of the line. If no other patron insists on using the line the original talkers can have three minutes more for secret conversation.

Each of the boxes has an emergency call, which can be reached only by smashing a small pane of glass. If a secret conversation is going on and some other patron has an important and immediate call to make he can send in this emergency call and obtain Central's attention without delay.



Chilly-Weather Comfort



You can laugh at the snow and the winter winds when you're snug and warm in a Clothcraft overcoat.

Light weight, warmth, great durability. That's where pure-wool comes in—all Clothcraft Clothes, you know, are guaranteed all-wool.

Then, too, there's the fine workmanship. Every little operation in making a suit or overcoat has been perfected in the Clothcraft shops.

Thousands of dollars are saved by this scientific tailoring and put back into fabrics, linings and other additions to quality.

That's why we can offer you such a variety of beautiful Clothcraft patterns in suits and overcoats at \$10 to \$22.

You'll be specially interested in Clothcraft No. 4130 Blue Serge Special that sells for \$18.50.

The Clothcraft Store
(in your town)

Write to The Joseph & Fein Co., 620 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for their new Style Book, a sample of the all-wool fabric used in Clothcraft "4130," and a personal note of introduction to the Clothcraft Store nearest you.

WAR AND THE HEARTH

(Continued from Page 19)



Labor is effort. Ability is Experience. Let the last guide the first and Brains govern both. Then will you have a product expressing Brains.

It is the guiding Ability and the governing Brains that make

Benjamin Correct Clothes

for DISCERNING MEN & YOUNG MEN
MADE BY ALFRED BENJAMIN WASHINGTON COMPANY NEW YORK

the finest ready-for-service garments in all the world.

Nor has that fact limitations—it is relatively true of Benjamin Clothes at twenty dollars and to and through to forty dollars.

The supreme strength of the Benjamin organization is manifested in the garments at \$25.00. It is not merely a matter of disposition but of condition, since *all* vital factors—fabrics, tailoring and linings—are relatively equal.

You find in \$25.00 Benjamin Correct Clothes the maximum dollars-and-cents value in the things that insure character, distinction and service, without a tax for luxury.

Shall we send you the Book of New Models and the name of a merchant in your vicinity who would count it an honor to serve you? Yes? Then, a post-card please, to,



Alfred Benjamin Washington Company
Lafayette Street and Astor Place New York

as the soldiers in the field; as wanting to consider first and last the credit of Canada. The directors of a Montreal firm deferred payment of the preferred dividend, wishing, in spite of the reduction in business, to keep the finances of the company in a strong position and to take care of its nine hundred employees.

"Our duty officially," wrote one manufacturer, "is to conduct ourselves so that our credit shall be preserved. Our duty privately is to play the game with good courage and bear the other fellow's burden rather than ask him to bear ours."

"We have advised our employees," runs a circular letter to customers, "that, rain or shine, temporary defeat or ultimate victory, orders or no orders, we shall keep them and pay them until the war is over. If we have orders so much the better; if we have not then we shall make flannel shirts and present them to the Red Cross Society for distribution among our brave lads at the front. God bless them!"

"Will you help us? Naturally we prefer orders; and the object of this letter is to ask you to refrain, as a patriotic duty, from buying your dresses and your waisels from American manufacturers at this crisis, and to place orders with Canadian houses that are crying for them to keep their help employed."

Everywhere the motto is: Use Goods Made in Canada! A household league of women has printed a list of household things made in Canada which ought to be used by Canadians. It goes without saying that there is a bar on things made in Germany. The Department of Trade and Commerce has published a list of articles formerly imported from Germany. The idea is to be patriotic in the fullest sense of the word; to stimulate trade so that men out of work may get employment.

Advertisers frame their appeals to the public in much the same way. Patriots who have nothing to gain personally buy space in the newspapers, begging people to get Canada-made goods, so as to employ Canadian workmen and help to look after those who remain at home. Newspapers publish in conspicuous places and in heavy-faced type such items as these:

"Every citizen in the Dominion can be a unit in welfare work by purchasing the products of our own mills, looms and factories."

"To insist that what you buy is made in Canada is to conserve the natural resources of the Dominion."

"Every dollar spent in buying goods made in Canada is aiding some Canadian workman."

The Advisory Committee of the Board of Education of the Toronto schools was disturbed when it found out that a contractor had subcontracted for Michigan-made doors, because they were cheaper than Canadian doors. At best, however, the suffering will be severe; and it will fall, for the most part, on the common people.

How Rich Men Go on Half Pay

"Look at the way I'm placed," said a lumberman. "I've got my yards and mills full of wood, and there is a year's cut in the river; but there isn't a ghost of a chance of exporting it or selling it. I employ close to four thousand men, and it takes about a million dollars to put me through the winter. Ordinarily I could get money from the banks; but now the banks refuse to advance large sums. I've got a thousand married men in my employ and I'll keep them on at a loss; but I've got to let the rest of them go if I'm to hold the firm together."

Middle-class people, and even rich people, are on half pay, as it were. The rich man's method of putting himself on half pay is to cut down his luxuries; so wealthy householders are giving up their motor cars, and their chauffeurs are out of work. They are dismissing superfluous servants, and these have nothing to do. Their wives are economizing on gowns, and so dressmakers are dismissing their assistants; and some of them are glad to go out sewing by the day. The rich people are not entertaining, and caterers and florists are shutting up their shops.

Individually some cities are suffering less than others. It is said that Quebec is always the last to feel either a depression or a boom. Besides, Quebec reaped a rich

harvest while the soldiers were at the volunteer camp. The population of the city was increased by a half. The hotels were full of visitors who shopped—the officers bought their outfits and the camp canteens coined money.

Ottawa will not suffer much, for a large percentage of the people are government employees. Toronto and Montreal are feeling the depression most—particularly Montreal. There is a hard sort of irony in this, for Montreal sent more men to the front than any other city. Many little shops have failed in Montreal; commercial travelers are being laid off or having their salaries reduced; and the dry-dock men are all out of work—for where seven or eight steamers came in daily to load and unload, now there is hardly one.

Keeping the Soldiers Warm

The need of collecting money was seen from the beginning; and it was also seen that the dependents of the fighting soldiers must be protected first. The Canadian Patriotic Fund, one of the best-handled organizations that have arisen out of the war, was begun by the Duke of Connaught. He assembled certain prominent men of Ontario and explained to them the need of caring for those dependent on the soldiers. He got through a special Act of Parliament at the short session, voting fifty million dollars for this purpose. A central organization was formed in Ottawa, and branch organizations in other places rapidly followed.

All the funds collected go into the central branch. The cases requiring relief are carefully looked into by local investigators. A soldier may or may not assign his pay to his wife or mother; but, even though he does, she receives in addition a sum that will keep her going. If she has three children the executors of the fund see that she gets as much as forty-five dollars a month, exclusive of her husband's or son's pay. If some employer or other organization pays her anything that sum is deducted from the forty-five dollars.

When the fund was started people were asked to give money if they could, and if they could not afford to give money, to donate anything they could spare. An old woman of eighty, in Ottawa, came to headquarters and said she was too poor to give money, but that she wanted to offer the only piece of jewelry she had except her wedding ring, a quaint old brooch—which had belonged to her mother—of gold set with pearls and containing a lock of her grandmother's hair. It was sold by auction at a dinner given to the executors of the Fund; and it brought a hundred dollars.

A little girl came in with a set of Queen Victoria Jubilee stamps, which her mother had collected as a young girl, and which had been her most cherished possession. Another little girl, from Kingston, brought in a tiny bank of yarn. A boy offered a little paper box full of coppers; he said he had been standing on a street corner for three days to collect money, and he had fifty-seven cents.

An old Belgian shotgun was put up at auction; and, just because it had the word Belgium stamped on it, it brought seven hundred and fifty dollars. A girl whose lover had gone to the war sent in a box of candy, and it was sold for ten dollars.

From the beginning the various women's organizations of Canada began to work. Their first endeavor was to raise a hundred thousand dollars for a hospital ship or for other medical service. Some women who had profited by the South African experience doubted whether hospital ships were needed so much as some other things. Nearly three hundred thousand dollars was raised, almost two-thirds of which was appropriated to equip a hospital to be called the Canadian Woman's Hospital, near Portsmouth, England, the rest to be given to the Admiralty for the imperial military medical service.

The next movement of the women was the starting of the Red Cross work. There had been an active Red Cross Association during the South African War, and a fund had been left over. Across the whole territory of Canada women at once began to make sheets, shirts and bandages.

More than one letter appeared from veteran soldiers saying, without too much explanation, that sheets and bandages would be a waste of time. It was whispered that, after the Boer War, the English burned

bale after bale of sheets and shirts in South Africa. To the layman it seems a pity they did not hang them on the bushes of the veldt. Given time, there would be enough Boers born to wear the shirts and be wrapped in the sheets.

The practical Canadian women began at once to stop all sentimental activity and to fight every emotion not backed by judgment. They groaned when they heard that the workers had already made six miles of sheets, and they called a halt. Their concerted voices rose in the sharp command: "Knit!"

"Wherever the men go," they said, "they can find sheets and bandages in the next town. Every one over there will be making them. Knit!"

One little old lady, who belonged to a group of women sewing for the Red Cross Society, and who had gone to Africa with her husband, was asked to tell her experiences. She shook her head; she was shy of speaking before an audience, however small. When they insisted she rose.

"I really cannot make a speech," she said; "but, as many of you know, my husband is bedridden from his experiences in the South African War—not because of wounds, but because of rheumatism. A wound heals, but rheumatism lay his does not. My husband says he often lay out all night, encamped on the bare ground, and heard brave, big men sobbing from the cold. I can't make a speech, but sheets don't make men warm. I have a son going to the front, and I gave him the stockings and a Balaklava cap and cholera band and shirt and scarf that I had knitted for my husband after the South African War—not that they did my husband any good, but it helped me. Now my son will wear them. I can't make a speech; but I can't bear to think of any woman's son, who wouldn't cry for a wound or for hunger or for weariness, crying for the cold, when he's giving all he has for the Empire. I know I can keep one boy warm besides my son."

Everybody Learning to Knit

Some of these people were young girls, sewing away as they would at any Dorcas society, on whom the realization of what war meant had not dawned. Others were sending lovers and husbands and sons to the front; but they had been, perhaps, preoccupied with the emotional price they and their men were paying, and with fear of death and wounding. They had not thought much of weariness and cold. Tears fell on the cotton and the scissors; and they were put away, and knitting needles and yarn brought out. To-day, in many a club in Canada, while some report or literary paper is being read, the members ply knitting needles in a fashion that would have delighted their grandmothers.

"Don't knit the wrong things!" comes the warning advice. "Remember that cholera bands ought to fit and that an inexperienced knitter cannot possibly make them to fit. Let the factories provide them, and you stick to knitting socks. A man can almost wear a pair out in two days of forced marching."

"We can't make too many socks," said Queen Mary. "Give me three hundred thousand pairs more!"

Princess Pat's eleven hundred men had not been provided with Balaklava caps; so the women knitted them. It goes without saying that when thirty-three thousand men had to be equipped certain of their supplies failed to reach some of them—such as helmet caps. The women hastened to provide them.

The men liked wristlets for cold or rainy weather, and the government did not allow for them. Some of the Winnipeg men came to the Valcartier camp with long woolen scarfs to wind round neck and chest, and the other men thought they would like scarfs too. They had only to ask. They were exactly in the position of convalescent children, who may have anything they want. Finally the men wanted mittens knit with a thumb and one finger, and thousands of women are taking comfort in learning to make them.

"Don't knit the wrong things!" comes the advice. "Remember we may need the twenty-five cents you spend for yarn for some other purpose."

The Red Cross people intend to make no mistakes. They have sent a man over the

sea to watch supplies and cable back reports of the needs at the front. Meantime there is no doubt about the need of supplies. Just before the Canadian overseas expedition sailed, Ottawa alone shipped forty-seven bales of clothing.

Another work Canadian women are continuing eagerly is the collection for the Belgian relief supplies. They are shipping money, clothing, food—everything that will carry. The sympathy of Canadians for Belgium is very strong. They realize, almost as though they had seen it, the desperate case of thousands of men, women and children—stripped of their homes and their harvests; their towns as well as their homes destroyed; the very face of their familiar landscape changed; with no possessions but the clothes they wear; suffering from the loss of their husbands and brothers, fathers, mothers and children; without a country and without food. Love and gratitude for the little country makes the Canadians want to share with her. The government has appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars and more will be forthcoming from that source, while private contributions are multiplying.

Seeking the Bright Side of War

The women, like the manufacturers and other patriotic business men, have a keen realization of the number of people out of work.

"We can't minimize it," said one member of the International Council of Women. "When five hundred girls in Toronto answered an advertisement asking for one stenographer, it is a sign that times are hard."

The women have established boarding clubs, where girls whose pay has been cut down can live, or where girls who have no work at all may stay until they can be otherwise provided for. There is a plan on foot to send unemployed girls to farms, where they can work for their board. There will be a hard problem there of readjustment; a stenographer will be awkward at housework and will not be muscular enough to do it well—she may even strike her farmer host as lazy. Yet all this is part of the price to be paid for war.

The problem of what to do with the men is equally difficult. Gardeners and chauffeurs, when thrown out of work, cannot on a moment's notice become carpenters and bricklayers.

The impulse to help goes on still, as keen as it was at first. All sorts of good advice is being offered to the people. One newspaper warned them not to spend their money like drunken sailors. They are told to avoid false economy, and not to be so saving as to deprive some one else of bread. A woman who is not obliged to dismiss her charwoman should not let her go. All bills should be paid promptly. Manufacturers working for the soldiers are exhorted to give them of their best, and are reminded of the unscrupulous contractors in the Crimean War and the Civil War. All sorts of suggestions come from women whose men are at the front.

"I wish," one such woman wrote to a newspaper, "you would not print any more dreadful pictures of the war. You had one the other day of a dying soldier, and it was called Somebody's Son. When I looked at it I said: 'Somebody's Son! Why not mine?' Every woman with a boy at the front will feel as I do. We can show better faces at home if we don't meet our grief until we must."

The doctors of Welland and Port Colborne have offered to give their medical services without charge to the families of soldiers who have gone to the front. The Canadian life-insurance companies are insuring the lives of soldiers at an extra war-premium rate of only fifty dollars a thousand, though they would be justified in asking a hundred. In London the offices of the Canadian Government are providing information as to the requirements of the Canadian market, and are showing British merchants how they can get from Canada

at least part of the supplies they formerly got from Germany.

It appears as though no device to secure aid and to keep up courage has been undiscovered. There seems to be a tacit compact to minimize the ills of the present by looking forward to a prosperous future. Canadians are reminded that though the outside world will lend them less money now it will buy more of their products. They are told that thirty-three thousand men are gone, which will give employment to thousands of the unemployed, who will take their places. They are told that the war has brought to North Toronto what may turn out to be the biggest horse market of the world. They are reminded that next summer the Continent will not be overrun with wealthy tourists, and that there must be a See-your-home-country-first movement, in which Canada should attract marked attention. Even the street cars have such posters as this:

BRITAIN'S MOTTO BUSINESS AS USUAL!

*Let the foe who strikes at England know her wheels of commerce turn;
Let the ships that war with England see her factory furnace burn—
For the foe most fears the cannon, and his heart most quakes with dread,
When behind the man in khaki is the man who keeps his head!*

In one respect Canada may profit by the war. The back-to-the-land movement is sure to come. Canada has an area about as large as the whole of Europe; she has about four hundred million acres of the finest agricultural land waiting to be cultivated.

This war has already shown the thinking Canadians that so long as a man has a farm of his own he cannot lose his job, and his food problem is solved for him. A clerk, dependent on the resources of the city in which he lives, when he is thrown out of work feels the ground slipping from under his feet—precisely because it is not his ground.

Already men on half pay, fearful they may lose even that, are reading pamphlets on farming, trying to see what they could raise and how far they could go with a very little capital. The impulse is aided by the fact that crops are unusually good in Canada this year—especially such things as grain, vegetables and fruit. There may be increased work for laborers, as the Canadian farmers have been asked to plow an increased acreage.

The Sporting Spirit of Canada

A splendid sporting spirit, however, is nothing but a good shield. Underneath is vulnerable flesh that is easily hurt. The war has given Canada a deep scar, financially and emotionally.

"It's hard to go through it again," said an old woman, whose son was a reservist who had fought in South Africa and had sailed with the Canadian overseas expedition to fight for the Empire a second time. "The days I dread are not far off, when the printed lists come in of the men who are dead and wounded. I read them slowly for fear the next name may be my lad's; and before every name I say a prayer: 'O God, don't let it be my son!'"

Poor old woman! It was, after all, only human, perhaps, that she should pray: "O God, don't let it be my son! Let it be some other woman's son!"

When the war is over the Canadians will begin their reconstruction in the spirit Lincoln advised in his Second Inaugural Address:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right—let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace . . . with all nations."

Delicious Golden Dates



in Clean Dust-proof Packages

Such dates are ideal sugar plums. Their luscious flavor has made them a favorite fruit for generations. Now that it is possible to get them clean and moist as though freshly gathered, people are eating more.

Dromedary Dates

From the Garden of Eden

"Good to eat" as candy, Dromedary Dates are also just as real a food as meat, eggs or bread. They are a growth food for children and a nourish food for men and women. Dromedary Dates are not only highly nourishing; they are easily digested and slightly laxative. With taste and flavor to tempt the appetite,

they make an ideal food. Such dates make children of us all.

Buy Dromedary Dates regularly, as you buy meat and bread. They belong in your regular diet. They lend themselves to the making of many unusual dishes described in

PRIZE RECIPE BOOK
Free on Request

Standard Dromedary Products

Besides DROMEDARY DATES there is DROMEDARY BUTTER made from Dromedary Dates and nuts. A delicious and nourishing spread for bread.

DROMEDARY COCOANUT is an full flavored

as though just ground. Comes in sweet, "fresh-keeping" cartons. DROMEDARY TAPIOCA is a very high quality granulated Tapioca, ready for "Instant" use. It requires no cooking.

Ask your grocer or fruit dealer for Dromedary Dates and other products. He has them or can easily supply you

The HILLS BROTHERS Company
Dept. K, 375 Washington Street New York

Standard DROMEDARY Products

Any one mailed for your grocer's name and 10 cents



SIX

Overland



Specifications of Model 82

Seven passenger touring car
125-inch wheel base
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Full stream-line body design
Color—Royal blue, ivory
white striping
Black leather upholstery
One main top
Pockets in all doors
Rain station, ventilating
type windshield, built in
Extra long underslung rear
springs
Full floating rear axle
25 inch x 4 1/2 inch tires
smooth tread in front;
non-skid in rear
Left hand drive
Center console
45-50 horsepower motor
High tension magnets
Detachable rim
One extra rim
High grade magnetic speed-
ometer
Electric horn
Electric control buttons on
steering column

THE CLIMAX OF SIX

THIS announces the widely discussed and keenly anticipated Overland Six—the Six that we predicted would upset all previous and present six cylinder value standards.

For Sixes of similar proportions and specifications have always sold for considerably more money.

The new Overland Six costs less than many competing Sixes, yet more is offered.

But the advanced knowledge of our experienced engineers, coupled with the huge manufacturing economies, which we are in a position to practice on account of our

greater production, has made it possible for us to produce a Six of the very first grade to sell at a price which is below current Six quotations.

By the simple method of comparing Overland specifications and the price with the specifications and the price of any other Six you can easily prove this.

The Overland Six is of the very latest and most modern design and construction. It was designed and developed cautiously, carefully and judiciously. For months of exhaustive experiments have been going on. It has been tested and tried successfully under every possible condition.

The Overland Six is a luxurious and large seven passenger touring car. The magnificent stream-line body design supplies the very utmost in style, grace and comfort.

Prices for United States: Overland Six, \$1475 Overland Model 80 T, \$1075 Overland Model 80 R, \$1050
Overland Model 80 Coupé, \$1100 Overland Model 81 T, \$250 Overland Model 81 R, \$295

All Prices F. O. B. Toledo, Ohio

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND
The Willys-Overland of



COLES PHILLIPS

CYLINDER EFFICIENCY

The body is finished in rich Royal blue, trimmed with fine hair-line striping of ivory white. It is upholstered with the finest grade of hair and bright French finish, long grain, black hand-buffed leather.

The Overland Six cylinder motor marks the climax of six cylinder efficiency. This, too, is of the very latest en bloc design. It has a $3\frac{1}{2}$ " bore and a $3\frac{1}{4}$ " stroke. It is rated at 45-50 horsepower. This motor is one of the most flexible, economical and reliable six cylinder power plants ever designed. It is remarkably quiet and wonderfully smooth. Also it is light in proportion to the power, very compact and a beautifully finished job.

The tonneau is big and roomy. With its two extra seats ample room is provided for seven passengers.

COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO Prices for Canada:
 Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

It is electrically lighted and started. All electric buttons, controlling the electric starter and the electric horn, head, side, tail and dash lights, are located on the steering column within natural reach of the driver.

The Overland Six is an unusually substantial car. Every part is of very generous dimensions. Nothing has been skimped. On the contrary, every individual piece of the chassis is designed with a large factor of safety.

Built of the very best materials the market affords, under the most scientific and efficient methods, by the highest grade and most skilled motor car craftsmen, this Six will completely revolutionize all present standards.

Six cylinder catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 26.

Overland Six	\$1975	Overland Model 80 T.	\$1425	Overland Model 80 R.	\$1100
Overland Model 80 Coupé	\$2150	Overland Model 81 T.	\$1135	Overland Model 81 R.	\$1005

All Prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ontario



The Overland is the car selected by the Race Leaders of the World Association as prize for the leading salesman of the world.



Copyright Hars Schaffner & Marx

Full dress suit for \$35 made by Hart Schaffner & Marx

SOME men hesitate about buying full dress clothes, not because they do not want or need them, but because of the outlay.

For such men, we have produced a special full dress suit for \$35, made of fine black dress cloth, lined and faced with silk, hand tailored, silk braid on trousers, latest design.

Dealers in our clothes are prepared to supply you with this unusual value. Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

ARABELLA'S HOUSE PARTY

(Continued from Page 5)

person in a modish automobile coat, stared at them a moment and then burst out laughing.

"Zaliska!" screamed Coningsby.

"Well," she cried, "that's what I call some entrance! Lordy! But I must be a sight!"

She calmly opened a violet leather tango box, withdrew various trifles and made dexterous use of them, squinting at herself in a mirror the size of a silver dollar.

Farrington groaned and shuddered, but delayed his flight to watch the effect of this last arrival.

Banning turned on Coningsby and shouted:

"This is your work! You've brought this woman here! I hope you're satisfied with it!"

"My work!" piped Coningsby very earnestly in his queer falsetto. "I never had a thing to do with it; but if Zaliska is good enough for you to dine with in New York it isn't square for you to insult her here in your own house."

"I'm not insulting her. When I dined with her it was at your invitation, you little fool!" fumed the Senator.

Zaliska danced to him on her toes, planted her tiny figure before him and folded her arms.

"Be calm, Tracy; I will protect you!" she lisped sweetly.

"Tracy! Tracy!" gasped Mrs. Banning.

Miss Collingwood laughed aloud. She and the Bishop seemed to be the only persons present who were enjoying themselves. Outside, the machine that had brought Zaliska had backed noisily off the steps and was now retreating.

"Oh, cheer up, everybody!" said Zaliska, helping herself to a chair. "My machine's gone back to town; but I only brought a suit-case, so I can't stay forever. By the way, you might bring it in, Harold," she remarked to Coningsby with a yawn.

Mrs. Banning alone seemed willing to cope with her.

"If you are as French as you look, mademoiselle, I suppose —"

"French, ha! Not to say aha! I sound like a toothpaste all right, but I was born in good old Urbana, Ohio. Your face registers sorrow and distress, madam. Kindly smile, if you please!"

"No impertinence, young woman! It may interest you to know that the courts haven't yet freed me of the ties that bind me to Tracy Banning, and until I get my decree he is still my husband. If that has entered into your frivolous head kindly tell me who invited you to this house."

The girl pouted, peered into her tango box, and slowly drew out a crumpled bit of yellow paper, which she extended toward her inquisitor with the tips of her fingers.

"This message," Mrs. Banning announced, "was sent from Berkville Tuesday night." And then her face paled.

"Incredible!" she breathed heavily.

Gadsby caught the telegram as it fluttered from her hand.

"Read it!" commanded Miss Collingwood.

"MADemoiselle HELENE ZALISKA,

"New Rochelle, N. Y.

"Everything arranged. Meet me at Senator Banning's country home, Corydon, Massachusetts, Thursday evening at eight."

"ALEXANDER GIDDINGS,

"Bishop of Tuscarora."

The Bishop snatched the telegram from Gadsby and verified the detective's reading with unfeigned astonishment. The reading of this message evoked another outburst of merriment from Miss Collingwood.

"Zaliska," fluted young Coningsby, "how dare you!"

"Oh, I never take a dare," said Zaliska. "I guessed it was one of your jokes; and I always thought it would be real sporty to be married by a bishop."

"Yes," said Miss Collingwood frigidly, "I suppose you've tried everything else!"

The Bishop met Mrs. Banning's demand that he explain himself with all the gravity his good-natured countenance could assume.

"It's too deep for me. I give it up!" he said. He crossed to Zaliska and took her hand.

"My dear young woman, I apologize as sincerely as though I were the guilty man. I never heard of you before in my life; and I wasn't anywhere near Berkville day before yesterday. The receipt of my own telegram in New Hampshire at approximately the same hour proves that irrefutably."

"Oh, that'll be all right, Bishop," said Zaliska. "I'm just as pleased as though you really sent it."

Miss Collingwood had lighted her pipe — a performance that drew from Zaliska an astonished:

"Well, did you ever! Gwendolin, what have we here?"

"What I'd like to know," cried Mrs. Banning, yielding suddenly to tears, "is what you've done with Arabella!"

The mention of Arabella precipitated a wild fusillade of questions and replies. She had been kidnapped, Mrs. Banning charged in tones that rolled somberly through the house, and Tracy Banning should be brought to book for it.

"You knew the courts would give her to me and it was you who lured her away and hid her. This contemptible little Coningsby was your ideal of a husband for Arabella, to further your own schemes with his father. I knew it all the time! And you planned to meet him here, with this creature, in your own house! And he's admitted that you've been dining with her. It's too much! It's more than I should be asked to suffer, after all — after all — I've — borne!"

"Look here, Mrs. Lady; creature is a name I won't stand for!" flamed Zaliska.

"If you'll all stop making a rotten fuss —"

"If we can all be reasonable beings for a few minutes —"

"Before they could finish their sentences Gadsby leaped to the doorway, through which Farrington was stealthily creeping, and dragged him back.

"It seems to me," said the detective, depositing Farrington, cowed and frightened, in the center of the group, which closed tightly about him, "that it's about time this fellow was giving an account of himself. Everybody in the room was called here by a fake telegram, and I'm positive this is the scoundrel who sent 'em."

"He undoubtedly enticed us here for the purpose of robbery," said Senator Banning; "and the sooner we put him in jail the better."

"If you'll let me explain —" began Farrington, whose shirt collar had been torn loose when the detective grabbed him and whose bedraggled appearance was little calculated to inspire confidence.

"We've already had too many explanations!" declared Mrs. Banning. "In all my visits to jails and penitentiaries I've rarely seen a man with a worse face than the prisoner's. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he turned out to be a murderer."

"Rubbish!" sniffed Miss Collingwood. "He looks like somebody's chauffeur who's been joy-rolling in the mud."

The truth would never be believed. Farrington resolved to lie boldly.

"I was on my way to Lenox and missed the road. I entered these grounds merely to make inquiries and get some gasoline. This man you call Gadsby assaulted me and dragged me in here; and, as I have nothing to do with any of you or your troubles, I protest against being detained longer."

Gadsby's derisive laugh expressed the general incredulity.

"You didn't say anything to me about gasoline. You were prowling round the house, and when I nabbed you you tried to bolt. I guess we'll just hold on to you until we find out who sent all those fake telegrams."

"We'll hold on to him until we find out who's kidnapped Arabella," declared Mrs. Banning.

"That's a happy suggestion, Fanny," affirmed the Senator, for the first time relaxing his severity toward his wife.

"What's this outlaw's name?" demanded Miss Collingwood in lugubrious tones.

Clever criminals never disclosed their identity. Farrington had no intention of telling his name. He glowered at them as he involuntarily lifted his hand to his mud-spattered face. Senator Banning jumped back, stepping heavily on Coningsby's feet. Coningsby's howl of pain caused Zaliska to laugh with delight.

"If you hold me here you'll pay dearly for it," said Farrington fiercely.

"Dear, dear; the little boy's going to cry!" mocked the dancer. "I think he'd be nice if he had his face washed. By the way, who's giving this party anyhow? I'm perfectly famished and just a little teeny-teeny bite of food would go far toward saving your little Zaliska's life."

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"That's another queer thing about all this!" exclaimed the Senator. "Some one opened the house and stocked it with provisions. The caretaker got a telegram purporting to be from me telling him I'd be down with a house party. However, the servants are not here. The scoundrel who arranged all this overlooked that."

This for some occult reason drew attention back to Farrington, and Gadsby shook him severely, presumably in the hope of jarring loose some information. Farrington resented being shaken. He stood glumly watching them and awaiting his fate.

"It looks as though you'd all have to spend the night here," remarked the Senator. "There are no trains out of Corydon until ten o'clock to-morrow. By morning we ought to be able to fix the responsibility for this dastardly outrage. Meantime—meantime this criminal shall be locked up!"

"Shudders, and clank, clank, as the prisoner goes to his doom," mocked Zaliska.

"The sooner he's out of my sight the better," Mrs. Banning agreed heartily. "If he's hidden my poor dear Arabella away somewhere he'll pay the severest penalty of the law for it. I warn him of that."

"In some states they hang kidnapers," Miss Collingwood recalled, as though the thought of hanging gave her pleasure.

"We'll put the prisoner in one of the servants' rooms on the third floor," said the Senator; "and in the morning we'll drive him to Pittsfield and turn him over to the authorities. Bring him along, Gadsby."

Gadsby dragged Farrington upstairs and to the back of the house, with rather more force than was necessary. Banning led the way, bearing a poker he had snatched up from the fireplace. Pushing him roughly into the butler's room, Gadsby told Farrington to hold up his hands and be searched.

"We'll just have a look at your pockets, young man. No foolishness now!"

This was the last straw. Farrington fought. For the first time in his life he struck his fellow man, and enjoyed the sensation. He was angry, and the instant Gadsby thrust a hand into his coat pocket he landed on the detective's nose with all the ginger he could put into the blow.

Banning dropped the poker and ran out, slamming the door after him. Two more sharp punches in the detective's face caused him to jump for a corner and draw his gun. As he swung round, Farrington grabbed the poker and dealt the officer's wrist a sharp thwack that knocked the pistol to the floor with a bang. In a second the gun was in Farrington's hand and he backed to the door and jerked it open.

"Come in here, Senator!" he said as Banning's white face appeared. "Don't yell or attempt to make a row. I want you to put the key of that door on the inside. If you don't I'm going to shoot your friend here. I don't know who or what he is, but if you don't obey orders I'm going to kill him. And if you're not pretty lively with that key I'm going to shoot you too. Shooting is one of the best things I do—careful there, Mr. Gadsby! If you try to rush me you're a dead man!"

To demonstrate his prowess he played on both of them with the automatic. Gadsby stood blinking, apparently uncertain what to do. The key in Banning's hand beat a lively rat-tat in the lock as the frightened statesman shifted it to the inside. Farrington was enjoying himself; it was a sweeter pleasure than he had ever before tasted to find that he could point pistols and intimidate senators and detectives.

"That will do; thanks! Now Mr. Gadsby, or whatever your name is, I must trouble you to remove yourself. In other words, get out of here—quick! There's a bed in this room and I'm going to make myself comfortable until morning. If you or any of you make any effort to annoy me during the night I'll shoot you, without the slightest compunction. And when you go downstairs you may save your faces by telling your friends that you've locked me up and searched me, and given me the third degree—and anything you please; but don't you dare come back! Just a moment more, please! You'd better give yourself first aid for nosebleed before you go down, Mr. Gadsby; but not here. The sight of blood is displeasing to me. That is all now. Good night, gentlemen!"

He turned the key, heard them conferring in low tones for a few minutes, and then they retreated down the hall. Zaliska had begun to thump the piano. Her voice rose stridently to the popular air: Any Time's a Good Time When Hearts are Light and Merry.

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Farrington sat on the bed and consoled himself with a cigarette. As a fiction writer he had given much study to human motives; but just why the delectable Arabella had mixed him up in this fashion with the company below was beyond him. Perversity was all he could see in it. He recalled now that she herself had chosen all the names for her list, with the exception of Banning and Gadsby; and, now that he thought of it, she had more or less directly suggested them.

To be sure he had named the Senator; but only in a whimsical spirit, as he might have named any other person whose name was familiar in contemporaneous history. Arabella had accepted it, he remembered, with alacrity. He had read in the newspapers about the Bannings' marital difficulties, and he recalled that Coningsby, a millionaire in one of the Western mining states, had been implicated with Banning in a big irrigation scandal.

It was no wonder Mrs. Banning had been outraged by her husband's efforts to marry Arabella to the wheezing son of the magnate. In addition to the dramatic personae Zaliska, whose name had glittered on Broadway in the biggest sign that thoroughfare had ever seen, Arabella had contributed another element to the situation, which caused Farrington to grin broadly.

He looked at his watch. It was only nine-thirty, though it seemed that eternities had rolled by since his first encounter with Gadsby. He had taken a pistol away from a detective of reputation and pointed it at a United States Senator; and he was no longer the Farrington of yesterday, but a very different being, willing that literature should go hang so long as he followed this life of jaunty adventure.

After a brief rest he opened the door cautiously, crept down the back stairs to the second floor, and, venturing as close to the main stairway as he dared, heard lively talk in the hall below. Gadsby, it seemed, was for leaving the house to bring help and the proposal was not meeting with favor.

"I refuse to be left here without police protection," Mrs. Banning was saying with determination. "We may all be murdered by that ruffian."

"He's undoubtedly a dangerous crook," said the officer; "but he's safe for the night. And in the morning we will take him to jail and find means of identifying him."

"Then for the love of Mike," chirruped Zaliska from the piano, "let's have something to eat!"

Farrington chuckled. Gadsby and Banning had not told the truth about their efforts to lock him up. They were both cowards, he reflected; and they had no immediate intention, at least, of returning to molest him.

After a glance through the guest rooms he meditated a dash downstairs for the front door, but decided against it as a foolish risk. In a room where Banning's suit-case was spread open he acquired an electric lamp, which he thrust into his pocket. Sounds of merry activity from the kitchen indicated that Zaliska had begun her raid on the jam pots, assisted evidently by all the company.

One thought was uppermost in his mind—he must leave the house as quickly as possible and begin the search for Arabella! He wanted to look into her eyes again; he wanted to hear her laughter as he told of the result of her plotting. There was more to the plan she had outlined at the tea house than had appeared, and he meant to know its whys and wherefores; but he wanted to see her for her own sake. His pulses tingled as he thought of her—the incomparable girl with the golden-brown eyes and the heart of laughter!

He cautiously raised a window in one of the sleeping rooms and began flashing his lamp to determine his position. He was at the rear of the house and the rain purred softly on the flat roof of a one-story extension of the kitchen, fifteen feet below. The sooner he risked breaking his neck and began the pursuit of Arabella the better; so he threw out his rubber coat and let himself out on the sill.

He dropped and gained the roof in safety. Below, on one side, were the lights of the dining room, and through the open windows he saw his late companions gathered about the table. The popping of a cork evoked cheers, which he attributed to Zaliska and Coningsby. He noted the Bishop and Miss Collingwood in earnest conversation at one end of the room, and caught a glimpse of Banning staggering in from the pantry bearing a stack of plates, while his

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He crawled to the farther side of the roof, swung over and let go, and the moment he touched the earth was off with all speed for the road. It was good to be free again, and he ran as he had not run since his school-days, stumbling and falling over unseen obstacles in his haste. In a sunken garden he tumbled over a stone bench with a force that took the wind out of him for a moment; but he rubbed his bruised legs and resumed his flight.

Suddenly he heard some one running over the gravel path that paralleled the driveway. He stopped to listen, caught the glimmer of a light—the merest faint spark, as of some one flashing an electric lamp—and then heard sounds of rapid retreat toward the road.

Resolving to learn which member of the party was leaving, he changed his course and, by keeping the lights of the house at his back, quickly gained the stone fence at the roadside.

When he had climbed halfway over he heard some one stirring outside the wall between him and the gate; then a motor started with a whirr and an electric headlight was flashed on blindingly. As the machine pushed its way through the tangle of wet weeds into the open road he clambered over, snapped his lamp at the driver, and cried out in astonishment as the light struck Arabella full in the face.

She ducked her head quickly, swung her car into the middle of the road, and stopped.

"Who is that?" she demanded sharply. "Wait just a minute! I want to speak to you; I have ten thousand things to say to you!" he shouted above the thumping of the engine.

She shut off the power instantly, flashed her lamp on him, and burst out laughing. She was buttoned up tightly in a rubber coat, but wore no hat; and her hair had tumbled loose and hung wet about her face. Her eyes danced with merriment.

"Oh, it's too soon!" she said, putting up her hand to shut out the light he was holding on her face. "Not a word to say to-night; but to-morrow—at four o'clock—we shall meet and talk it over. You have done beautifully—superbly!" she continued. "I was looking through the window when they dragged you off upstairs. And I heard every word everybody said! Isn't it perfectly glorious?—particularly Zalska! What an awful mistake it would have been if we'd left her out! Back, sir! I'm on my way!"

Before he could speak, her car shot forward. He ran to his own machine and flung himself into it. By the time he got under way Arabella was half a mile ahead. Her car, a low-hung white roadster, moved with incredible speed. The rear light rose until it became a dim red star on the crest of a steep hill, and a second later it blinked him good-by as it dipped down on the farther side.

He gained the hilltop and let the machine run its maddest. When he reached the bottom he was sure he was gaining on the flying car, but suddenly the guiding light vanished. He checked his speed to study the trail more carefully, found that he had lost it, turned back to a crossroad where Arabella had plunged more deeply into the hills, and was off again.

The road was a strange one and hideously soggy. The tail light of Arabella's car brightened and faded with the varying fortunes of the two machines; but he made no appreciable gain. She was leading him into an utterly strange neighborhood, and after half a dozen turns he was lost.

Then his car landed suddenly on a sound piece of road and he opened the throttle wide. The rain had ceased and patches of stars began to blink through the broken clouds, but as his hopes rose the light he was following disappeared; and a moment later he was clapping on his brake.

The road had landed him at the edge of a watery waste he was unable to identify—a fact of which he became aware only after he had tumbled out of his machine and walked off a dock into it. Some one yelled to him from a house at the water's edge and threatened to shoot if he didn't make himself scarce. And it was not Arabella's voice!

He slipped and fell on the wet planks, and his incidental remarks pertaining to this catastrophe were translated into a hostile declaration by the owner of the voice. A gun went off with a roar and Farrington sprinted for his machine.

"If you've finished your target practice," he called from the car with an effort at irony, "maybe you'll tell what this place is!"

The reply staggered him: "This pond's on Mr. Banning's place. It's private grounds and ye can't get through here. What ye doin' down here anyhow?"

Farrington knew what he was doing. He was looking for Arabella, who had apparently vanished into thin air; but the tone of the man did not encourage confidences. He was defeated and chagrined, to say nothing of being chilled to the bone.

"You orto turned off a mile back there; this is a private road," the man volunteered grudgingly, "and the gate ain't goin' to be opened no more to-night."

Farrington got his machine round with difficulty and slowly started back. His reflections were not pleasant ones. Arabella had been having sport with him. She had led him in a semicircle to a remote corner of her father's estate, merely, it seemed, that he might tumble into a pond concealed for the purpose or be shot by the guardian of the marine front of the property.

He had not thought Arabella capable of this; it was not like the brown-eyed girl who had fed him tea and sandwiches two days before to lure him into such a trap. In his bewildered and depressed state of mind he again doubted Arabella.

He reached home at one o'clock and took counsel of his pipe until three, brooding over his adventure.

Hope returned with the morning. In the bright sunlight he was ashamed of having doubted Arabella; and yet he groped in the dark for an explanation of her conduct. His reasoning powers failed to find an explanation of that last trick of hers in leading him over the worst roads in Christendom, merely to drop him into a lake in her father's back yard. She might have got rid of him easier than that!

The day's events began early. As he stood in the doorway of his garage, waiting for the chauffeur to extract his runabout from its shell of mud, he saw Gadsby and two strange men sit by in a big limousine. As soon as his car was ready he jumped in and set off, with no purpose but to keep in motion. He, the Farrington of cloistral habits, had tasted adventure; and it was possible that, by ranging the county, he might catch a glimpse of the bewildering Arabella, who had so disturbed the even order of his life.

He drove to Corydon, glanced into all the shops, and stopped at the post office on an imaginary errand. He bought a book of stamps and as he turned away from the window ran into the nautical Miss Collingwood.

"Beg pardon!" he mumbled, and was hurrying on when she took a step toward him.

"You needn't lie to me, young man; you were in that row at Banning's last night, and I want to know what you know about Arabella!"

This lady, who sailed a schooner for recreation, was less formidable by daylight. It occurred to him that she might impart information if handled cautiously. They had the office to themselves and she drew him into a corner of the room and assumed an air of mystery.

"That fool detective is at the telegraph office wiring all the police in creation to look out for Arabella. You'd better not let him see you. Gadsby is a brave man by daylight!"

"If Arabella didn't spend last night at her father's house I know nothing about her," said Farrington eagerly. "I have reason to assume that she did."

She eyed him with frank distrust. "Don't try to bluff me! You're mixed up in this row some way; and if you're not careful you'll spend the rest of your life in a large, uncomfortable penitentiary. If that man at the telegraph office wasn't such a fool—"

"You're not in earnest when you say Miss Banning wasn't at home last night!" he exclaimed.

"Decidedly I am! Do you suppose we'd all be chasing over the country this morning looking for my niece and offering rewards if we knew where she is? I live on a schooner to keep away from trouble, and this is what that girl has got me into! What's your name, anyhow?"

He quickly decided against telling his name. At that moment Gadsby's burly frame became visible across Main Street, and Farrington shot out a side door and sprinted up an alley at his best speed. He struck the railroad track at a point beyond



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the station where it curved through the hills, and followed it for a mile before stopping to breathe.

As he approached a highway he heard a motor coming and flung himself down in the grass at the side of the track. The driver of the car checked its speed and one of his companions stood up and surveyed the long stretch of track. The blue glint of gun barrels caught Farrington's eye.

There were three men in the machine and he guiltily surmised that they were deputy sheriffs or constables looking for him. He stuck his nose into the ground and did not lift his head again until the sounds of the motor faded away in the distance. Probably no roads were safe, and even in following the railroad he might walk into an ambush.

He abandoned the ties for flight over a wooded hill. It was hard going and the underbrush slapped him savagely in the face. A higher hill tempted him and a still higher one, and he came presently to the top of a young mountain. He sat for a time on a fallen tree and considered matters. In his perturbed state of mind it seemed to him that the faint clouds of dust he saw rising in the roads below were all evidences of pursuit. He picked out familiar landmarks and judged that his flight over the hills had brought him within four miles of his home.

Thoughts of home, and a tub, and clean clothes, pleased him, and he resolutely began the descent. The only way he could free himself from suspicion was by finding Arabella. And how could he find Arabella when he was likely at any moment to be run down by a country constable with a shotgun? And as for meeting Arabella at four o'clock, he realized now that he had stupidly allowed the girl to slip away from him without designating a meeting place.

The actual business of life was too much for him; he was convinced of that; and his conscience dug into him with a sharp elbow. So far as he knew, he was the only person who had seen Arabella since her escape from Miss Collingwood's schooner.

It might be best for him to volunteer to the Bannings such information as he had; but the more he thought of this the less it appealed to him. It would be difficult to give a plausible account of his meeting with Arabella at the tea house; and, moreover, he shrank from a betrayal of the light-hearted follower of the silver trumpet. As a gentleman he could give no version of the affair that would not place all the blame on himself; and this involved serious personal risks.

He approached his house from the rear, keeping as far as possible from the road, lingered at the barn, dodged from it to the garage, and crept furtively into his study by a side door as the clock struck two.

He had seen none of his employees on the farm and the house was ominously still. He rang the bell and in a moment the scared face of Beeching was thrust in.

"Beg pardon; are you home, sir?" asked the servant with a frightened gulp.

"Of course I'm home!" said Farrington with all the dignity his scratched face and torn clothes would permit.

"I missed you, sir," said the man gravely. "I thought maybe you was off looking for Arabella."

The book Farrington had been nervously fingering fell with a bang.

"What—what the devil do you know about Arabella?"

"She's lost, sir. The farmer and the chauffeur is off looking for her. It's a most singular case."

"Yes," Farrington assented; "most remarkable. Have there been any—er—have any people been looking here for—er—her?"

"Well, sir, the sheriff stopped a while ago to ask whether we'd seen such a girl; and there was a constable on horseback, and citizens in machines. Her father has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars. And there's a man missing, they say, sir; a dangerous character they caught on the Banning place last night. There's a thousand on him; it's a kidnapping matter, sir."

Farrington's throat troubled him and he swallowed hard.

"It's a shameful case," he remarked weakly. "I hope they'll kill the rascal when they catch him."

"I hope so, sir," said Beeching. "You seem quite worn out, sir. Shall I serve something?"

"You may bring the Scotch—quick—and don't bother about the water. And, Beeching, if anyone calls I'm out!"

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By the time he had changed his clothes and eaten a belated luncheon it was three o'clock. From time to time mad honking on the highway announced the continuance of the search for Arabella. He had screwed his courage to the point of telephoning Senator Banning that Arabella had been seen near her father's place on the previous night. His spirits sank when the Corydon exchange announced that the Banning phone was out of order. The chauffeur, seeing Farrington's roadster on Main Street, telephoned from Corydon to know what disposition should be made of it, and Farrington ordered him to bring it home.

His self-respect came back as he smoked a cigar. He had met the issues of the night and day bravely; and if further adventures lay before him he felt himself equal to them. And, in spite of the tricks she had played on him, Arabella danced brightly before him. He must find Arabella!

He thrust the revolver he had captured from Gadsby into his pocket and drove resolutely toward the Bannings'.

A dozen machines blocked the entrance, indicating a considerable gathering, and he steered himself for an interview that could hardly fail to prove a stormy one. The door stood open and a company of twenty people were crowded about a table. So great was their absorption that Farrington joined the outer circle without attracting attention.

"Mister Sheriff," Senator Banning was saying, "we shall make no progress in this affair until the man who escaped from custody here last night has been apprehended. You must impress a hundred—a thousand deputies into service if necessary, and begin a systematic search of every house, every hillside in Western Massachusetts. I suggest that you throw a line from here—"

They were craning their necks to follow his finger on the map, when Miss Collingwood's voice was heard:

"I tell you again that I saw that man in the post office this morning, and the clerk told me he is Laurance Farrington, the fool who writes such preposterous novels."

"Madam," said the sheriff irritably, "you've said that before; but it's impossible! I know Mr. Farrington and he wouldn't harm a flea. And the folks at his house told me an hour ago that he was away looking for the lost girl."

"Only a bluff!" squeaked Coningsby. "He looked to me like a bad man."

"Oh, I didn't think he looked so rotten," said Zaliska; "but if he's Farrington I must say his books bore me to death!"

"Can't you remember this isn't a literary club?" shouted Senator Banning. "What do we care about his books if he's a kidnaper! What we're trying to do is to plan a thorough search of Berkshire County—of the whole United States, if necessary."

"So far as I'm concerned—" began Farrington in a loud voice; but as twenty other voices were raised at the same moment no one paid the slightest attention to him. Their indifference enraged him and he pushed his way roughly to the table and confronted Banning. "While you've wasted your time looking for me I've been—Stand back! Don't come a step nearer until I've finished or I'll kill you!"

It was Gadsby who had caused the interruption, but the whole room was now in an uproar. With every one talking at once Coningsby's high voice alone rose above the tempest. He wished he was armed; he would do terrible things!

"Let the man tell his story," pleaded Mrs. Banning between sobs.

"I've spent the night and day looking for Arabella!" Farrington cried. "I have no other interest—no other aim in life but to find Arabella. All I can tell you is that I saw her at the Sorona Tea House Tuesday afternoon, and that last night she was on these grounds; in fact, she saw you all gathered here and heard everything that was said in this room until you gentlemen carried me upstairs and locked me in!"

"Young man, you know too little or too much," said Banning. "Gadsby, do your duty!"

The detective took a step forward, looked into the barrel of his own automatic, and paused, waving his hand to the sheriff and his deputies to guard the doors and windows.

"How do you know she was at the tea house?" asked Mrs. Banning. "It seems to me that's the first question."

"I met her there," Farrington blurted. "I met her there by appointment!"

"Then you admit, you villain," began Banning, choking with rage, "that you lured my daughter, an innocent child, to

a lonely tea house; that you saw her last night; and that now—now!—you know nothing of her whereabouts! This, sir, is—"

"Oh, it's really not so bad!" came in cheery tones from above. "It was I who lured Mr. Farrington to the tea house, and I did it because I knew he was a gentleman."

Farrington had seen her first—the much-sought Arabella—stealing down the stairway to the landing, where she paused and leaned over the railing, much at ease, to look at them.

Her name was spoken in gasps, in whispers, and was thundered aloud only by Miss Collingwood.

"This was my idea," said Arabella quietly as they all turned toward her. "I've been hiding in the old cottage on the pond, right here on father's place—with John and Mary, who've known me since I was a baby. This is my house party—a scheme to get you all together. I thought that maybe, if papa and mamma really thought I was lost, and if papa and Mr. Coningsby and Mademoiselle Zaliska all met under the same roof, they might understand one another better—and me!"

"I telegraphed for Mr. Gadsby," she laughed, "just to be sure the rest of you were kept in order! And I sent for Bishop Giddings because he's an old friend, and I thought he might help to straighten things out."

She choked and the tears brightened her eyes as she stood there gazing down at them.

"You needn't worry about me, Arabella," said Coningsby; "for Zaliska and I were married by the Bishop at Corydon this morning."

This seemed to interest no one in particular, though Miss Collingwood sniffed contemptuously.

Mrs. Banning had started toward Arabella, and at the same moment Senator Banning reached the stairway. Arabella tripped down three steps, then paused on tiptoe, with her hands outstretched, half-inviting, half-repelling them. She was dressed as at the tea house, but her youthfulness was lost for the moment in a grave wistfulness that touched Farrington deeply.

"You can't have me," she cried to her father and mother, "unless we're all going to be happy together again!"

Half an hour later Senator Banning and his wife, and Arabella, wreathed in smiles, emerged from the library and found the sheriff and his deputies gone; but the members of the original house party still lingered.

"Before I leave," said Gadsby, "I'd like to know just how Mr. Farrington got into the game. He refuses to tell how he came to see you at the tea house. I think we ought to know that."

"Oh," said Arabella, clapping her hands, "that's another part of the story. If Mr. Farrington doesn't mind—"

"Now that you've found I don't care what you tell," Farrington declared.

"You may regret that," said Arabella, coloring deeply. "I sat by Mr. Baker, of The Quill, at a dinner a little while ago, and we were talking about your books. And he said—he said your greatest weakness as a novelist was due to your never having—well"—she paused and drew closer under the protecting arm of her father—"you had never yourself been, as the saying is—in love—and he thought—Well, this is shameful—but he and I—just as a joke—took a chance of attracting your attention by printing that plot advertisement."

"He said you were working too hard and seemed worried, and might bite; and then I thought it would be good fun to throw you into the lions' den here to stir things up, as you did. And I had my car on the road last night ready to skip if things got too warm. Of course I couldn't let you catch me; it would have spoiled all the fun!"

"And it was I who shot off that gun last night to scare you—when old John was scolding you away from the place. But it was nasty of me, and not fair; and now, when everything else is all fixed and I'm so happy, I'm ashamed to look you in the face and think what a lot of trouble I've given you. And you'll always hate me—"

"I shall always love you," said Farrington, stepping forward boldly and taking her hands. "You've made me live for once in my life—you've made me almost human," he laughed. "And you've made me a braver man than I know how to be! You pulled down the silver trumpet out of heaven and gave it to me, and made me rich beyond words; and without you I should be sure to lose it again!"

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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 21)

table for a typewriter; a telephone instrument stood against the wall. A man whose likeness to Felicia was at once apparent swung round in his chair as Hunterleys entered. He had taken off his coat and his trousers seemed smothered with dust.

"Regular newspaper correspondent's den," Hunterleys remarked as he looked round him. "I never saw such a mess in my life. I wonder Felicia allows it."

"We don't let her come in," her brother chuckled. "Is the door closed?"

"Fast," Hunterleys replied, moving away from it.

"Things are moving," the other went on. "I took the small car out to-day on the road to Cannes and I expect I was the first to see Douaille."

"I saw him myself," Hunterleys announced. "I was out on that road, walking."

"Douaille," Roche continued, "went direct to the Villa Mimosa. Grex was there waiting for him. Draconmeyer and Seligman both kept out of the way."

Hunterleys nodded. "Reasonable enough, that. Grex was the man to pave the way. Well?"

"At ten o'clock Draconmeyer and Seligman arrived. The Villa Mimosa gets more difficult every day. I have only one friend in the house, although it is filled with servants. Three-quarters of them speak only Russian. My man's reliable, but he is in a terrible minority. The conference took place in the library. It lasted about an hour and a half. Seligman and Draconmeyer came out looking fairly well satisfied. Half an hour later Douaille went on to Mentone, where his wife and daughters are staying. No writing at all was done in the room."

"The conference has really begun, then," Hunterleys observed moodily.

"Without a doubt," Roche declared. "I imagine, though, that the meeting this evening was devoted to preliminaries. I am hoping," he went on, "to be able next time to pass on a little of what is said."

"If we could only get the barest idea as to the nature of the proposals," Hunterleys said earnestly. "Of course one can surmise. Our people are already warned as to the long conferences that have taken place between Grex and Seligman. They mean something, there's no doubt about that. And then this invitation to Douaille and his coming here so furtively. Everything points the same way, but a few spoken words are better than all the surmises in the world. It isn't that they are unreasonable at home, but they must be convinced."

"It's the devil's own risk," Roche sighed, "but I am hard at it. I was about the place yesterday as much as I dared. My plans are all ready now, but things looked pretty awkward at the villa to-night. If they are going to have the grounds patrolled by servants every time they meet I'm done for. I've cut a pane of glass out of the dome over the library, and I've got a window-cleaning apparatus round at the back, and a ladder. The passage along the roof is quite easy and there's a good deal of cover among the chimneys, but if they get a hint it will be touch and go."

Hunterleys nodded. He was busy now, going through the long sheets of writing which the other young man had silently passed across to him. For half an hour he read, making pencil notes now and then in the margin. When at last he had finished he returned them, and sitting down at the table drew a packet of press cable sheets toward him and wrote for some time steadily. When he had finished he read through the result of his labors and leaned back thoughtfully in his chair.

"You will send this off from Cannes with your own, Briston?" he asked.

The young man assented.

"The car will be here at three," he announced. "They'll be on their way by eight."

"Press message, mind, to the Daily Post. If the operator wants to know what 'Number 1' means after 'Daily Post' you can tell him that it simply indicates to which editorial room the message is to be delivered."

"That's a clever idea," Roche mused. "Code dispatches to Downing Street might cause a little comment."

"They wouldn't do from here," Hunterleys declared. "They might be safe enough from Cannes, but it's better to run no risks."

These will be passed on to Downing Street unopened. Be careful to-morrow, Sidney."

"I can't see that they can do anything but throw me out, Sir Henry," Roche remarked. "I have my Daily Post authority in my pocket, and my passport. Besides, I got the man here to announce in the Monte Carlo News that I was the accredited correspondent for the district, and that David Briston had been appointed by a syndicate of illustrated papers to represent them in these parts. That's in case we get a chance of taking photographs. Moreover, I had some idea of going out to interview Monsieur Douaille."

Hunterleys shook his head.

"I shouldn't. The man's as nervous as he can be now, I am pretty sure of that. Don't do anything that might put him on his guard. Mind, for all we know he may be an honest man. The fact that he listens to what these fellows have to say doesn't prove that he's prepared to fall in with their schemes. By the by, you've nothing about the place, I suppose, if you should be raided?"

"Not a thing," was the confident reply. "We are two English newspaper correspondents, and there isn't a thing to be found anywhere that's not in keeping, except my rather large make-up outfit and my somewhat mixed wardrobe. I am not the only newspaper correspondent who goes in for that though. Then there's Felicia. They all know who she is and they all know that she's my sister. Anyhow, even if I do get into trouble up at the Villa Mimosa I can't see that I shall be looked upon as anything more than a prying newspaper correspondent. They can't hang me for that."

Hunterleys accepted a cigarette and lighted it.

"I needn't tell you fellows," he said gravely, "that this place is a little unlike any other in Europe. You may think you're safe enough, but all the same I wouldn't trust a living soul. By the by, I saw Felicia as I came in. You don't want her to break down, do you?"

"Good heavens, no!" her brother exclaimed.

"Break down?" David repeated. "Don't suggest such a thing!"

"It struck me that she was rather nervous," Hunterleys told them. "One of you ought to look after her for an hour or two to-morrow."

"I can't spare a moment," her brother sighed.

"I'll take her out," Briston declared eagerly. "There's nothing for me to do to-morrow till Sidney gets back."

"Well, between you keep an eye on her," Hunterleys advised. "And, Sidney, I don't want to make a coward of you, and you and I both know that if there's danger ahead it's our job to face it, but have a care up at the Villa Mimosa. I don't fancy the law of this principality would see you out of any trouble if they got an idea that you were an English secret-service man."

Roche laughed shortly.

"Exactly my own idea," he admitted. "However, we've got to see it through. I shan't consider I've done my work unless I hear something of what Grex and the others have to say to Douaille the next time they meet."

Hunterleys found Felicia waiting for him outside. He shook his head reproachfully.

"A future prima donna," he said, "should go to bed at ten o'clock."

She opened the door for him and walked down the path, her hands clasped in his arm.

"A future prima donna," she retorted, "can't do always what she likes. If I go to bed too early I cannot sleep. To-night I am excited and nervous. There isn't anything likely to bring trouble upon—them, is there?"

"Certainly not," he replied promptly.

"Your brother is full of enterprise, as you know. He runs a certain amount of risk in his eagerness to acquire news, but I never knew a man so well able to take care of himself."

"And—and Mr. Briston?"

"Oh, he's all right anyway," Hunterleys assured her. "His is the smaller part."

She breathed a little sigh of relief. They had reached the gate. She still had something to say. Below them flared the lights of Monte Carlo. She looked down at them almost wistfully.



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Though she is not a demonstrator, she has served her apprenticeship in the packing room, has a comprehensive and intimate knowledge of the stock, a keen appreciation of the policy of the house as to service, rules relating to the return of goods, and every other point that a dissatisfied customer might bring forward; and she knows the day's prices as she does the alphabet.

Consequently she is one of the most productive salespeople in the employ of the house. As a puller of new business the census taker holds first rank; but the totals of her sales-slips are by no means the measure of her service. Her main value is that of giving the manager a first-hand knowledge of why customers quit trading at his store and why others have not begun to trade there.

The results of each call are recorded on a slip specially printed for the purpose. Without these records the manager confesses he would feel very much in the position of a physician attempting to prescribe for a patient without taking his temperature or counting his pulse beats. The slips returned by the census taker are followed up by letters dealing individually with the causes that have led to the defection of the customers covered by the reports.

The Adjusting Department of this store is one of its most highly developed efficiency features. This is in charge of an elderly man of good presence and with an even temper. As a leak stopper this department is one of the heaviest earners in the store. Formerly adjustments were largely made on an offhand judgment of human nature. If the complaining customer appeared to be fairly reliable the return of goods said to be unsatisfactory was an easy matter; but the percentage of invisible losses was so high that it was decided to tighten the lines and reduce adjustments to a scientific basis. This change revealed the fact that the art of beating the grocery store was certainly not in its infancy, but had already been developed to a high degree of efficiency.

An adept at this art would order a dozen eggs and very promptly after their delivery would notify the store that four of the eggs had been broken in process of delivery. To give the claim a circumstantial backing four of the individual compartments in the carton would be slightly smeared and called to the attention of the driver on his next trip.

Again, customers of this class would order a bushel of potatoes and then notify the store that they were unsatisfactory, and that the driver should be requested to call for them. When they were returned they would be found to be several pounds short.

Of course, not all commodities were subject to this kind of manipulation, but the new system of adjustments showed that some customers had developed an almost fiendish ingenuity in beating the grocery store by the return route.

To-day every complaint is entered on a slip reading as follows:

ADJUSTING DEPARTMENT BLANK COMPANY COMPLAINT	
No. _____	Date _____ 191__
Name _____	
Address _____	
Telephone Number _____	
Date of Purchase _____	
Charge, C. O. D., or Paid _____	
Department _____	Article _____
Salesman _____	
Driver _____	
Nature of Complaint _____	
Complaint first reported to _____	
In person or by telephone _____	
Referred to _____	
How adjusted _____	

One copy is retained by the Adjusting Department and another goes to the manager. Then a Call-for Ticket is issued. This is so perforated that it can be torn into three parts. It reads:

No. 4000 CALL-FOR TICKET	
Date _____	Name _____
Address _____	
Charge, Cash, or C. O. D. _____	
Clerk Number _____	
Driver _____	
Clerk will write on back of this ticket list of articles to be called for	

No. 4000 CALL-FOR TICKET	
Received _____	goods _____
called _____	
for _____	
BLANK COMPANY	
Driver _____	
Driver must return this with the goods	

The right-hand portion remains in the office; the left-hand section comes back with the goods, and the narrow strip in the middle must be personally returned by the customer before the returned goods will be credited. Returned goods are carefully weighed or counted and are credited accordingly. Even broken eggs come under this rule.

According to the experience of this merchant grocer are systematically robbed by unscrupulous customers to an extent of which they do not dream. He admits that the grocer in a small country town or village cannot well put his adjustments on a thorough efficiency basis; but he insists that no leading grocery in a town of ten thousand inhabitants can afford to neglect this expensive leakage.

Another fertile source of loss and waste to which efficiency methods are consistently applied in this store is the leftovers. One of the nicest and most exacting games played by the management is to so regulate buying and the receipt of goods that the smallest possible stock is carried over from one day to another. Though this applies especially to perishable goods, it may be extended to other lines in a way to increase profits.

This store, for example, sells a carload of potatoes a week; but at the close of business on Saturday night it generally has on hand about ten sacks. Other stocks are handled on the same close schedule. Here is where eternal vigilance—beforehand!—spells efficiency.

Occasionally, however, a mistake in buying, a delay in the arrival of an incoming shipment, or an unexpected change in selling conditions, will bunch goods in the latter part of the week and threaten a heavy loss in holdovers. Such an emergency is always met by a special selling effort, to which the manager contributes the personal punch.

In season the normal orange trade of this store is a carload a week; but on a well-remembered week transportation delays brought in three carloads on the same day. Here was an emergency to test the possibilities of a special-sale effort. Fortunately a large portion of the oranges were of the smaller sizes. The manager did some quick figuring and then put out placards and advertisements reading:

ORANGES ONE CENT APiece—CHEAPEST EVER SOLD!

The salesmen were told to speed up on oranges and were given the right line of talk. As a result twenty-one thousand six

Why My Panatela Burns Evenly

I honestly believe that my Panatela cigar "wears better" than any cigar that is made. I know men who have been smoking it every day ever since I started making it, and that was eleven years ago.

This cigar burns evenly, draws well and is strikingly uniform, first because it is a hand-rolled cigar. My cigarmakers are all skilled adult men. The tobacco they receive for their day's work is carefully selected and blended.

Each man gets a certain quantity of long Havana filler and Sumatra leaves for wrapper.

Regardless of variation in the price of tobacco, I have stuck to the policy of buying the same high grade of Cuban and Sumatra tobacco that I have always used. This is another reason for the uniformity of my cigars.

This Panatela of mine, sold direct to the smoker, by the box costs \$5.00 per hundred or \$2.50 for a box of 50. Please don't get the idea that this makes it a five cent cigar. If I sold it to a retail store it would have to resell at 10c or three for a quarter, and at that there would be no cigar in the store at the same price that would excel it.

If you will smoke several of these cigars and cut one open and examine the filler you will taste and see its quality.

You can do this without paying, or risking having to pay, any money.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.



Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE
AND SHAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

"Makes Work a Pleasure" --- Say Stenographers

Everything fifty in the Uhl Art Steel Typewriter table-cabinet because there's a place for everything. Spacious when open. When closed everything must be in place.

Indestructible steel frame with built-up wood platform. Durable steel and locking roll-top. No catch-all drawers but ample stationery pockets for week's supply.

UHL ART STEEL Typewriter Table-Cabinet

Most reliable machine but single base of four makes it rigid when set up. Easily moved to follow sales, in opening markets.

15 Days' Trial

Write now showing the stationery pockets.

100% Practical. Thousands in use in best managed offices in country.

Write today for free trial. Define filed through our dealer, or if we have none through yours, if you will give us his name.

Warning Look for the trademark to insure against imitations.

Write for literature: *Typewriter-Stand, Typewriter and Office Chair, Magazine and Catalog Stand, Merchandise Tables, Adding Machine Stand, Sales Promotional Tables and Chairs, Indestructible Stationery Pockets, etc.* Write for free catalog.

DEALERS A money making proposition for you. Write us for details today.

The Toledo Metal Furniture Co., 2541 Duff St., Toledo, Ohio

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

Blaisdell 151—king of blue pencils

Philadelphia

hundred oranges were sold in a single day. As they were of the two-hundred-and-fifty size and smaller, they represented a handsome profit. Those of a larger size were placarded:

ORANGES CHEAPER THAN APPLES! 50 CENTS A PECK FOR FRESH CALIFORNIA NAVELS!

At the close of the week it was found that the big orange scare had been turned into a festival of profits.

"We would never have had the nerve," says the manager, "deliberately to have planned the arrival of three carloads of oranges at the same time; but this accident was a blessing in disguise. We sold the three carloads at a profit. The sale brought us new customers and gave us a great advertisement; and it demonstrated to us what a special-sale effort can do under pressure. It was one of the best things that ever happened to us."

As the manager related this incident a visitor who had listened to it remarked:

"Don't think that this principle holds in the grocery business alone. There isn't a line of retailing that isn't open to its operation. There is a little town in South Dakota where a friend of mine sells agricultural implements and runs a hardware store. His idea of merchandising is to hand out what his customers call for. Beyond that, salesmanship is an unexplored territory to him—or, at least, it was."

"One day a clever salesman induced him to buy a fairly large order of steel fence posts and woven fencing. The salesman knew that quite an extensive fencing movement was on foot among the farmers of that territory and that he had not oversold the normal demand. When he came to get a repeat order he was surprised to find that practically all the fencing was still in the merchant's stock."

"Have you been out among the farmers to push this stuff?" he asked.

"The storekeeper replied that he had not, and that he considered it his job to stick behind the counter and wait on customers."

"I'll show you," returned the salesman, "that it pays better to chase customers than to wait on them. Now I'm going to sell this whole stock for you right away, quick!—and a lot more besides. You needn't turn your hand over and I'll pay you a cash profit of five per cent."

Field Work That Turns a Profit

"The storekeeper told the salesman to 'go to it'; but that he wouldn't spend that commission until the sales were made. That night, after an automobile campaign among the farmers, he brought in sales on which the storekeeper's commission of five per cent amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Did you ever make that much on a day's sales before?" asked the traveling man. The storekeeper admitted that he had never come "within gunshot of such a day's clean-up."

"If you weren't a much older man than I am," continued the salesman, "I'd tell you that you are a storekeeper and not a merchant. Don't you realize that the big mail-order house has a salesman working overtime in every farmhouse I've visited to-day?—a silent salesman, as they call the catalogue, but a mighty insinuating one all the same. If you don't go out after them those farmers are going to buy all their fencing from the silent salesman. You bet they are! You can beat them every time, though, if you get right on their own ground, open up your muffler and make a noise like a long-lost brother right in their own back yards."

"Figure it out for yourself. Three or four days of special-sale profits like this would be a good year's salary for you, wouldn't it? I thought so! And you don't need to confine your special efforts to fencing either. Your sales of almost everything you carry could be just about doubled if you would come out of your shell and put a little special punch into your selling."

But to return to the big grocery store!

This particular merchant turns his stock over nineteen times a year. His entire cost of doing business last year was 17.64 per cent.

"If we could cut out delivery we should save seven per cent," he declares. "Our delivery expense is very heavy, as we are obliged to deliver four times every weekday except Saturday, and five times on Saturday, in our territory—within a radius of twenty blocks from the store."

Look, Men, At This Genuinely Good Winter Underwear For Only Half a Dollar

It sets a new value standard for this easy price. We've made it good to make good with men who demand the good things of life—and we've priced it so that every man can afford it.



Elastic Collar
fits neck snugly
and never gets open



Improved Cuff,
firmly knit
to prevent flaring.

Unbreakable Seams.
Your money back or a
new garment for any
one returned with a
seam broken.



Per
Garment
50c

HANES
ELASTIC KNIT

Union
Suit
\$1.00

UNDERWEAR

It has a silky feel, a slight look, a sturdy make, and a refinement of finish that lift it away above its price. We've spent years perfecting the crowning value in fifty-cent winter underwear—and we've done it sure. See it at your dealer's and convince yourself! Look for the label.

If you don't know the "Hanes" dealer in your town, write us.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



Hush-a-bye baby
On Daddy's lap,
He'd like to see you
Taking a nap;
He sings, to soothe you,
Songs most serene,
While he is shaving
With GEM DAMASKEENE.



One test proves it best

The unusual merit of the GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR makes the quickest, easiest and most enjoyable shave—the GEM leads them all, and after ten days, if you cannot say it's a winner, return it to your dealer and get your dollar—we stand behind the dealer.

\$1.00

buys the complete GEM DAMASKEENE Razor Set in genuine leather case, together with 7 GEM DAMASKEENE Blades and extra shaving brushes.

ALL LIVE DEALERS



GEM CUTLERY COMPANY, Incorporated NEW YORK

CANADIAN BRANCH
591 ST. CATHERINE ST., W., MONTREAL

CALARAB

from
CALIFORNIA
CANDY
FIGS

BISHOP & COMPANY
LOS ANGELES



This is a reproduction of a big, bright, red window display you will see in many stores this week—stores that are selling **CALARAB**—the world's confection—from California.

Calarab—from California—will make this a glad and happy Thanksgiving wherever a box of it goes. The box is so cheery with its bright red cover, and the **Calarab** Candy Figs inside fairly reflect the golden California sunshine with their sweet goodness.

—If you are to play the part of host, then **Calarab** should play an important part in your day.

—If you are to play the part of guest—then carry a box of **Calarab** to your friends as a Thanksgiving remembrance.

—The price is so small and the confection so fine. A gift you can present on any occasion to the most discriminating.

Heretofore you have had to be satisfied with ordinary pressed figs—but now you have **Calarab**, the fig confection, with all the goodness of the pressed figs—but none of their toughness—and not one bite to waste.

Buy Calarab when you want figs and when you want a Confection.

—This sugary, fruity goody is a double pleasure—a keen enjoyment for the whole family.

And when the children ask for candy, every mother will be glad to know she can give them **Calarab**—all they want—as often as they want it—and it will never harm them. Why not do as many mothers do—give your child **Calarab** every day, for its beneficial qualities?

The genuine **Calarab** Figs are produced only in California—be sure you are getting **CALARAB**.

TO THE RETAILER—

The above window display is sent free to every dealer ordering these cases. Number One package **Calarab**. Order from our nearest office now—if you have not done so before.

PACKAGE MAILED, PREPAID, 30c.

If you cannot buy from your dealer, full size package, prepaid, will be sent you for 30c in stamps. Have this treat that is a treat—send for a box of **Calarab** to our nearest office.



30c

—The World's Confection
—Made where the Figs grow

BISHOP & COMPANY
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO
NEW YORK
No. 1 HUDSON ST. CHICAGO
241 MONADNOCK BLDG.



Failure Losses \$272,672,288 Fire Losses . . . \$203,763,550

Every year shows more money lost through failures than by fire. Aren't your insolvency losses greater than your fire losses?

You insure against fire, of course. Then why not also insure against insolvency losses among your debtors, where statistics prove the danger is greatest?

Credit Insurance completes the protection that every prudent business man throws about his business.

Under the protection of an American Credit-Indemnity Co. Bond you can't lose more than the normal expectation of your business. Beyond that we assume all risk up to the full face value of the bond.

It enables you to put an absolute limit on your credit losses for 12 months in advance, thus eliminating the last item of uncertainty in figuring costs.

The newest forms of Credit Insurance bonds are the American "Actual Loss" Bond, and the American "Normal Average" Bond. These bonds are the highest scientific development in Credit Insurance. They provide for a liberal adjustment of the insurance to the needs and requirements of any wholesale house, in any line.

A request for detailed information will not obligate you to anything.

Our service is for Manufacturers and Wholesalers only.

The American Credit-Indemnity Co. of New York

J. H. LIONBERGER
Chairman of the Board

E. M. TREAT
President

St. Louis, New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia,
New Orleans, San Francisco and all leading cities.

tornado of fire. Her funnel was shorn off close to the fiddley top by a shell from a great gun, which did not explode there, but acted against a friend in the farther line. Rifle bullets and small shells from quick-firers swept over her like a hailstorm, and a score of heavier missiles skated along her rusty iron sides; but she was end-on, and so, as a target, she was small—and there is no doubt the gunners were scared and nervous. The German at the range and the German in action are two very different marksmen.

Normally, at ten knots, that hundred-yards run should have taken about one-third of a minute; but some of the shells had penetrated between wind and water, and the trawler was sinking fast and dropping pace every second.

"Go on, old girl!" Captain Shepherd urged. "Hep now! Just another score of fathoms and that's all I ask from you. Joe, you brute, get off my shoulder, or don't claw!"

The little steamer, with her engines by a marvel untouched, and with her burden of mines by a greater marvel unexploded, drew up to the great battle cruiser with still some freeboard showing; and then Captain Shepherd rammed his helm hard apart. Her bow almost scraped along the warship's flank and her stern swung in.

There was a lull in the big guns' fire, as they could not be depressed sufficiently to get their sights on her, and the riflemen were firing from the hip and hurting their friends across the way.

Then the starboard quarter of the Bishop Argles swung in against the big cruiser's side, just below the forward barbettes, and the mine was cracked between them—and a volcano burst forth that rivalled Etna!

Gun ammunition blew up on board of her, and then a magazine. Boilers caught the infection, and then more gun ammunition and more magazines. The huge ship blew to pieces piecemeal and sank compartment by compartment; but she went to the sea floor none the less efficiently. And she was one of the biggest cruisers on the world's navy list. As for the trawler, she was spread as mere scum on the troubled waters of the Helgoland Bight.

Now this ought to be the end of the tale; but history compels me to record that Captain Shepherd still resides in England. Odd to relate, he seems well off. In his house is an enlarged photograph of two young men curiously alike and in that wooden attitude affected by fishermen when they face the camera. It is framed simply in oak; but the frame is notable. It is studded thickly with curious bronze spikes, which the intelligent observer will recognize, after thought, as once having been carried on the helmets of German infantrymen at the rate of one spike to one man.

There are seventy-six spikes round the frame. A queer-looking cat, with one ear missing and a foreleg that has been broken and very badly mended, limps round the garden in Captain Shepherd's company. If you shake anything yellow at this cat he spits at you.

How these latter things came to pass cannot be related here. They belong to another tale.

Underneath the portraits is a newspaper clipping, also framed, which runs thus:

"NEW YORK.—Berlin reports by wireless that a British destroyer flotilla made a determined raid on a German fleet last night off Helgoland. The British loss was thirteen destroyers sunk and three captured. Their loss in men was very heavy. The Germans had one unimportant cruiser slightly damaged."

No Hurry!

MR. E. M. BURGESS, vice-president and general manager of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, of Denver, was once making an automobile tour of inspection through Southern Utah. That state employs some of its convicts in the construction of roads. While on a narrow road the auto party stopped at a shallow creek, which they were about to ford, to put water in the radiator, and so on.

A convict, hauling a load of crushed stone, pulled up behind them. The chauffeur being delayed a bit, Mr. Burgess turned to the convict and apologetically said:

"We'll pass on in just a moment."
"Oh, no hurry!" the convict placidly replied. "I've got twenty years."



HYLO Get This Two-Speed Lamp

Every home needs big lamps and little ones—plenty of light for reading and working, and just a little light to show the way. Hylo serves both purposes.

National HYLO Quality Fully Guaranteed

A Hy-Lo-Land-Gut lamp has two glass tubes, wired to light separately. No clumsy mechanism. Light, lowers and goes out on the pull of the cords. Permits 65% current economy. Better than two lamps. Fits any socket. Good anywhere, but essential in bathroom, bedroom, hall, library, kitchen and nursery. Two kinds, two prices and two stars at each price:

Carbon Hylo, 8 c. p. HV and 10 c. p. LO, or 15 c. p. HV and 1 c. p. LO, either size 30 Cents each.
Mazda Hylo, (Gives more light than carbon Hylo for less current) 25 watts HV and 15 watts LO, or 40 watts HV and 15 watts LO, either size 30 Cents each.

Sold by Electric Lighting Companies, Electric Stores, Hardware and Department Stores.
Get full-page literature in this issue.

Economical Electric Lamp Division
National Lamp Works of General Electric Company
25 West Broadway New York

BURROWES

Home Billiard Table

\$1.00 DOWN

\$1 or more down, according to size and style. Complete with cues, balls, etc. Free. Same range up to \$450.00. (Standard). Adapted for expert play and home practice. Portable—can be set up in any room—on any floor—table or on its own legs as folding stand. Quickly set aside—requires almost no space when not in use.

Send for Illustrated Catalog

regulating time trial after with games, series of pointers and automaticable from thousands of points.

THE B. V. BURROWES CO.
100 Centre St., Portland, Me.
Mfrs. Billiard Tables, Pool Tables, and Folding Card Tables.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Patent secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 North St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Own patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. 1 per patent or no fee. Manufacturers by name.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 31 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

If You Want More Money Next Year
We Should Like to Tell You How to Get It.
Every town of any size in the United States contains people who are already subscribers for The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies Home Journal and The Country Gentleman. Every town of any size contains other people who will, at the first time, subscribe during the coming year. Over 400,000 subscriptions will expire between now and the first of the year above and must be renewed. We want to replace the expiring ones in every part of the country by forwarding these desirable treasures and to send new copies. For this work we will pay liberally in commission and salary. We do not require a person's entire time. Address letter to
Agency Division, Box 676
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

If you need glasses you need a

Shur-on

EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTING

Gives comfort and neat appearance and assures the safety of your eyes.

TEST YOUR EYES WITH THIS PARAGRAPH

If the type shown here were examined and mounted with Shur-on Eyeglass or Spectacle mounting. The Shur-on was the first Shur-on mounting. Practically every improvement in mounting has originated with the Shur-on. Perfectly fitted, the Shur-on holds the lenses in the correct optical position and assures eye ease and true comfort.

Sticks tight comfortably

Be sure it's a Shur-on—examine carefully. It isn't a Shur-on without these marks as pictured here. Write for "How to Buy Glasses Intelligently."

LOOK FOR
ON THE
BRIDGE
AND THIS
MARK IN
FINGER-
PIECES

The only Shur-on is made by
E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Avenue H Rochester, New York

The Coward Shoe

"THE COWARD SHOE OFF."

The Coward Arch Support Shoe, with Coward Extension Heel, is a great benefit to weak ankles, as it rests the arch ligaments and exerts a helpful influence on the entire foot-structure. It furnishes a comfortable mechanical support to over-taxed arches and ankles, and is particularly useful in correcting "flat-foot" conditions.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel made by James S. Coward for over 34 years.

FOR CHILDREN, WOMEN AND MEN
Send for Catalogue Mail Orders Filled
Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD
264-274 Greenwich St., near Warren St., New York



EUGENE COWLES

Famous Bassist. A member of the original Bostonians, and a great favorite throughout the country.

"For me Tuxedo is the one all around suitable Tobacco. It makes pipe-smoking a real pleasure, a real comfort, and a real help to me."

Eugene Cowles



GEORGE B. SUTTON

An expert billiard player. At one time champion.

"Before I tried Tuxedo I rarely smoked a pipe. Now I'm a steady pipe smoker. I've discovered in Tuxedo a cool tobacco that gives me complete satisfaction."

George B. Sutton



JOHN CORT

Theatrical Manager, who controls a large number of theatres.

"In my opinion, Tuxedo is the best pipe tobacco a man can buy. Cool, mild and fragrant. Tuxedo has no equal."

John Cort

Cheer Up Your Whole Winter With Tuxedo

There's no sweeter time for smoking Tuxedo than Winter-time. Smoking seems more cozy, intimate and cockle-warming when you can look out at the mists and fog over the glowing bowl of your fragrant pipe.

Begin this Winter right—become friends with Tuxedo—and you'll find the long days filled with brain-and-body content. You'll look upon your work and find it good. Your nights will be nights of sound and wholesome sleep.

The fire that burns the grains of Tuxedo will fill your whole Winter with its rosy glow.



CHARLES SCHWEINLER

Master printer. Printer of "Cosmopolitan," "Hearst's," "McClure's" and other periodicals.

"Tuxedo thoroughly satisfies me. More than that, it has made my pipe smoking a great pleasure and comfort."

Charles Schweinler

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Within the last few years pipe smoking has become popular all over the country; and this popularity of the pipe is due in great measure to Tuxedo and the famous "Tuxedo Process." This original process absolutely removes all bite and sting from the tobacco; so that, if you like, you can smoke pipeful after pipeful of Tuxedo all day long.

Tuxedo is a light, mild, naturally mellow Kentucky Burley, with a delicate aroma but a full tobacco richness to it. It has been widely, but unsuccessfully, imitated. Be sure you get the original—Tuxedo. Try it today.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, inner-lined with moisture-proof paper 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2 cents in stamps for postage and we'll mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in U. S. A. Address

TUXEDO DEPARTMENT
Room 1187
111 Fifth Ave., New York



Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.



T. H. MURNANE

Pres. New England League of Baseball Clubs.

"Before I smoked Tuxedo, I had to mix several tobaccos together to get a flavor that satisfied me. But Tuxedo's flavor beats any mixture I ever made."

T. H. Murnane



ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Author of "The Fighter," "Caleb Conover" and other stories.

"A man smokes the tobacco he likes. I like Tuxedo."

Albert Payson Terhune

1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"

*For the
Thanksgiving
Table*

*The
Continental
Pattern*

You will find this new design, as well as other 1847 ROGERS BROS. patterns, at your dealers. Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

At leading dealers. Send for catalog "Y-90"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
 Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
 NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA
The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

Finest Tempered Steel Blades

THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 15)

water from a big reservoir tapped only by a tiny pipe. Atomic energy Rutherford calls it. Every element, every substance has it, ready to be touched off and put to use. The chaps who can find out how to release that energy all at once will revolutionize the civilized world. It will be like the discovery that water could be turned into steam and made to work for us—multiplied a million times. If, instead of that energy just oozing away and the uranium disintegrating infinitesimally each year, it could be exploded at a given moment you could drive an ocean liner with a handful of it. You could make the old globe stagger round and turn upside down! Mankind could just lay off and take a holiday. But how?"

Bennie enthusiastically waved his pipe at Thornton.

"How! That's the question. Everybody's known about the possibilities, for Soddy wrote a book about it; but nobody's ever suggested where the key could be found to unlock that treasure house of energy. Some chap made up a novel once and pretended it was done, but he didn't say *how*. But"—and he lowered his voice passionately—"I'm working at it, and—and—I've nearly—nearly got it."

Thornton, infected by his friend's excitement, leaned forward in his chair.

"Yes—nearly. If only my transformers hadn't melted! You see I got the idea from Savaroff, who noticed that the activity of radium and other elements wasn't constant but varied with the degree of solar activity, reaching its maximum at the periods when the sun spots were most numerous. In other words, he's shown that the breakdown of the atoms of radium and the other radioactive elements isn't spontaneous, as Soddy and others had thought, but is due to the action of certain extremely penetrating rays given out by the sun. These particular rays are the result of the enormous temperature of the solar atmosphere, and their effect upon radioactive substances is analogous to that of the detonating cap upon dynamite. No one has been able to produce these rays in the laboratory, although Lenard has suspected sometimes that traces of them appeared in the radiations from powerful electric sparks. Everything came to a halt until Kinoshito discovered thermic induction, and we were able to elevate temperature almost indefinitely through a process similar to the induction of high electric potentials by means of transformers and the Ruhmkorff coil."

"Kinoshito wasn't looking for a detonating ray and didn't have time to bother with it, but I started a series of experiments with that end in view. I got close—I am close, but the trouble has been to control the forces set in motion, for the rapid rise in temperature has always destroyed the apparatus."

Thornton whistled. "And when you succeeded?" he asked in a whisper.

Hooker's face was transfigured.

"When I succeed I shall control the world," he cried, and his voice trembled. "But the thing either melts or explodes," he added with a tinge of indignation. "I don't know—nobody knows—whether that is the cause or the effect of the formation of disintegrating rays—the Lavender Rays that everybody's looking for. They're there anyhow! And once you get up over five thousand degrees they play the devil with your apparatus. Your generator has got to be made of some 'end product' of radioactivity or it is simply torn to pieces. It's got to be a nonconductor of heat, light and electricity, capable of standing a temperature of at least eight and probably ten thousand degrees. I thought zircorundum would do, but the zirconium in it isn't an 'end product' and it goes to the bad at six thousand. Makes you mad to get so near and have everything go on the blink like that. Funny stuff, zircorundum! Ever use any? It's an absolute nonconductor of heat."

Bennie groped round in the drawer of a desk in the corner and held up what appeared to Thornton to be a small test tube of thin black glass. "Here," he said, "just stick your finger in that!"

Thornton, with a slight moral hesitation, slipped the tube over his forefinger and awaited developments.

Bennie, whistling, picked up the oxyacetylene blowpipe and regarded it somewhat as a dog fancier might gaze at an exceptionally fine pup.

"Hold up your finger," said he to the astronomer. "That's right—like that."

Thrusting the blowpipe forward he allowed the hissing blue-white flame to wrap itself round the outer wall of the tube—a flame which Thornton knew could melt its way through a block of steel—but the astronomer felt no sensation of heat, although he not unnaturally expected the member to be incinerated.

"Queer, eh?" said Bennie. "Absolute insulation, isn't it? Now if I could only get something like that which wouldn't become radioactive and break down, the trick would be done. Once I could find something like this zircorundum which had the added quality of being absolutely non-radioactive—well, as I said, I'd be the real cheese, the only pebble. The world would be mine, hook, line and sinker. I know what I want and it's only a question of finding the material. This blooming zircorundum hasn't quite the properties that I need. To get thermic induction at high efficiency you've got to have something that lets heat rays pass more freely in one direction than in the other—acts as a kind of radiation trap. It's a deuced hard thing to find, too—an all-fired hard nut to crack! The zircorundum doesn't seem to have this property at all. The metallic vapors that fill the capsule seem to change the wave lengths of the radiation in some way so that it can't escape, and the temperature continues to go up until it becomes greater than that of the radiating spiral."

"But that's against the second law of thermic dynamics," expostulated Thornton, who had dabbled in physics for several years after he left college and knew something of that subject as well as of his own.

"Damn the second law!" cried Bennie, his eyes burning. "Didn't Maxwell show that the whole thing hung on molecular averages; that if you could deal with individual molecules it wouldn't hold water? Don't you remember the Maxwell 'demons,' who were supposed to sit by the trapdoors and open them to the fast-moving molecules only?"

Thornton laughed. He did remember something about it.

"Yes, sir," went on Bennie; "what I want is a closed cylinder made of a thermic non-conductor, one that will be freely transparent to the disintegrating rays; and it's as plain as pudding that if the materials composing that cylinder were of 'end products' of radioactive transformations, the Lavender Rays would pass out. That cylinder will contain the vapor mixture subjected to thermic induction, which in turn is not barred or kept out by the heat of the insulator. Now, then, you start your thermic induction going and the temperature of the vapor inside the cylinder rises until the Lavender Rays begin to pour out. Then look out for yourself! Carbon isn't an 'end product.' Our bodies are made up chiefly of carbon. How would it feel to be disintegrated?" Bennie gave a grim scientific chuckle.

Then he turned to Thornton triumphantly. "We've got to hide behind this! Make suits of armor and bombproofs of it!" he went on excitedly, picking up a thin piece of white metal. "Uranium is absolutely opaque to the Lavender Rays. You see they expend their energy in disintegrating the surface layer of molecules upon which they impinge. Look here a minute. I'll show you an experiment that no living human being has ever seen before!"

He hung a plate of uranium by two fine wires fastened to its corners and adjusted a hollow coil of wire opposite its center, while within the coil he slipped a small black capsule.

"This is the best I can do now," he said. "The capsule is made of zircorundum and we shall only get a trace of the disintegrating rays before it blows up. But you'll see 'em!"

He stepped back quickly to the wall and closed a switch. Instantly the coil of wire became white hot.

"Watch the plate!" shouted Bennie. And Thornton watched.

For ten or fifteen seconds nothing occurred. Then suddenly the plate swung

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away from the incandescent coil as if blown by a gentle breeze. Almost instantly there was a loud report and a blinding flash of yellow light so brilliant that for the next instant or two to Thornton's eyes the room seemed dark. Slowly the afternoon light regained its normal quality. Bennie relit his pipe unconcernedly.

"That's the germ of the idea," he said between puffs. "That capsule contains a mixture of metallic vapors that give out disintegrating rays when the temperature is by thermic induction raised above four thousand. Most of 'em are stopped by the zirconium molecules in the capsule, which break down and liberate helium; and the temperature rises in the capsule until it explodes, as you saw just now, with a flash of yellow helium light. The rays that get out strike the uranium plate and cause the surface layer of molecules to disintegrate, their products being driven off by the atomic explosions with a velocity about equal to that of light, and it's the recoil that deflects and swings the plate. The amount of uranium decomposed in this experiment couldn't be detected by the most delicate balance—small mass, but enormous velocity. See?"

"Yes, I understand," answered Thornton. "It's the old MV² business we had in mechanics."

"Of course this is only a toy experiment," Bennie continued. "It is what the dancing pithballs of Franklin's time were to the multipolar high frequency dynamo. But if we could control this force and handle it on a large scale we could do anything with it—destroy the world, drive a car against gravity off into space, shift the axis of the earth perhaps!"

It came to Thornton as he sat there, cigarette in hand, that poor little Bennie Hooker was going to receive the disappointment of his life. Within the next five minutes his dreams would be dashed to earth, for he would learn that another had stepped down to the pool of discovery before him. For how many years, he wondered, had Bennie toiled to produce his mysterious ray that should break down the atom and release the store of energy that the geni of Nature had concealed there. And now Thornton must tell him that all his efforts had gone for nothing.

"And you believe that anyone who could generate a ray such as you describe could control the motion of the earth?" he asked.

"Of course, certainly," answered Hooker. "He could either disintegrate such huge quantities of matter that the mass of the earth would be shifted and its polar axis be changed, or if radioactive substances—pitchblende, for example—lay exposed upon the earth's surface he could cause them to discharge their helium and other products at such an enormous velocity that the recoil or reaction would accelerate or retard the motion of the globe. It would be quite feasible, quite simple—all one would need would be the disintegrating ray."

And then Thornton told Hooker of the flight of the giant ring machine from the north and the destruction of the Mountains of Atlas through the apparent instrumentality of a Ray of lavender light. Hooker's face turned slightly pale and his unshaven mouth tightened. Then a smile of exaltation illuminated his features.

"He's found it!" he cried joyously. "He's found it! But who is he? I must get to him at once! I've a scheme for improving on Kinoshito's process that mayn't have occurred to him."

He turned to a littered writing table and poked among the papers that lay there.

"You see," he explained excitedly, "if you isolate a Torphen bar and induce a negative current—Oh, but you don't care about that! The point is—where is the chap?"

And so Thornton had to begin at the beginning and tell Hooker all about the mysterious messages and the phenomena that accompanied them. He enlarged upon Pax's benignant intentions and the great problems presented by the proposed interference of the United States Government in Continental affairs, but Bennie swept them aside. The great thing, to his mind, was to find and get into communication with Pax.

"Ah! How he must feel! The greatest achievement of all time!" cried Hooker radiantly. "How ecstatically happy! Earth blossoming like the rose! Well-watered valleys where deserts were before. War abolished, poverty, disease! Who can it be? Curie! No; she's bottled in Paris. Peaky, Langham, Varanelli—it can't be any one of these fellows. It beats me!"

Some Hindu or Jap maybe, but never Kinoshito! Now we must get to him right away. So much to talk over." He walked round the room, blundering into things, dizzy with the thought that his great dream had come true. Suddenly he swept everything off the table on to the floor and kicked his heels in the air.

"Hooray!" he shouted, dancing round the room like a freshman. "Hooray! Now I can take a holiday. And come to think of it I'm as hungry as a brontosaurus!"

That night Thornton returned to Washington and was at the White House by nine o'clock the following day.

"It's all straight," he told the President. "The honestest man in the United States has said so."

31

THE moon rose over sleeping Paris, silencing the silent reaches of the Seine, flooding the deserted streets with mellow light, yet gently retouching all the disfigurements of the siege. No lights illuminated the cafés, no taxis dashed along the boulevards, no crowds loitered in the Place de l'Opéra or the Place Vendôme. Yet save for these facts it might have been the Paris of old time, unvisited by hunger, misery or death. The curfew had sounded. Every citizen had long since gone within, extinguished his lights and locked his door. Safe in the knowledge that the Germans' second advance had been finally met and effectually blocked sixty miles outside the walls and that an armistice had been declared to go into effect at midnight, Paris slumbered peacefully.

Beyond the pellet-strewn fields and glacis of the second line of defense the invader, after a series of terrific onslaughts, had paused, retreated a few miles and intrenched himself, there to wait until the starving city should capitulate. For four months he had waited, yet Paris gave no sign of surrendering. On the contrary, it seemed to have some mysterious means of self-support, and the war office, in daily communication with London, reported that it could withstand the investment for an indefinite period. Meantime the Germans reëntrenched themselves, built forts of their own upon which they mounted the siege guns intended for the walls, and constructed an impregnable line of entanglements, redoubts and defenses, which rendered it impossible for any army outside the city to come to its relief.

So rose the moon, turning white the millions of slate roofs, gilding the traceries of the towers of Notre Dame, dimming the searchlights which, like the antennæ of gigantic fireflies, constantly played round the city from the summit of the Eiffel Tower. So slept Paris, confident that no crash of descending bombs would shatter the blue vault of the starlit sky or rend the habitations in which lay two millions of human beings, assured that the sun would rise through the gray mists of the Seine upon the ancient beauties of the Tuileries and the Louvre unmarred by the enemy's projectiles, and that its citizens could pass freely along its boulevards without menace of death from flying missiles. For no shell could be hurled a distance of sixty miles, and an armistice had been declared!

Behind a small hill within the German fortifications a group of officers stood in the moonlight, examining what looked superficially like a long house of solid steel. Nestling behind the hill it cast a black rectangular shadow upon the trampled sand of the redoubt. A score of artisans were busy filling a deep trench through which a huge pipe led off somewhere—a sort of deadly plumbing, for the house was a monster cannon reinforced by jackets of lead and steel, the whole incased in a freezing apparatus of intricate manufacture. From a circular window in the side of the house facing the hill protruded a few inches of what was, in fact, an enormous octagonal muzzle, capable of being moved by automatic machinery an infinitesimal fraction of an inch between the discharges. The officers had emerged from a trapdoor underneath the muzzle, and one of them now closed and locked it, putting the key in his pocket.

"Well," he remarked, turning to the only one of his companions not in uniform, "'Thanatos' is ready."

The man addressed was Von Heckmann, the most famous inventor of military ordnance in the world, already four times decorated for his services to the Emperor.

(Continued on Page 52)



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(Continued from Page 50)

"The labor of nine years!" he answered with emotion. "Nine long years of self-denial and unremitting study! But to-night I shall be repaid, repaid a thousand times."

The officers shook hands with him one after the other and the group broke up; the men who were filling the trench completed their labors and departed; and Von Heckmann and the major-general of artillery alone remained, except for the sentries beside the gun. The night was balmy and the moon rode in a cloudless sky high above the hill. They crossed the enclosure, followed by the two sentinels, and entering a passage reached the outer wall of the redoubt, which was in turn closed and locked. Here the sentries remained, but Von Heckmann and the general continued on behind the fortifications for a distance of a quarter of a mile.

"Well, shall we start the ball?" asked the general, laying his hand on Von Heckmann's shoulder. But the inventor found it so hard to master his emotion that he could only nod his head. Yet the ball to which the general alluded was the discharging of a fiendish war machine toward an unsuspecting and harmless city alive with sleeping people, and the emotion of the inventor was due to the fact that he had devised and completed the most atrocious engine of death ever conceived by the mind of man—the relay gun. Horrible as is the thought, this otherwise normal man had devoted nine whole years to the problem of how to destroy human life at a distance of a hundred kilometers, and at last he had been successful and an emperor had placed with his own divinely appointed hands a ribbon over the spot beneath which his heart should have been.

The projectile of this diabolical invention was sixty-five centimeters in diameter and was itself a rifled mortar, which in full flight, twenty miles from the gun and at the top of its trajectory, exploded in mid-air, hurling forward its contained projectile with an additional velocity of three thousand feet per second. This process repeated itself, the final or core bomb, weighing over three hundred pounds and filled with lyddite, reaching its mark one minute and thirty-five seconds after the firing of the gun. This crowning example of the human mind's destructive ingenuity had cost the German Government five million marks and had required three years for its construction, and by no means the least of its devilish capacities was that of automatically reloading and firing itself at the interval of every ten seconds, its muzzle rising, falling or veering slightly from side to side with each discharge, thus causing the shells to fall at widely separate distances. The poisonous nature of the immense volumes of gas poured out by the mastodon when in action necessitated the withdrawal of its crew to a safe distance. But once set in motion it needed no attendant. It had been tested by a preliminary shot the day before, which had been directed to a point several miles outside the walls, the effect of which had been observed above the city and reported by high-flying German aeroplanes equipped with wireless. Everything was ready for the holocaust.

Von Heckmann and the general of artillery continued to make their way through the intrenchments and other fortifications, until at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the redoubt where they had left the relay gun they came upon a small white-washed cottage.

"I have invited a few of my staff to join us," said the general to the inventor, "in order that they may in years to come describe to their children and their grandchildren this, the most momentous occasion in the history of warfare."

They turned the corner of the cottage and came upon a group of officers standing by the wooden gate of the cottage, all of whom saluted at their approach.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the general. "I beg to present the members of my staff," turning to Von Heckmann.

The officers stood back while the general led the way into the cottage, the lower floor of which consisted of but a single room, used by the recent tenants as a kitchen, dining room and living room. At one end of a long table, constructed by the regimental carpenter, supper had been laid, and a tub filled with ice contained a dozen or more quarts of champagne. Two orderlies stood behind the table, at the other end of which was affixed a small brass switch connected with the redoubt and controlled by a spring and button. The windows of the cottage were open and through them

poured the light of the full moon, dimming the flickering light of the candles upon the table. In spite of the champagne, the supper and the boxes of cigars and cigarettes, an atmosphere of solemnity was distinctly perceptible. It was as if each one of these officers, hardened to human suffering by a lifetime of discipline and active service, to say nothing of the year of horror through which they had just passed, could not but feel that in the last analysis the hurling upon an unsuspecting city of a quarter of a ton of the highest explosive known to warfare at a distance three times greater than that heretofore supposed to be possible to science, and the ensuing annihilation of its inhabitants, was something less for congratulation and applause than for sorrow and regret. The officers, who had joked each other outside the gate, became singularly silent as they entered the cottage and gathered round the table where Von Heckmann and the general had taken their stand by the instrument. Utter silence fell upon the group. The mercury of their spirits dropped from summer heat to below freezing. What was this thing which they were about to do? Through the windows, at a distance of four hundred yards, the pounding of the machinery which flooded the water jacket of the relay gun was distinctly audible in the stillness of the night. The pressure of a finger—a little finger—upon that electric button was all that was necessary to start the torrent of iron and high explosives toward Paris. By the time the first shell would reach its mark nine more would be on their way, stretched across the midnight sky at intervals of less than eight miles. And once started the stream would continue uninterrupted for six hours. The fascinated eyes of all the officers fastened themselves upon the key. None spoke.

"Well, well, gentlemen!" exclaimed the general brusquely, "what is the matter with you? You act as if you were at a funeral! Hans," turning to the orderly, "open the champagne there. Fill the glasses. Bumpers all, gentlemen, for the greatest inventor of all times, Herr von Heckmann, the inventor of the relay gun!"

The orderly sprang forward and hastily commenced uncorking bottles while Von Heckmann turned away to the window.

"Here, this won't do, Schelling! You must liven things up a bit!" continued the general to one of the officers. "This is a great occasion for all of us! Give me that bottle." He seized a magnum of champagne from the orderly and commenced pouring out the foaming liquid into the glasses beside the plates. Schelling made a feeble attempt at a joke at which the officers laughed loudly, for the general was a martinet and had to be humored.

"Now, then," called out the general, as he glanced toward the window, "Herr von Heckmann, we are going to drink your health! Officers of the First Artillery, I give you a toast—a toast which you will all remember to your dying day! Bumpers, gentlemen! No heel taps! I give you the health of Thanatos—the leviathan of artillery, the winged bearer of death and destruction—and of its inventor, Herr von Heckmann. Bumpers, gentlemen!" The general slapped Von Heckmann upon the shoulder and drained his glass.

"Thanatos! Von Heckmann!" shouted the officers. And with one accord they dashed their goblets upon the stone flagging upon which they stood.

"And now, my dear inventor," said the general, "to you belongs the honor of arousing Thanatos into activity. Are you ready, gentlemen? I warn you that when Thanatos snores the rafters will ring!"

Von Heckmann had stood with bowed head while the officers had drunk his health, and he now hesitatingly turned toward the little brass switch with its button of black rubber that glistened so innocently in the candlelight. His right hand trembled. He dashed the back of his left across his eyes. The general took out a large silver watch from his pocket. "Fifty-nine minutes past eleven," he announced. "At one minute past twelve Paris will be disemboweled. Put your finger on the button, my friend. Let us start the ball rolling."

Von Heckmann cast a glance almost of disquietude upon the faces of the officers who were leaning over the table in the intensity of their excitement. His elation, his exaltation had passed from him. He seemed overwhelmed at the momentousness of the act which he was about to perform. Slowly his index finger crept toward the button and hovered half suspended over it. He pressed his lips together and was about to

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exert the pressure required to transmit the current of electricity to the discharging apparatus when unexpectedly there echoed through the night the sharp click of a horse's hoofs coming at a gallop down the village street. The group turned expectantly to the doorway. An officer dressed in the uniform of an aide-de-camp of artillery entered abruptly, saluted, and produced from the inside pocket of his jacket a sealed envelope which he handed to the general. The interest of the officers suddenly centered upon the contents of the envelope. The general grumbled an oath at the interruption, tore open the missive, and held the single sheet which it contained to the candlelight.

"An armistice!" he cried disgustedly. His eye glanced rapidly over the page.

"To the Major-General commanding the First Division of Artillery, Army of the Meuse:

"An armistice has been declared, to commence at midnight on the evening of August tenth, pending negotiations for peace. You will see that no acts of hostility occur until you receive notice that war is to be resumed.

"VON HELMUTH.

"Imperial Commissioner for War."

The officers broke into exclamations of impatience as the general crumpled the missive in his hand and cast it upon the floor.

"Donnerwetter!" he shouted. "Why were we so slow? Curse the armistice!" He glanced at his watch. It already pointed to after midnight. His face turned red and the veins in his forehead swelled.

"To hell with peace!" he bellowed, turning back his watch until the minute hand pointed to five minutes to twelve. "To hell with peace, I say! Press the button, Von Heckmann!"

But in spite of the agony of disappointment which he now acutely experienced Von Heckmann did not fire. Sixty years of German respect for orders held him in a viselike grip and paralyzed his arm.

"I can't," he muttered. "I can't."

The general seemed to have gone mad. Thrusting Von Heckmann out of the way, he threw himself into a chair at the end of the table and with a snarl pressed the black handle of the key.

The officers gasped. Hardened as they were to the necessities of war, no act of insubordination like the present had ever occurred within their experience. Yet they must all uphold the general; they must all swear that the gun was fired before midnight. The key clicked and a blue bead snapped at the switch. They held their breaths, looking through the window to the west. At first the night remained still. Only the chirp of the crickets and the fretting of the aide-de-camp's horse outside the cottage could be heard. Then, like the grating of a coffee mill in a distant kitchen when one is just waking out of a sound sleep, they heard the faint, smothered whir of machinery, a sharper metallic ring of steel against steel, followed by a gigantic detonation which shook the ground upon which the cottage stood and overthrew every glass upon the table. With a roar like the fall of a skyscraper the first shell hurled itself into the night. Half terrified the officers gripped the edge of the table, waiting for the second discharge. The reverberation was still echoing among the hills when the second detonation occurred, shortly followed by the third and fourth. And then, in intervals between the crashing explosions, a distant rumbling growl followed by a shuddering of the air, as if the night were frightened, came up out of the west toward Paris, showing that the projectiles were at the top of their flight and going into action. A lake of yellow smoke formed in the pocket behind the hill where lay the redoubt in which Thanatos was snoring.

On the great race track of Longchamps, in the Bois de Boulogne, the vast herd of cows, sheep, horses and goats, collected together by the city government of Paris and attended by fifty or sixty shepherds especially imported from *les Landes*, had long since ceased to browse and had settled themselves down into the profound slumber of the animal world, broken only by an occasional bleating or the restless whinnying of a stallion. On the race course proper, in front of the grand stand and between it and the judge's box, four of these shepherds had built a small fire and by its light were throwing dice for coppers. They were having an easy time of it, these shepherds, for their flocks did not wander, and all that they had to do was to see that the animals were properly driven to such parts of the Bois as would afford them proper nourishment.

"Well, *mes enfants*," exclaimed old Adrian Bannalec, pulling a turnip-shaped watch from beneath his blouse and holding it up to the firelight, "it's twelve o'clock and time to turn in. But what do you say to a cup of chocolate first?"

The others greeted the suggestion with approval, and going somewhere underneath the grand stand, Bannalec produced a pot filled with water, which he suspended with much dexterity over the fire upon the end of a pointed stick. The water began to boil almost immediately, and they were on the point of breaking their chocolate into it when, from what appeared to be an immense distance, through the air there came a curious rumble.

"What was that?" muttered Bannalec. The sound was followed within a few seconds by another. And after a similar interval by a third and fourth.

"There was going to be an armistice," suggested one of the younger herdsmen. He had hardly spoken before another much louder and apparently nearer detonation occurred.

"That must be one of our guns," said old Adrian proudly. "Do you hear how much louder it speaks than those of the Germans?"

Other discharges now followed in rapid succession, some fainter, some much louder. And then somewhere in the sky they saw a flash of flame, followed by a thunderous concussion which rattled the grand stand, and a great fiery serpent came soaring through the heavens toward Paris. Each moment it grew larger, until it seemed to be dropping straight toward them out of the sky, leaving a trail of sparks behind it.

"It's coming our way," chattered Adrian.

"God have mercy upon us!" murmured the others.

Rigid with fear, they stood staring with open mouths at the shell that seemed to have selected them for the object of its flight.

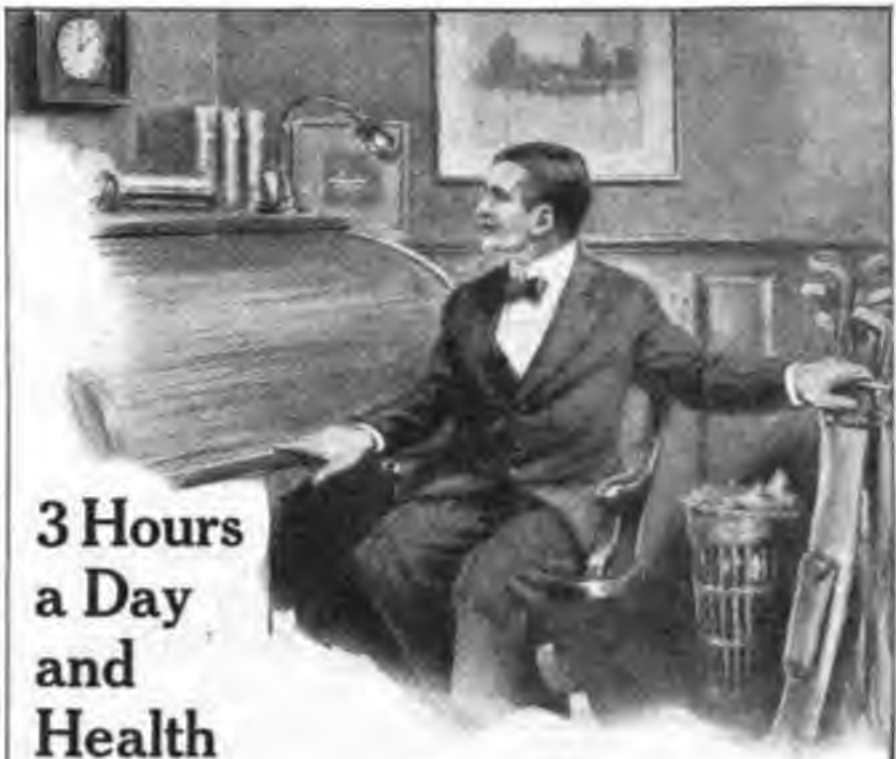
"God have mercy on our souls!" repeated Adrian after the others.

Then there came a light like that of a million suns.

Alas for the wives and children of the herdsmen! And alas for the herds! But better that the eight core bombs projected by Thanatos through the midnight sky toward Paris should have torn the foliage of the Bois, destroyed the grand stands of Auteuil and Longchamps, with sixteen hundred innocent sheep and cattle, than that they should have sought their victims among the crowded streets of the inner city. Lucky for Paris that the relay gun had been sighted so as to sweep the metropolis from the west to the east, and that though each shell approached nearer to the walls than its preceding brother, none reached the ramparts. For with the discharge of the eighth shell and the explosion of the first core bomb filled with lyddite among the sleeping animals huddled on the turf in front of the grand stands, something happened which the poor shepherds did not see.

The watchers in the Eiffel Tower, seeing the heavens with their searchlights for German planes and German dirigibles, saw the first core bomb bore through the sky from the direction of Verdun, followed by its seven comrades, and saw each bomb explode twice in mid-air, hurling its final projectile into the Bois below. But as the first core bomb shattered the stillness of the night and spread its sulphurous and death-dealing fumes among the helpless cattle the watchers on the Tower saw a vast light burst skyward in the far-distant east.

Two miles up the road from the village of Champaubert, Karl Biedencopf, a native of Hesse-Nassau and a private of artillery, was doing picket duty. The moonlight turned the broad highroad toward Epernay into a gleaming white boulevard down which he could see, it seemed to him, for miles. The air was soft and balmy, and filled with the odor of hay which the troopers had harvested "on behalf of the Kaiser." Across the road Gretchen, Karl's mare, grazed ruminatively, while the picket himself sat on the stone wall by the roadside, smoking the Bremen cigar which his corporal had given him after dinner. The night was thick with stars. They were all so bright that at first he did not notice the comet which sailed slowly toward him from the northwest, seemingly following the line of the German intrenchments from Amiens, St.-Quentin and Laon toward Rheims and Epernay. But the comet was there, dropping a long yellow beam of light upon the sleeping hosts that were beleaguering the outer ring of the French fortifications. Suddenly the repose of Biedencopf's



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Brougham	Double Drive—Worm Gear	\$3,250
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Coupé	The New Light Baker—Worm Gear—Lever or Wheel Steer	2,800
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The buildings are low—of Spanish Mission architecture. Purple bougainvillea and clinging roses of every hue climb to rug-draped balconies. Flocks of pigeons hover above the towers, where Mission bells tinkle as in days of old. Long, shaded, restful arcades, with here and there a Spanish dancing girl with her tinkling tambourine or castanets, blend with the picture.

These buildings house no rows of tiresome exhibits of finished products. Instead, they throng with action. The development of manufacturing as a science is shown. Apparatus, machinery, tools, instruments from the big plants of the world have been transplanted to show you how the things you use and wear and eat are made.

There's a 10-acre model farm, where you can get the facts and figures for that little place you have been dreaming about for the future. A tea plantation, and a thousand other marvels which you wouldn't miss for the world. Think of missing it all and having to get it second-hand from your friends who saw.

Five hundred miles to the North lies San Francisco, where, during the greater part of 1915, will be held another Exposition, also celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal, presenting to the world many features differing from the Exposition Beautiful—the two supplementing one another. When California celebrates, the Golden State's enthusiasm requires two outlets.

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"Hacer lo que tú, Oh! España, nunca soñaste."
—Cervantes.
"Todo what thou, O Spain, did never dream."
—Cervantes.

1915
All
the
Year



SPAIN AND SPANISH
QUARTERS

SPAIN COVERED ROSES AS
OVERSHADOWING THE MOUNTAIN

PANAMA CANAL
IN THE MOUNTAINS

A GLIMPSE OF A
FLOWERY GARDEN

THE NEW MILITANTS

(Continued from Page 5)

She pinned a white badge round my arm, with Women's Emergency Corps printed on it in black letters. With three other interpreters I entered one of the motors they have requisitioned from their wealthy patrons. The chauffeur was a woman who, among two hundred others, has offered her services to the War Office to take charge of ambulances and commissariat motors at the front. So far Lord Kitchener has taken no notice of the offer, or of the hundred women who are ready to do stable duty, attending to cavalry horses, thus releasing more men for the battle line. One of these women had charge of five hundred horses during the Boer War and performed her duties with distinction.

Lord Kitchener is the man who, during his campaign in Africa, wrote complaining to the War Office of the "plague of flies and Englishwomen" there. The flies remained, but the women were brought home; and, so far, he is still keeping his army in France carefully screened from the women.

"But in the end he must take us. When the pressure for men at the front increases he will need us for the wagons, motor ambulances and stables; that will be our opportunity," said one of the officers of the corps, which indicates that these women know how desperate the situation must become before the war is over. They are counting on that to prove their new efficiency, with reference to the future, as citizens of England.

When we reached Liverpool Street Station there was only one official interpreter, a man from the government's War Refugees Committee, to deal with a long train-load of homeless, helpless people, most of whom could not speak a word of English. The rest were women volunteers. During the scenes that followed the arrival of the train I did not see him speak to a single refugee. I can never forget those scenes. As the train moved slowly into the station, white, terror-stricken faces stared from every window. The next moment the porters opened the doors and the most miserable multitude I ever saw staggered forth, dragging their belongings after them—such things as they could snatch at the last moment, done up in bundles or in gaping bags.

One young girl carried a dress over her arm—nothing else. Nearly all the women seemed to have babies. Young children bent beneath the weight of large packs. Senile old men tottered out whimpering. They did not understand. They were afraid. They looked about, distracted with the strangeness of all they saw, mourning still for all they had seen and passed through.

There was not a tear upon any woman's face, however. They had been exalted beyond tears by the horrors they had endured. Most of them were widows whose husbands had died in battle. Some had seen their sons shot in the little villages where they lived. Their homes had been burned and they had been robbed of everything they possessed; so they were tearless. You weep for one loss, but when all is lost you rise forlornly above the tide of tears.

Guiding Belgian Refugees

Here and there handsomely dressed women, always in black, struggled through the stupefied crowd. They had been rich; now they had not enough to pay their cab fares. I saw one beautiful woman wearing splendid furs, whose pretty slippers were almost too worn to remain on her feet. She had escaped at the last moment from somewhere outside of Antwerp, and had walked for miles to reach the last boat.

France is the battlefield of this war, but Belgium is its grave; and these people are the pale ghosts, rising livid and terrified out of that grave to be washed up on these shores. One can scarcely say they live. They only suffer.

I had for my share three refugees who were to be taken to Paddington Station and put on the train for Maidenhead, where they only thought they had relatives. The woman was from Antwerp, the wife of a well-to-do manufacturer. She had with her a girl two years old and a son of fifteen. She had lost an older son in the siege, and she hoped that her husband was still alive; but she did not know.

They had only the clothes on their backs and a few things the boy carried in a knapsack beneath the cape of his boy-scout uniform. Since the Sunday night before, they

had had only one egg each for food; and the baby had had nothing. This was Tuesday morning. There were no beds. The boat could barely afford standing room for the horde that boarded her. She had to be towed slowly through the mines the English have just laid in the North Sea; so, instead of being one night in crossing, they had been two days and nights.

I could not speak French and I was told that the woman could not speak English. Still, I addressed her gently in order to console her by my manner at least. At first she shook her head sadly. Then suddenly she looked at me, as one must look who has achieved a miracle.

Boys Made Men Overnight

"It comes!" she cried. "The English! When I was a girl we speak it in the school, not since; now it comes again. I thank Him!"

From that moment she conversed with me only in English—very haltingly, but well enough to be understood. I remember hearing a man under the influence of an anæsthetic repeat pages of poetry which he could never have recalled in his normal state. Something like that happened to this woman. In the abnormal condition of her mind she had been able to recall what she could not have recalled in her comfortable French home at Antwerp where she heard only French spoken.

The child in her arms started and screamed at every sudden noise in the roaring streets through which we were passing.

"It is the bombs," the mother explained. "In the night they fall—so near! We snatch our babies from the bed where they are asleep and run for the cellar. We stay there all night, all day, with them in the dark. They are so afraid. Now they always are listening for the bombs."

The boy appeared to me to be the significant member of this pathetic group—a fine, strong lad, very fair, with wide-staring blue eyes. During the hour I was with them before they were safely in the train for Maidenhead he took no notice of anything. He could not have given more the impression of unconsciousness if he had had a blow on the head.

"He is stunned," his mother explained. "He is too young to know this. He has yet the voice of a girl. Yet he sees his brother killed—the blood! He is now like this. He sees it always."

This is the man of the future that this war predestines to a terrible fate. He, with his brother, was to have inherited the father's business. Now there is no business. The factory has been burned. In a strange land, among strange customs, he must work to support his mother—if, indeed, he can get employment at all. He must face the discouragement of always having British laborers preferred and of taking only such jobs as they refuse. His education is at an end and his training fits him for none of the things he must do to live.

There are thousands of these Belgian boys in England who will never return to their homes, and who must become the victims of animosity and furious competition in the labor markets of the country.

The one reprehensible feature in this whole situation is the perpetual discussion and agitation of German atrocities, more particularly by the women and the press. The papers can publish no war news of any value. The most direct information comes from the Belgian refugees. It is a wonder the War Office does not censor them before they are permitted to land! Therefore, the papers fill their columns with stories of German outrages; but at the end of each there is usually a note saying that the atrocity has not been officially confirmed.

In addition to this source the women get many more accounts directly from the refugees, with whom they are constantly associated; and the queer part of it is, they do believe them, though I have not found one of them who has seen with her own eyes a single case of the kind of atrocity most in vogue. The experiences through which the Belgians have passed are terrible enough without adding to them. And these may account for the hallucinations of a distracted people.

They do believe the stories they tell. Unconsciously this is the revenge they take on the enemy who has destroyed them; but one wonders at the apparent simplicity

with which these stolid, unemotional Englishwomen accept and publish stories of horrible deeds done in Belgium by German soldiers—usually officers—which are the exact counterpart of tales told of rapes and crimes committed by soldiers in the Middle Ages.

It is difficult to keep one's senses in an atmosphere charged with the horrible annals of this war as related by these women. But for the fact that I am an American and a neutral, I should have found it impossible to listen sanely and without prejudice. I should have become subject to the prevailing hallucination. As it is, I find the lamp of my mind often turned so high that it smokes the situation instead of affording sufficient light of reason.

I have said that it is difficult now to tell one Englishwoman from another; that there is no difference between the suffragist and the antisuffragist in the ardor and energy they show in working together as volunteers in their Army of Defense. This is true so far as it goes; but it does not go to the real bottom of these women's natures now or ever. Unmask a militant suffragist and you find a militant suffragist still—a woman who hates the government and does what she can to call attention to its faults and limitations; who speaks as determinedly as ever of forcing Parliament to do this and that; whose organization, as an organization, has not contributed one penny of its funds to the relief of the refugees, or of any other poor, though it is one of the richest in England.

The Militancy of the Kaiser

"We are working individually," one of them told me. "We have taken some public collections; but the money already in our treasury when this war began was given us for the purpose of securing the ballot and economic independence for women. We have no right to spend it for any other cause."

"Do you intend to resume your militant methods?" I asked.

"We hope the government will recognize us then and agree to our demands," she evaded.

"But if it does not?" I insisted.

"Then we shall resume our militant methods," she answered firmly.

"Exactly the same?"

"Yes."

This woman is the daughter of a famous Englishman. She impressed me as being highly trained mentally, very frail physically—and a fanatic, as does every militant with whom I have talked. They crave martyrdom and death, as the Crusaders craved sacrifice, and as many neurotic modern women crave operations beneath the surgeon's knife.

It is the same thing—hysteria brought on by the lack of marriageable men in England; by the lack of employment; by the shut-in, unhealthful lives of women in all lands, which afford them no adequate means of self-expression—a term these militants constantly use, and which becomes odious when one remembers the expression they have given to themselves here in outrages somewhat similar to those of the Kaiser's troops when they burned Louvain and destroyed the cathedral at Rheims. The German Emperor followed the example of English militant suffragists when he committed those outrages.

Yet no other women here are so voluble in their repetitions of German outrages, or any who profess a greater horror of them. Never, I believe, do they see the similarity between their own acts and those of these war vandals.

I set down here some of the stories I have heard of German outrages. By far the greater number of them are unprintable, tales which women whisper beneath their breaths, and which must go toward maddening this whole city with horror and terror if the Germans ever land in England.

Lady Slack saw a soldier in one of the hospitals here who had his eyes gouged out by a uhlán officer—the bursting of a shell near him might have done the same thing.

Another wounded Belgian was left on the field at Malines. Knowing that the hussars were coming, he dragged himself to a hole made by a shell and was covering himself with the loose earth in order to escape notice, when he saw a woman approaching carrying a baby in her arms.



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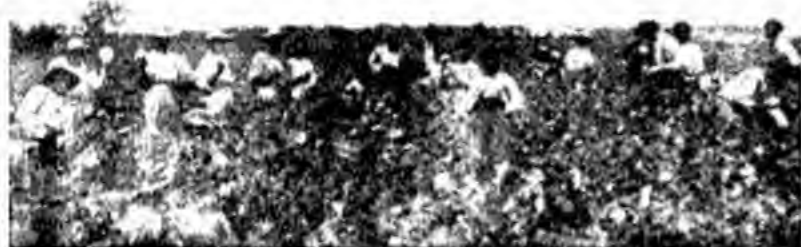
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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

He informed her of the danger and advised her to follow his example. She went to a place near by, where another shell had torn up the ground, and hid, with the grass and soil scattered over her.

Presently the hussars appeared, riding in the next field. They were about to pass on when they heard the baby cry. They discovered the woman; but, instead of seizing her, they drove their horses over the place where she lay until she and the child were trampled to death in the earth. Still, by the grace of God, one might believe they did not see her, covered as she was, and that they did not know she was there until too late.

I was told there were two children to be seen in London, from near Brussels, with their hands cut off. In another place there were three children—one with its hand cut off, one with its nose cut off, and one who had lost its ear. When I tried to find them I was told they had been taken to Folkestone.

At Folkestone there was a demented woman who had seen German soldiers cut off the heads of her two children. There were also two young boys who had their wrists cut in order that they might never shoot at German soldiers.

Having provided myself with the addresses of these victims, I went to Folkestone to see whether any such existed. From Bexhill we went by motor, picking up a quiet young English matron, who was to conduct us to the house where the woman lived who had seen her children beheaded.

We were assured by the authorities there who handled all the Belgian refugees that no such children existed; that there was not and had never been a demented woman among them who had seen her children murdered.

The nearest I came to witnessing a German atrocity was in Bexhill. Here Mr. Reed-Lewis, an American citizen, has a hundred and twenty refugees under his care. It is one of the best-managed colonies in England. I was conducted through one of the old vine-covered houses he has taken for them. Each family has a room to itself, a common kitchen, where they prepare their own native dishes, and an assembly room for social purposes.

In an apartment at the top of the house I met a Belgian woman, her three young children, and her mother. The old woman lay with her eyes closed and her face drawn by fear, as though she had seen that which must forever make sight horrible to her. The other woman's wide-open eyes were even more terrible, pitiful semaphores of distress, as though she signaled from far within. These two women and the three children had witnessed the burning of their home with everything it contained; then they had been obliged to see the son, husband and father drawn up in line with the other village men—every one of whom the Germans shot.

Thus he had died—innocent, she assured me. He had not been a soldier; he had committed no crime. He was just shot! She had seen him crumple up and fall forward in his own dooryard. So the old mother of this son lay with her eyes closed, keeping out of her sight the image of him lying at her feet in his innocent blood. So the young wife was here in a strange country, penniless, with her three babies. Still, the man may have been sniping.

What Women Know of War

We rode for forty-eight miles that day by the sea which bounds the coast of England in Sussex. We passed the castle built by William the Conqueror on the heights above the old town of Hastings. It was here he landed with his troops. Since then the green shores of England have reached out two miles farther—where the landing is still good! Flocks of sheep feed on the salt marshes; cattle graze on the higher meadows beyond. Little villages hang like amulets between the breasts of the hills.

Children were playing in the streets of Winchelsea. Only the women stood in their doorways, with solemn faces, looking, listening. All was peace and softness. We were passing through the home life of the earth on those fair hills. War was a dream—not a reality. Then suddenly we heard the high, keen notes of a bugle, the rumble of a drum, and the next moment one of the most famous regiments in the English army was marching past us on the road. So this was why the women stood at

attention in the village behind us. They had heard the Marching. Their men were coming. Their men were on the road, bound for the Battle of the Rivers.

They were intoxicated with the joy of fighting men. There is no wine like the blood-red wine of battle. So they went by, their faces as keen as lifted swords, their eyes brighter than the blue sky above their heads. But all day I thought of those women in the quiet doorways of the Sussex village. They were not intoxicated. They were woefully sane. They knew. They saw beyond that double marching column, through the green meadows, what it was not lawful for those soldiers to see and think—trenches filled with dead; wounded men lifting agonized faces from the dust trampled by a thousand feet; their beloved ones suffering far from home among strangers—buried in nameless graves. And across those graves they saw themselves—widowed; their children begging for bread.

In war it is not the loss of life that counts so much after all; but it is the loss of love—to maidens who never can marry or bear children; to mothers who are bereaved of the support of their sons; to wives who must stand alone the siege of the years to come.

Shaking the British Serenity

So it is not a German invasion these Englishwomen fear—they know that cannot happen, though how they know it passes my comprehension, for I am not an Englishwoman; I am an American who has seen this city without walls or forts; the undefended coasts of this island with nothing between it and destruction but the British fleet in the North Sea—but they fear the truth of all battles written in blood and death. They know their men must die! No victory can compensate for that.

Since I returned from my trip Antwerp has fallen, but the flames of her destruction are still reddening the skies. Half a million Belgians have fled into Holland, and they are still drifting into England by tens of thousands.

This morning I witnessed the storming of the Women's Emergency Corps headquarters by more than a hundred of these miserable people. No one seemed to know how they found their way to the place. They appeared suddenly. They filled the halls and overflowed the offices before anything could be done to stop them.

Such weariness! Little children, their eyes heavy with sleep, dragging their feet, woeful mothers upholding them; young girls with faces shrunken and aged like old women; and the same old men, with gaping mouths and tears running down into their white beards.

They came without a sound save the shuffling of their feet on the floor, and they stood in silence. But what a silence! It was as though we were in the presence of some strange dead who still walked homeless and despairing even of the rest the grave affords. On every face was written the story of all miseries; of hunger, cold and awful terror.

The patient Englishwomen were almost as silent. They merely whispered, like people speaking in a death chamber, as they gently shepherded them like lost sheep into the fold. They were fed and provided for; but from first to last I did not hear one of those ghastly children wail, or a single mother speak—only the old men whimpering, and one young girl who continued to sob dry eyed.

London is now so dark at night that the omnibuses in Piccadilly Circus look like strange monsters moving in the blackness; and men move like deeper shadows in the gloom. Even the cabmen lose their way, for this loss of light makes the most familiar landmarks seem strangely unfamiliar. The searchlights move slowly to and fro in the black vault above; and the stars still shine—but so far away! If only they were nearer! One feels the need of the companionship of those calm and distant souls of the sky.

Who was it that said something about "the pitiless stars"? I never understood the meaning of the phrase until since I have been here in this tremendous city crouching from her enemy in the dark; until I must think of them shining like this on the faces of wounded men left on the field of battle, maybe to die alone, with no witness of their anguish save these pitiless stars.

God will undoubtedly do something about all this; but, whatever He does, it will not be in wrath. The more I see of the

(Concluded on Page 60)



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With such men I am glad to share my discovery. For I know how much it means to get the very cigar one craves. It may be that this J. R. W. Havana is just what you have been seeking. Try it. I will send them by Parcel Post, \$5 per hundred—\$2.00 for 30—charges paid.

Write me early before I must limit the number I can supply.

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If you will send me ten cents for the shipping expenses, I will mail you five cigars. No other cost—no return required. The price is \$5 per hundred, \$2.00 for 30—all charges paid. Use your letterhead, please, in stating your position—or your business card and write now for these cigars.

J. ROGERS WARNER

821 Lockwood Building, Buffalo, N. Y. (46)

(Concluded from Page 58)

rage of men against one another, the more I cannot associate Him with vengeance. He will come like kindness; like the sun in the morning after a very dark night; like the little leaves in the spring after bitter cold—folded green hands in prayer. He will forgive, and forgive, and forgive; so that there shall be nothing left in the world to do but for men to forgive one another.

Nothing, I believed—not even the landing of the German troops on these shores—could change the awful, upstanding serenity of these British men and women; but the last ten days have marked definite changes in their temper. It is cooling to the hardened-steel stage. They are preparing after the manner of their kind for the issue.

They have accepted the meaning of the fall of Antwerp, and they must know that Ostend will follow, though nothing will induce them to admit that; but to-day they calmly explain to the people at Gravesend that guns will be fired to warn them when the German Zeppelins appear in that region. They are advised not to stick their heads out of the windows, or to promenade in the streets to gratify their curiosity about where the bombs will fall. And the warning is not meant to be facetious.

The condition of the women here is becoming more miserable day by day with the loss of employment. When the men are thrown out of work they can enlist, and most of them do; but the women and children can only starve or become mendicants. Thirty thousand five hundred and twenty of them who are enrolled in the labor exchanges are now without work—to say nothing of the many others who are not enrolled.

And the Queen is bitterly assailed for paying these destitute women threepence an hour—sweat-shop prices—when they are given employment through the Queen's Committee. It means mendicancy in the end, for they are not permitted to earn more than ten shillings a week—that is, a little less than two dollars and a half. The government, since the first of October, is paying the wives of soldiers twelve shillings a week and sixpence for each child; but if a woman's husband is killed, as a widow she can receive only nine shillings a week.

The mortality among very young children and infants has increased fearfully since the war began. Nine hundred and forty died during the last three weeks of September as compared with six hundred who died during the same period last year. And twenty-one women have died in childbirth as against fourteen last year in the same three weeks. The lack of proper nourishment and of doctor's care accounts for this increase. Doctors are so scarce in London now that even the rich cannot afford to have appendicitis. There is no sufficiently celebrated surgeon to operate on them.

War Stories Never Written

What men suffer through war is written in histories. It is remembered. They earn something which is handed down to the generations that come after them, which praise them; but what women suffer is never written. If it is mentioned at all it is simply set down in the debit columns of economic works, showing the lack of food and the percentage of destitution during that period. It is never illustrated with the weary faces of mothers and the pale faces of hungry children. Nobody knows them, and no one ever will.

When one writes of the women's side of the war one cannot tell of battles won, or of the glories that crown the heads of victorious men. It must be a story of sorrows; of despair; of poverty; of privations patiently endured; of defeat in the tender hearts of all women; of the sufferings of little children, who accept them without question, who have no defense, no indemnity against the destruction of their youth and of their fortunes.

Women have a different rating in different nations. In America they have always been quoted above par value. In England they seem to be hard stock—at least, private stock. In France they are preferred stock. In Germany they are worth only what they can do for men. But in and for themselves they are not quoted at all in the values of humanity.

Many think this war will change all that. I doubt it. Man was never more supreme in the world than at the present moment, and never less in the mood to consider women at all, except as part of his home and his affections, which he protects from the enemy.

Being a man he must do that. It is his nature, after all, to defend what is his. And she is now his as never before since the Middle Ages. The same conditions exist now as then; the same dangers to her and to his honor. That is the whole situation in a nutshell.

One thing impresses me, that the modern woman in this great crisis does not come up to the standard of producing poetry. The mightiest events of centuries are booming in her ears; but she cannot set them to words or to music. There is something too poignant about the minds of women when they think upward into rhythm. Their spirits are too keen. They lack the sublime Fear not! of the soul that makes great poetry. Homer was a man.

There is a Mrs. Hemans in every woman when she begins to write verse, a kind of high-treble hymnal note. And, though God may forgive it and even answer her prayer, there are times when she should not join the choir; and this is one of them. This war is a Wagnerian performance that would tax the martial angels to sing.

God is very much in demand in this part of the world now, for the same reason that we discovered Him at all—the great need of men for some salvation and protection beyond the power of men to destroy; and for the other reason, which runs like a red smear of shame through all history—the degrading of Providence to sanction the crimes that men commit against one another.

When Nations Learn to Pray

The most awful atrocities the world has ever seen have been done in His name. Nations have perished from the face of the earth, women have been thrown to wild beasts, and martyrs burned at the stake—all in His name. No wonder the stars seem so far withdrawn from such scenes as we are now witnessing!

The German Emperor has destroyed the Belgian nation, and he has seen the men of his own empire fall like grass before the reaper. The effect of all this is that he represents himself as the right hand of Almighty God, the flaming sword of honor and virtue.

Meantime the other nations are also looking to this same Providence for strength to fight and die like Christian souls. Many of the Belgian soldiers have died—not only of wounds, but of exhaustion in the trenches, with little emblems and crosses on their breasts. And their faith will be justified. God, Who is the only God of Peace, will restore to them their homes and country through His Spirit, which works forever toward justice in the hearts of men.

The British take their religion as they do everything else, with moderation, but with a steady conviction that never rises or falls. It is the bones of their civilization; but they are not inclined to show their bones. I doubt whether there is much emotion of prayer among the English soldiers. Their faith in Providence was settled before they were born. They no longer agitate that matter. Their business is to fight like men, and die, if they must die, like Englishmen. The rest they leave to Him with a faith that is sublime, knowing their women are attending faithfully to the details of prayer at home and to the "Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep" training of their children.

The change in the spirit of France is noticeable. For more than half a century the French people as a nation have professed a kind of intellectual independence of the Almighty. That is the queer thing about religious faith: when things are moving smoothly; when riches are ripening everywhere; when commerce and reason rule the world—the rationalists repudiate any Providence save the providence of their own hands and brains.

When something horrible and irrational happens in the world, however, which cannot be settled by an ideal, however lofty, or by an argument, however convincing, men turn to their Everlasting Father, just as other children turn to theirs when they are lost and know that they are surrounded by unimaginable dangers. So now the whole French nation is calling loudly on Him. It is not craven; it is sublime. They are fighting like gods and they are believing like little children. No finer image of the soul of a man can be drawn in this crisis.

Another change war brings is the democracy of kings and emperors. It is short-lived, of course. They could not accomplish it in time of peace without destroying the illusion in the minds of their people that keeps them on their thrones; but they know when to descend and cast the glory

of their presence on common men, whom they need to die for their defense.

So the Emperor of Germany embraces his soldiers occasionally. So the Czar of Russia goes out and tastes the food of his men to make sure it is good enough to sustain them. So the English King and Queen visit hospitals and sit beside the beds of wounded privates.

It is true that King George is the only one of them who has not gone to the front; but the impression one has of him is that he is of the thoroughly domesticated English squire type. Besides, he is very precious to his people, like Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London. They do not wish him to risk his life.

This reminds me of the only altercation I have had so far in this place, where every man and every woman seem lifted to the best they are, but where there are still signs of curious British insufferableness. Recently President Wilson's message to the German Emperor, in reply to his complaint about the use of dum-dum bullets by the allied armies, was published in some of the London papers under the title, Doctor Wilson's Letter.

One evening I was talking to the editor of one of those papers, and he referred to "Doctor Wilson's message." I immediately changed the subject by saying I had seen in his paper that Mr. and Mrs. Wettin had been to see their friends, the soldiers in the London Hospital. He said he did not know who they were. He was scandalized when he understood that I referred to the King and Queen.

"I mean Mr. and Mrs. Wettin—the same way you mean the President of the United States when you publish a letter from Doctor Wilson."

"But that is different," he protested. "Yes, it is. President Wilson did not inherit his office. He was chosen by one of the greatest nations of this earth to fill it, because there is only one man greater than he is in our country," I replied.

"Who is that?" he asked. "Woodrow Wilson. You had only a choice between those two names for the title of your article. You call one of the most scandalous old men of history Henry VIII—not Squire Tudor."

Beneath these red skies of war an American becomes a trifle insufferable when she speaks of the wisdom and strength and good will of our President in his relations to all nations. We are preserved, through him and those who support his policy, from the horrors that stalk here from all the ends of the earth. The children yet unborn will rise to bless the name of the man whose courage in peace is mightier than the sword which has laid waste here and fertilized the land with the flesh and blood of countless good men.

What People Can Forget

When I entered the hotel this afternoon I saw an English colonel on a lounge in the drawing room with his legs bandaged. This was the first wounded man I had seen in England. He was weak and ghastly pale, but very cheerful. He had recovered from the scenes through which he must have passed to receive that wound. He will forget them, and a thousand more like them, if he lives to see the end of the struggle.

He was now taking the hero's toll of his women's smiles with proper modesty. This is the marvelous capacity human beings have for sanity. Give him an hour and the normal man can dismiss the most frightful scene of carnage on the battlefield—as women forget in a night the pangs of childbirth.

Still the sight of him and of the black streets outside, where London lay with her sleepless searchlight eyes scanning the skies for German airships, brought home to me the immediateness of this war—the imminence of death, so near to so many.

I was made specially conscious of it by the fact that I am about to leave for France, where twenty bombs fell yesterday in Paris. Among such surroundings one may grow the white feathers of fear very quickly in the wings of one's spirit.

However, I am ready for the journey. I have the lilies of France in my heart, a flag of truce tied like a lady's glove on the helmet of my soul; and I may wear a little American flag inside my clothing, to make sure no harm befalls me while I am passing up and down through those towns and villages the Germans have destroyed in France, where I shall hear the Frenchwomen's stories of their sufferings.

This and the following three pages are an advertisement of The Ladies' Home Journal

THE GIRL AT CENTRAL

Her Own Story of the Great Hesketh Mystery

By GERALDINE BONNER

AUTHOR OF "THE CASTLE COURT DIAMOND CASE," ETC.



POOR Sylvia Hesketh! Even now after this long time I can't think of it without a shudder, without a come-back of the horror of those days after she was found dead. You remember it—the Hesketh Mystery? And mystery it surely was, baffling as it did the police and the populace of the whole State. For who could guess why a girl like that—rich, beautiful, without a care or an enemy—should be done to death as she was? Think of it: at five o'clock sitting with her mother taking tea in the library at Mapleshade, and that same night found killed by the side of a lonesome country road a hundred and eighteen miles away!

It's the story of this that I'm going to tell here, and, as you'll get a good deal of me before I'm through, I'd better, right now at the start, introduce myself.

I'm Molly Morganthau, day operator in the telephone exchange at Longwood, New Jersey. I am twenty-three years old, dark, slim, and as for my looks—well put them down as "medium" and let it go at that.

My name's Morganthau because my father was a Pole—a piece-worker on pants; but my two front names, Mary McKenna, are after my mother, who was from County Galway, Ireland. I was raised in an East Side, New York, tenement; but I went steady to the grammar school and through the High, and I'm not throwing bouquets at myself when I say I made a good record. That's how I come to be nervy enough to write this story—but you'll see for yourself. Only just keep in mind that I'm more at home in front of a switchboard than at a desk.

I've supported myself since I was sixteen, my father dying then and my mother two years later. First I was in a department store and then in the telephone company. I haven't a relation in the country, and if I had I wouldn't have asked a nickel off them. I'm that kind—'independent and—but that's enough about me.

LONGWOOD'S in New Jersey, a real picturesque village of a thousand inhabitants. Here and there around it are country places, mostly fine ones owned by rich people. There are some farms, too, and along the railway and the turnpike are other villages.

My exchange is the central office for a good radius of country, taking in Azalia, twenty-five miles above us on the main line, and running its wires out in a big circle to the scattered houses and the crossroad settlements. "Central" is on Main Street opposite the station, and from my chair at the switchboard I can see the platforms and the trains as they come down from Cherry Junction or up from New York. It's sixty miles from Longwood to the Junction, where you get the branch line that goes off to the north, stopping at other stations, mostly for the farm people, and where, when you get to Hazelmere, you can connect with an express for Philadelphia.

When I was first transferred from New York—it's over two years now—I thought I'd die of the lonesomeness of it. At night, looking out of my window (I lived over Galway's Elite Millinery Parlors on Lincoln Street) across those miles and miles of country with a few lights dotted here and there, I felt like I was cast on a desert island. Later I got used to it, and that first spring, when the woods began to get a faint greenish look and I'd wake up and hear birds twittering in the elms along the street—hold on, I'm getting sidetracked. It's going to be hard at first to keep myself out, but be patient, I'll do it better as I go along.

The county turnpike goes through Longwood and then sweeps off over the open country between estates and farms, with now and then a village—Huntley, Latour-ette, Corona—strung out along it like beads on a string, and a hundred and fifty miles off reaches Bloomington, a big town with hotels and factories and a jail. About twenty miles before it gets to Bloomington the turnpike

crosses the Branch Line near Cresset's Farm. There's a little sort of station there, just an open shed called "Cresset's Crossing," built for the Cresset Farm people, who own a good deal of land in that vicinity. Not far from Cresset's Crossing, about half a mile apart, the Riven Rock Road from the Junction and the Firehill Road from Jack Reddy's estate run into the turnpike.

THIS is the place, I guess, where I'd better tell about Jack Reddy, who was such an important figure in the Hesketh Mystery, and who—

—I get red now when I write it—was such an important figure to me. A good way back—about the time of the Revolution—the Reddy family owned most of the country around here. Bit by bit they sold it off till in old Mr. Reddy's time—Jack's father—all they had left was the Firehill property and Hochalaga Lake, a big body of water back in the hills beyond Huntley. Firehill was an old-fashioned stone house built by Mr. Reddy's grandfather. It got its name from a grove of maples on the top of a mound that in the autumn used to turn red and orange and look like the hillock was in a blaze. The name, they say, came from the Indian days, and so did Hochalaga, though what that stands for I don't know. The Reddys had had lots of offers for the lake, but never would sell it. They had a sort of little shack there, and before Jack's time, when there were no automobiles, used to make horseback excursions to Hochalaga and stay for a few days. After the old people died and Jack came into the property everybody thought he'd sell the lake; several parties were after it for a summer resort; but he refused them all, had the shack built over into an up-to-date bungalow, and through the summer would have guests down from town, spending week-ends out there.

Now I'm telling everything truthful, for that's what I set out to do, and if you think I'm a fool you're welcome to and no back talk from me—but I was crazy about Jack Reddy. Not that he ever gave me cause; he's not that kind and neither am I. And let me say right here that there's not a soul ever knew it, he least of all. I guess no one would have been more surprised than the owner of Firehill if he'd known that the Longwood telephone girl 'most had heart failure every time he passed the window of the exchange.

I will say, to excuse myself, that there's few girls who wouldn't have put their hats straight and walked their prettiest when they saw him coming. Gee, he was a good looking!—like those advertisements for collars and shirts you see in the back of the magazines—you know the ones? But it wasn't that that got me. It was his ways, always polite, never fresh. If he'd meet me in the street he'd raise his hat as if I was the Queen of Sheba. He was always jolly, but—a girl in a telephone exchange gets to know a lot—he was always a gentleman.

He lived at Firehill—forty miles from Longwood—with two old servants, David

Gilsey and his wife, who'd been with his mother and just doted on him. But everybody liked him. There wasn't but one criticism I ever heard passed on him, and that was that he had a violent temper. There was talk in Longwood that he hadn't much money and was going to study law for a living. But he must have had some, for he kept up the house and had two motors—one just a common roadster and the other a long gray racing car that he'd let out on the turnpike until he was twice arrested.

My, how well I got to know that car! When I first came I only saw it at long intervals. Then—just as if luck was on my side, I began to see it oftener and oftener, slowing down as it came along Main Street, swinging around the corner, jouncing across the tracks and dropping out of sight behind the houses at the head of Maple Lane.

"What's bringing Jack Reddy in this long way so often?" people would say at first. Then after a while, when they'd see the gray car, they'd look sly at each other and wink.

There's one good thing about having a crush on a fellow that's never thought any more about you than if you were the peg he hangs his hat on; it doesn't hurt so bad when he falls in love with his own kind of a girl. And that brings me—as if I was in the gray car speeding down Maple Lane—to Mapleshade and the Fowlers and Sylvia Hesketh.

ABOUT a mile from Longwood, standing among ancient, beautiful trees, is Mapleshade, Dr. Dan Fowler's place. It was once a farmhouse over a century old, but two and a half years ago when Doctor Fowler bought it he fixed it all up, raised the roof, built on a servants' wing and a piazza with columns and turned the farm buildings into a garage. Artists and such people say it's the prettiest place in this part of the State, and it certainly is a picture, especially in summer with the lawns mown close as velvet and the flower-beds like bits of carpet laid out to air.

The Doctor bought a big bit of land with it—I don't know how many hundred acres—so the house, though it's not far from the village, is kind of secluded and shut away. You get to it by Maple Lane, a little winding road that runs between trees caught together with wild grape and Virginia creeper. In summer they're like green walls all draped over with the vines, and in winter they turn into a rustling gray hedge, woven so close it's hard to see through. About ten minutes' walk from the gate of Mapleshade there's a pine that was struck by lightning and stands up black and bare.

When the house was done the Doctor, who was a bachelor, married Mrs. Hesketh, a widow accounted rich, and he and she came there as bride and bridegroom with her daughter, Sylvia Hesketh. I hadn't come yet, but from what I've heard there was gossip about the family from the start. What I can say from my own experience is

that I'd hardly got my grip unpacked when I began to hear of the folks at Mapleshade.

They lived in great style, with a housekeeper, a butler and a French maid for the ladies. In the garage were three automobiles—Mrs. Fowler's limousine, the Doctor's car, and a dandy little roadster that belonged to Miss Sylvia. Neither she nor the Doctor bothered much with the chauffeur. They left him to take Mrs. Fowler around and drove themselves, the joke going that if Miss Sylvia ever lost her money she could qualify for a chauffeur's job.

After a while the story came out that it wasn't Mrs. Fowler who was so rich, but Miss Hesketh. The late Mr. Hesketh had only left his wife a small fortune, willing the rest—millions, it was said—to his daughter. She was a minor, nineteen, and the trustees of the estate allowed her a lot for her maintenance—thirty thousand a year, they had it in Longwood.

In spite of the grand way they lived there wasn't much company at Mapleshade. Anne Hennessey, the housekeeper, told me Mrs. Fowler was so in love with her husband she didn't want the bother of entertaining people. And the Doctor liked a quiet life. He'd been a celebrated surgeon in New York, but had retired except for consultations and special cases now and again. He was very good to the people round about and would turn in and help when our little Doctor Pease, or Doctor Graham at the Junction, was up against something serious. I'll never forget when Mick Donahue, the station agent's boy, got run over by Freight No. 22—but I'm sidetracked again. Anyhow the Doctor amputated the leg, and little Mick's stamping around today on a wooden one almost as good as ever.

But even so the Fowlers weren't liked much. They held their heads very high, Mrs. Fowler driving through the village like it was Fifth Avenue, sending the chauffeur into the shops and not at all affable to the tradespeople. The Doctor'd not trouble to give you so much as a nod—just stride along looking straight ahead. When the story got about that he'd lost most of the money he'd made doctoring I didn't bear any resentment, seeing it was worry that made him that way.

BUT Miss Sylvia was made on a different measure. My, but she was a peach! Even after I knew what brought Jack Reddy in from Firehill so often I couldn't be set against her. Jealous I might be of a girl like myself, but not of her. She was a beauty from the ground up, a blonde with hair like corn silk, that she wore in a loose, fluffy knot, with little curly ends hanging on her neck. Her face was pure pink and white, the only dark thing in it her big brown eyes that were as clear and soft as a baby's. And she was a great dresser, too, lots of different clothes and looking prettier in each.

There was none of the haughty ways of her parents about Miss Sylvia. When she'd come into the exchange to send a call (a thing that puzzled me first, but I soon learned) she'd always stop and have a pleasant word with me. On bright afternoons I'd see her pass, riding on horseback, with a man's hat on her golden hair. She would always have a smile for every one, touching her hat brim with the end of her whip. Even when she was in her motor, speeding down Main Street, she'd give you a hail as jolly as if she was your college chum.

Sometimes she'd be alone, but generally there was a man along—there were a lot of them hanging around her, which was natural seeing she had everything to draw them, like a candle drawing moths. They'd come and go from town and now and then stay over Sunday at the Longwood Inn—it's a swell little place done up in the Colonial style—and you'd see them riding and walking with her, very devoted. At first everybody thought her parents were agreeable to all the attention she was getting. It wasn't till the Mapleshade servants began to talk too much that we heard the Fowlers, especially the Doctor, didn't like it.



"The Call Was in a Man's Voice—a Voice I Didn't Know"

I hadn't known her long before I began to notice something that interested me—she was different with men from what she was with women; affable to both, but it was another kind of affability. I've seen considerable many girls trying to attract men, and doing it, too, but they were in the booby class beside Miss Sylvia. She was what the novelists call a "coquette," but she was that dainty and sly about it that I don't believe any of the victims knew it. It wasn't what she said either; more the way she looked, and the soft, sweet manner she had with them, as if she thought more of the chap she was talking to than anybody else in the world. She'd be that way to one in my exchange and the next day I'd see her just the same with another in the drug store.

It made me uneasy—about Jack Reddy. Even if the man you love doesn't love you you don't want to see him looked. But I said nothing—I'm the close sort; and it wasn't till I came to be friends with Anne Hennessey that I heard the inside facts about the family at Mapleshade.

ANNE HENNESSEY was a Canadian and a fine girl. She was a lady and had a lady's job—seventy-five a month and her own bathroom—and, being the real thing, she didn't put on any airs; but when she liked me made right up to me, and we soon were pals. After work hours I'd sometimes go up to her at Mapleshade or she'd come down to me over the Elfre.

I remember it was in my room one spring evening—me lying on the bed and Anne sitting by the open window—that she began to talk about the Fowlers. She was not one to carry tales, but I could see she had something on her mind and for the first time she loosened up. I was picking over a box of chocolates and I didn't give her a hint how keen I was to hear, acting like the candies had the best part of my attention. She began by saying the Doctor and Miss Sylvia didn't get on well.

"That's just like a novel," I answered. "The heroine's stepfather's always her natural enemy."

"But he's not that in this case," said Anne—she speaks English fine, like the teachers in the High; "I'm sure he means well by her; but they can't get on at all; they're always quarreling."

"There's many a gilded home hides a tragedy. What do they fight about?"

"Things she does that he disapproves of. She's very spoiled and self-willed. No one's ever controlled her and she resents it from him."

"What's he disapprove of?" Anne didn't answer right off, looking thoughtful out of the window. Then she said slow as if she was considering her words: "I'm going to tell you, Molly, because I know you're no gossip and can be trusted, and the truth is, I'm worried. I don't like the situation up at Mapleshade."

I swung my feet on to the floor and sat up on the edge of the bed, nibbling at a chocolate almond. "Here's where I get dumb," I said, sort of casual to encourage her.

"Sylvia Hesketh's a girl that needs a strong hand over her and no one has it. Her father's dead; her mother—poor Mrs. Fowler's only a grown-up baby ready to say black is white if her husband wants her to. And Doctor Fowler's trying to do it and he's going about it all wrong. You see," she said, turning to me very serious, "it's not only that she's headstrong and extravagant, but she's also an incorrigible flirt."

"Is there a place in the back of the book where you can find out what 'incorrigible' means?" I said.

Anne smiled, but not as if she felt like it. "Uncontrollable, irrepressible. Her mother—Mrs. Fowler's ready to tell me anything and everything—says she's always been like that. And of course with her looks and her fortune the men are around her like flies around honey."

"Why does the Doctor mind that?" "I suppose he wouldn't mind if they just came to Mapleshade or Longwood. But—that's what she quarrels about—she's found out that she meets them in town, goes to luncheon and the matinee with them."

"Excuse me, but I've left my etiquette book on the piano. What's wrong about going to the matinee or to luncheon?"

"Nothing's really wrong. Mind you, Molly, I know Sylvia through and through and there's no harm in her; it's just the bringing up and the spoiling and the admiration. But, of course, in her position a girl doesn't go about that way without a chaperon. The Doctor's perfectly right to object."

I was looking down pretending to hunt over the book. "Who does she go with?" I said.

"Oh, there are several. A man named Carisbrook—I'd seen him often, a swell fellow in white spats and a high hat—and a young lawyer called Dunham, and Ben Robinson, a Canadian like me. People see her with them and tell the Doctor and there's a row."

I looked into the box as careful as if I was

searching for a diamond. "Ain't Mr. Reddy one of the happy family?" I asked. "Ah, here's the last almond!"

"Oh, of course, young Reddy. I think it would be a good thing if she married him. Everybody says he's a fine fellow, and I tell you now, Molly, with Sylvia so willful and the Doctor so domineering and Mrs. Fowler being pulled to pieces, between them things at Mapleshade can't go on long the way they are."

THAT was in May. At the end of June the Fowlers went to Bar Harbor with all their outfit for the summer. After that Jack Reddy didn't come into Longwood much. I heard that he was spending a good deal of his time at the bungalow at Hochalaga Lake, and I did see him a few times meeting his company at the train—he had some week-end parties out there—and bringing them back in the gray car.

At the end of September the Fowlers came home. It was great weather, clear and crisp, with the feel of frost in the air. Most everybody was outdoors and I saw Sylvia often,

friends. It was a big rambling place, with a lot of dismal-looking pines around it, about five miles from Azalla and with no near neighbors. Mr. Cokesbury only kept one car—he'd had several when his wife was alive—and used to drive himself down from the lodge to the station, leave his car in the Azalla garage and drive himself back the next time he came. He had no servants or caretaker, which he didn't need, as, after he broke up, all the valuable things had been taken out of the house and sent to town for storage.

It gave me a jar to hear that Sylvia Hesketh—who in my mind was as good as engaged to Jack Reddy—would have anything to do with Cokesbury. I'd never seen him, but I'd heard a lot that wasn't to his credit. He hadn't been good to his wife—everybody said she was a real lady—but was the wild kind, and not young either. Anne said he was forty if he was a day. When I asked her what Sylvia could see in a man like that, she just shrugged up her shoulders and said, Who could tell? Sylvia was made that way. She was like some



sometimes on horseback, sometimes driving her motor. Anne said they'd had a fairly peaceful summer and she hoped they were going to get on better. There had only been one row; that was about a man that was up at Bar Harbor and had met Sylvia and paid her a good deal of attention. The Doctor had been very angry, as he disapproved of the man; Cokesbury was his name.

"Cokesbury!" I cut in, surprised; we were in Anne's room that evening. "Why he belongs around here."

Anne had heard that and wanted to know what I knew about him, which I'd write down in this place as it seems to fit in and has to be told somewhere.

WHEN I first came to Longwood Mr. and Mrs. Cokesbury were living on their estate, Cokesbury Lodge, about twenty-five miles from us, near Azalla. They had been in France for a year previous to that, then come back and taken up their residence at the lodge; and it was shortly after that Mrs. Cokesbury died there, leaving three children. For a while the widower stayed on, with nurses and governesses to look after the poor motherless kids; then the eldest boy taking sick and nearly dying, he decided to send them to his wife's parents, who had wanted them ever since Mrs. Cokesbury's death.

So the establishment at the lodge was broken up and Mr. Cokesbury went to live in town. There were rumors that the house was to be sold, but in the spring, Santa, the Pullman conductor, told me that Mr. Cokesbury had been down several times, staying over Sunday, and had said he'd given up the idea of selling the place. He told Santa he couldn't get his price for it, and what was the sense of selling at a loss, especially when he could come out there and get a breath of country air when he was scorched up with the city heat?

I'd passed the house one day in August, when I was on an auto ride with some

woman whose name I can't remember who sat on a rock and sang to the sailors till they went crazy and jumped into the water.

MY HEAD was full of these things one glorious afternoon toward the end of October when—it being my holiday—I started out for a walk through the woods. The woods cover the hills behind the village, and they're grand, miles and miles of them.

I was walking slow down Main Street, when, opposite the post-office, I saw all the loafers and most of the tradespeople lined up in a ring, staring at a bunch of those traveling acrobats that go about the State all summer doing stunts on a bit of carpet. I'd seen them often—chaps in soiled pink tights walking on their hands and rolling around in knots—and I wouldn't have stopped, but I got a glimpse of little Mick Donahue stumping around the outside, trying to squeeze in and trying not to cry because he couldn't. So I stopped and hoisted him up for a good view, telling the men in front to break away so the kid could see.

There was a guinea scraping on a fiddle, and, while the acrobats were performing on their carpets, a big bear, with a little, brown, shivered-up man holding it by a chain, was dancing. And when I got my first look at that bear, in spite of all my worry I burst right out laughing, for, prancing away there solemn and slow, it was the dead image of Doctor Fowler.

You'd have laughed yourself if you'd have seen it—that is, if you'd known the Doctor. When its master jerked the chain and shouted something in a foreign lingo the bear hitched up its lip like it was trying to smile, and that sideways grin, as if it didn't feel at all pleasant, was just the way the Doctor'd smile when he came into the exchange and gave me a number.

Then the music stopped and one of the acrobats came round with a hat, and little Mick gave a great sigh as if he was coming out of a dream.

"If you hadn't come, Molly, I'd have missed it," he said, looking into my face in that sweet, wistful way sickly kids have. "and it's the last time they'll be around this year."

I kissed him and put him down and told the men, as I squeezed out, to keep him in the front or they'd hear from me. Then I walked off toward the woods thinking.

IT WAS a funny idea I'd got into my head. I'd once read in a paper that when people looked like animals they resembled the animals in their dispositions. Maybe it was because I'd been so worried, but the idea gave me a kind of chill. My thoughts went back to Mapleshade, and I had one of those queer flashes (like a curtain was lifted for a second and you could see things in the future) of trouble there, something dark—I don't know how to explain it, but it was as if I got a new line on the Doctor, as if I saw through the surface clear into him.

I tried to shake it off, for I wanted to enjoy my afternoon in the woods. They're just wonderful at this season, the trees full of colored leaves, and all quiet except for the rustlings of little animals around the roots. There's a road that winds along under the branches, and there are trails, soft under foot with fallen leaves and moss, that you can follow for miles.

I was coming down one of these, making no more noise than the squirrels, when, just before the trail crossed the road, I saw something and stopped. There, sitting side by side on a log, were Sylvia Hesketh and a man. Close to them, run off to the side, was a motor, and near it, tied to a tree, a horse with a lady's saddle. Sylvia was in her riding dress, looking a picture, her eyes on the ground, and slapping softly with her whip on the side of her boot. The man was leaning toward her talking, low and earnest, and staring hard into her face.

To my knowledge I'd never seen him before, and it gave me a start—me saying, surprised, to myself: "Hello, here's another one!" He was a big, powerful chap with a square, healthy-looking face and wide shoulders on him like a prize fighter. He was dressed in a loose coat and knickerbockers, and, as he talked, he had his hands spread out, one on each knee, great brown hands with hair on them. I was close enough to see that; but he was speaking so low and I was so scared that they'd see me and think I was spying that I didn't hear what he was saying. The only one that saw me was the horse. It looked up sudden with its ears pricked, staring, surprised, with its soft, gentle eyes.

I stole away, not making a speck of noise. All the joy I'd been taking in the walk under the colored leaves was gone. I couldn't bear to think that Jack Reddy was giving his heart to a girl who'd meet another man out in the woods and listen to him so coy and yet so interested.

As far as I can remember at the present time that was about a month from the fatal day. All the rest of October and through the first part of November things went along quiet and peacefullike. And then suddenly everything came together—quick, like a blow.

III
FOR two days it had been raining—heavy, straight rain. From my window at Galway's I could see the fields around the village full of pools and zigzags of water, as if they'd been covered with a shiny gray veil that was suddenly pulled off and had caught in the stubble and torn to rags. Saturday morning the weather broke, but the sky was still overcast and the air had that sort of warm, muggy breathlessness that comes after rain.

That was November the twentieth. It was eleven o'clock, and I was sitting at the switchboard looking out at the streets, all puddles and ruts, when I got a call from the Dalzells—a place near the Junction—for Mapleshade.

Now you needn't get preachy and tell me it's against the rules to listen—suspension and maybe discharge; I know that better than most. Didn't I roof over my head and the food in my mouth depend on me doing my work according to orders? But the fact is that at this time I was keyed up so high I'd got past being cautious. When a call came for Mapleshade I listened, listened hard with all my ears.

What did I expect to hear? I don't know exactly. It might have been Jack Reddy and it might have been Sylvia. Oh, never mind what it was! Just say I was curious and let it go at that.

So I lifted up the "cam" and took in the conversation.

There was a woman's voice—Mrs. Dalzell's; I knew it well—and Doctor Fowler's. Hers was trembly and excited:

"Oh, Doctor Fowler, is that you? It's Mrs. Dalzell; yes, near the Junction. My husband's very sick. We've had Doctor Graham and he says it's appendicitis and there ought to be an operation—now, as soon as possible. Do you hear me?"

Then Doctor Fowler, very calm and polite: "Perfectly, madam."

"Oh, I'm so glad; I've been so terribly worried. It's so unexpected. Mr. Dalzell's never had so much as a cramp before, and now—"

"Just wait a minute, Mrs. Dalzell," came the Doctor's voice. "Let me understand. Graham recommends an operation, you say?"

"Yes, Doctor Fowler, as soon as possible; something awful may happen if it's not done; and Doctor Graham suggested you, if you'd be so kind. I know it's a favor, but I must have the best for my husband. Won't you come? Please, to oblige me!"

Doctor Fowler asked some questions which I needn't put down, and said he'd come, and, if necessary, operate. Then they talked about the best way for him to get there, the Doctor wanting to know if the main line to the Junction wouldn't be the quickest. But Mrs. Dalzell said she'd been consulting the timetables and there'd be no train from Longwood to the Junction before two, and if he wouldn't mind and would come in his auto by the Firehill Road he'd get there several hours sooner. He agreed to that and it wasn't fifteen minutes after he'd hung up that I saw him swing past my window in his car, driving himself.

LATER in the afternoon I got another call from the Dalzells' for Mapleshade, and heard the Doctor tell Mrs. Fowler that the operation had been a serious one and that he would stay there for the night and probably all the next day.

Before that second call, about two hours after the first one, there came another message for Mapleshade, that before a week was out was in most every paper in the country, and that lifted me right into the middle of the Hesketh Mystery.

It was near one o'clock, an hour when work's slack around Longwood, everybody either being at dinner or getting ready for it. The call was from a public pay station and was in a man's voice—a voice I didn't know—but that, because of my curiosity, I listened to as sharp as if it was my lover's asking me to marry him.

The man wanted to speak to Miss Sylvia, and after a short wait I heard her answer, very gay and cordial and evidently knowing him at once without any questions. If she'd said one word to show who he was things afterward would have been very different, but there wasn't a single phrase that you could identify him by; all any one could have caught was that they seemed to know each other very well.

He began by telling her that it was a long time since he'd seen her, and wanting to know if she'd come to town on Monday and take lunch with him and afterward go to a concert.

"Monday?" she said very low and soft, "the day after tomorrow? No, I can't make any engagement for Monday."

"Why not?" he asked.

She didn't answer right off, and when she did, although her voice was so sweet, there was something sly and secret about it: "I've something else to do."

"Can't you postpone it?"

She laughed at that, a little, soft laugh that came bubbling through her words: "No, I'm afraid not."

"Must be something very interesting."

"Um—maybe so."

"You're very mysterious; can't I be told what it is?"

"Why should you be told?"

That riled him; I could hear it in his voice: "As a friend, or, if I don't come under that head, as a fellow who's got the frosty mitt and wants to know why."

"I don't think that's any reason. I have no engagement with you and I have with—some one else."

"Just tell me one thing—is it a man or a woman?"

SHE began to laugh again, and if I'd been the man at the other end of the wire that laugh would have made me wild. "Which do you think?" she asked.

"I don't think; I know"; and I knew that he was mad.

"Well if you know," she said as sweet as pie, "I needn't tell you any more. I'll say good-by."

"No!" he shouted; "don't hang up;

wait! What do you want to torment me for?" Then he got sort of coaxing. "It isn't kind to treat a fellow this way. Can't you tell me who it is?"

"No, that's a secret. You can't know a thing till I choose to tell you, and I don't choose now."

"If I come over Sunday afternoon will you see me?"

"What time?"

"Any time you say; I'm your humble slave, as you know."

"I'm going out about seven."

"Where?"

"That's another secret."

I think a child listening to that conversation would have seen he was getting madder every minute, and yet he was so afraid she'd cut him off that he had to keep it under and talk pleasant. "Look here," he said. "I've something I want to say to you awfully. If I run over in my car and get there 'round six-thirty, can you see me for a few minutes?"

She didn't answer at once. Then she said slowly, as if she was undecided: "Not at the house."

"I didn't mean at the house. Say in Maple Lane, by the gate. I won't keep you more than five or ten minutes."

"Six-thirty's rather late."

"Well any time you say."

"Can't you be there exactly at six-fifteen?"

"If that's a condition."

"It is. If you're late you won't find me. I'll be gone"—she began to laugh again—"taking my secret with me."

"I'll be there on the dot."

"Very well, then, you can come—at the gate just as the clock marks one-quarter after six. And maybe, if you're good, I'll tell you the secret. Good-by until then. Try not to be too curious. It's a bad habit, and I've seen signs of it in you lately. Good-by."

Before he could say another word she'd disconnected.

I leaned back in my chair thinking it over. What was she up to? What was the secret? And who was the man? "Run over in his car"—that looked like some one from one of the big estates. How many of them had she been "round her?"

And then, for all I was so downhearted, I couldn't help smiling to think of those two supposing they were talking so secluded and an East Side tenement girl taking it all in. Little did I guess that my breaking the rules that way instead of destroying me was going to— But that doesn't come in here.

AND now I come to Sunday, the twenty-first, a date I'll never forget.

It seemed to me afterward that Nature knew of the tragedy and prepared for it. The weather was duller and grayer than it had been on Saturday, not a breath of air stirring and the sky all mottled over with clouds, dark and heavy looking. A full moon was due that night, and as I went to the exchange I thought of the sweethearts that had engagements to walk out in that moonlight and how disappointed they'd be.

Things weren't cheerful at the exchange either. I found Minnie Trail, the night operator, as white as a ghost, saying she felt as if one of her sick headaches was coming on, and if it did would I stay overtime? I knew those headaches; they ran along sometimes till eight or nine. I told her to go right home to bed and I'd hold the fort until she was able to relieve me. We often did turns like that, one for the other. It's one of the advantages of being in a small country office; no one picks on you for acting human.

About ten I had a call from Anne Hennessey: "Have you got anything on for this evening, Molly?"

"No," I told her.

"Then I'll come 'round to Galway's about seven and we'll go to the Gilt Edge for supper. I want to talk to you."

The Gilt Edge Lunch was where I took my meals, a nice, clean little place close to the office.

But I didn't know when I'd get my supper that night, so I called back: "That's all right, Sister, but come to the exchange. Minnie's head's bad and I'll stay on here late. Anything up?"

"Yes. I don't want to talk about it over the wire. There's been another row here—yesterday morning. It's horrible; I can't

stand it. I'll tell you more this evening. Good-by."

The night settled down early, black, dark and very still. At seven Anne Hennessey came in and sat down by the radiator, which was making queer noises with the heat coming up. Supper-time's like dinner, few calls; so I turned 'round in my chair ready for a good talk, and asked about the trouble at Mapleshade.

"Oh, it was another quarrel—yesterday morning at breakfast—with Harper, the butler, hearing every word. He said it was the worst they'd ever had. He's a self-respecting, high-class servant and was shocked."

"Sylvia and the Doctor again?"

"Yes—and poor Mrs. Fowler crying behind the coffee-pot."

"The same old subject?"

"Oh, of course. It's young Reddy this time. Sylvia's been out a good deal this autumn in her car; several times she's been gone nearly the whole day. When the Doctor questioned her she'd either be evasive or sulky. On Friday some one told him they'd seen her far up on the turnpike with Jack Reddy in his racer."

I FIRED up; I couldn't help it. "Why should he be mad about that? Isn't Mr. Reddy good enough for her?"

"I think he is. I told you before I thought the best thing she could do would be to marry him. But"—she looked around to see that no one was coming in—"don't say a word of what I'm going to tell you. I have no right to repeat what I hear as an employee, but I'm worried and don't know what's the best thing to do. Mrs. Fowler has as good as told me that her husband's lost all his money and it's Sylvia's that's running Mapleshade. And what I think is that the Doctor doesn't want her to marry any one. It isn't her he minds losing, it's thirty thousand a year."

"But when she comes of age she can do what she wants, and if he makes it so disagreeable she won't want to live there."

"That's two years off yet. He may recoup himself in that time."

"Oh, I see. But he can't do any good by fighting with her."

"Molly, you're a wise little woman. Of course he can't, but he doesn't know it. He treats that hot-headed, high-spirited girl like a child of five. Mark my words, there's going to be trouble at Mapleshade."

I thought of the telephone message I'd overheard the day before, and it came to me suddenly what "the secret" might be. Could Sylvia have been planning to run away? I didn't say anything—it's natural to me, and you get trained along those lines in the telephone business—and I sat turning it over in my mind as Anne went on:

"I'd leave tomorrow only I'm so sorry for Mrs. Fowler. She's as helpless as a baby and seems to cling to me. The other day she told me about her first marriage—how her husband didn't care for her, but was crazy about Sylvia; that's why he left her almost all his money."

I WASN'T listening much, still thinking about "the secret." If she was running away was she going alone or with Jack Reddy? My eyes were fixed on the window, and I saw, without noticing particular, the down train from the city draw into the station, and then Jim Donahue run along the platform swinging a lantern.

As if I was in a dream I could hear Anne: "I call it an unjust will—only two hundred thousand dollars to his wife and five millions to his daughter. But if Sylvia dies first all the money goes back to Mrs. Fowler."

The train pulled out, snoring like a big animal. Jim disappeared, then presently I saw him open the depot door and come slouching across the street. I knew he was headed for the exchange, thinking Minnie Trail was there, he being a widower with a "crush" on Minnie.

He came in, and, after he'd got over the shock of seeing me, turned to Anne and said: "I just been putting your young lady on the train."

Anne gave a start and stared at him. "Miss Sylvia?" she said.

"That's her," said Jim, warming his coat-tails at the radiator.

I could see Anne was awful surprised and

was trying to hide it. "Who was she with?" she asked.

"Nobody. She went up alone and said she was going to be away for a few days. Where's she going?"

Anne gave me a look that said, "Keep your mouth shut," and turned quiet and innocent to Jim: "Just for a visit to friends. She's always visiting people in New York and Philadelphia."

Jim stayed around a while gabbing with us and then went back to the station. When the door shut on him we stared at each other with our eyes as round as marbles.

"Oh, Molly!" Anne said almost in a whisper: "it's just what I've been afraid of."

"You think she's running away?"

"Yes; don't you see? The Doctor being at the Dalzells' has given her the chance."

"Where would she go to?"

"How do I know? Heaven send she hasn't done anything foolish. But this morning she sent Virginia, that French-

woman, up to the village for something—on Sunday when all the shops are shut! The housemaid told me they'd been trying to find out what it was, and Virginia wouldn't tell."

WE WERE talking it over in low voices when a call came. It was from Mapleshade to the Dalzells'. As I made the connection I whispered to Anne what it was, and she whispered back: "Listen."

I did; it was from Mrs. Fowler, all breathless and almost crying.

She asked for the Doctor, and when he came burst out: "Oh, Dan, something's happened—something dreadful. Sylvia's run away."

I could hear the Doctor's voice, small and distant, but quite clear. "Go slow now, Connie; it's hard to hear you. Did you say Sylvia'd run away?"

Then Mrs. Fowler, trying to speak slower: "Yes, with Jack Reddy. We've been hunting for her and we've just found a letter from him in her desk—do you hear?—her desk, in the top drawer. It told her to meet him at seven in the Lane and go with him in his car to Bloomington."

"Bloomington! That's a hundred and fifty miles off."

"I can't help how far off it is—that's where the letter said he was going to take her. It said they'd go by the turnpike to Bloomington and be married there. And we can't find Virginia; they've evidently taken her with them."

"I see; by the turnpike did you say?"

"Yes. Can't you go up there and meet them and bring her back?"

"Yes. Keep cool now; I'll head them off. What time did you say they left?"

"The letter said he'd meet her in the Lane at seven, and it's a little after eight now. Have you time to get up there and catch them?"

"Time?—to burn. On a night like this Reddy can't get 'round to the part of the pike where I'll strike it under three hours and a half to four hours."

"But can you go?—can you leave your case?"

"Yes; Dalzell's improving. Graham can attend to it. Now don't get excited; I'll have her back some time tonight. And not a word to anybody. We don't want this to get about. We'll have to shut the mouth of that Frenchwoman; but I'll see to that later. Go to your room and say nothing."

Just as the message was finished Minnie Trail came in. I made the record of it and then got up, asking her, as natural as you please, how she felt. Anne did the same; and you'd never have thought to hear us sympathizing with her that we were just bursting to get outside.

When we did we walked slow down the street, me telling her what I'd heard. All the time I was speaking I was thinking of Sylvia and Jack Reddy tearing away through that still, black night, flying along the pale line of the road, flashing past the lights of farms and country houses, swinging down between the rolling hills and out by the open fields, till they'd see the glow of Bloomington low down in the sky.

It was Anne who brought me back to where I was. She suddenly stopped short, staring in front of her and then turned to me. "Why, how can she be with Reddy by the turnpike when Jim Donahue saw her get on the train?"

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Published Weekly
The Curtis Publishing
Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

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Founded A^D 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1914

Number 22

THREE GENERALS AND A COOK—By IRVIN S. COBB

TO GET to the elvish midriff of the ancient and honorable French city of Laon you must ascend a road that winds in spirals about a high, steep hill, like the threads cut in a screw. Doing this you come at length to the flat top of the screw—a most curiously flat top—and find on this side of you the Cathedral and the market-place, and on that side of you the Hôtel de Ville, where a German flag hangs among the iron lilies in the grille-worked arms of the Republic above the front doors.

Dead ahead of you is the Prefecture, which is a noble stone building, facing southward toward the River Aisne; and it has

decorations of the twentieth century, a gateway of the thirteenth century and plumbing of the third century, when there was no plumbing to speak of.

We had made this journey and now the hour was seven in the evening, and we were dining in the big hall of the Prefecture as the guests of His Excellency, Field Marshal von Heeringen, commanding the Seventh Army of the German Kaiser—dining, I might add, from fine French plates, with smart German orderlies for waiters.

Except us five, and one other, the twenty-odd who sat about the great oblong table were members of the Over-General's Staff. We five were Robert H. Thompson, American consul at Aix-la-Chapelle; McCutcheon and Bennett, of the Chicago Tribune; Captain Alfred Mannesmann, of the great German manufacturing firm of Mannesmann & Mulag; and myself. The one other was a Berlin artist, by name Follbehr, who, having the run of the army, was going out daily to do quick studies in water colors in the trenches and among the batteries. He did them remarkably well, too, seeing that any minute a shell might come and spatter him all over his own drawing board.

All the rest, though, were generals and colonels and majors, and such—youngish men mostly. Excluding our host I do not believe there was a man present who had passed fifty years of age; but the General was nearer seventy than fifty, being one of the veterans of the Franco-Prussian War, whom their Emperor had ordered out of desk jobs in the first days of August to shepherd his forces in the field.

At his call they came—Von Heeringen and Von Hindenberg and Von Zwehl, to mention three names that speedily became catchwords round the world—with their gray heads full of Prussian war tactics; and very soon their works had justified the act of their imperial master in choosing them for leadership, and now they had new medals at their throats and on their breasts—to overlay the old medals they won back in 1870-71.

The Polyglots of the German Army

LIKE most of the older officers of the German Army I met, Von Heeringen spoke no English, in which regard he was excessively unlike ninety per cent of the younger officers. Among them it was an uncommon thing in my experience to find one who did not know at least a smattering of English and considerably more than a smattering of understandable French. Even that marvelous organism, the German private soldier, was apt to astonish you at unexpected moments by answering in fair-enough English the questions you put to him in fractured and dislocated German.

Not once or twice, but a hundred times during my cruising about in Belgium and Germany and France this fall, I laboriously unloaded a string of crippled German nouns and broken-legged adjectives and unsocketed verbs on a hickory-looking sentry, only to have him reply to me in my own tongue. It would come out then that he had been a waiter at a British seaside resort or a steward on a Hamburg-American liner; or, oftener still, that he had studied English at the public schools in his native town of Kiel, or Coblenz, or Dresden, or elsewhere.

The officers' English, as I said before, was nearly always ready and lubricant. To one who spoke no French and not enough German to hurt him, this proficiency in language on



A Battery of German Field Artillery

all the remote kinsfolk a fellow has. How much easier, then, to throw oneself on the superior educational qualifications of the German military machine! Somebody was sure to have a linguistic life net there, rigged and ready for you to drop into.

It was so in this instance, as it has been so in many instances before and since. The courteous gentlemen who sat at my right side and at my left spoke in German or French or English as the occasion suited.

Peaceful Hospitalities in the Midst of War

CONSIDERING that we were supposed to be at the front, the food was good, there being a soup, and the invariable veal, on which a German buttresses the solid foundations of his dinner, a salad and fruit, red wine and white wine, and brandy. Also, there were flies amounting in numbers to a great multitude.

The talk, like the flies, went to and fro about the table; and always it was worth hearing, since it dealt largely with first-hand experiences in the very heart of the fighting. Yet I must add that not all the talk was talk of war. In peaceful Aix-la-Chapelle, whence we had come, the people knew but one topic. Here, on the forward frayed edge of the battle line, the men who had that day played their part in battle occasionally spoke of other things.

I recall there was a discussion between Captain von Theobald, of the Artillery, and Major Humplmayer, of the Automobile Corps, on the merits of a painting that filled one of the panels in the big, handsome, overdecorated hall. The major won, which was natural enough, since, in time of peace, he was by way of being a collector of and dealer in art objects at Munich.

Somebody else mentioned big-game shooting. For five minutes, then, or such a matter, the ways of big game and the ways of shooting held the interest of half a dozen men at our curve of the table.

In such an interlude as this the listener might almost have lulled himself into the fancy that, after all, there was no war; that these courteous, gray-coated, shoulder-strapped gentlemen were not at present engaged in the business of killing their fellowmen; that this building wherein we sat, with its florid velvet carpets underfoot and its too-heavy chandeliers overhead, was not the captured château of the governor of a French province; and that the clear-eyed, white-bearded, deep-voiced old man who sat just opposite was not the commander of sundry hundreds of thousands of fighting men with guns in their hands, but surely was no more and no less than the elderly lord of the manor, who, having a fancy for regimentals, had put on his and had pinned some glittering baubles on his coat and then had invited a few of his friends and neighbors in for a simple dinner on this fine evening of the young autumn.

Yet we knew that already the war had taken toll of nearly every man in uniform who was present about this board. General von Heeringen's two sons, both desperately wounded, were lying in field hospitals—one in East Prussia, the other in Northern France not many miles from where we were. His second in command had two sons—his only two sons—killed in the same battle three weeks before. When, a few minutes

the part of the German standing army was a precious boon. The ordinary double-barreled dictionary of phrases had already disclosed itself as a most unsatisfying volume in which to put one's trust. It was wearing on the disposition to turn the leaves trying to find out how to ask somebody to pass the butter and find instead whole pages of parallel columns of translated sentences given over to such questions as "Where is the aunt of my stepfather's second cousin?"

As a rule a man does not go to Europe in time of war to look up his relatives by marriage. He may even have gone there to avoid them! War is terrible enough without lugging in

earlier, I had heard this I had stared at him, curious to see what marks so hard a stroke would leave on a man. I had seen only a grave middle-aged gentleman, very attentive to the consul who sat beside him, and very polite to us all.

Prince Scharemberg-Lippe, whom we had passed driving away from the Prefecture in his automobile as we drove to it in ours, was the last of four brothers. The other three were killed in the first six weeks of fighting. Our own guide, Captain Mannesmann, had heard only the day before, when we stopped at Hirson—just over the border from Belgium—that his cousin had won the Iron Cross for conspicuous courage, and within three days more was to hear that this same cousin had been sniped from ambush during a night raid down on the left wing.

Nor had death been overly stingy to the members of the Staff itself. We gathered as much from chance remarks. And so, as it came on toward eight o'clock, I caught myself watching certain vacant chairs at our table and at the two smaller tables in the next room with a strained curiosity.

One by one the vacant chairs filled up. At intervals the door behind me would open and an officer would clank in, powdered over with the dust of the French roads. He would bow ceremoniously to his chief and then to the company generally, slip into an unoccupied chair, give an order over his shoulder to a soldier-waiter, and at once begin to eat his dinner with the air of a man who has earned it.

After a while there was but one place vacant at our table; it was next to me. I could not keep my eyes away from it. It got on my nerves—that little gap in the circle; that little space of white linen, bare of anything but two unfilled glasses. To me it had become as portentous as an unscrewed coffin lid. No one else seemed to notice it. Cigars had been passed round and the talk eddied casually back and forth with the twisty smoke wreaths.

An orderly drew the empty chair back with a thump. I think I jumped! A slender man, whose uniform fitted him as though it had been his skin, was sitting down beside me. Unlike those who came before him, he had entered so quietly that I had not sensed his coming. I heard the soldier call him Excellency; and I heard him tell the soldier not to give him any soup. We swapped commonplaces, I telling him what my business there was; and for a little while he pried his knife and fork busily, making the heavy gold curb chain on his left wrist tinkle musically.

The Evening Benediction

"I'M RATHER glad they did not get me this afternoon," he said as though to make conversation with a stranger. "This is first-rate veal—better than we usually have here." "Get you?" I said. "Who wanted to get you?" "Our friends, the enemy," he answered. "I was in one of our trenches rather well toward the front, and a shell or two struck just behind me. I think, from their sound, they were French shells."

This debonaire gentleman, as presently transpired, was Colonel von Scheller, for four years counsel to the German Embassy at Washington, more lately minister for foreign affairs of the kingdom of Saxony, and now doing staff duty in the ordnance department here at the German center. He had the sharp brown eyes of a courageous fox terrier, a mustache that turned up at the ends, and a most beautiful command of the English language and its American idioms. He hurried along with his dinner and soon he had caught up with us.

"I suggest," he said, "that we go out on the terrace to drink our coffee. It is about time for the French to start their evening benediction, as we call it. They usually quit firing their heavy guns just before dark, and usually begin again at eight and keep it up for an hour or two."

So we two took our coffee cups and our cigars in our hands and went out through a side passage to



A German Motor-Drawn Gun With Caterpillar Feet

the terrace, and sat on a little iron bench, where a shaft of light, from a window of the room we had just quit, showed a narrow streak of flowering plants beyond the bricked walk and a clump of red and yellow woodbine on a low wall.

The rest lay in blackness; but I knew, from what I had seen before dusk came, that we must be somewhere near the middle of a broad terrace—a hanging garden rather—full of sundials and statues and flower beds, which overhung the southern face of the Hill of Laon, and from which, in daylight, a splendid view might be had of wooded slopes falling away into wide, flat valleys, and wide, flat valleys rising again to form more wooded slopes.

I knew, too, from what I remembered, that the plateau immediately beneath us was flyspecked with the roofs of small abandoned villages; and that the road which ran straight from the base of the heights toward the remote river was a-crawl with supply wagons and ammunition wagons going forward to the German batteries, seven miles away, and with scouts and messengers in automobiles and on motor cycles, and the day's toll of wounded in ambulances coming back from the front.

We could not see them when we went to the parapet and looked downward into the black gulf below, but the rumbling of the wheels and the panting of the motors came up to us. With these came, also, the remote music of those queer little trumpets carried by the soldiers who ride beside the drivers of German military automobiles; and this sounded as thinly and plaintively to our ears as the cries of sandpipers heard a long way off across a windy beach.

We could hear something else too: the evening benediction had started. Now fast, now slow, like the beating of a feverish pulse, the guns sounded in faint throbs; and all along the horizon from southeast to southwest, and back again, ran flares and waves of a sullen red radiance. The light flamed high at one instant—like fireworks—and at the next it died almost to a glow, as though a great bed of peat coals or a vast limekiln lay on the farthestmost crest of the next chain of hills. It was the first time I had ever seen artillery fire at night, though I had heard it often enough by then in France and in Belgium, and even in Germany; for when the wind blew out of the west we could hear in Aix-la-Chapelle the faint booming of the great cannons before Antwerp, days and nights on end.

I do not know how long I stood and looked and listened. Eventually I was aware that the courteous Von Scheller, standing at my elbow, was repeating something he had already stated at least once.

"Those brighter flashes you see, apparently coming from below the other lights, are our guns," he was saying. "They seem to be below the others because they are nearer to us. Personally I don't think these evening volleys do very

much damage," he went on as though vaguely regretful that the dose of death by night should be so scanty, "because it is impossible for the men in the outermost observation pits to see the effect of the shots; but we answer, as you notice, just to show the French and English we are not asleep."

Those iron vespers lasted, I should say, for the better part of an hour. When they were ended we went indoors. Everybody was assembled in the long hall of the Prefecture, and a young officer was smashing out marching songs on the piano. The Berlin artist made an art gallery of the billiard table and was exhibiting the water-color sketches he had done that day—all very dashing and spirited in their treatment, though a bit splashy and scrambled-eggish as to the use of the pigments.

The Unsafest Job in the Army

EVERY young man, with the marks of a captain on his shoulders and collar, came in and went up to General von Heeringen and showed him something—something that looked like a very large and rather ornamental steel coal scuttle which had suffered from a serious personal misunderstanding with an ax. The elongated top of it, which had a fluted, rudderlike adornment, made you think of Siegfried's helmet in the opera; but the bottom, which was squashed out of shape, made you think of a total loss.

When the general had finished looking at this object we all had a chance to finger it. The young captain seemed quite proud of it and bore it off with him to the dining room.

It was what remained of a bomb, and had been loaded with slugs of lead and those iron cherries that are called shrapnel. A French flyer had dropped it that afternoon with intent to destroy one of the German captive balloons and its operator. The young officer was the operator of the balloon in question. It was his daily duty to go aloft, at the end of a steel tether, and bob about for seven hours at a stretch, studying the effects of the shell fire and telephoning down directions for the proper aiming of the guns. He had been up seven hundred feet in the air that afternoon, with no place to go in case of accident, when the Frenchman came over and tried to hit him.

"It struck within a hundred meters of me," called back the young captain as he disappeared through the dining-room doorway. "Made quite a noise and tore up the earth considerably."

"He was lucky—the young Herr Captain," said Von Scheller—"luckier than his predecessor. A fortnight ago one of the enemy's flyers struck one of our balloons with a bomb and the gas envelope exploded. When the wreckage reached the earth there was nothing much left of the operator—poor fellow!—except the melted buttons on his coat. There are very few safe jobs in this army, but being a captive-balloon observer is one of the least safe of them all."

I had noted that the young captain wore in the second buttonhole of his tunic the black-and-white-striped ribbon and the black-and-white Maltese Cross; and now when I

looked about me I saw that at least every third man of the present company likewise bore such a decoration. I knew the Iron Cross was given to a man only for most gallant conduct in time of war at the peril of his life.

A desire to know a few details beset me. Humplmayer, the scholarly art dealer, was at my side. He had it too—the Iron Cross of the first class.

"You won that lately?" I began, touching the ribbon.

"Yes," he said; "only the other day I received it."

"And for what, might I ask?" said I, pressing my advantage.

"Oh," he said, "I've been out quite a bit in the night air lately. You know we Germans are desperately afraid of night air."

Later I learned—though not from Humplmayer—that he had for a period of



A Regiment of Uhlans on the March

THE PHOENIX *By Richard Washburn Child*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

BACK TO BODBANK

THE Phoenix, contrary to mythology, is not a bird. It is a hotel.

Phoenixes, no doubt, are legion. This Phoenix, like the creature of mythology, rose from the flames. The Great Fire destroyed the downtown district of Bodbank, Illinois, in 1885. The old hotel, from whose ancient balconies ante-bellum river gamblers were said to have watched the white, twin-stacked, filigreed steamers on the slothful brown flux of the Mississippi, and on whose old registers the signature of Abraham Lincoln appeared several times, was the American House.

The Phoenix, financed by the Board of Trade to show Bodbank spirit, and by patriotic and prominent citizens who now sleep peacefully in the Colfax Cemetery, to which the car line has been extended, has of course been superseded in modern improvements by the Bodbank, built in 1913, with elevators, and with telephones in every room. But even now, to many of us, the Phoenix is still the Phoenix.

The Bodbank doubtless uses butter in its cuisine; but where can the equal of the Saturday night vegetable hash, as served at the Phoenix, be found—lard or no lard? At the Bodbank music is furnished from concert disk records on the mezzanine floor; but who would not prefer the tunes whanged out on the old piano by some moving-picture-house actorine who wandered into the musty old ladies' parlor of the Phoenix, to become inspired by the steel engraving hanging there of bride and groom, in stiff clothes and crockery embrace, entitled, *Alone At Last*?

At the Bodbank the beds are of brass; but who can fail in deeper respect for the black-walnut caravans of rest, decorated with grape and flower clusters, and hallowed by the sleep of the varied and the just who have put up at the Phoenix night after night for these many solemn-moving years?

The Bodbank automobile bus is mirrored with new black enamel to dazzle the eyes of travelers in the Bodbank station at the foot of Main Street; the Phoenix bus is much more like the Deadwood original and genuine Coach exhibited for a price in Wild West shows in many places, all over the civilized world—often simultaneously. But who would not find more romance riding in it with those visitors to Bodbank who are more economical—and human—in the choice of hostelry?

The manager of the Bodbank is a gentleman imported from Chicago, who sits in an inner office, with an adding machine and his stenographer, Lizzie Adams, of the old Bodbank Hardware Store family, and an intercommunicating telephone and a case of dyspepsia. The manager and proprietor of the Phoenix is Rufus P. Holland, answering to the name of Rufe if the address is over fifty years of age—a gray landlord, mellowed by the rubbing of human beings against him, glad that the living are alive and the dead at ease at last.

If I could paint him I should do so with his short, waddling body standing in front of a chromatic print of a steamship in a golden-oak and flyspecked frame—the kind once furnished by transatlantic lines and put up all over the Phoenix walls. I should show his portrait with the lines that life had engraved on his face; there would be the old, yellow fool dog in the corner, and the same old perpetual slip of wood in the corner of Holland's mouth which led Judge Antrim to say that if he were to lay out Rufe for burial he should put a toothpick between his lips, "in pursuance of the propriety and art of undertaking."

And as between the Bodbank and the Phoenix who, having R. P. Holland in mind, would wish to choose among Bodbank hotels the lesser of the two evils? Who would sit in the lobby of the Bodbank if, instead, he could sit with Rufe in the Back Room at the Phoenix?

Certainly there was no hesitancy of choice in a particular group of Bodbank's best citizens. Would the gentlemen



"The Count Passes a Remark. It Was Somethin' About Daria!"

choose the modern house? Not Malachi Sturges, the stove manufacturer, for forty years maker of the Blizzard King. Not Michael Lynch, who since 1861 had held the wholesale liquor trade of the upper river-crossing towns—the man who gave the stained-glass windows and still wore concealed in his puckered face the same two untarnished Irish blue eyes of the boy who had come from the bog country where the homespun smell of the peat smoke. Not Judge Antrim, from across the river, a Justice of the Supreme Court, who always came in blowing his nose under a silk handkerchief as large as a tablecloth, and was accused by Lynch of using this device to hide his features from the observation of those who might see His Honor entering the Back Room.

Not Dr. Caleb Reeve, with dandruff on his coat collar, and his eternal puffing through thin, judicial lips, to indicate that nothing was certain and no opinion could be expressed to-day which would not have to be moderated or changed to-morrow. Not Gunn—George Henry Gunn—the former Superintendent of Schools, author of *Reform in Preparatory Education*—printed privately; of *A Pedagogue's Holiday: a Novel*—printed privately; and of *The Romance of Epictetus*—a prose poem, mimeographed. He was a man wearing, above a feather-duster beard, an expression described by Rufe as "sad and pale and long." He was always worrying about the Middle West and "its virility, its culture and its thought"; and defending the Middle West as though that thing known as the Middle West could cause worry or need defense!

Not those several others who belonged to the Back Room Club. Not old Boeville, who, to hide his gray hair, used something that, when he leaned back, many evenings left a streak on the blue wall paint above the chair rail. Not Dame, the Apple Prince, who lived out at Dameville; nor Jamieson; nor Hibberd Shirley, who once ran for Lieutenant-Governor, principally because his father was the famous H. Shirley, who controlled the Republican conventions; or Shook, the growling president of the Bodbank Trust Company, who, remembering the days before the railroad came, claimed the credit for having brought it, and who, when opportunity offers, having had his mustache trimmed, now goes down to Washington to the hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to testify against it.

The Back Room Club, in its exclusive list, has the mellow old male souls of the growing, exuberant city of Bodbank. Many of its members are prevented by sniffling social distinctions from meeting one another in their homes. Socially, therefore, the Back Room Club has been a democracy; but many of the rich and powerful in Bodbank are barred from the warmth of the Phoenix Back Room. Intellectually the Back Room is an aristocracy.

The black ball of the Back Room is silence. Many a man has dared to take a seat in the circle of warmth from the Sturges Blizzard King Heater, 1891 Model, to find himself in a cloud of gloom, the disappearance of which would disclose the fact that, one by one, the members had left; and, at last, the stranger was alone with R. P. Holland. Whereupon Rufe would stare at the ceiling, with his

toothpick moving up and down, or enter into conversation—with his dog.

"What these old boys sit here for," says Michael Lynch, "is to set down on the immortal pages of history the things av no consequence whatever that happens in Bodbank and, accordingly, is so vital to the life av a nation. If a furriner would want to know the essentials of the extract, elixir and essence of America, let him hang his hat on the horns of the moth-eaten caribou behind the Phoenix desk, an' then, lookin' as human as he may, stroll into the Back Room, appearin' to have nothin' to do except to listen to his betters. 'Tis there he'll recover from the impression of America he may have got from Broadway.

"Let him, in the precincts of them hallowed and narrow walls, decorated with pictures of still life, including strawberries an' a buckin' broncho, worship the goddess Taciturnus, who, bein' a woman, presides, with much talk, over Silence. There, fergettin' the newest and tallest office building of seven stories across the way, and other evils of modern times, he may learn the wisdom of Aesop from the gossip of ex-congressmen, trust magnates, liquor dealers like me, and other outcasts who are barred from everything except the support of churches, schools, hospitals an' political parties. Let him see the Judge, and the Doc and the others lick their chops over the prospect of tellin' somethin' about Bodbank—tellin' somethin' old to somethin' new!"

The evening after Lynch had said this to me a very fat man who registered at the Phoenix came into the Back Room and, clearing his throat, looked at Judge Antrim, at Bosville, at Hibberd Shirley and Rufe, at whom he smiled with the eternal fraternity of fat. "Weather, gentlemen!" said he, disdaining to define the drizzle outside.

Weather, of course, without adjectives, describes tempests, droughts, floods, thunder, sunshine, cloud-bursts, cold, dampness, heat, moonlight, changes, humidity, blue sky, cyclones, snow, frost, thaws, slush, crops, retail business. Say "Weather!" and you mean a surprise or violence of Nature which every one knows is going on. Rub your palms as you say the phrase—it is pleasant; shake your head—and it is serious; shrug your shoulders—it is monotonous. Only those who are not philosophers use adjectives with "weather"; without adjectives and with unctious the word is not only a comment on the state of the day or night—it is a greeting or a good-by; a statement of one's bodily well-being or a complaint of infirmity; an invitation to pay attention or merely a promise to listen.

Those Bodbankers recognized at once that a New Yorker was in their midst, had greeted them and, with wisdom, had delivered a promise to listen. Each member of the Back Room Club, hungry, as one might say, to disgorge a narrative, began to jockey for a start.

Here was displayed the finest strategy. The Judge had a blizzard story. So he said:

"Yes, sir; your terse mention of the weather is no terser and expressive than that of Caleb Littlefield, the Federal District Attorney, who tried the Dodson murder case in the old courthouse, since burned down."

He paused, with the fingertips of his right hand resting against those of his left, his head shaking from side to side, and his eyes staring thoughtfully at Rufe's yellow dog, snoring in the corner.

The fat man from New York scrubbed an imaginary spot on his coat front with his left sleeve. This put the Judge out of the contest.

"Gasoline will take it out," said Shirley. "There used to be a man just outside of town here who was an inventor. He discovered a spot remover. It was his ruin!"

The stranger stared into the red glare from the open door of the Blizzard King and Shirley went down.

"Bad weather for apples," said Dame.

"There was a printer in town here," said Michael Lynch, "who was so fond of apples they called him Windfall Page. He published the Bodbank Pilot; and they do say that along in spring, when he'd not be gettin' any ordinary apples, he'd pay anythin' fer pineapples. In the fall av the year he was huntin' under the trees av strangers; and many a subscription to the Pilot was paid in Baldwins and Black Bens. It was this that led to an adventure with a colleen—an' fame an' fortune."

"The apple-eater copped the beautiful lady?" asked the fat man.

Mike Lynch had won. He put his lean old hand on the stranger's chair and opened his wrinkled eyelids so that the Irish blue of his eyes shone out.

"Twas this way," said he.

"He did—or somebody did."

"Wan av the principal landmarks av Bodbank is Malachi A. Sturges. He makes stoves. His family had an agreement with Destiny to make him a preacher. 'Twas him who broke that contract. A preacher has no chance to be a fortunate offender against the Sherman Law, and Malachi took Amalgamate for his middle name. Union, United, Combination, Pool, Price Agreement or Profit would have done as well. Malachi made the Blizzard King. Jones, over in Quincy, made the Home Glow. Thin Sturges made thim both. At Springfield the Parson's Stove and Furnace Company made the Parson Prince till 1892; thin it was Malachi.

"I won't go on. It was the sad and deplorable story av the survival av the fittest, which is now amended and repealed out av the statute books av Nature. Malachi was goin' fast before Equality av the Competint and Incompetint was passed and engrossed, and he was said to be worth eighteen million four hundred and fifty-six thousand two hundred and twenty-three dollars and sixty-five cents, a part av which came from the oil lands that lie south av us.

"Well, 'twas back in the days whin no wan in Bodbank had servants, and only those who could afford it had help, the difference betchune the two being that servants eat the best av everythin' in the kitchen and the old-style help av the good old Middle-Western days used to take pot-luck with the family.

"The town was laid out by a dog, with a tin can tied to his tail, which jumped off a packet down where the factories and levees are now and ran up the bluffs; and the straight line he made has been called Main Street by every one who has seen it.

"A girl was livin' at the far end av Main Street, within walkin' distance av the grocery; for that was before the days av inaccessible country estates for our best people. Her name was Millie Dakin.

"Millie was always round in the freckle season and her giggle was one av the sweetest in the state. She could flute an apple pie with the best av them; an' she had the arms an' shoulders to which children, chiggers and choosin' men like to go for home.

"The most her family ever had clear of debt was wan av the first lightning-rod outfits in the valley; an' I remember her father used to sing to the melodeon wid a voice that was cross-bred between dirk knives an' megaphones—rest his soul in peace!

"In these days the same Millie is upholstered in black brocade, chiffons, crêpe de Chine, and other Parisian rarities. I do hear a English maid brings the coffee whin she comes to put the curtains up av a mornin'; an' through her influence the family precipitates to little dogs with hay fever, rare editions av the furriner poets, talcum, indigestion and other powders, and the rest av the necessities of a

refined, cultured, intellectual and discriminatin' life.

"Millie would have preferred New York for her declinin' years; but Sturges niver forgot Bodbank, the home of his ancestors, the scene of his boyhood's wild delights, the innocent pastime of makin' money in the good old halcyon days av a single tin-dollar bookkeeper, who couldn't keep track av the profits during the time the farmers av this great and glorious agricultural paradise were makin' up their minds that stoves were better than open fireplaces, which, it is said, contribute most av their feeble warmth in the form av exercise at the woodpile. Sturges could not forget, either, the yearning sentiment for home and the pull av his heartstrings, or the low tax rate of Bodbank. He decided to register from Bodbank. He shut his square jaw to the pleadings av his lady and came back to Bodbank.

"Naturally there was great interest in the return av Malachi and Millie. They'd lived in New York and Paris, and other principal sites.

Some folks, hearin' they were comin' back, pointed out where the old church stood, where they were married, with daisy chains, on June the twenty-second, eighteen-eighty-five—the memorable occasion when salt got into the ice cream. There was stories told by local weather prophets that, at the railroad station, Millie, the happy bride of Croesus of the Stoves, had giggled in her inimitable fashion, an' Malachi had shed a couple of tears—the very picture av a young cap'n of industry who has reached the turning point in his career.

"Since they had less and less been Bodbankers, an' finally not at all—in the years that had slipped by since they had spint their last Christmas here—Bodbank had taken on a home life-insurance company, an automobile fire engine, done in delicate red and gold, a new water filter, creosoted-block pavements, seven new industrial plants, an up-to-date improved and corrupt city government, woman's suffrage, a Great White Way, a public library, the dances that are all right if they are done properly, but which in 1892, done as properly as possible, would have brought out the reserves from Station A.

"The years had also brought twelve thousand people, with strange native customs, from places such as Palermo, Bosnia, Bulgaria, the Bosphorus an' Boston. It might be expected that the Sturges family would be impressed with Bodbank; everybody who niver had been out av town was aghast at Bodbank.

"But a currency of suspicion was made legal tender that the Sturgeses was stuck-up. The meaning of this is well known an' seldom analyzed. Stuck-up people are thim who are so unfortunate as to have been away and got gowns, fur overcoats, a shave, property worth putting initials on, loss av memory, and some pounds av fat. 'Tis



"'The Found a Pile of Apples and Sat Down Beside 'Em; So I Had to Stay Away for Two Hours an' a Half'"

figures like nymphs, an' nine million apiece," says I.

"What'll the old man do about it?" says Toomey, resurgin' with sympathy.

"God wot!" says I. "Poor Malachi!" I says.

"'Twas not long after that day that Sturges came to see me. Not since he'd come back had I looked at him so close before as whin he came between the casks an' bottles to my office, that looks out over the river. It was fine corn weather; the sweat was streamin' down his powerful face.

"Greetin's, Malachi," says I.

"'Tis fine to be called by that name again, Mike," he says to me. "Av course, Millie don't understand; because a woman, no matter how fine she be, is a tigress fer society an' puttin's-on whin she is raisin' female young. But I've been lonesome," he says. "I spint twice a hundred thousand in New York one winter, and as much again on the Continent tryin' to attract attention to the kind av folks we were. But whin you spind money to get into society it all runs downhill; I made a great reputation with waiters, real-estate agents, chauffeurs and these social climbers, and I only touched a high spot occasionally. It was no man's sport—it was not like makin' stoves. An' thin I got to dreamin' about real folks—those in Bodbank."

"He stopped there.

"It was just like ould Erin to you, I suppose," says I.

"I wouldn't listen to Millie, who says I was ruinin' the chances for a marriage for the twins—Doris an' Gwen—who we christened Arabelle and Daisy before we knew any better," says he, goin' on. "No; I wouldn't listen. I planned how I'd build a place in the country big enough to hold all the Bodbankers who would come out. I put up a tennis court for the young folks, an' I built a smokin' den for the old fools I used to know; an' I built arbors for sparkin' couples. An', so help me! there hasn't been a single soul out to even say 'Howdy?' since I come back to Bodbank."

"Whin a man calls me Malachi I feel like bustin' out! I'm lonesome as a wet cat pushed off the hind end av a river boat during the fall equinox. There is four desirable young persons in trousers out at the house makin' love to Gwen and Doris—but under no construction could you call 'em men without fear av contradiction. Millie lives daily in the hope that one av 'em will get one av my girls; an' I don't dare to say I'd rather see either wan av thim' foolish enough to be a bartender's bride."

"I know," says I. "A time comes to every man whin he wishes fer the ideals an' surroundin's of life which somehow was associated with the good old customs—like helpin' the wife to wipe the dishes," I says.

"Stop!" says he, half jokin' an' half serious. "Stop, man; or ye'll have me in tears!"

"And at that he looked round, a bit surprised, for there had sounded a step behind him. And that step was the step av Windfall Page.

"The young editor, owner and manager av the Bodbank Pilot had sauntered in, munching an apple he had picked up at the Eytalian fruit stand on the corner av River Street and Barnard Avenue. He is a fine-lookin' lad, with a clear eye, tall an' well set up, niver in a hurry, niver hot or noisy, saunterin' through life the way he sauntered into my office, with half a smile. No bad habits—but apples!



"'I'm a Younger Man Than You, Sir; an' You'll Have to Forgive Me for Lettin' You Have it From the Shoulder'"

"Excuse me!" he says, slow an' calm. "Howdy-do, Mr. Sturges?" says he. "I know you, but you don't know me; the reason bein' that you gave the Sturges scholarship to the State University, an' I took it. Thus it is I can say with gratitude that once, a few years ago, we were partners—you furnishing the money an' I the brains."

"He took another bite av the apple an' jumped up so as to sit on the counter."

"Whether I wanted to or not, I heard what you were sayin', Mr. Sturges," he goes on, holdin' the apple out at arm's length an' lookin' at it. "I heard your troubles, sir, an' shall keep the matter confidential; but an idea occurred to me: I run a little daily mornin' paper here in Bodbank. When I've got it established I will start another in some other Mississippi River town, an' then some more of the same. They will be free an' independent, clean an' cheerful; an' more prominence will be given to the birth notices than to the obituaries. Meantime I need advertising, sir—not necessarily display advertising."

"Malachi stared at him with his forehead twisted into a thousand wrinkles—the look av a great cap'n av industry who sees the word 'dollar' comin' toward him or smells the word 'proposition' comin' down the wind."

"Suppose a man comes back to Bodbank," says Windfall. "Old acquaintance has grown rusty. He is not popular. He is a man who left Bodbank when Bodbank was too small for him, an' now he an' Bodbank people don't fit. What does he do? The first thing he does is to show in some way that he is fond av Bodbank and her people."

"The next thing he does is to put out his hand to Bodbank people. This would be easy if he wanted just one class av Bodbank folks, because he could write invitations to a big reception an' housewarmin' for a few select friends; but he would thin be in Dutch with those who didn't get invitations. They'd niver forget it. So there are two objects to be accomplished: First, do something for Bodbank; second, hold out a warm hand to everybody. This can be done by a man of means in wan day."

"How?" asks Malachi with a steel-trap voice.

"An industrial edition av the Pilot; printed, say, up to twenty-five thousand, circulated where it will attract attention to the manufacturin' possibilities in Bodbank, an' furnished to the Board av Trade to send to prospects. There's your contribution to Bodbank."

"Huh!" says Sturges. "And the other thing?"

"Why, in the local edition we will run an inserted page, with a statement from you over your own facsimile signature—a good, straightforward, honest statement, telling how you came back, how Bodbank is home to you, an' invitin' everybody to come out to Dryaden for a housewarmin' an' barbecue."

"What would Millie say?" asks Malachi in a frightened voice. "What would Count Doppelin do? But I don't care, young man. What will it cost? The idea is prime!"

"Windfall threw the core out the window and challenged the old man with his own clear eyes."

"No; it is not prime," he said. "I'd make money by it, but it's a rotten idea. You couldn't do worse. This may make you mad. I'm a younger man than you, sir; an' you'll have to forgive me for lettin' you have it from the shoulder. The idea is a punk idea. Why? Because no self-respectin' community wants any private individual to do its boommin' for it. It gives the impression that he is bigger than the town; an' he isn't—not even you. American towns are like American folks—neither av 'em wants to be patted on the head."

"Furthermore, it makes you look like a prize fighter chucking money to the newsboys; even the newsboys have got the name an' number av a man who tries to buy respect with coin. You niver get delivery when you write love or respect on a bill of sale. And when you invite the Bodbankers out wholesale to a party they will think you are gettin' ready to spraddle some ambition av your own. Hospitality that's real never has a bass drum. Some folks in Bodbank would say you were gettin' ready to run for Congress, but most av 'em would say that you were showin' off. Those that came to the party, Mr. Sturges, would come with thoughts which, if they were spoken aloud, would be a signal to you to call to your grooms an' chauffeurs an' stable boys to kick 'em off your grounds."

"This is an insult to me!" says Malachi with a quiet an' ugly note in his voice.

"No, no; it is not," Windfall says. "It is only to show you that you don't understand or appreciate the folks in Bodbank now any more than they understand or appreciate you. You've made a lot av money an' lost a lot av humanness—that's all. You've grown used to persons an' unused to people. If you came back to Bodbank flat-broke you'd begin to pick up the old strings an' the new that bound you to Bodbank, one by one. That's what you've got to do now. Ask some ole friend out as a beginner. Make him come."

"And if he does I'll take him down in my den," says Malachi thoughtfully. "I won't take him over the place or show him round. I won't make that mistake."

"Wrong again!" says Windfall. "I beg your pardon, sir; but in the old days if you'd built a four-room cottage you'd have shown it to your friends, wouldn't you? Well, show 'em everythin' you've got now. If you don't they'll think you're ashamed av your hundred-thousand-dollar farmhouse."

"Malachi walked up an' down an' looked out at the Mississippi; then he winks at me, sheepishlike. An' at last he turns to young Page an' says:

"What's to-morrow—Sunday?"

"It must be, because the barber's shop under Woodmen's Hall is doin' a fast an' furious business av lyin' to folks about "You're next!" Page says."



"A Dozen Times She Has Joined the Party an' Left the Two Nice New York Boys an' the Count Uptairs in the Saloon"

"Well," says Sturges with a sigh, "I guess you're right. I've lost the hang of bein' human. There ain't any get-rich-quick method in the love an' respect av your neighbors," says he; "but I'll make a start now—to-day—on you," he says. "Come out an' see me to-morrow, Page. Gwen has gone away; but Doris will be home, an'—"

"An' what?" says Page.

"There's an old apple orchard I've had trimmed up an' sprayed; an' the Gravensteins are ripe."

"Don't say another word," Windfall replies. "I'll come."

"He went. A few days later Jim Toomey told me he'd been drivin' past Dryaden with a new sprayin' machine for Dume's farm out on the pike, an' had seen in the Sturges orchard a man lyin' in the grass lookin' up at the sky with a pile of Gravensteins beside him. On the palatial tennis court was the titled furriner bein' beaten by the beautiful Doris, whose motions were those av a nymph at play, whose eyes were dancin' blue, an' hair like the gold av a big dowry; but the man in the orchard was payin' no attention to the game."

"He was Windfall Page."

"An' before Jim Toomey had driven far he saw Malachi, the stove king, come out av the Illinois chateau, go into the orchard, an' lie down near at hand on the grass, as though he was a man who was four months behind on his grocer's bill an' had niver cut a coupon in his life."

"Very strange!" says Jim. "Very strange fer a man av large affairs to be lyin' down on the grass by the roadside!" he says.

"No," says I; "he's tryin' his best not to be a big man. It may disturb his wife, Millie, fer she would prefer him to be in the library writin' letters to designers av coats av arms for limousine doors; but lyin' on the grass gettin' ants in the sparse gray hair about the temples is an excellent thing for a millionaire," I says. "If more av them did it there'd be less die from hardenin' av the arteries," I says.

"Well, as for Page, I think I'd rather be lookin' at Doris Sturges than the sky," says Toomey.

"The sky is less disturbin'," I says.

"But none the less, this set me to thinkin' about Malachi's daughter; an' when I got a chance, one mornin', I calls to Page across Carleton Street along about in front of the old Shirley place, where the iron stag is on the lawn."

"You've been out to Dryaden a good deal since the first," I says. "What's the attraction?"

"Talkin' with the old man," he says.

"What do you talk about?" says I.

"We settle the affairs av the universe," says he. "He's niver undertaken the job before, an' he likes it."

"An' what else?" I asks.

"Well, there's the apples," says he.

"An' what else?" I asks. "Talkin' to Doris, maybe?"

"Oh, no," he says; "I ain't allowed to talk to Doris. That's in the agreement. You'll laugh when you know," he says, an' stands back from me.

"Look at me, Mr. Lynch!" says he. "Look at these shoes av mine, bought at Hodge & Heller's for two-fifty. Surely they're delicately expressive. Look at this suit av clothes, imported from a New York clothing center, where they cut 'em out with steel dies. Look at my necktie. It would pass at a coeducational college, but would niver get by as the decorations for the neck av an eligible," says he.

"I've no titles but A. B. at a seat of learnin' where the price av tuition makes you a charity patient. My mother still darna the family hosiery for recreation in her spare time. It's the great sport of American women. Not so many years ago my father used to shake the furnace with his own hand. I'm a member av the *hoi polloi*. And would you ever look on me as a menace, Mr. Lynch?" he says.

"A menace to what?" I says.

"A menace to a beautiful young lady," says he; "an' particularly one who has been brought up to despise our great national mediocrity, to loathe all but the most polished manners, and to fear the cruel fate av bein' married to a man who has niver been photographed at the New York horse show. Could you believe that I would be a source of terror to the mamma of a creature who can look almost as well in a little simple five-hundred-dollar tea gown as she would look in something less ridiculous, picked up among the markdowns?"

"You spoke av an agreement," I says.

"I did," says he. "Prisently, an' confidentially, I'll tell you av it. It is only necessary to state beforehand that Mrs. Sturges went to our fellow citizen, the stove king, an' opined that I was a menace. She could not say how much av a menace I was, because young girls between the age av nineteen might be foolish—an', again, might not be, with the betting odds in favor of the affirmative. For her part, she could not believe any daughter av hers, who might make a brilliant marriage, would pay attention to any man who once wore a shirt with detachable cuffs and whose male parent used a mustache cup with a gilt Father on the side av it. So Malachi came to me."

"Since you've been comin' out here," he says, "I'm more human. I feel less like a director," says he. "For heaven's sake, don't stop comin'. But I must ask you to do wan thing—keep away from Doris. Give me your promise."

"I told him the promise was idle, because Doris was sure to keep away from me; but he told me what his wife had said, an' he made me shake his hand when I agreed to do what he asked."

"I suppose Malachi expected you to run if Doris came near, an' hide behind the sofa when she entered the room," I says. "An', no doubt, if she was to cast her big blue orbs at you, you was to yawn an' look at the ceiling."

(Continued on Page 28)

THE PRIVATE WAR

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE



A REAL war correspondent—not one of the I—I—Me boys, but a real one—who had been in several wars, and who had violated all the rules of the game, as it is carried on at present, by sending back to his paper an occasional paragraph about the war instead of long cablegrams about himself—a real one—came into a gathering of his kind.

He had a slip of white paper in his hand and a look of great joy on his freckled face. He pulled up a chair, sat down, ordered a lemon squash, and waved his slip of paper in the smoky air.

"Here it is!" he said.

"Here's what?" somebody asked.

"Proof that they're going to let us go."

"Go where?"

"To the front, you blighter—to the front!"

"What sort of proof? Is it an order from Kitchener or an invitation from Joffre?"

"Neither. It's a pass."

Every man in the party looked at the newcomer—looked at him compassionately and not without misgivings, for he is a good chap and well liked.

"For the love of Mike," said an American finally, "go home and get some sleep! You are losing your grasp of things! I've got a trunkful of passes, and so has everybody here; and we're nearer the front now than we shall be three weeks from now!"

"But," protested the newcomer, "this is a pass that means business. It's a pass for a horse!"

"That's interesting," said an Englishman, "provided you have a horse that can use a typewriter and is capable of describing his incredible hardships in search of a few oats to sustain him while dashing from point to point amid shot and shell, in order that the public may be fully informed as to his own experiences and emotions and conclusions as to the proper strategy to be employed by the humans who are directing things. Otherwise it appears to me to be nothing more than a unique addition to your collection of permits that get you nowhere."

"You don't understand," answered the newcomer. "You don't get it. This, as you will perceive, is a pass for a horse."

He handed over the slip of paper. It was exactly what he said it was—a pass for a horse. It was a brief statement in typewriting, on a sheet of official paper used by the British War Office, which explained to all whom it might concern that the bearer, one of the regularly accredited

correspondents to accompany the British Expeditionary Force into France, was thereby entitled to take with him one horse for his personal use; and that said horse was to receive, at the hands of all and sundry, exactly the same kind and considerate treatment that the horse's master was to receive, was not to be swiped by any English soldier in need of a mount, and was to have all equine comforts that might be procurable.

Also, there was a space wherein the age, sex, nationality and color of said horse were to be inserted. There was no space for the horse's name, which seemed to be an oversight.

"Well," rasped another Englishman, "what does this document prove, save that when you go you won't have to walk, and that the War Office is willing you should spend a hundred pounds or so for a nag?"

"What does it prove?" shouted the man with the pass. "What does it prove? Why, it proves everything! It's conclusive. It means we are about to get to the front. You don't suppose the War Office would put us to the trouble and expense of buying horses for ourselves, and go to the length of issuing passes for those horses, unless the War Office really intends to send us out with the army, do you?"

The oldest man in the party, who has been dealing with British officials for years in a writing way, lighted a cigarette, smiled, adjusted his eyeglass and said softly:

"My boy, it is my firm conviction that Lord K. and the rest, as our American friend here might phrase it, are stringing you."

"Impossible!" protested the man with the pass. "I tell you we shall be off in a few days now."

Well, that was about the first of September; and, as I write this weeks afterward, those correspondents are not off yet, except as they have gone individually and not officially or in an accredited manner. As the elderly English writing man put it, Lord K. and the rest were stringing them. Neither correspondents nor horses are at the front; and neither correspondents nor horses will be at the front. It is the firm conviction of Lord Kitchener, as it is of General Joffre, that there will be ample time to print things about this war after the war is over. At present they consider it a private and exclusive affair, and no part of the business of the people save in the incidental necessity of supplying men and money for its prosecution.

Lord K's Soft Pedal on Real News

THAT episode of the correspondents who were to go with the British Expeditionary Force illuminates the Kitchener idea of the matter of war publicity. It is Kitchener's unshakable opinion that all the news the British need, or should have, concerning the war is comprised in the line: Your King and Your Country Need You! And that is all the British people would get if he could put it over. However, powerful as he is, he is not powerful enough for that; and a few words have occasionally leaked out that were not contained in the official bulletins. The output has been small, however, considering the tremendous size of the conflict, the magnitude of the interests involved, and the cataclysmal consequences that are sure to follow, no matter how it ends. But it must be said, when it comes to discouraging publicity, that Kitchener has succeeded to a greater degree than any person thought was possible at the time the war began.

I am writing now of the first ten weeks of the war, when the interest and the excitement were greatest, and when the British people, plunged suddenly—overnight, indeed—into a war that is a battle for continued national existence, were without news and naturally eager for it: more eager than seemed, owing to the entirely British habit of repression.

The newspapers and every writing man and every news-collecting agency knew, of course, that Great Britain was sending as large a force of soldiers as possible to France to join the French in the effort to hold back the Germans. Naturally the newspapers and the news-collecting agencies wanted to send correspondents with these British soldiers, in order that the British public and the world might know what these soldiers were doing, and for the purpose of informing their readers, at first hand, just how things were progressing.

Immediate and numerous applications were made to the War Office for permission to send capable and responsible men with the expedition. These negotiations occupied some time—two or three weeks, in fact. Then it was decided by the War Office that ten or twelve correspondents might go with the Expeditionary Force, one from each of a selected list of English newspapers. The men were designated.

They were all good men, experienced men, capable men, and men of the highest character and responsibilities. Every one of them had been in wars before. Every one of them had an excellent reputation.

"But," protested the American correspondents in London, "do you mean to say that no American correspondent is to be allowed to go?"

"Bless our souls!" exclaimed the War Office managers. "We hadn't thought of that!"

"And," followed the Canadian newspapers, "do you mean that no representative of the Canadian press is to be in that party—no representative of that great British dependency?"

"Bless our souls!" the Englishmen exclaimed again. "We hadn't thought of that, either."

"Well," chorused the Americans and the Canadians, "think of it, please."

So they devoted quite some time to thought on the subject and ultimately decided that one American correspondent and one Canadian correspondent might go. The designation of the American was left to the Department of State at Washington. Every American in London weighed in for one American, who is eminently fitted for such an assignment; and the Canadians did the same for a Canadian. Thus it was all settled. The force was complete. Ten or twelve—I have forgotten which—correspondents of tried ability and of impeccable reputation were to be sent to the Expeditionary Force in order that there might be adequate recital for the English-speaking people of the world as to the doings of the British soldiers in the field.

"When are we going?" the correspondents asked eagerly. "Presently," assured the War Office. "There are many details to be arranged, you know."

They began arranging the details. They had long consultations with the officer assigned to arrange matters for them, discussing day after day matters of equipment and of privileges, and all that. There could be no possible injury to the British cause, it was held on all sides, by the presence of these men with General French's army, for they were all responsible and patriotic men, and, aside from that, there was a censorship that was rigorous and alert enough to prevent any error or hurtful publication.

The correspondents organized into a mess. They were told how much baggage they might take. Strikers were assigned to them. Their transportation was arranged. One afternoon, I remember, they were in session a long time, discussing with the War Office functionary the sort

of cigars that should be procured. This was important, and was thoroughly threshed out, as were various other similar matters of moment.

This kept them busy for about three weeks. Then, every detail having been arranged and all contingencies provided for, the correspondents began to press in on the War Office, as did their editors, and ask that insistent question: "When are we going?"

"Very soon now," was the reply; "but there is one subject we have not yet taken up—horses. You must each have a horse, you know."

Some of them—not all, but some—went out and tried horses, put them through their paces, and finally bought one each.

"Now," they chorused, "we have the horses. When do we go?"

"Very soon; very soon," soothed the War Office. "Come up to-morrow."

They trooped in on the morrow.

"Here," said the War Office, "is a very important and necessary document for you. We now present you with the passes for your horses."

"But when do we go?"

"Shortly, gentlemen—shortly, quite! Have patience!"

They had such patience as they could for a week or so and became insistent again. At this point it was discovered that there was an obstacle hitherto unsuspected. Greatly to the astonishment of the British War Office, it was learned that General Joffre, in command of the French troops, strenuously objected to the presence of the English correspondents. It was all very astonishing and very perplexing and very embarrassing.

Of course the gentlemen of the press understood that the British War Office was straining every nerve to get these gentlemen to the front; but here was Joffre objecting—a new contingency; as the French themselves might say, a desolating *dénouement*. However, the effort would be continued, and the gentlemen of the press must understand that, though the British War Office was extremely anxious to get them away, General Joffre was in command of the French forces and chief in command in the field, and his wishes must be consulted. It was hoped that General Joffre might be prevailed on. Indeed, the chances were that he would be prevailed on to change his determination; but that would take time and the gentlemen must be patient.

A Fine Example of Passing the Buck

MEANTIME, while the correspondents were patient again, a diversion was created. One day they all received notices that the method of transportation had been changed. After mature consideration by the British War Office it had been decided that the correspondents accredited to the Expeditionary Force would be conveyed up and down the front in automobiles. This decision, of course, nullified the passes for the horses, and left the correspondents with said passed horses on their hands. It was intimated in the notice that the officers in charge of the work of securing remounts for the British Army might purchase those horses, and the locations of several remount stations were given.

It took the correspondents a week or so more to dispose of their horses and saddles and other gear, and then they began to be insistent again. Much to the regret of the War Office General Joffre had not seen fit to change his view; but there was a strong hope that he would become more reasonable within a short time. Hence the gentlemen of

the press must be patient. And over in France the troops were fighting and had been fighting; and Englishmen were being killed and were doing great deeds; and the battle that, as it seemed then, must change the map of the world, was on its bloody and terrific way.

At this juncture some of the more impatient ones went out on their own hook, some going to France and some to Belgium. Inquiries were made. General Joffre was asked, through some one in authority for him, about his objections to the correspondents.

"Objections?" was the polite reply. "Why, there are no objections on our part, save as we object out of courtesy to our ally, Great Britain. France will be very happy to have these correspondents with the army; but naturally, if the British authorities think it wiser not to allow them at the front we can do nothing but bow to that decision."

Whereupon the situation became reasonably clear. The British War Office was using the French as the obstacle, and the French were doing the same thing with the British. It was a simple and efficacious case of passing the buck. And it became somewhat apparent that neither side had any intention of allowing correspondents to go to the front. However, the British press was complaining, and so were the people; and the British War Office sent an officer over to the front who contributed communications under the pseudonym of An Eyewitness. Also, a very capable writer prepared some official dispatches for General French.

This did not prevent a final assault on the War Office by the regularly accredited correspondents who were to go with the Expeditionary Force. That assault was made. It happened on a day late in September.

"Gentlemen," said the officer in charge of the fortunes—or misfortunes—of the regularly accredited conclave, "I am happy to assure you that General Joffre has withdrawn his objections. It is all arranged. It is now merely a matter of official confirmation. All we need is the final consent of Lord Kitchener. That, as you understand, is a mere formality. Wait here and I will secure it."

He went out of the room. Half an hour later he returned. "When do we go?" shouted the eager correspondents.

"Gentlemen," replied the officer, "I regret to inform you that Lord Kitchener says you cannot go at all."

Of course this does not mean that there has not been printed about this war more words, more columns, more pages and more volumes than were ever before printed in a similar length of time about anything that ever happened in this world—not that. What it does mean is that, so far as the actual relation of actual occurrences actually witnessed by trained observers in the zone of action, there has been less printed than ordinarily would be printed about a football championship final.

There have been reams, tons, libraries, oceans of second-hand stuff written and printed. The actual first-hand stuff, seen by the eyes of the men who do the writing, could all be put in one issue of a twenty-page newspaper, provided the official communications were not included—and might be if they were. And the official communications are prepared by men, not at the front, who do what they choose with the dispatches from the officers who are at the front.

I am not arguing the merits or demerits of this plan. I am stating the fact. It may be a good plan or it may be a bad plan. Whether or not, it is the plan. As I had occasion to state at the time of our impending difficulty with Mexico last spring, the war correspondent has ceased to exist. Also, there is a bad crimp in the war reporter. This war is

different from any other war—greater; more disastrous; not subject to any comparison or to be measured by anything that has ever happened.

Also, the reporting of it is different. The whole scheme of war publicity has been revised—or rejected, to use a better word—so far as the Allies are concerned. Lord Kitchener and General Joffre have attended to that.

When you come down to the finalities of war, the real news of any war is of the successive battles that lead to victory or defeat, which side won those battles, and how many were killed in the winning and the losing. So far as it is discoverable, Kitchener's idea is that a battle is nobody's business except the business of the men who plan it and the men who fight; or, in a broader sense, a campaign is the business of nobody except those who plan and execute it, until such time as he—Lord Kitchener—being in supreme command, sees fit to let the public in on that business and inform them of what has happened.

Doesn't Care to Get in the Papers

KITCHENER does not recognize any right the public may have to information. He does not admit that the war is anything other than a task, of whatever magnitude it may be; and that the task is imposed on him. Wherefore he intends to do what he chooses in the circumstances; and whenever he deems it advisable he will tell what he has done—never what he is doing; and if the public does not like his method the public is at liberty to get another chief.

There is little doubt that if Kitchener could have his way he would go to war, fight that war, win it or lose it, and after all was over announce the result in one of two bulletins: "We won!" or "We lost!"—and let it go at that. He has no sympathy with any method or manner of information. Likewise he has no fear—not an atom—of the mediums of publicity. He does not care a snap of his fingers what the writers or the papers or the public or the world says about him and his methods, or thinks about him and his methods. His job is his job. He does that job as he wants to do it. The results are thus and so. Take these results or leave them, and be hanged to you!

Now that is not the English view or the British view from choice. English newspapers are enterprising. They are good newspapers of their kind, restricted in their activities by a rather severe code of libel and other laws, which may be excellent or may not be, but which are there. However, when a big thing happens it has been the custom of the English newspapers to handle it and describe it in a big way.

Here is the biggest thing that ever happened in this world, and if they could do as they would choose the English newspapers would handle it in a manner befitting its importance. They are not printing all this mass of rumor and conjecture and bare official dispatches, and all that, because they want to, but because they have to. Kitchener has attended to that end—Kitchener, who does not give a whoop for all the editors and all the newspapers and all the correspondents in the universe!

He is big enough and powerful enough to make the Kitchener view of handling and communicating news of this war the prevailing view up to a certain point. He cannot prevent or does not try to prevent the display of long dispatches describing inconsequential happenings, or of personal experiences of men wandering round as near the zone of battle in France and Belgium as they can

(Continued on Page 27)



DRINK BY HENRY J. BULLEN

Peter and the Prescription

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE



"There's No Such Thing as Chance on a Race-Track. It's Nothing But a Great Big Gambling Game to Trim the Jockey Public."

IT WAS eight-fifteen on a Monday morning—high time for the desk slaves of Morgan, Evans & Company to be at their several tasks; but one tall stool was unoccupied and Peter Plymire, the billing clerk, gazed at it with grave misgivings.

The absence of his deskmate confirmed certain gloomy suspicions that had poisoned Peter's Sabbath. The vacant stool was not a surprise; it was a corroboration. Saturday had been pay day and Jonesey had a habit of being late after pay days. An intervening Sunday only served as an aggravating complication in that it gave Jonesey an additional twenty-four hours in which to exchange his cash balance for a dark-brown taste and a jumpy set of nerves, Jonesey being what the plodding Peter—half contemptuously, half enviously—called a sport.

Some may say that a young man cannot be a sport on seventy dollars a month. Wrong, all wrong. The best—or worst—that any prodigal can do is to spend his last cent, a feat which Jonesey managed to accomplish with distressing frequency—distressing, because when in this penniless condition it was his custom to borrow insignificant sums from the frugal Peter.

"A live one for two days and a dead one for thirteen or fourteen," the cheerful spendthrift was wont to remark, the same being another way of saying that the clerks in the employ of Morgan, Evans & Company were paid twice a month. The last half of February was quite naturally the brightest spot upon Jonesey's calendar. Peter lifted his eyes to the clock and sighed. He had reason to sigh, for Jonesey owed him ten dollars and to Peter ten dollars was no insignificant sum. What particularly annoyed Peter was that Jonesey had made no mention of the matter at noon on Saturday when the semimonthly envelopes had been distributed. Worse than that, he had hurried away from the office without giving Peter an opportunity to drop a delicate hint. Is it any wonder that this particular ten loomed large among Peter's doubts and fears and shrank to the vanishing point when regarded as an asset?

"He might have said he was a little short, or something," thought Peter in bitterness of spirit. "I wouldn't have boned him for the money if he'd made some sort of an excuse. Now he'll blow it all in and goodness knows when I'll get it back. . . . And maybe he'll ask for more. . . . He won't get it!"

Having settled the question of Jonesey's credit, Peter donned his black sateen sleeve-protectors, a present from the one and only girl—strange that for a plodder like Peter there is always the one and only girl—and attacked Saturday's sales slips with his customary machinelike precision. Peter was not entirely a machine, however, for he might have been heard to mutter:

"He gets more than I do anyway!"

From this it may be inferred that Peter had some sneaking fondness for the recreant Jonesey and was thus attempting to justify himself in the stern course he was about to take.

Half an hour passed and the stool was still vacant. At nine o'clock Phillips, the cashier, paused at Peter's elbow.

"Jonesey not here yet?" he asked in low, official tones.

"Haven't seen him," was Peter's noncommittal reply.

"This day-after-pay-day business is coming too regular—altogether too regular," said Phillips. "First thing that boy knows he'll be hunting another job. They're not so easy to find either."

"Oh, he'll be here any minute now," said the kindly Peter.

But it was ten-thirty when the outer door opened noiselessly and a slim, red-eyed youth, dressed in a cheap and flashy plaid, slipped behind the counter. The young man's waistcoat was gorgeous, even if slightly soiled, and it lacked a button. His cloth-topped shoes were of patent leather, but badly cracked across the toes. His crimson scarf was carefully tied, the knot hiding a stain. Peter was deep in a column of figures when the door opened, but the stealthy and inconspicuous entrance did not escape him.

When on time it was Jonesey's habit to dawdle about for twenty minutes, preparing to go to work. When he was late he was always in a desperate hurry to be at his tasks. In just six seconds by the watch he had divested himself of hat and coat, wriggled into an ink-stained working jacket and was heading swiftly and unostentatiously for the vacant stool. The cashier, who had been watching these maneuvers from beneath his eye shade, executed a flank movement and cut off his victim in midoffice. Jonesey, thus challenged, was not without resource. He whispered huskily, earnestly, and as he spoke of the treacherous alarm clock he laid saffron-hued fingers familiarly upon the cashier's arm. Phillips listened with a sardonic grin.

"That'll do," said he at length. "That'll do, Jonesey. Don't strain yourself. I'll overlook it this time, but don't do it again. These bats of yours are coming too regular. Understand?"

Jonesey escaped, smirking, and flung himself upon his stool.

"Hello, old Stick-in-the-mud!" he whispered jocularly. "Gee, but what a time I've had!"

Peter ignored this somewhat too-cheerful greeting. Jonesey had wheedled him before, but never ten dollars' worth.

"You're a nice one!" said Peter sternly. "Phillips is wild. He was saying—"

"Aw, what do I care about Phillips?" scoffed Jonesey. "He better let me alone or I'll quit!" Having made this vague and terrible threat Jonesey rumbled his hair, scattered some papers about his desk, thrust a pencil behind his ear, and as if by magic there immediately descended upon him the outward appearance of one engrossed with toil. Peter had seen this pantomime before and was not impressed.

"Look out for yourself!" he whispered. "Phillips will go to the Old Man next time."

"Let him!" grunted Jonesey, naming another place where Phillips might go for all of him. "That old stiff must think a fellow can't work anywhere but here! I could quit right now if I wanted to!"

"Ye-es you could!" said Peter.

"Think not, eh?" Jonesey thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and withdrew it, tightly closed. "Think not? Take a look at this!"

Jonesey thrust his arm across the desk and the hand opened slowly. The palm was filled with shining gold pieces—twenties and tens and fives. Peter gasped with amazement.

"Wh-where did you get it?" was all he could manage to say.

Jonesey grinned.

"Never you mind, boy, never you mind," said he lightly. "That's for me to know and you to find out. And there's a lot more where this came from. All kinds of it. Why," he boasted, "I've spent a hundred dollars since Saturday!" He dropped the coins jinglingly into his pocket and looked at Peter out of the corner of his eye to note the effect of the golden display. Something in the billing clerk's expression caused him to dive hastily into his pocket once more.

"Here's that ten I owe you," said Jonesey. "Much obliged, old horse. I was going to slip it to you Saturday, but I forgot it, honest I did."

Mark how one lie breeds another.

"That's all right, Jonesey," mumbled Peter, pocketing the gold piece. "That's all right. I wasn't worrying. Any time would have been soon enough for me. I knew you forgot about it."

Jonesey was not exactly a fool. He saw the puzzled expression on Peter's face and played to it skillfully.

"Talk about your talkabouts!" said he with a return of his patronizing manner. "I took my girl and her mother up to Mount Tamalpais yesterday. Lived in San Francisco all their lives and never been up there before. Great stuff, boy, great stuff! The old girl is strong for me now. Dinner at Marchetti's afterward—champagne and everything. Then the Orpheum. Box seats, boy, box seats! Best in the house wasn't good enough for us. Took 'em home in a hack. Then there was a young poker game in my room. Got hooked in bad and couldn't quit. Lost a little—about forty. Just broke up. Haven't been to bed yet. That's the way to live, eh?"

Peter's mind moved slowly but usually along straight lines.

"You didn't have a nickel on Saturday morning," said he. "You've been to Mount Tamalpais and Marchetti's and the Orpheum and the who knows where else. You've spent a hundred and still you've got a pocketful of gold. You didn't rob a bank, did you?"

"That," said Jonesey, "is some more of your business."

"Excuse me," said Peter stiffly. He returned to his saleslips and Jonesey pretended to add a column of figures,

but in reality he was footing up past favors. He knew that Peter was a simpleton—a farmer, Jonesey would have said, for this was long before the unlovely word "boob" was coined—but farmer or not, Peter was the only man in the office to whom Jonesey could go for a loan. He was fortified against immediate necessity, but the future was not assured and a friend in need is worth conserving, particularly when he happens to be one's only friend in need. Jonesey's pocket was full of gold, but Jonesey's experience with money had taught him that the eagles which live on dollars are the most migratory of birds.

"Y'ain't sore, are you, Pete?" said Jonesey, breaking the silence.

"Oh, shut up. Can't you see I'm working?" snapped Peter.

"Aw, what's the use of getting mad?" soothed Jonesey. "I can't tell you about it here, but this noon I'll blow you to a real lunch and put you on to a scheme that beats working all hollow. I was going to tell you about it anyway, boy, sure I was."

II

"**T**WENTY-FIVE dollars for one—that's what they paid me," said Jonesey. "Two hundred and fifty for ten! That's what I call money, Pete!"

"I should say so!" ejaculated Peter; "but I don't see how you knew which horse to bet on."

Jonesey expanded and thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his vest.

"Didn't I tell you that I used my own judgment?" said he. "Common sense is all you need to begin with—that and a little money. Not much. I never saw any of those horses before and never was at Tanforan in my life; but I've gambled some and I know my way round the block. It's just as simple as A B C when you get on the inside."

"I suppose it is," said Peter, nodding his head. It was the first time he had ever heard a Saturday sport outline a system for beating the races. There are as many systems as there are Saturday sports, and all different, but every last one of them is founded upon the basic idea that horse racing is crooked as a corkscrew and each winner foreshadowed in the betting ring. The Saturday sport with his small bank roll, his smaller knowledge and the smallest of suspicions is the bookmaker's best friend.

"Now this is what you want to get through your head," said Jonesey. "There's no such thing as chance on a race-track. Don't let anybody tell you that luck has got anything to do with it. It's nothing but a great big gambling game to trim the sucker public and the bookmakers are on the inside. Everything is cooked up in advance."

"It's awful!" said Peter, wagging his head over the iniquity of the bookmakers. "Awful!"

"It ain't so awful if you can find out what the bookmakers are up to," said Jonesey. "All you need to know is which horse is carrying the least money—the one that

nobody bets on. Did you ever see that game out at the Cliff House—six little tin horses, painted different colors, running round a track?"

"I've seen it," said Peter, "but I never played it."

"Well, it's the rankest kind of a skin game of course," said the wise Jonesey, "but it's run on the same principle as real horse racing. You bet your money on the colors and they pay off on the three horses that stop nearest the wire. The horses are controlled by electricity and the ones with the least money bet on 'em always win. Sobe?"

Peter nodded.

"That game is a cinch to beat," said Jonesey, "because you can see what money is bet. It's right on the table in front of you. At the race track you have to hang round the betting ring and keep your ears open. That's what I did. I was a little loser after the fourth race. I should have had a bundle of money by that time, but I let people tell me things and tout me off of the horses I wanted to play. In the fifth I used my own judgment and won ten dollars. That one ten wasn't any use to me—might pretty near as well not had anything."

"I went into the betting ring and Aztec was favorite at four to five. That means you had to bet five dollars to win four. I couldn't see that price at all. I stood there and watched those bookies take a barrel of money on Aztec—hundreds and thousands of dollars—and it struck me all at once that they wouldn't be doing it if Aztec had a chance to win. It stands to reason that they wouldn't, Pete."

"Now, if it wasn't Aztec, it had to be one of the others—and like a flash that tin-horse proposition popped into my head! I don't know why I didn't think of it before. It would be the horse with the least money on him of course!"

"Of course!" said Peter. "Why, sure!"

"Well," said Jonesey, "I leaned right up against a bookmaker's stand and I heard every bet as it was called off. The money kept rolling in on Aztec but there was plenty played on the other horses too. They bet on everything in the race but a skate named Caesar's Ghost. I listened and I listened but not a soul put a nickel on him to win."

"What more do you want?" says I to myself, and at the very last minute I stepped up and bet the ten on Caesar's Ghost—twenty-five to one. It was quite a chunk, I know, but it was their money anyway and if I lost I wasn't anything out. The bookmaker looked at me kind of funny when I told him what horse I wanted to play."

"You look to me as if you knew something, young feller," says he.

"Never you mind what I know," says I. 'Gimme Caesar's Ghost."

"He asked me again where I got my information, but I didn't tell him anything. I'm going after him again some day. His name is Root."

There was a short silence.

"Was it a close race?" asked Peter.

"Naw! Caesar's Ghost ran away from Aztec the same as if he was tied to the fence. Nothing to it at all. I thought that was the way it would be. . . . What say we go out there next Saturday afternoon and clean 'em out for fair? Let's give 'em a real trimming while we're at it, eh?"

"I don't know," said the cautious Peter. "I don't gamble, Jonesey."

"Who said anything about gambling?" demanded Jonesey. "This ain't gambling; this is a cinch!"

"I'll think it over," said Peter. "I—I can't promise."

III

"**W**ELL, I hope I may be too-tactically tribble-damned if I know how some of these hawws owners git away with it, I do, for a fact!"

Thus Tennessee Todd to his friend Dave Parsons, while seated upon a bale of alfalfa hay in front of Mr. Todd's stable at the Tanforan track. They were watching Missy, Todd's mare, as Bud, the black stable boy, led her up and down under the trees. Missy was being cooled out after a race that she had lost by a matter of inches, but her owner stood in even greater need of a cooling process, for the mare had been defeated under conditions which Mr. Todd deemed unfair, yes, and criminal too. Listen to him:

"I don't know how they do it!" repeated Todd. "They run their hawwses any whichaway till they git a price to suit 'em. Monday they leave the hop out and they



"Here! Don't You Bite Me, You Hay-Destroyin' Reptile, You!"

don't finish nowhere. Tuesday they give 'em the little ole p'scription and they win as far as you can shoot a gun. Seems to me they ought to be some folks ruled off fo' life round this place!"

"That Rascality hoss, now," said Dave sympathetically, "he couldn't beat a police sergeant round the track the last time out, but he run a smashin' good race to-day."

"He had his p'scription, I tell you!" shrilled Mr. Todd. "He was stim'lated! That Rascality's a hop hawws; he can't run a lick on earth 'thout they drug him! Everybody knows he's a hop hawws!"

"Well, what if he is?" Dave spoke meaningfully. "Ever hear the story about the judge at the Texas bush meetin'? Two men has a match race framed up—call 'em Jones and Smith. At the last minute Jones busts into the judges' stand, all lathered up and excited. 'Judge,' says he, 'I just ketches Smith stim'latin' his hoss! He's got a shot o' hop in him sure!' 'Well,' says the bush judge, comb'n' his whiskers, 'you go 'long back to the paddock an' hop yo' hoss too. We got to make a race out of this thing somehow! What if this Rascality is a hop hoss? You know the way to the drug store, don't you?"

"They ain't no use in your talkin' thataway to me," said Todd sternly. "I tell you here an' now, Dave Parsons, I ain't never resorted to that yet. When the time comes that I has to hop my hawwses to make 'em win I'll quit the turf. Yes, sir, quit it cold. I don't believe in it nohow. I was raised diff'rent. Take that Rascality. Let him alone an' he can't beat Missy a-doin' anything, but when he's got his hop in him he'll run the heart out of her. It ain't fair to an honest hawwsman. Them judges —"

"They can't do nothing," interrupted Parsons. "How many stables would be left round here if they started rulin' off for hoppin' hosses? How many? If I was in your place, Todd, I'd fight the devil with fire, that's what I'd do. You're goin' to start Missy in the handicap Saturday, ain't you?"

"Ye-up," said Tennessee. "I reckon I will; but she ain't got no more chance'n a rabbit. Looks like they're a better class of hawwses than what she's used to runnin' with."

Dave Parsons took out his pocketbook and removed therefrom a folded paper.

"Give her this powder about the time you start her for the paddock," said he quietly. "She'll have a chance then. With this to help her she'll be a cinch—and at a price too."

"No, sir!" said Tennessee stoutly. "I don't want no truck with that stuff—none whatever! I never stim'lated a hawws yet and I won't begin now! I'll quit first! Any time I begin doin' that, I—let's see what it looks like, Dave. I never got this close to it before. Where'd you git it?"

"Never you mind," said Parsons. "It'll do the work. That's all you need to know. And it won't leave no traces afterward."

Todd opened the paper and poked at the whitish crystals with the tip of his forefinger.

"Mighty innocent lookin'," said he. "You wouldn't think this would make anybody run, would you?"



"With This to Help Her She'll be a Cinch—and at a Price Too!"

"Run!" chuckled Parsons. "Say, a feller I know got the druggist to mix him one of these speedballs for his hoss and at the same time he got a headache powder for his wife. Feller forgot which was which and give the headache powder to the hoss and the speedball to his wife. . . . The hoss run last."

"What happened to the wife?" asked Todd.

"Oh, she run away from home that very night," said Parsons, "and the next heard of her she was in Portland. She give half of the powder to her husband's pardner and he run right 'long with her."

"I ought to knowed better than to bite on that one," said Todd ruefully. "It had all the earmarks of a josh. . . . How would you give this to a hawse?"

"Easiest thing in the world," said Parsons. "Sprinkle it on the mare's tongue when you start her for the paddock. Takes it half an hour or so to git action. It's convenient and don't leave no trace that a 'vet' can swear to afterward. You'd be astonished to know some of the hosses at this track that can't win without it."

"That's just the point!" said Todd earnestly. "They git so's they can't do nothing 'thout it—same as hop-heads and coke fiends!" As he spoke he refolded the paper carefully.

"They only git that way when they have it too often," argued Parsons. "Use it in reason and it's like givin' a man a cup of coffee when he's tired. It's a bracer, that's all it is."

"I'm agin it!" declared Todd with sudden vehemence. "I ain't never used any of it yet and I never will! Seems to me, Dave, it ain't no way to treat an honest hawse. That little mare of mine yonder always does the best she can. Don't tell me it won't hurt her to dope her up so's she'll run faster'n she knows how. No, sir! I won't have nothin' to do with that stuff. It—it ain't moral!"

With the last word the folded paper disappeared in Todd's vest pocket. Parsons caught the movement with the corner of his eye and obligingly looked at the clouds. He spoke of the chance of rain and thereafter the conversation took new channels. Dave grinned to himself as he slouched toward the barn where his own horses were kept.

"Thought I didn't see him go south with that prescription!" he chuckled. "Well, Tennessee's a good feller, and it's time he woke up. . . . Missy'll likely be worth a good bet Saturday."

Tennessee Todd was no Pharisee, but he often thanked his Creator out loud that he was an honest hawseman and didn't never have no truck with thieves and druggists, no—how, no—time, no—where.

"My hawsses run the best they can," he used to say, "and they don't never get no 'e'p from a drug store!"

The Goddess of Fortune, hearing Mr. Todd extol his own virtue, conceded the point of his honesty and bestowed upon him the advertised reward of the virtuous, which, it will be remembered, is of such a nature that it cannot readily be exchanged for baled hay, entrance fees and jockey hire.

Tennessee had four horses at Tanforan; more strictly speaking, three horses and Dollar Bill. Missy, with two seconds and a third to her credit, was the star of the stable; the others had not earned their salt. Dollar Bill, an aged chestnut horse, had made something of a record. Todd had started him five times in the nonwinner class and each time Dollar Bill had finished last. Men used to laugh when they saw his name on the overnight entry slips. It was Henry Root, the track wit, who favored Dollar Bill with one shaft that struck deep into the heart of public opinion.

"Well, well," said Henry, as he glanced at the overnights, "here's Dollar Bill again. Todd doesn't think he can win with this old beetle. He only starts him because he likes to hear his bones rattle. Pity he didn't name him Minstrel!"

Dusk settled down over Tanforan and with it came the fog from the Pacific, blotting out the guiding lights. Other guiding lights were endangered also, for in a shabby back room, where the only adornment was a cheap, fly-specked lithograph of the finish of the race between Salvator and Tenney, a horseman of the old school fingered a folded paper and thought of the feed bills he owed.

Temptation wears a thousand shapes—as many shapes as there are human weaknesses. While Tennessee Todd was fighting his fight in the darkness, Peter Plymire was encountering temptation in another and totally unexpected form.

No front parlor love-making was Peter's. The girl of his choice—Peter had really been Milly's choice but he was never to know this—worked for a living and had no home, unless a furnished room on Devisadero Street answered that description. On this foggy evening Peter and Milly walked together and the street lamps blinked dimly at them, encouraging them to hold hands.

"So it ought to be all right pretty soon," said Peter courageously. "I wouldn't want to get married on sixty a month, but—"

"Oh, Peter!" cried Milly. "Wouldn't want to?"

"Bless your heart!" said Peter. "I wanted to marry you when I was getting forty! I mean I don't think I ought to marry on sixty. They'll surely give me seventy at the end of the year—"

"You thought they would give it to you in July, dear," said Milly, "but they didn't."

"I had it coming," said Peter. "You see I've been with the firm too long—ever since I was a little shaver. They think I'm a fixture and they give me the worst of it. If I had a thousand dollars I'd pull out and get into business on my own hook."

"Oh, if there was only some way you could get a little money ahead!" said Milly. "You wouldn't need to have a thousand before we could get married, Peter."

"No-o," said Peter, his mind's eye fixed upon a palm full of shining gold pieces. "But it's slow saving on sixty dollars a month."

"Three hundred would do it nicely," said Milly. "Even two hundred. Oh, Peter, isn't there some way—some way to get it quick?"

"One of the boys down at the office was talking about an—an investment," said Peter. "He wanted me to go in with him."

"Tell me all about it," commanded Milly. "It might be just a scheme to get your money away from you."

"I can't go into the details," said Peter. "I don't quite understand them yet myself. . . . Suppose I could make a quick turn and pick up enough to furnish a little place, eh? How would that be?"

"It would be heavenly!" cried Milly. "Just heavenly, Peter; but promise me you'll be careful. You're so reckless, dear!"

"I'll be careful—anyway, I wouldn't invest very much, Milly. I may have some news for you Saturday."

IV

SATURDAY noon again, and Jonesey wiped his pen on his sleeve, slammed the drawers on his side of the desk and looked expectantly at Peter.

"Well?" said he. "Are you with me or not?"

"I think I'd better not go," said Peter.

"Are you scared of losing a few dollars?" sneered Jonesey.

"I can't afford to lose," said Peter, which was a very brave remark to make to a sport.

"Huh!" grunted Jonesey. "If you can't afford to put up something you'll never win. Last night I got to fooling round a crap game. I bet five dollars on the line and hit 'em four straight licks without pinching. That made eighty dollars, because I was doubling my money every roll."



"Holy Mackerel, What a Start! Half of 'Em Left at the Post!"

I could have picked it up and walked out with it and nobody would have said anything. Did I do it? Not on your life! One more lick would have made one hundred and sixty."

"Shoot the works!" says I—and the bones come deuce, ace. I lost the whole business, but look what I'd have had if I won! If you're scared of your money, Peter, you'll never have any money but your own. I've told you twenty times how soft this racetrack game is and how easy it is to get a bookmaker's dough if you'll just play my system on him. If you're afraid of it, you don't need to come in with me. . . . So long!"

Peter's brown study lasted for several minutes and might have lasted longer had not an office boy roused him with a shrill call:

"Plymire on de phone!"

It was Milly's voice that came to him over the wire:

"That you, Peter? . . . Any news yet? . . . I mean about that investment?"

"Not yet," said Peter. "I—I haven't decided."

"I was hoping you'd know by this time," said the voice, "and I couldn't wait."

"I may know before night," said Peter. "I'm not sure. Maybe."

"You'll come home early, won't you, dear?"

"As early as I can," said Peter.

The bugles were calling the horses to the fifth race when Peter sneaked through the turnstile at Tanforan. Temptation had conquered in a sharp three-hour engagement and Peter's conscientious scruples against gambling were in full retreat. He had the decency to be ashamed of his moral weakness, and so plainly was this shame written upon Peter's countenance that the detective at the gate looked shrewdly after him as he passed.

"I'll bet there's a clerk that's been tapping the till at the store where he works," said the detective.

"He looks the part," said the uniformed gateman.

"And yet they blame racetracks when folks go wrong," said the detective. "Look at him! A fellow like that would steal to play penny-ante poker."

"Maybe there's a woman mixed up with it," said the gateman safely.

"It's for Milly," thought Peter, as he skirted the edges of the human whirlpool known as the betting ring. "It's for Milly."

At the moment when the last shred of Peter's moral fiber gave way and he abandoned himself as lost, a leggy chestnut horse was about to be led from his stall on the opposite side of the track. It was old Dollar Bill, entered in the sixth race, the worse than forlorn hope of the Todd fortunes.

"If you're a Dollar Bill," said Tennessee whimsically, "I reckon you're a counterfeit. Yes, you triffin' ole hound, you can't run fast enough to ketch your breath. If ever there was a hawse that needed a p'scription it's you. . . . Here! Gimme that tongue! . . . Don't you bite me, you hay-destroyin' reptyle, you! Don't you do it! . . . I wouldn't give this to a real race hawse. . . . I come mighty close to it. . . . Mighty close. . . . But somehow I didn't have the heart. . . . And Missy, she come fifth in the handicap. . . . There! . . . How do you like that, hey? . . . Swaller it, darn you, swaller it! I ain't goin' to carry it 'round in my pocket no longer. . . . It was all I could do to stand the pressure. . . . Now go 'long, you miserable ole lizard, and see if you can't finish somewhere else besides last! . . . Get thee behind me, Satan! . . . Here, Bud! Take him away!"

"Yo' gwine bet on ole Bill to-day, Mist' Todd?" asked Bud, showing his teeth.

"Bet on him!" said the owner savagely. "I wouldn't bet on him if he was runnin' agin a flock o' mud-turkles! Take him away, an' if he finishes last agin don't never bring him back!"

As Dollar Bill disappeared in the direction of the track Tennessee Todd took off his battered slouch hat, squared his shoulders and thanked God that he was still an honest hawseman.

"But it was a mighty close shave!" said he. "A mighty close shave! Little bit more an' Missy would have had that p'scription!"

HENRY ROOT, bookmaker, stood on the block and frowned as he surveyed the sheet of cardboard that bore the names of the horses entered in the last race. By reason of his reputation for caustic wit and a certain sour brand of humor, Henry was

(Continued on Page 42)

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

XIX

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFFÉ



"That is a Doctor Who Has Just Gone In. He Has Been Found!"

RICHARD presented himself the next morning at the Hôtel de Paris. "Cheero!" he exclaimed on being shown into Hunterleys' sitting room. "All right up to date, I see."

Hunterleys nodded. He had just come in from the bank and held his letters in his hand. Richard seated himself on the edge of the table.

"I slept out on the yacht last night," he said. "Got up at six o'clock and had a swim. What about a round of golf at La Turbie? We can get down again by luncheon time before the people are about."

"Afraid I can't," Hunterleys replied. "I have rather an important letter to go through carefully and a reply to think out."

"You're a queer chap, you know!" Richard went on. "You always seem to have something to do, but I'm hanged if I can see how you pass your time here in Monte Carlo. This political business, even if you do have to put in a bit of time at it now and then, can't be going on all the while. Monte Carlo, too! So far as the women are concerned they might as well be off the face of the earth, and I don't think I've ever seen you make a bet at the tables. How did your wife do last night? I thought she seemed to be dropping it rather."

"I think that she lost," Hunterleys replied indifferently. "Her gambling, however, is like mine, I imagine, on a fairly negligible scale."

Richard whistled softly. "Well, I don't know," he observed. "I saw her going for maximums yesterday pretty steadily. A few thousands don't last very long at that little game."

Hunterleys smiled. "A few thousands!" he repeated. "I don't suppose Violet has ever lost or won a hundred pounds in her life."

Richard abandoned the subject quickly. He was obliged to tell himself that it was not his business to interfere between husband and wife. "Say, Hunterleys," he suggested, "do you think I could do something for the crowd on my little boat—a luncheon party or a cruise, eh?"

"I should think every one would enjoy it immensely," Hunterleys answered.

"I can count on you, of course, if I arrange anything?" "I am afraid not," Hunterleys regretted. "I am too much engrossed now to make any engagements."

"I'm hanged if you don't get more mysterious every moment!" Richard exclaimed vigorously. "What's it all about? Can't you be safe even in your room for five minutes without keeping one of those little articles under your newspaper while you read your letters?" he added, lifting with his stick the sheet that Hunterleys had hastily thrown over a small revolver. "What's it all about, eh? Are you plotting to dethrone the Prince of Monaco and take his place?"

"Not exactly that," Hunterleys replied a little wearily. "Lane, old fellow, you're much better off not knowing too much. I have told you that there's a kind of international conference going on about here and I've been pitched into the affair. Over in your country you don't know much about such things, but since I've been out of harness I've done a good deal of what really amounts to secret-service work. One must serve one's country somehow or other, you know, if one gets the chance."

Richard was impressed.

"Geel!" he exclaimed. "The sort of thing that one reads about, eh, and only half believes? Who's the French Johnny who arrived last night?"

"Douaille. He's the coming president, so people say. I'm seriously thinking of paying him a visit of ceremony this afternoon."

There was a knock at the door. A waiter entered with a note upon a salver.

"From madame, monsieur," he announced, presenting it to Hunterleys.

The latter tore it open and read the few lines hastily:

Dear Henry:

If you could spare a few minutes I should be glad if you would come round to my apartment. Yours, VIOLET.

Hunterleys twisted the note up in his fingers.

"Tell Lady Hunterleys that I will be round in a few moments," he instructed the servant.

Richard took up his stick and hat.

"If you have an opportunity," he said, "ask Lady Hunterleys what she thinks about a little do on the yacht. If one could get the proper people together —"

"I'll tell her," Hunterleys promised. "You'd better wait till I get back."

He made his way to the other wing of the hotel. For the first time since he had been staying there he knocked at the door of his wife's apartment. Her maid admitted him with a smile. He found Violet sitting in the little salon before a writing table. The apartment was luxuriously furnished and filled with roses. Somehow or other their odor irritated him. She rose from her place and hastened toward him.

"How nice of you to come so promptly!" she exclaimed.

"You're sure it didn't inconvenience you?"

"Not in the least," he replied. "I was only talking to Richard Lane."

"You seem to have taken a great fancy to that young man all at once," she remarked.

Hunterleys was sitting upon the arm of an easy chair. He had picked up one of Violet's slippers and was balancing it in his hand.

"Oh, I don't know! He is rather refreshing after some of these people. He still has enthusiasms, and his love affair is quite a poem. Aren't you up rather early this morning?"

"I couldn't sleep," she sighed. "I think it has come to me in the night that I am sick of this place. I wondered —"

She hesitated. He bent the slipper slowly back, waiting for her to proceed.

"The Draconmeyers don't want to go," she went on. "They are here for another month at least. Linda would miss me terribly, I suppose, but I have really given her a lot of my time. I have spent several hours with her every day since we arrived, and I don't know what it is—perhaps my bad luck, for one thing—but I have suddenly taken a dislike to the place. I wondered —"

She had picked up one of the roses from a vase close at hand and was twirling it between her fingers. For some reason or other she seemed ill at ease. Hunterleys watched her silently. She was very pale, but since his coming a

slight tinge of pink color had stolen into her cheeks. She wore a very fascinating dressing gown of blue silk.

"I wondered," she concluded at last almost abruptly, "whether you would care to take me away."

He was for a moment bereft of words. Somehow or other he had been so certain that she had sent for him to ask for more money that he had never even considered any other eventuality.

"Take you away?" he repeated. "Do you really mean take you back to London, Violet?"

"Just anywhere you like," she replied. "I am sick of this place and of everything. I am weary to death of trying to keep Linda cheerful—you don't realize how depressing it is to be with her—and every one seems to have got a little on my nerves. Mr. Draconmeyer," she added a little defiantly, raising her eyes to his, "has been most kind and delightful, but somehow I want to get away."

He sat down on the edge of a couch. His wife seated herself at the farther end of it.

"Violet," he said, "you have taken me rather by surprise."

"Well, you don't mind being taken by surprise once in a while, do you?" she asked a little petulantly. "You know I am capricious—you have told me so often enough. Here is a proof of it. Take me back to London or to Paris, or wherever you like."

He was almost overwhelmed. It was unfortunate that she had chosen that moment to look away and could not see, therefore, the light that glowed in his eyes.

"Violet," he assured her earnestly, "there is nothing in the world I should like so much. I would beg you to have your trunks packed this morning, but unfortunately I cannot leave Monte Carlo just now."

"Cannot leave Monte Carlo?" she repeated derisively. "Why, my dear man, you are a fish out of water here! You don't gamble; you do nothing but moon about, and go to the opera, and worry about your silly politics. What on earth do you mean when you say that you cannot leave Monte Carlo?"

"I mean just what I say," he replied. "I cannot leave Monte Carlo—for several days, at any rate."

She looked at him blankly, a little incredulously.

"You have talked like this before, Henry," she said, "and it is all too absurd. You must tell me the truth now. You can have no business here. You are traveling for pleasure. You can surely leave a place or not at your own will."

"It happens," he sighed, "that I cannot. Will you please be very kind, Violet, and not ask me too much about this? If there is anything else I can do," he went on hesitatingly, "if you will give me a little more of your time, if you will wait with me for a few days longer —"

"Can't you understand," she interrupted impatiently, "that it is just this very moment, this instant, that I want to get away? Something has gone wrong. I want to leave Monte Carlo. I am not sure that I ever want to see it again. And I want you to take me. Please!"

She held out her hands, swaying a little toward him. He gripped them in his. She yielded to the pressure until their lips almost met.

"You'll take me away this morning?" she whispered.

"I cannot do that," he replied; "but, Violet —"

She snatched herself away from him. An ungovernable fit of fury seemed to have seized her. She stood in the center of the room and stamped her foot.

"You cannot!" she repeated. "And you will not give me a reason? Very well, I have done my best, I have made my appeal. I will stay in Monte Carlo then. I will —"

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," she cried. "Who is it?"

The door was softly opened. Draconmeyer stood upon the threshold. He looked from one to the other in some surprise.

"I am sorry," he murmured. "Please excuse me."

"Come in, Mr. Draconmeyer," she called out to his retreating figure. "Come in, please. How is Linda this morning?"

Draconmeyer smiled a little ruefully as he joined the Hunterleys.

"Complaining," he replied, "as usual. I am afraid that she has had rather a bad night. She is going to try to sleep for an hour or two. I came to see if you perhaps felt disposed for a motor ride this morning."

"I should love it," she assented. "I should like to start as soon as possible. Henry was just going—weren't you?" she added, turning to her husband.

He stood his ground. "There was something else I wished to say," he declared, glancing at Draconmeyer.

The latter moved at once toward the door, but Violet stopped him.

"Not now," she begged. "If there is really anything else, Henry, you can send up a note, or I dare say we shall meet at the club to-night. Now, please, both of you go away. I must change my clothes for motoring. In half an hour, Mr. Draconmeyer?"

"The car will be ready," he answered.

Hunterleys hesitated. He looked for a moment at Violet. She returned his glance of appeal with a hard, fixed stare. Then she turned away.

"Susanne," she called to her maid, who was in the inner room. "I am dressing at once. I will show you what to put out."

She disappeared, closing the door behind her. The two men walked out to the lift in silence. Draconmeyer rang the bell.

"You are not leaving Monte Carlo at present then, Sir Henry?" he remarked.

"Not at present," Hunterleys replied calmly.

They parted without further speech. Hunterleys returned to his room, where Richard was still waiting.

"Say, have you got a valet here with you?" the young man inquired.

Hunterleys shook his head.

"Never possessed such a luxury in my life," he declared.

"Chap came in here directly you were gone—mumbled something about doing some work for you. I didn't altogether like the look of him, so I sat on the table and watched. He hung round for a moment and then, when he saw that I was sticking it out, he went off."

"Was he wearing the hotel livery?" Hunterleys asked quickly.

"Plain black clothes," Richard replied. "He looked the valet right enough."

Hunterleys rang the bell. It was answered by a servant in gray livery.

"Are you the valet on this floor?" Hunterleys inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"There was a man in here just now. He said he was my valet, or something of the sort, hung round for a minute or two and then went away. Who was he?"

The servant shook his head. He was apparently a German, and stupid.

"There are no valets on this floor except myself," he declared.

"Then who could this person have been?" Hunterleys demanded.

"A tailor, perhaps," the man suggested; "but he would not come unless you had ordered him. I have been on duty all the time. I have seen no one about."

"Very well," Hunterleys said, "I'll report the matter in the office."

"Some hotel thief, I suppose," Lane remarked as soon as the door was closed. "He didn't look like it exactly though."

Hunterleys frowned.

"Not much here to satisfy anyone's curiosity," he observed. "Just as well you were in the room though."

"Surrounded by mysteries, aren't you, old chap?" Richard yawned, lighting a cigarette.

"I don't know exactly about that," Hunterleys replied; "but I'll tell you one thing, Lane. There are things going on in Monte Carlo at the present moment that would bring out the black headlines on the halfpenny papers if they had an inkling of them. There are people here who are trying to draw a new map of Europe, a new map of the world."

Richard shook his head.

"I can't get interested in anything, Hunterleys," he declared. "You could tell me the most amazing things in the world, and they'd pass in at one ear and out at the other. Kind of a blithering idiot, aren't I? You know



The Gorgeous Bay of Mentone Lay a Thousand Feet Below

what I did last night after dinner. If you'll believe me, when I got to the villa I found the place patrolled as though they were afraid of dynamiters. I skulked round to the back, got on the beach, and climbed a little way up toward the rock garden. I hid there and waited to see if she'd come out on the terrace. She never came, but I caught a glimpse of her passing from one room to another, and I tell you I'm such a poor sort of an idiot that I felt repaid for waiting there all that time. I shall go there again to-night. The boys wanted me to dine—Eddy Lancaster and Freddy Montessor and that lot—a jolly party too. I shan't do it. I shall have a mouthful alone somewhere and spend the rest of the evening on those rocks. Something's got to come of this, Hunterleys!"

"Let's go into the lounge for a few moments," Hunterleys suggested. "I may as well hear all about it."

They made their way downstairs and sat there talking, or rather Hunterleys listened while Richard talked. Then Draconmeyer strolled across the hall and waited by the lift. Presently he returned with Violet by his side, followed by her maid carrying rugs. As they approached Hunterleys rose slowly to his feet. Violet was looking up into her companion's face, talking and laughing. She either did not see Hunterleys or affected not to see him. He stood for a moment irresolute. As she passed she glanced at him quite blankly and waved her hand to Richard. Then she and Draconmeyer disappeared. Hunterleys resumed his seat. He had, somehow or other, the depressed feeling of a man who has lost a great opportunity.

"Lady Hunterleys looks well this morning," Lane remarked, absolutely unconscious of anything unusual.

Hunterleys watched the car drive off before he answered. "She looks very well," he assented gloomily.

xx

THEY had skirted the wonderful bay and climbed the mountainous hill to the frontier before Violet spoke. All the time Draconmeyer leaned back by her side perfectly content. A man of varied subtleties, he understood and fully appreciated the intrinsic value of silence. While the customs officer, however, was making out the deposit note for the car she turned to him.

"Will you tell me something, Mr. Draconmeyer?"

"Of course!"

"It is about my husband," she went on. "Henry isn't your friend—you dislike one another, I know. You men seem to have a sort of freemasonry that compels you to tell falsehoods about one another, but in this case I am going to remind you that I have the greater claim, and I am going to ask you for the sober truth. Henry has once or twice during the last few days hinted to me that his presence in Monte Carlo just now has some sort of political significance. He is very vague about it all, but he evidently wants me to believe that he is staying here against his own inclinations. Now I want to ask you a plain question: Is it likely that he could have any government business whatever to transact in Monte Carlo? What I mean is, could there possibly be anything to keep him in this place that for political reasons he couldn't tell me about?"

"I can answer your question finally so far as regards any government business," Mr. Draconmeyer assured her. "Your husband's party is in opposition. As a keen politician he would not be likely to interest himself in the work of his rival."

"You are quite positive," Lady Hunterleys persisted, "that he could not have a mission of any sort—that there isn't any meeting of diplomats here in which he might be interested?"

Mr. Draconmeyer smiled with the air of one listening to a child's prattle.

"If I were not sure that you are in earnest—" he began. "However, I will just answer your question. Nothing of the sort is possible. Besides, people don't come to Monte Carlo for serious affairs, you know."

Her face hardened a little.

"I suppose," she said, "that you are quite sure of what you told me the other evening about this young singer, Felicia Roche?"

"I should not allude to a matter of that sort," he declared, "unless I had satisfied myself as to the facts. It is true that I owe nothing to your husband and everything to you, or I should probably have remained silent. As it is, all that I know is at your service. Felicia Roche is to make her debut at the opera house

to-night. Your husband has been seen with her repeatedly. He was at her villa at one o'clock this morning. I have heard it said that he is a little infatuated."

"Thank you," she murmured. "That is quite enough."

The customs formalities were concluded and the car drove on. They paused at the last turn to gaze downward at the wonderful view—the gorgeous Bay of Mentone a thousand feet below, with its wealth of mimosa-embosomed villas; Monte Carlo glittering on the seaboard; the sweep of Monaco, red-roofed, picturesque. And behind, the mountains; farther away still, the dim, snow-capped heights. Violet looked as she was bidden, but her eyes seemed incapable of appreciation. When the car moved on she leaned back in her seat and dropped her veil. She was paler even than when they had started.

"I am going to talk to you very little," he said gravely. "I want you just to rest and breathe this wonderful air. If my reply to your question troubles you, I am sorry; but you had to know it some day. It is a wrench, of course, but you must have guessed it. Your husband is a man of peculiar temperament, but no man could have refused such an offer as you made him, unless there had been some special reason for it—no man in the world."

There was a little tremble in his tone, artistic and not overdone. Somehow she felt that his admiration ministered to her self-respect. He had placed his hand upon hers, and she permitted it to remain there. The touch of her fingers very nearly brought the torrent from his lips, but he crushed the words down. It was too great a risk. Very soon things would be different. He could afford to wait.

They drove on to San Remo and turned in at the hotel.

"You are better away from Monte Carlo for a few hours," he decided. "We will lunch here and drive back afterward."

She accepted his suggestion without enthusiasm and with very little show of pleasure. They found a table on the terrace in a retired corner surrounded with flowering cactus plants and drooping mimosa and overhung by a giant oleander tree. He talked to her easily but in gossiping fashion only, and always with the greatest respect. It was not until the arrival of their coffee that he ventured to become at all personal.

"Will you forgive me if I talk without reserve for a few moments?" he began, leaning a little toward her. "You have your troubles, I know. May I not remind you that you are not alone in your sorrows. Linda, as you know, has no companionship whatever to offer. She does nothing but indulge in fretful regrets over her broken health. When I remember, too, how lonely your days are, and think of your husband and what he might make of them, then I cannot help realizing with absolute vividness the supreme irony of fate. Here am I, craving for nothing so much on earth as the sympathy, the affection of—shall I say such a woman as you? And your husband who might have the best remains utterly indifferent, content with something far below the second best. And there is so much in life too," he went on regretfully. "I cannot tell you how difficult it is for me to sit still and see you worried about such a trifling thing as money. Fancy the joy of giving you money!"

She awoke a little from her lethargy. She looked at him startled.

"You haven't told me yet," he added, "how the game went last night."

"I lost every penny of that thousand pounds," she declared. "That is why I sent for my husband this morning and asked him to take me back to England. I am getting afraid of the place. My luck seems to have gone forever."

He laughed softly.

"That doesn't sound like you," he observed. "Besides, what does it matter? Write me out some more checks when we get back. Date them this year, or next, or the year after—it doesn't really matter a bit. My fortune is at

your disposal. If it amuses you to lose a thousand pounds in the afternoon and twice as much at night, pray do."

She laughed at him. There was a certain glamour about his words that appealed to her fancy.

"Why, you talk like a prince," she murmured. "And yet you know how impossible it is."

"Is it?" he asked quietly.

She rose abruptly from her place. There was something wrong—she felt it in the atmosphere—something that was almost choking her. "Let us go back," she insisted.

He ordered the car without another word and they started homeward. It was not until they were nearing Monte Carlo that he spoke of anything save the slightest topics.

"You must have a little more money," he told her in a matter-of-fact tone. "That is a necessity. There is no need to worry your husband. I shall go and bring you a thousand pounds. You can give me the checks later."

She sat looking steadfastly ahead of her. She seemed to see her numbers spread out before her, to hear the click of the ball, the croupier's voice, to feel the thrill of victory.

"I have already taken more money from you than I meant to, Mr. Draconmeyer," she protested. "Does Linda know how much you have lent me?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What is the use of telling her? She does not understand. She has never felt the gambling fever, the joy of it, the excitement. She would not be strong enough. You and I understand. I have felt it in the money markets of the world, where one plays with millions, where a mistake might mean ruin. That is why the tables seem dull for me; but all the same it comes home to me."

She felt the fierce stimulus of anxious thought. She knew very well that notwithstanding his quiet manner she had reason to fear the man who sat by her side. She feared his self-restraint, she feared the light that sometimes gleamed in his eyes when he fancied himself unobserved. He gave her no cause for complaint. All the time his behavior had been impeccable. And yet she felt somehow or other like a bird who is being hunted by a trapper, a trapper who knows his business, who goes about it with quiet confidence, with absolute certainty. There was something like despair in her heart.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to stay here," she said, "and I can't stay here without playing. Yes, I will take one thousand more if you are willing to lend it to me."

"You shall have it directly we get to the hotel," he told her. "Don't hurry with the checks and don't date them too soon. Remember that you must have something to live on when you get back."

"I am going to win," she declared confidently. "I am going to win enough to pay you back every penny."

"I won't say that I hope not," he observed, "for your sake; but it will certainly give me no pleasure to have the money back again. You are such a wonderful person," he added, dropping his voice, "that I rather like to feel that I can be a little useful to you."

They had neared the end of their journey and Mr. Draconmeyer touched her arm. A faint smile was playing about his lips. Certainly the fates were befriending him! He said nothing, but her eyes followed the slight motion of his head. Coming down the steps from Citro's were her husband and Felicia Roche. Violet looked at them for a moment. Then she turned her head away.

"Most inopportune," she sighed with a little attempt at gayety. "Shall we meet later at the club?"

"Assuredly," Mr. Draconmeyer replied. "I will send the money to your room."

"Thank you once more," she said, "and thank you, too, for my drive. I have enjoyed it very much. I am very glad, indeed, that I had the courage to make you tell me the truth."

"I hope," he whispered as he handed her out, "that you will never lack the courage to ask me anything."

XXI

SELINGMAN, a large cigar between his lips and a happy smile upon his face, stood in the square before the Casino watching the pigeons. He had just enjoyed an excellent lunch, he was exceedingly pleased

with a new light-gray suit that he was wearing, and his one unsatisfied desire was for companionship. Draconmeyer was away motoring with Lady Hunterleys, Mr. Grex was spending the early part of the day in conclave with his visitor from France, and Mademoiselle Nipon had gone to Nice for the day. Selingman had been left to his own devices and was beginning to find time hanging upon his hands.

Conversation and companionship were almost as much necessities with him as wine. He beamed upon the pigeons and looked round at the people dotted about in chairs outside the Café de Paris, hoping to find an acquaintance. It chanced, however, that he saw none but strangers. Then his eyes fell upon a man who was seated with folded arms a short distance away, a man of respectable but somewhat gloomy appearance. He was dressed in dark clothes and had pale cheeks and cavernous eyes. Selingman strolled toward him.

"How go things, friend Allen?" he inquired, dropping his voice a little.

The man glanced uneasily round. There was, however, no one in his immediate vicinity.

"Badly," he admitted.

"Still no success, eh?" Selingman asked, drawing up a chair and seating himself.

"The man is secretive by nature," was the gloomy reply.

"One would imagine that he knew he was being watched. Everything he receives in the way of a written communication is at once torn up. He is the most difficult order of person to deal with—he is methodical. He has only the hotel valet to look after his things, but everything is always in its place. Yesterday I went through his waste-paper basket. I took home the contents, but the pieces were no larger than sixpences. I was able to put together one envelope which he received yesterday morning, which was franked 'On His Majesty's Service' and the postmark of which was Downing Street."

Selingman shook his head ponderously.

"You must do better than that, my Sherlock Holmes, much better," he declared.

"I can't make bricks without straw," Allen retorted sullenly.

"There is always straw if one looks in the right place," Selingman insisted, puffing away at his cigar. "What we want to discover is exactly how much Hunterleys knows

of certain operations of ours that are going on here. He is on the watch, of that I am sure. There is one known agent in the place and another suspected one, and I am pretty certain that they are both working at his instigation. What we want to get hold of is one of his letters to London."

"I have been in and out of his rooms at all hours," the other said. "I have gone into the matter thoroughly, so thoroughly that I have taken a situation with a firm of English tailors here and am supposed to go out and tout for orders. That gives me a free entry to the hotel. I have even had a commission from Sir Henry himself. He gave me a coat that needed some buttons sewn on. I have practically free access to his room, but what's the good? He doesn't even lead the Monte Carlo life. He doesn't give one a chance of getting at him through a third person. No notes from ladies, no flower or jewelry bills. The only photograph upon his table is a photograph of Lady Hunterleys."

"Better not tell our friend Draconmeyer that," Selingman observed, smiling to himself. "Well, well, you can do nothing but persevere, Allen. We are not niggardly masters. If a man fails through no fault of his own, well, we don't throw him into the street. Nothing parsimonious about us. No need for you to sit about with a face as long as a fiddle because you can't succeed all at once. We are the people to kick at it, not you. Drink a little more wine, my friend. Give yourself a liqueur after luncheon. Stick a cigar in your mouth and go and sit in the sunshine. Make friends with some of the ladies. Remember, the sun will still shine and the music will still play in fifty years' time, but not for you. Come and see me when you want some more money."

"You are very kind, sir," the man replied. "I am going across to the hotel now. Sir Henry has been about there most of the morning, but he has just gone in to Citro's to lunch, so I shall have at least half an hour."

"Good luck to you!" Selingman exclaimed heartily. "Who knows but that the big things may come even this afternoon? Cheer up, and try to make yourself believe that a letter may be lying on the table, a letter he forgot to post, or one sent round from the bank since he left. I am hopeful for you this afternoon, Allen. I believe you are going to do well. Come up and see me afterward if you will. I am going to my hotel to lie down for half an hour. I am not really tired, but I have no friend here to talk with or anything to do, and a rest is a wise economy of the human frame. To-night mademoiselle will have returned. Just now every one has deserted me. I will rest until six o'clock. Au revoir, friend Allen! Au revoir!"

Selingman climbed the hill and entered the hotel where he was staying. He mounted to his room and took off his coat, which he glanced at admiringly for a moment and then hung up behind the door. Finally he pulled down the blinds and lay down to rest. Very soon he was asleep.

The drowsy afternoon wore on. Through the open windows came the sound of carriages driven along the dusty way, the shouts of the coachmen to their horses, the jingling of bells, the hooting of motor horns. A lime tree, the leaves of which were stirred by the languorous breeze, kept tapping against the window. From a farther distance came the faint, muffled voices of promenaders and the echo of the guns from the Tir aux Pigeons. But through it all Selingman, lying on his back and snoring loudly, slept. He was awakened at last by the feeling that some one had entered the room. He sat up and blinked.

"Hello!" he exclaimed.

A man in the weird disguise of a motorcyclist was standing at the foot of the bed. Selingman continued to blink. He was not wholly awake and his visitor's appearance was unpleasant.

"Who the devil are you?" he inquired.

The visitor took off his disfiguring spectacles.

"Jean Coulois—behold!" was the soft reply.

Selingman raised himself and slid off the bed. It had seemed rather like a dream. He was wide awake now, however.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"What are you here for?"

(Continued on Page 44)



"She Never Came,
But I Caught a
Glimpse of Her, and
I Told You I Felt
Repaid for Waiting
There All That Time"

ROMANCE IN HARDWARE

IF I HAD written that title before I met Tom Connor I should have made it *Imagination in Hardware*—but *Romance* is Tom's pet word. He uses it every time he talks or thinks about his business. I suggested to him that he meant imagination, but he contended that imagination is not sufficiently inclusive. He said that romance, as he means it, is a result of imagination plus activity and energy in applying it—making it work. There would not have been any story but for Tom; so I think his word ought to stand in the title.

To get to the narrative, however: When we tried to market our line of high-grade family refrigerators through retail hardware stores we made the discouraging discovery that the average hardware merchant is merely an order taker. He does not believe salesmanship is necessary in his business. One of them told me, when I was trying to explain to him how I thought he could increase his sales, that I was "plumb nutty" if I thought I could talk a man into buying ten pounds of nails when he needed only five, or sell him a rake if he came in to buy a currycomb.

This situation was a facer for me, because I had supplied the imagination that induced our firm to make this expensive line of refrigerators. I got my inspiration from one of the early Potash & Perlmutter stories, in which the famous partners were paralyzed by the suggestion of an artistically inclined cutter that they put out a line of garments made of silk that cost five dollars a yard. They could not think in prices higher than two dollars a yard. Some one with an imagination that could bridge the three-dollar gap saw the possibilities of the idea, however, and the line was a winner.

That episode stuck in my memory. Then, one day, a doctor who conducts a department of health in one of the Chicago papers devoted a column to a discussion of family refrigerators. He said he had had catalogues and letters from most of the manufacturers of refrigerators, and they told him of the beautiful finish of their products, but had nothing to say about how effective they were as heat insulators. He emphasized the fact that the efficiency and safety of a refrigerator depend on how low a temperature can be maintained in the interior of it.

That, of course, is a question of materials and workmanship. The best of both can be had at a price. I believed we could make a sufficient number of refrigerator users see the advantages of paying this price to build up a profitable business in what would be the highest-grade refrigerator made. I was sure the price would not be an obstacle if we could show that the value was there. And we had a double value to offer—that of the materials and workmanship, and the more important and sentimental value as a safeguard of the family health.

Learning From Potash & Perlmutter

THEN I had to get the other members of our company to imagine the same things I did. It was the aforementioned Potash & Perlmutter situation over again, with the figures in about the same proportion. One of our directors owns a bank. I do not think he can imagine the refrigerator scheme even now, though we have been paying dividends on the idea for some time.

When we got to selling the refrigerators we found our ideas were all sound, but the problem was to get the information about our values to enough buyers. We had the goods without a doubt. On temperature comparisons with other makes under identical conditions we had the best of all of them. The dryness in our boxes could easily be demonstrated; also the saving in ice. You could see the air circulation by injecting into a refrigerator with glass doors a little smoke just below the ice. The smoke would drop to the bottom of the box, turn almost a square corner, drift to the opposite side, float to the top, then flow back across the top and down over the ice, thus showing the exact movement of the air in circulation.

Personally I could pick out ten users and sell to eight of them every time, and there would not be a single objection to the price; but the average dealer could not sell our refrigerators. I do not

By John A. Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

believe any man can sell anything that he himself cannot appreciate; and to the average dealer there just could not be "any such animal" as a refrigerator at our price. Any box that would melt ice was a refrigerator to him and the lowest price made the easiest sales. It was a serious situation for me. I felt the responsibility, all right.

I made a trip through the Middle West to find out, if I could, how the dealer might be educated to a realization of the possibilities of our line.

A few years ago I read *The Education of the Will*, by Jules Payot, a French psychologist, in which the author proved conclusively—to me—that our wills are not influenced by our intellects but by our emotions. Also, that we cannot influence the wills of others much by an intellectual appeal. It must be done by an appeal to the emotions. If you doubt the correctness of this conclusion remember that Uncle Tom's Cabin, a love story and an appeal to the emotions, brought home the truth about slavery to thousands of people who never could have been influenced by the logic or arguments against it. If the Suffragettes could get their cause into a love story they would win the vote in a year.

I tried to make the dealers on whom I called understand this angle of salesmanship. I tried to show them how to stir the emotion of thrift by playing up the ice and food saving features of our refrigerator; of concern for the family health by emphasizing its sanitary features, and the freedom from the dangers of spoiled foods on account of the low temperature and the circulation of dry air; of pride by showing its quality and appearance. The response to my efforts was a joke.

One dealer out in Terre Haute, Indiana, heard me through and then handed me this:

"Young man, there's a whole lot you don't know about the hardware business. There's nothing about a hardware stock to stir the emotions. It's as cold as nails. I've been in the business all my life and I never saw but one sale made by jolting a customer's emotions. That was during the panic of 1907. Old Steve Rawlins was considerably down in the mouth on account of poor business and a crop failure on his farm, just out of town. He came in here one rainy day when Gus Sears, the town pessimist, was handing out a dose of blues to every one who would listen to him, giving a list of bank failures, telling how the country was going to the dogs, and predicting a winter of famine and pestilence.

"Well, he roused old Steve's emotions to such an extent that Steve bought thirty feet of rope from me, and we found out afterward that he had made up his mind to hang himself and end it all; but on the way home he passed an automobile that had skidded into the ditch, and the owner of the machine borrowed Steve's rope to use in pulling the car out of the mud. Seeing the other fellow's trouble cheered Steve up so much that he changed his mind and decided to stay with us a while longer. So he made a swing out of the rope for his little granddaughter, who lives next door to him. That's the only sale I have ever heard of having been made from a hardware stock by working on a man's emotions."

I came back from that trip without much enthusiasm; but I still believed there was some way to get at our particular market.

Eventually an advertising man with an imagination found us, sensed our problem and solved it by playing on the emotions of the whole United States—or, at least, that part of it which could buy our refrigerators—by telling our story in advertisements in monthly and weekly magazines that are read all over the country.

In passing I want to mention that he did not worry about educating the dealer to an appreciation of our product. He went straight to the user and depended on him to help educate the dealer.

We had been going at the thing wrong end first. It was mighty interesting to see how the advertising man's plan worked out. In most cases when a customer went to a dealer the sale was already half made. The dealer simply repeated the arguments he got from our general advertising; and the customer, having already responded to the same arguments in print, quickly confirmed his previous resolution to buy, and the sale was completed. Or, if the dealer had not been



"She Didn't Let Any Jervant Open That Cooler Either"

influenced by our advertising, the customer passed on our arguments to the dealer, and the latter was very quick to learn from the man or woman who had the money to spend.

However, I've drifted away from Tom Connor. Before this advertising man found us we were plugging along, doing fairly well through the high-class stores in the large cities, but unable to make headway with the dealers in small cities and towns. The best of such dealers would sell, we found, about one refrigerator a year to each thousand of population. Only a few did as well

as that. We came to look on one sale to a thousand of population as the high mark—the goal to strive for.

One day while looking over our records I noticed that Thomas Connor, out in Evansburg, was selling one box to every five hundred people in his town. I suspected some peculiarity of the locality would account for such a showing. I got all the information obtainable; but the statistics did not show that Evansburg was different in a business way from any other town of twenty-five thousand population.

The Man Who Rode a Hobby to Success

I WAS still speculating about the possible causes of Connor's big business in our refrigerators when, one evening at the club, I met Joe Sullivan, an old friend of mine who makes suction sweepers. We were discussing our sales troubles when Sullivan mentioned that, though their machines were generally handled by dry-goods or house-furnishing stores, the best dealer they had was a hardware man by the name of Thomas Connor, in Evansburg. I decided right then to go out and see Mr. Connor, hoping he might have some miracle-working plan that we could pass on to dealers in a general way and move our average up to one sale to each five hundred of the population.

Well, I found that Connor had a plan, sure enough; but, as usual, it was the man behind the plan that counted most.

I arrived in Evansburg one morning and nosed round a little to size up the town and perhaps get some information about Connor from the outside or from some competitor.

I dropped into the first hardware store I saw; and from the gray-haired proprietor I found there were but three hardware stores in Evansburg. Usually a town of twenty-five thousand people has six or more hardware stores. It developed that there had been six in Evansburg. Connor had bought out one before he had been in business a year and had been coaxed by the owners to take over two more within another year. This old veteran of the nail keg with whom I talked said:

"Along with all the other hardware men in town I thought Tom Connor would be a funny joke when he undertook to run the business he inherited from his father. It was a good business, but Tom didn't like it and didn't want it. When he quit college he went into business in Chicago, and came back here only when his father's illness made it necessary.

"Before the old man died Tom was always talking about romance in business. He often asked me whether there was any romance in a hardware stock. I told him I'd never known any. He said he was sure there must be some, but he didn't have time to dig it out. He said he wanted to get into a business that had some life in it. He thought it would be good fun to sell women's hats or corsets, because you could get twenty dollars for two dollars' worth of goods and eighteen dollars' worth of imagination. He said you could put some romance into a business of that kind.

"Naturally it didn't look as though the Connor hardware business would last long in the hands of a youngster like that. He hoped his dad would get well and let him go back to Chicago; but the old man died and Tom had the hardware stock. When he saw he was in for it he started to find the romance—as he calls it—in the business. That was four years ago. He either found it or made it. Now he has the biggest business in town. I'm holding on just because I want a little something to do in my old age, and



"There Were a Lot of Screens Painted That Year"

Tom has made me a standing offer to take over my hardware stock whenever I am ready to quit."

I made no further inquiries, but went straight for Connor's store. The minute I opened the door I saw that this store was different from any I had visited. To begin with, the office was located just inside the door, on the right, and was separated from the rest of the store by brass railings—no partitions.

I have seen but one other hardware store in which the arrangement of stock approached Connor's, either in the attractiveness of display or the get-at-able-ness of the goods. The openness of the office and its close combination with the store proper gave a very pleasing sense of importance to the store. The location of the office at the front kept the clerks near the entrance when they were not busy with customers. I have been in few hardware stores, even in larger cities, where it was not necessary to hunt up a clerk and coax him to wait on me. That never happens in Connor's store. When I entered a man started from one of the desks in the office and met me before I had gone ten feet inside the door.

"Can I be of any service?" he inquired.

"I'd like to see Mr. Connor," I said.

When he replied, "I'm Mr. Connor," I was much surprised. He is barely of medium height—a commonplace-looking man, with the exception of his eyes. They are alive and alight every minute, and they have a peculiar twinkle that makes you think Connor is a humorist. I guess he is. He certainly has a good sense of proportion. After telling him my name and business I said:

Old Stock Sold by New Methods

"I'D LIKE to know how you sell proportionately twice as many of our refrigerators as any other dealer we have. I can understand partly, just by glimpsing your store. Both your store and your sales show a good stock of imagination."

"Come up to my den," he said. "I'm just aching for a chance to talk my business to a man who can understand."

He took me up to a small private office on the second floor where he evidently did his thinking and his real work. After some preliminary talk he told me his whole story; and here are some of the interesting things he said:

"I didn't want to be a hardware merchant. I wanted to get into some business that had a lot of what I call romance in it. Romance in business is a hobby with me. I think I originated the application of that word to business—at least in the sense in which I use it. I couldn't see that there was any such possibility in the hardware trade. It dealt only in commonplace utilities. But my father died and left me his business, and I had promised him to keep it going. I guess I couldn't have done otherwise, anyway. I had no other resources and I couldn't have afforded to sacrifice the business. I felt at the time that I was sacrificing myself."

"Shortly after I inherited my father's business I went to Chicago for a few days, and on the train I met a millionaire manufacturer from that city. In our smoking-room talk he told me he had started in business as a retail merchant in an Indiana town, and that if by any chance he should ever go broke he'd go back to some good lively town and start another fortune in the same way, because it would be so easy."

"He said the possibilities were good and the competition nil, for the reason that nine out of every ten retailers ought not to be in business. They appreciated neither its possibilities nor its dignity. He said it was like taking candy from children to get all the best trade. He outlined some of his methods. For instance, he suggested that if Mrs. Jones came in to order a rake in the spring I might hand her a folder illustrating an ice-cream freezer, saying that warm weather would soon be here and that if she needed a freezer I was sure she would find this the best one to buy. He told me that he had often found that from forty to fifty per cent of such seed planting brought sales."

"This sounded a good bit like romance to me, and I grew interested. I came home and analyzed my stock and became enthusiastic. There was plenty of romance in it, and I decided to give a lot of dignity to the retail hardware business in this town. And I'm mighty glad this business is one of utilities. I'd hate to be selling any goods that didn't have real intrinsic and practical worth. I'd like to call this a utility store instead of a hardware store. Maybe I will."

"The first thing I did was to arrange my store and office as you saw them. Each clerk has a small desk inside the railing. That makes him something more than a counter-jumper in his own estimation and in the minds of the customers. Then it wasn't so much of a job to train the clerks into the idea that we are selling service as well as hardware."

"In rearranging the stock I found we had a big supply of a brilliant-black colored varnish. My father had loaded up with it; but at that time it had not been advertised and there was small demand for it. I wanted to turn it into money. It was a good article and I wondered why we didn't sell more of it. It was intended to be used by the consumer in brightening up things round the house, such as fly screens, fixtures, and so on. I imagined that the obstacle to larger sales was the labor required to apply it. It's easy to touch up a fixture or two, but the average man or woman finds it mighty tiresome to paint a dozen window screens."

"So I worked out a plan, and advertised for boys who wanted to earn money during the spring vacation or after school hours. I had plenty of applicants. I picked out the brightest boy in each neighborhood and instructed him to go to his neighbors and say to the housewife that he would paint her window screens for ten cents each; and that he and Tom Connor would guarantee that they would not rust or look shabby for two years."

"It worked. Say a house had twenty screens. The boy bought forty cents' worth of the colored varnish and a brush. From this investment and his work he got two dollars. I taught the boys how to care for their brushes so they could use them for many jobs. There were a lot of screens painted that year. They needed it; but the house-owners hadn't noticed it until it was suggested to them."

"Our stock of colored varnish was soon disposed of and more ordered. I suggested to the boys that they might also paint or stain porch furniture. This sold more stain, paint and brushes, and had an unexpected effect: The newly painted screens and porch furniture made some of the houses look rather shabby. They needed painting. I heard of many of these cases through the boys, and went after them."

"It was easy to convince the house owners of the superiority of the ready-mixed paints we carry, but most painters want to mix their own lead and oil. I got hold of a few bright young painters and showed them how I could keep them busy if they would use our paint. They saw the advantage of my plan. They had me and the paint manufacturers behind them. To-day I think most of the orders for housepainting in Evansburg come through my store."

"I soon found possibilities in a hardware stock that I had never dreamed of. For instance, I wanted an automobile; but I wanted to buy it as an investment and make it pay for itself. One day I saw advertised a kerosene lamp that burned gas from kerosene through a mantle, just as city gas is burned. It made the gas from the kerosene as it burned. It was said to give an eighty-candle-power light at a very low cost. It looked like just the thing for farmers if it could be properly demonstrated to them; but you can't effectually demonstrate a light in a store in the daytime and farmers are not in town much at night. The only way to demonstrate this lamp was in the farmer's home at night."

"This looked like my chance for an automobile. I got one of the lamps and found it worked well, was simple to operate, and offered a good profit. I secured an exclusive agency for it and bought my auto. Every few days that fall I would load the tonneau with the lamps, which came packed in separate cartons. Then I'd get out into the country. At each farmhouse I'd set up one of the lamps, fill it with oil, show the farmer's wife how to light it, and ask her to use it instead of the old lamps until I called for it. I also gave her some statistics about defective eyesight in farmers' homes due to poor lighting."

"You can imagine that when night came the whole family was interested in lighting that lamp; and when they found the room flooded with a beautiful white light you couldn't have taken that lamp away by force. I could cover thirty or forty miles of road a day easily, and within a radius of



One Merchant Told Me I Was "Plumb Natty" if I Thought I Could Talk a Man Into Buying Ten Pounds of Nails When He Needed Only Five

sixty miles of Evansburg I've sold lamps to nearly every farmer who hadn't some better method of lighting. Many of them bought two; some, three. I paid for my car, all right, and made acquaintances and won customers that I should never have had otherwise."

"This experience with lamps suggested the idea that there must be other articles that could be sold easier in the home than in the store."

"I decided to try fireless cookers. I bought a small line of what I decided were the best cookers made, because I have more fun in selling quality stuff, and with my plan I needed a good margin of profit. Besides, a cheap fireless cooker, like a cheap refrigerator, is an unprofitable thing to sell under a money-back policy."

"I tried my experiment on one of my customers whom I knew to be a very careful housekeeper

and to have a strong influence in her neighborhood. I telephoned her, asking her to come to the store at two o'clock if she were coming downtown that day, as I had something interesting to show her. I also asked her to do nothing about supplying herself with meat for dinner that evening. Whether she had intended to come down town or not, my invitation and her curiosity brought her to the store at two o'clock. I had ready a fine beef roast, a pan of biscuits, and the radiating stones properly heated."

"After explaining to Mrs. Brown the operation of the cooker and its advantages I put the radiators, roast and biscuits into the cooker, closed the lid and locked it with a small padlock, giving the key to Mrs. Brown. The lock was a little piece of stage business to assure her that the cooking was all done in the cooker, and it also prevented anyone but Mrs. Brown from opening the lid before the right time. Then I told her we would send the cooker to her house at once, and asked her to open it when she was just ready to serve dinner."

Letting the Housewife Sell to Herself

"I HAVE an idea she didn't think or talk much about anything but that cooker the rest of the afternoon; and she didn't let any servant open it either. She bought the cooker next day, and told me they had never had such a delicious roast or such biscuits. The cost of the roast was included in the price of the cooker; but Mrs. Brown got value received. Of course I used care in selecting my prospects; but mighty few cookers have been returned, and I've sent out a lot of them."

"A friend of mine tells me you sell a good many of his suction sweepers," I suggested.

"I do," he replied; "and that's another article you have to let the housewife sell to herself in her own home. Most women would rather spend twenty-five dollars for a hat than for a sweeping machine. They have to see a lot of benefits coming to them before they'll invest that much in



I Had Supplied the Imagination That Induced Our Firm to Make This Expensive Line of Refrigerators

"Seeing the Other Fellow's Trouble Cheered Steve Up"



any utensil for housework. And they are more or less skeptical of any demonstration you make in your store. They don't have to deal with cork, powder, and so on at home.

"I picked out a machine that would really do the work, was durable, simple to operate, and could be trusted to perform its duty in the hands of a novice. My plan is to ask the housewife to let me do her weekly cleaning. I send one of my men with the machine. He shows the housewife how to work it and allows her to handle it herself. Then he exhibits, when he empties the bag, the unseen dirt with which she has been living, and calls her attention to the short time it has required to clean all her rugs and carpets more thoroughly than they have ever been cleaned.

"He tells her how this method saves her carpets and rugs and guards the health of her family—we've sold a lot of sweepers in homes where there are babies because we have convinced the mothers that their babies ought not to creep on floors that are not thoroughly cleaned of dust by the suction system. Then we leave the machine with the housewife, so that she may use it herself the next week. She usually buys it.

"Now I am coming to your refrigerator," he said.

"One of your salesmen convinced me that you had the goods, though the price is high—higher than that of any other refrigerator we have ever handled. I think that is one reason why I wanted to sell it.

"Now the purchase of a refrigerator represents about the largest expenditure the average family makes for a household utility, and the sale is correspondingly difficult—especially because the average man or woman looks on any box that will hold ice as a refrigerator. I made up my mind that every possible buyer I could reach would have to be educated in the principles of ice refrigeration. But you can't force this information on a customer. You have to make him want it.

"The minute you approach a man or a woman with a suggestion to buy, the person approached is on guard against that particular suggestion and prepares to resist it. That's human nature. So I evolved a plan to work up to the

refrigerator by way of some other merchandise, so as not to rouse the buyer's antagonism to my refrigerator suggestion and then have to overcome that antagonism.

"The efficiency idea in all sorts of work was just attracting public attention, and I thought it might be applied to housework. So I started a home-efficiency department and coached one of my men as an efficiency expert. My idea was to announce to the housewife that our efficiency expert would make a survey of her home and suggest ways and means for making the work of her household help more efficient, calling attention to the fact that her husband adopted in his office every device for economizing time and labor, while most housework is still done in a more or less primitive way. Our expert would, we planned, among other things, suggest the installation of a sanitary refrigerator wherever one was lacking.

"I had, under various pretexts, visited several kitchens, and I had gone through our stock looking for devices that might be advantageously used in the average kitchen to expedite and lighten the work.

"You'd be surprised at the specialties in a hardware stock that would increase the efficiency of the houseworker—devices about which the average housewife knows nothing. She doesn't know about them because so few hardware specialties or staples are advertised, and fewer are properly advertised. Incidentally that's one reason why there are so few good retail hardware salesmen. I've noticed that in lines which are well advertised the manufacturer, directly and through the consumer, educate the retailer and his clerks to an appreciation of the advertised goods and of efficient ways to sell them. That develops a lot of good salesmanship in those lines. I hope more hardware manufacturers will take to advertising."

"Do you like to handle advertised articles?" I asked.

"Do I! The minute I see an article in my line advertised I stock it. And I've taught this town that anything which is advertised can be bought here.

"To get back to my plan, however—it looked like a winner. So we started to experiment in a small way, and

we soon ran against the fact that the average woman doesn't take up readily with innovations in household methods. She doesn't need to be coaxed or educated to buy a seventy-five-dollar gown or a ten-dollar corset or a twenty-dollar hat. She buys those things in obedience to instinct apparently. Seventy-five dollars for a refrigerator or ten dollars for kitchen utensils is 'something else again.'

"A man will take to the efficiency idea for the household because he's accustomed to it in his office or factory. I almost made the mistake of trying to work this plan through the husband. Of course the wife would have fought it to a finish; and it would have been a quick finish, because the home is her department.

"It occurred to me that it was a question of style which made the corset or hat or gown sale so easy. So I thought: 'Let's make home efficiency fashionable!' That was the hinge of the whole scheme. We have a very active Woman's Club here, and the members have been devoting their energies to what they call civic housecleaning—getting ordinances passed to regulate garbage and refuse dumps, manure piles, the hours of labor of municipal employees, and so on.

"I got myself invited to make a talk at one of their meetings. I praised all they had done for the city, but suggested that they might accomplish even bigger results for themselves individually, and for the city as a whole, by increasing the efficiency of their own home working force, over which they had absolute and intimate control. I explained that the nature of my business had set me to thinking along this line, and that I had even gone so far as to establish a household-efficiency department.

"The idea caught them and they appointed a committee to formulate a campaign for the promulgation of it. Household efficiency became stylish! The committee asked me for assistance and I gave it. Also, I sent to every woman in town an announcement of our efficiency department. That department had to work overtime, and we educated another expert. (Concluded on Page 40)

The Man Who Rocked the Earth

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XII

THE shabby-gentle little houses of the Applan Way, in Cambridge, whose window-eyes with their blue-green lids had watched Bennie Hooker come and go, trudging back and forth to lectures and recitations, first as boy and then as man, for twenty years, must have blinked with amazement at the sight of the little professor as he started on the afterward famous Hooker Expedition to Labrador in search of the Flying Ring. For the five days following Thornton's unexpected visit Bennie, existing without sleep and almost without food save for his staple of ready-to-serve chocolate, was the center of a whirl of books, logarithms and calculations in the University Library, and constituted himself an unmitigated, if respected, pest at the Cambridge Observatory. Moreover—and this was the most iconoclastic spectacle of all to his conservative pedagogical neighbors in the Applan Way—telegraph boys on bicycles kept rushing to and fro in a stream between the Hooker boarding house and Harvard Square at all hours of the day and night. For Bennie had



lost no time, and had instantly started in upon the same series of experiments to locate the origin of the phenomena which had shaken the globe as had been made use of by Professor von Schwenitz at the direction of General von Helmuth, the Imperial German Commissioner for War, at Mainz. The result had been approximately identical, and Hooker had satisfied himself that somewhere in the center of Labrador his fellow scientist—the discoverer of the Lavender Ray—was conducting the operations that had resulted in the dislocation of the earth's axis and retardation of its motion. Filled with a pure and unselfish scientific joy, it became his sole and immediate ambition to find the man who had done these things, to shake him by the hand, and to compare notes with him upon the now solved problems of thermic induction and of atomic disintegration.

But how to get there? How to reach him? For Prof. Bennie Hooker had never been a hundred miles from Cambridge in his life, and a journey to Labrador seemed almost as difficult as an attempt to reach the pole. Off again then to the University Library, with pale but polite young ladies hastening to fetch him atlases, charts, guidebooks and works dealing with sport and travel, until at last the great scheme unfolded itself to his mind—the scheme that

was to result in the perpetuation of atomic disintegration for the uses of mankind and the subsequent alteration of civilization, both political and economic. Innocently, ingeniously, ingenuously, he mapped it all out. No one must know what he was about. Oh, no! He must steal away, in disguise if need be, and reach Pax alone. Three would be a crowd in that communion of scientific thought! He must take with him the notes of his own experiments, the diagrams of his apparatus, and his precious zirconium; and he must return with the great secret of atomic disintegration in his breast, ready, with the discoverer's permission, to give it to the dry and thirsty world. And then, indeed, the earth would blossom like the rose!

A strange sight, the start of the Hooker Expedition! Doctor Jelly's colored housemaid had just cast a pail of blue-gray suds over his front steps—it was six-thirty A. M.—and was on the point of resignedly kneeling and swabbing up the doctor's porch when she saw the door of the professor's residence open cautiously and a curious human exhibit, the like of which had ne'er before been seen on sea or land, surreptitiously emerge. It was Prof. Bennie Hooker—disguised as a salmon fisherman! Over a brand-new sportsman's knickerbocker suit of screaming yellow check he had donned an English mackintosh. On his legs were gaiters, and on his head a helmetlike affair of cloth with a visor in front and another behind, with ear tabs fastened at the crown with a piece of black ribbon—in other words a Glengarry. The suit had been manufactured in Harvard Square, and was a triumph of sartorial art on the part of one who had never been nearer

to a real fisherman than the colored fashion plates of various publications. However, it did suggest a sportsman of the variety usually portrayed in the comic supplements, and, to complete the picture, in Professor Hooker's hands and under his arms were yellow pigskin bags and rod cases, so that he looked like the show window of a harness store.

"Fo' de land sakes!" exclaimed the Jellys' colored maid, oblivious of her suds. "Fo' de Lawd! Am dat Perfesser Hookey?"

It was! But a new and glorified professor, with a soul thrilling to the joy of discovery and romance, with a flash in his eyes, and the savings of ten years in a large roll in his left-hand knickerbocker pocket.



Bennie Found Himself Dancing Up and Down, Shouting to the Father of the Marionettes

Thus started the Hooker Expedition, which discovered the Flying Ring and made the famous report to the Smithsonian Institution after the disarmament of the nations. But could the nations have seen the expedition as it emerged from its boarding house that September morning they would have rubbed their eyes. With the utmost difficulty Prof. Bennie Hooker negotiated his bags and rod cases as far as Harvard Square, where, through the assistance of a friendly conductor with a sense of humor, he was enabled to board an electric surface car to the North Station. He had his itinerary all neatly written out in a fine hand on a piece of paper:

Sept. 7 6.30 A. M. Start from Cambridge.
7.15 A. M. Arrive North Station, Boston.
7.30 A. M. Breakfast in station.
8 A. M. Take Maine Central train to Portland.
11 A. M. Take Quebec Central train to Quebec.
10.30 P. M. Arrive Quebec.
Sept. 8 Purchase transportation and supplies for Labrador.
Sept. 9 5 A. M. Take steamer for Seven Islands.
Sept. 11 Arrive Seven Islands.
Sept. 12 Hire Indians, canoes and outfit.
Sept. 13 Start up the Moisie River for 55° N. & 75° W. (Region of Ungava.)
Sept. 15 ? ? ? ? ?

Beyond the start up the Moisie his imagination refused to carry him. But he had a faith that approximated certainty that over the Height of Land—just over the edge—he would find Pax and the Flying Ring. During all the period required for his experiments and preparations he had never once glanced at a newspaper or inquired as to the progress of the war that was rapidly exterminating the inhabitants of the globe. Thermic induction, atomic disintegration, the Lavender Ray, these were the Alpha, the Sigma, the Omega of his existence. But meantime the war had gone on with all its concomitant horror, suffering and loss of life, and the representatives of the nations assembled at Washington had been feverishly attempting to unite upon the terms of a universal treaty that should end militarism and war forever. And meantime, also, although Professor Hooker was sublimely unconscious of the fact, the celebrated conclave, known as Conference No. 2, composed of the best-known scientific men from every land, was sitting, perspiring, in the great lecture hall of the Smithsonian Institution, its members shouting at one another in a dozen different languages, telling each other what they did and didn't know, and becoming more and more confused and entangled in an underbrush of contradictory facts and observations and irreconcilable theories until they were making no progress whatever—which was precisely what the astute and plausible Count von Koenitz, the German Ambassador, had planned and intended.

The Flying Ring did not again appear, and in spite of the uncontroverted testimony of Acting Consul Quinn, Mohammed Ben Ali el Bad, and a thousand others who had actually seen the Lavender Ray, people began gradually, almost unconsciously, to assume that the destruction of the Atlas Mountains had been the work of an unsuspected volcano and that the presence of the Flying Ring had been a coincidence and not the cause of the disruption. So the incident passed by and public attention refocused itself upon the conflict on the plains of Châlons-sur-Marne. Only Bill Hood, Thornton, and a few others in the secret, together with the President, the Cabinet, and the members of Conference No. 1 and of Conference No. 2, truly apprehended the significance of what had occurred and realized that either war or the human race must pass away forever. But no one at all, save only the German Ambassador and the Imperial German Commissioners, suspected that one of the nations had conceived and was putting into execution a plan designed to result in the acquirement of the secret of how the earth could be rocked and in the capture of the discoverer. For the Sea Fox, bearing the German expeditionary force, had sailed from Amsterdam three days after the conference held at Mainz between Professor von Schwenitz and General von Helmuth, and having safely rounded the Orkneys was now already well on its course toward Labrador. Bennie Hooker, however, was

ignorant of all these things. Like an immigrant with a tag on his arm, he sat on the train which bore him toward Quebec, his ticket stuck into the band on his hat, dreaming of a transformer that wouldn't—couldn't—melt at only six thousand degrees.

When Professor Hooker awoke in his room at the hotel in Quebec the morning after his arrival there he ate a leisurely breakfast, and having smoked a pipe on the terrace strolled down to the wharves along the river front. Here to his disgust he learned that the Labrador steamer, the Druro, would not sail until the following Thursday—a three-days wait. Apparently Labrador was a less frequented locality than he had supposed. He mastered his impatience, however, and discovering a library presided over by a highly intelligent graduate of Edinburgh, he became so interested in various profound treatises on physics which he discovered that he almost missed his boat.



For a Moment They All Lay Stunned and Lightheaded. The Face of the Cliff Glowed Like the Interior of a Blast Furnace

Assisted by the head porter, and staggering under the weight of his new rod cases and other impedimenta, Bennie boarded the Druro on Thursday morning, engaged a stateroom and purchased a ticket for Seven Islands, which is the nearest harbor to the mouth of the River Moisie. She was a large and comfortable river steamer of about eight hundred and fifty tons, and from her appearance belied the fact that she was the connecting link between civilization and the desolate and ice-clad wastes of the Far North, as in fact she was. The captain regarded Bennie with indifference, if not disrespect, grunted, and ascending to the pilot house blew the whistle. Quebec, with its teeming wharves and crowded shipping, overlooked by the cliffs that made Wolfe famous, slowly fell behind. Off their leeward bow the Isle of Orleans swung nearer and swept past, its neat homesteads inviting the weary traveler to pastoral repose. The river cleared. Low, farm-clad shores began to slip by. The few tourists and returning habitants settled themselves in the bow and made ready for their voyage.

There would have been much to interest the ordinary American traveler in this comparatively unfrequented

corner of his native continent: but our salmon fisherman, having conveniently disposed of his baggage, immediately retired to his stateroom and, intent on saving time, proceeded to read passionately several exceedingly uninviting looking books which he produced from his valise, wholly oblivious of the Druro. The Druro, quite as oblivious of Professor Hooker, proceeded on her accustomed way, passed by Tadousac, and made her first stop at the Godbout. Bennie, finding the boat was no longer in motion, reappeared on deck under the mistaken impression that they had reached the end of the voyage, for he was unfamiliar with the topography of the St. Lawrence, and in fact had very vague ideas as to distances and the time required to traverse them by rail or boat. At the Godbout the Druro dropped a habitan or two, a few boatloads of steel rods, crates of crockery and tobacco, and then thrust her bow out into the stream and steered down river, rounding

at length the Pointe des Monts and winding in behind the Isles des Oeufs to the River Pentecôte, where she deposited some more habitants, including a priest in a black soutane, who somewhat incongruously was smoking a large cigar. Then, nosing through a fog bank and breaking out at last into sunlight again, she steamed across and put in past the Caroussel, that picturesque and rocky headland, into Seven Islands Bay. Here she anchored, and having discharged cargo, steamed out by the Grande Boule, where eighteen miles beyond the islands Bennie saw the pilot house of the old St. Olaf, of unhappy memory, just lifting above the water.

He had emerged from the retirement of his stateroom only on being asked by the steward for his ticket and learning that the Druro was nearing the end of her journey. For nearly two days he had been submerged in Soddy on The Interpretation of Radium. The Druro was running along a sandy, low-lying beach about half a mile offshore. They were nearing the mouth of a wide river. The volume of black fresh water from the Moisie rushed out into the St. Lawrence until it met the green sea water, causing a sharp demarcation of color and a no less pronounced conflict of natural forces. For, owing to the pressure of the tide against the solid mass of the fresh stream, acres of water unexpectedly boiled on all sides, throwing geysers of foam twenty feet or more into the air, and then subsided. Off the point the engine bell rang twice, and the Druro came to a pause.

Bennie, standing in the bow in his sportsman's cap and waterproof, hugging his rod cases to his breast, watched while a heterogeneous fleet of canoes, skiffs and sailboats came racing out from shore, for the steamer does not land here, but hangs in the offing and lighters its cargo ashore. Leading the lot was a sort of whaleboat propelled by two oars on one side and one on the other, and in the stern sheets sat a rosy-cheeked, good-natured looking man with a smooth-shaven face who Bennie knew must be Malcolm Holliday.

"Hello, cap!" shouted Holliday. "Any passengers?"

The captain from the pilot house waved contemptuously in Bennie's general direction.

"Howdy!" said Holliday. "What do you want? What can I do for you?"

"I thought I'd try a little salmon fishing," shrieked Bennie back at him.

Holliday shook his head. "Sorry," he bellowed; "river's leased. Besides, the officers* are here."

"Oh!" answered Bennie ruefully. "I didn't know. I supposed I could fish anywhere."

"Well, you can't!" snapped Holliday, puzzled by the little man's curious appearance.

"I suppose I can go ashore, can't I?" insisted Bennie somewhat indignantly. "I'll just take a camping trip then. I'd like to see the big salmon cache up at the forks if I can't do anything else."

*Along the St. Lawrence and the Labrador coast a salmon fisherman is always spoken of by natives and local residents as an "officer," the reason being that most of the sportsmen who visit these waters are English army officers. Hence salmon fishermen are universally termed "officers," and a habitan will describe the sportsmen who have rented a certain river as "les officiers de la Moisie" or "les officiers de Saint Jean."



Half Mad With the Flies, and Nearly Naked, He Found His Way Somehow Across the Quaking Bog

Instantly Holliday scented something. "Another fellow after gold," he muttered to himself.

Just at that moment, the tide being at the ebb, a hundred acres of green water off the Druro's bow broke into whirling waves and jets of foam again. All about them, and a mile to seaward, these merry men danced by the score. Bennie thrilled at the beauty of it. The whaleboat containing Holliday was now right under the ship's bows.

"I want to look round anyhow," expostulated Bennie. "I've come all the way from Boston." He felt himself treated like a criminal, felt the suspicion in Holliday's eye.

Holliday laughed. "In that case you certainly deserve sympathy." Then he hesitated. "Oh, well, come along," he said finally. "We'll see what we can do for you."

A rope ladder had been thrown over the side and one of the sailors now lowered Bennie's luggage into the boat. The professor followed, avoiding with difficulty stepping on his mackintosh as he climbed down the slippery rounds. Holliday grasped his hand and yanked him to a seat in the stern.

"Yes," he repeated, "if you've come all the way from Boston I guess we'll have to put you up for a few days anyway."

A crate of canned goods, a parcel of mail and a huge bundle of newspapers were deposited in the bow. Holliday waved his hand. The Druro churned the water and swung out into midstream again. Bennie looked curiously after her. To the north lay a sandy shore dotted by a scruffy forest of dwarf spruce and birch. A few fishing huts and a mass of wooden shanties fringed the forest. To the east, seaward, many miles down that great stretch of treacherous, sullen river waited a gray bank of fog. But overhead the air was crystalline with that sparkling, scratchy brilliance that is found only in northern climes. Nature seemed hard, relentless. With his feet entangled in rod cases Professor Hooker wondered for a moment what on earth he was there for, landing on this inhospitable coast. Then his eyes sought the genial face of Malcolm Holliday and hope sprang up anew. For there is that about this genial frontiersman that draws all men to him alike, be they Scotch or English, Canadian habitants or Montagnais, and he is the king of the coast, as his father was before him, or as was old Peter McKenzie, the head factor, who incidentally cast the best salmon fly ever thrown east of Montreal or south of Ungava. Bennie found comfort in Holliday's smile and felt toward him as a child does toward its mother.

They neared shore and ran alongside a ramshackle pier, up the slippery poles of which Bennie was instructed to clamber. Then, dodging rotten boards and treacherous places, he gained the sand of the beach and stood at last on Labrador. A group of Montagnais picked up the professor's luggage and headed by Holliday they started for the latter's house. It was a strange and amusing landing of an expedition the results of which have revolutionized the life of the inhabitants of the entire globe. No such inconspicuous event has ever had so momentous a conclusion. And now when Malcolm Holliday makes his yearly trip home to Quebec, to report to the firm of Holliday Brothers, who own all the nets far east of Anticosti, he spends hours at the Club des Voyageurs, recounting in detail all the circumstances surrounding the arrival of Professor Hooker and how he took him for a gold hunter.

"Anyhow," he finishes, "I knew he wasn't a salmon fisherman in spite of his rods and cases, for he didn't know a Black Dose from a Thunder and Lightning or a Jock Scott, and he thought you could catch salmon with a worm!"

It was wholly true. Bennie did suppose one killed the king of game fish as he had caught minnows in his childhood, and his geologic researches in the Harvard Library had not taught him otherwise. Neither had his tailor.

"My dear fellow," said Holliday as they smoked their pipes on the narrow board piazza at the Post, "of course I'll help you all I can, but you've come at a bad season of the year all round. In the first place, you'll be eaten alive by black flies, gnats and mosquitoes." He slapped vigorously as he spoke. "And you'll have the devil of a job getting canoe men. You see all the Montagnais are down here

at the settlement 'making their mass.' Once a year they leave the hunting grounds up by the Divide and beyond and come down river to 'faire la messe'—it's a religious duty with 'em. They're very religious, as you probably know—a fine lot, too, take 'em altogether, gentle, obedient, industrious, polite, cheerful, and fair to middling honest. They have a good deal of French blood—a bit diluted, but it's there."

"Can't I get a few to go along with me?" asked Bennie anxiously.

"That's a question," answered the factor meditatively.

"You know how the birds—bow caribou—migrate every year. Well, these Montagnais are just like them. They have a regular routine. Each man has a line of traps of his own, all the way up to the Height of Land. They all go up river in the autumn with their winter's supply of pork, flour, tea, powder, lead, axes, files, rosin to mend their canoes, and castoreum—made out of beaver glands, you know—to take away the smell of their hands from the baited traps. They go up in families, six or seven canoes together, and as each man reaches his own territory his canoe drops out of the procession and he makes a camp for his wife and babies. Then he spends the winter—six or seven months—in the woods following his line of traps. By and by the ice goes out and he begins to want some society. He hasn't seen a priest for ten months or so, and he's afraid of the *loup-garou*, for all I know. So he comes down river, takes his Newport season here at Moisie, and goes to mass and staves off the *loup-garou*. They're all here now. Maybe you can get a couple to go up river and maybe you can't."

Then observing Bennie's crestfallen expression, he added:

"But we'll see. Perhaps you can get Marc St. Ange and Edouard Moreau, both good fellows. They've made their mass and they know the country from here to Ungava. There's Marc now!—Here you, Marc St. Ange." A swarthy, lithe Montagnais was coming down the road, and Holliday addressed him rapidly in habitan French: "This gentleman wishes to go up river to the forks to see the big cache. Will you go with him?"

The Montagnais bowed to Professor Hooker and pondered the suggestion. Then he gesticulated toward the north and seemed to Bennie to be telling a long story.

Holliday laughed again. "Marc says he will go," he commented shortly. "But he says also that if the great father of the marionettes is angry he will come back."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Bennie.

"Why, when the aurora borealis—Northern Lights—plays in the sky the Indians always say that the marionettes are dancing. About three weeks ago we had some electrical disturbances up here and a kind of an earthquake. It scared these Indians silly. There was a tremendous display, almost like a volcano. It beat anything I ever saw, and I've been here fifteen years. The Indians said the father of the marionettes was angry because they didn't dance enough to suit him, and that he was making them dance. Then some of them caught a glimpse of a shooting star, or a comet or something, and called it the father of the marionettes. They had quite a time—held masses, and so on—and were really quite cut up. But the thing is over now, except for the regular, ordinary display."

"When can they be ready?" inquired Bennie eagerly.

"To-morrow morning," replied Holliday. "Marc will engage his uncle. They're all right. Now how about an outfit? But don't talk any more about salmon. I know what you're after—it's gold!"

The moon was still hanging low over the firs at four o'clock the next morning when three black and silent shadows emerged from the factor's house and made their way, cautiously and with difficulty, across the sand to where a canoe had been run into the riffles of the beach. Marc came first, carrying a sheet-iron stove with a collapsible funnel; then his Uncle Edouard, shouldering a bundle consisting of a tent and a couple of sacks of flour and pork; and lastly Professor Hooker with his mackintosh and rifle, entirely unaware of the fact that his careful guides had removed all the cartridges from his luggage lest he should

shoot too many caribou and so spoil the winter's food supply. It was cold, almost frosty. In the black flood of the river the stars burned with a chill, wavering light. Bennie put on his mackintosh with a shiver. The two guides quietly piled the luggage in the center of the canoe, arranged a seat for their passenger, picked up their paddles, shoved off and took their places in bow and stern.

No lights gleamed in the windows of Moisie. The lap of the ripples against the birch side of the canoe, the gurgle of the water round the paddle blades, and the rush of the bow as, after it had paused on the withdraw, it leaped forward on the stroke were the only sounds that broke the deathlike silence of the semiarctic night. Bennie struck a match, and it flared red against the black water as he lit his pipe, but he felt a great stirring within his little breast, a great courage to dare, to do, for he was off, really off, on his great hunt, his search for the secret that would remake the world. With the current whispering against its sides the canoe swept in a wide circle to midstream. The moon was now partially obscured behind the treetops. To the east a faint glow made the horizon seem blacker than ever. Ahead the wide waste of the dark river seemed like an engulfing chasm. Drowsiness enveloped Professor Hooker, a drowsiness intensified by the rhythmic swinging of the paddles and the pile of bedding against which he reclined. He closed his eyes, content to be driven onward toward the region of his hopes, content almost to fall asleep.

"Hi!" suddenly whispered Marc St. Ange. "Voilà! The Father of the Marionettes!"

Bennie awoke with a start that almost upset the canoe. The blood rushed to his face and sang in his ears.

"Where?" he cried. "Where?"

"Au nord," answered Marc. "But he descends!"

Professor Hooker stared in the direction of Marc's uplifted paddle. Was he deceived? Was the wish father to the thought? Or did he really see at an immeasurable distance upon the horizon a quickly dying trail of orange-yellow light? He rubbed his eyes—his heart beating wildly under his sportsman's suiting. But the north was black beyond the coming dawn.

Old Edouard grunted.

"Thou art a fool!" he muttered to his nephew, and drove his paddle deep into the water.

Day broke with staccato emphasis. The sun swung up out of Europe and burned down upon the canoe with a heat so equatorial in quality that Bennie discarded both his mackintosh and his sporting jacket. All signs of human life had disappeared from the distant banks of the river and the bow of the canoe faced a gray-blue flood emerging from a wilderness of scrubby trees. A few gulls flopped their way coastward and at rare intervals a salmon leaped and slashed the slow-moving surface into a boiling circle; but for the rest their surroundings were as set, as immobile, as the painted scenery of a stage, save where the current swept the scattered promontories of the shore. But they moved steadily north. So wearied was Bennie with the unaccustomed light and fresh air that by ten o'clock he felt the day must be over, although the sun had not yet reached the zenith. Unexpectedly Marc and Edouard turned the canoe quietly into a shallow and beached her on a spit of whited sand. In three minutes Edouard had a small fire snapping and handed Bennie a cup of tea. How wonderful it seemed—a genuine elixir! And then he felt the stah of a mosquito, and putting up his hand found it blotched with blood. And the black flies came also. Soon the professor was tramping up and down, waving his handkerchief and clutching wildly at the air. Then they pushed off again.

The sun dropped westward as they turned bend after bend, disclosing ever the same view beyond. Shadows of rocks and trees began to jut across the eddies. A great heron, as big as an ostrich, or so he seemed, arose awkwardly and flapped off, trailing yards of legs behind him. Then Bennie put on first his jacket and then his mackintosh. He realized that his hands were numb. The sun was now only a foot or so above the sky line.

This time it was Marc who grunted and thrust the canoe toward the river's edge with a sideways push. It grounded

on a belt of sand and they dragged it ashore. Bennie, who had been looking forward to the night with vivid apprehension, now discovered to his great happiness that the chill was keeping away the black flies. Joyfully he assisted in gathering dry sticks, driving tent pegs, and picking reindeer moss for bedding. Then as darkness fell Edouard fried eggs and bacon, and with their boots off and their stockinged feet toasting to the blaze the three men ate as becomes men who have labored fifteen hours in the open air. They drank tin cups of scalding tea, a pint at a time, and found it good; and they smoked their pipes with their backs propped against the tree trunks and found it heaven. Then as the stars came out and the woods behind them snapped with strange noises Edouard took his pipe from his mouth.

"It's getting cold," said he. "The marionettes will dance to-night."

Bennie heard him as if across a great, yawning gulf. Even the firelight seemed hundreds of yards away. The little professor was "all in," and he sat with his chin dropped again to his chest, until he heard Marc exclaim: "Voilà! They dance!"

He raised his eyes. Just across the black, silent sweep of the river three giant prismatic searchlights were playing high toward the polestar, such searchlights as the gods might be using in some monstrous game. They wavered here and there, shifting and dodging, faded and sprung up again, till Bennie, dazzled, closed his eyes. The lights were still dancing in the north as he stumbled to his couch of moss.

"Always the marionettes!" whispered Marc gently, as he might to a child. "Good-night, monsieur."

The tent was hot and dazzling white above his head when low voices, footsteps and the clink of tin against iron aroused the professor from a profound coma. The guides had already loaded the canoe and were waiting for him. The sun was high. Apologetically he pulled on his boots, and stepping to the sand dashed the icy water into his face. His muscles groaned and rasped. His neck refused to respond to his desires with its accustomed elasticity. But he drank his tea and downed his scrambled eggs with an enthusiasm unknown in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Marc gave him a hand into the canoe and they were off. And the day had begun.

The river narrowed somewhat and the shores grew more rocky. At noon they lunched on another sandspit. At sunset they saw a caribou. Night came. "Always the marionettes." Thus passed nine days—like a dream to Bennie; and then came the first adventure.

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of the tenth day of their trip up the Moisie when Marc suddenly stopped paddling and gazed intently shoreward. After a moment he said something in a low tone to Edouard, and they turned the canoe and drove it rapidly toward a small cove half hidden by rocks. Bennie, straining his eyes, could see nothing at first, but when the canoe was but ten yards from shore he caught sight of the motionless figure of a man, lying on his face with his head nearly in the water. Marc turned him over gently, but the limbs fell limp, one leg at a grotesque angle to the knee. Bennie saw instantly that it was broken. The Indian's face was white and drawn, no doubt with pain.

"He is dead!" said Marc slowly, crossing himself.

Edouard shrugged his shoulders and fetched a small flask of brandy from the professor's sack. Forcing open the jaws he poured a few drops into the man's mouth. The Indian choked and opened his eyes. Edouard grunted.

"Youth thinks it knows everything," he remarked scornfully.

Thus they found Nichicun, without whom Bennie might never have accomplished the object of his quest. It took three days to nurse the half-dead and altogether

starved Montagnais back to life, but he received the tenderest care. Marc shot a young caribou and gave him the blood to drink, and made a ragout to put the flesh back on his bones. Meanwhile the professor slept long hours on the moss and took a much-needed rest. And by degrees they learned from Nichicun the story of his misfortune—the story that forms a part of the chronicle of the expedition, which can be read at the Smithsonian Institution.

He was a Montagnais, he said, with a line of traps to the northeast of the Height of Land, and last winter he had had very bad luck indeed. There had been less and less in his traps and he had seen no caribou. So he had taken his wife, who was sick, and had gone over into the Nascopee country for food, and there his wife had died. So he had made up his mind very late in the season to come down to Moisie and make his mass and get a new wife, and start a fresh line of traps in the autumn. All the other Montagnais had descended the river in their canoes long before, so he was alone. His provisions had given out and he saw no caribou. He began to think he would surely starve to death. And then one evening, on the point just above their present camp, he had seen a caribou and shot it, but he had been too weak to take good aim and had only broken its shoulder. It lay kicking among the bowlders, pushing itself along by its hind legs, and he had feared that it would escape. And in his haste to reach it he had slipped on a wet rock and fallen and broken his leg. In spite of the pain he had crawled on, and then had taken place a wild, terrible fight for life between the dying man and the dying beast.

He could not remember all that had occurred—he had been kicked, gored and bitten; but finally he had got a grip on its throat and slashed it with his knife. Then, lying there on the ground beside it, he drank its blood and cut off the raw flesh in strips for food. Finally one day he had crawled to the river for water and had fainted.

The professor and his guides made for the Indian a hut of rocks and bark, and threw a great pile of moss into the corner of it for him to lie on. They carved a splint for his leg and bound it up, and cut a huge heap of firewood for him, smoking caribou meat and hanging it up in the hut. Somebody would come up river and find him, or if not, the three men would pick him up on their return. For this was right and the law of the woods. But never a word of particular interest to Prof. Bennie Hooker did he speak until the night before their departure, although the reason and manner of his speaking were natural enough. It happened as follows: But first it should be said that the Nascopees are an ignorant and barbarous tribe, dirty and treacherous, upon whom the Montagnais look down with contempt and scorn. They do not even wear civilized clothes, and their ways are not the ways of *les bons sauvages*. They have no priests; they do not come to the coast; and

the Montagnais will not mingle with them. Thus it bespoke the hunger of Nichicun that he was willing to go into their country.

As he sat round the fire with Marc and Edouard on that last night Nichicun spoke his mind of the Nascopees, and Marc translated freely for Bennie's edification.

No, the injured Montagnais told them, the Nascopees were not nice; they were dirty. They ate decayed food and they never went to mass. Moreover, they were half-witted. While he was there they were all planning to migrate for the most absurd reason—what do you suppose? Magic! They claimed the end of the world was coming! Of course it was coming sometime. But they said now, right away. But why? Because the marionettes were dancing so much. And they had seen the father of the marionettes floating in the sky and making thunder! Fools! But the strangest thing of all, they said they could hunt no longer, for they were afraid to cross something—an iron serpent that stung with fire if you touched it, and killed you! What foolishness! An iron serpent! But he had asked them and they had sworn on the holy cross that it was true.

Bennie listened with a chill creeping up his spine. But it would never do to hint what this disclosure meant to him. Between puffs of his pipe he asked casual, careless questions of Nichicun. These Nascopees, for instance, how far off might their land be? And where did they assert this extraordinary serpent of iron to be? Were there rivers in the Nascopee country? Did white men ever go there? All these things the wounded Montagnais told him. It appeared, moreover, that the Rassin River was near the Nascopee territory, and that it flowed into the Moisie only seven miles above the camp. All that night the marionettes danced in Bennie's brain.

Next morning they propped Nichicun on his bed of moss, laid a rifle and a box of matches beside him and bade him farewell. At the mouth of the Rassin River Prof. Bennie Hooker held up his hand and announced that he was going to the Nascopee country. The canoe halted abruptly. Old Edouard declared that they had been engaged only to go to the big cache, and that their present trip was merely by way of a little excursion to see the river. They had no supplies for such a journey, no proper amount of ammunition. No, they would deposit the professor on the nearest sand bar if he wished, but they were going back.

Bennie arose unsteadily in the canoe and dug into his pocket, producing a roll of gold coin. Two hundred and fifty dollars he promised them if they would take him to the nearest tribe of Nascopees; five hundred if they could find the iron serpent.

"Bien!" exclaimed both Indians without a moment's hesitation, and the canoe plunged forward up the Rassin.

Once more a dreamlike succession of brilliant, frosty days; once more the star-studded sky in which always

the marionettes danced. And then at last the great falls of the Rassin, beyond which no man had gone. They hid the canoe in the bushes and placed beneath it the iron stove and half their supply of food. Then they plunged into the brush, eastward. Bennie had never known such grueling work and heartbreaking fatigue. And the clouds of flies pursued them venomously and with unrelenting persistence. At first they had to cut their way through acres of brush, and then the land rose and they saw before them miles of swamp and barren land, dotted with dwarf trees and lichen-grown rocks. Here it was easier and they made better time; but the professor's legs ached and his rifle wore a red bruise on his shoulder. And then after five days of torment they came upon the Iron Rail. It ran in almost a direct line from northwest to southwest, with hardly a waver, straight over the barrens and through the forests of scrub, with a five-foot



They Could Hunt No Longer, for They Were Afraid to Cross Something—an Iron Serpent That Stung With Fire if You Touched It, and Killed You!

(Continued on Page 32)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$5.00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription \$1.25 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.50).
Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, \$3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1914

A Monstrous Crime

NOT only in the cities but in every village of the United States and of the whole world there is always poverty; always people without sufficient food, clothing and shelter to meet in reasonable measure their elemental creature wants—to say nothing whatever of the comforts, the cheer and the mental satisfactions we more fortunate folk regard as all that make life worth living.

Is this an incurable evil? Must a great part of the human race always merely subsist on the lowest possible starving terms? Must every ebb of the industrial tide drag thousands of families into penury?

There, finally, is the greatest question of modern times—the one to which the best modern thought most constantly turns. It comes up with peculiar insistence this winter because there is more unemployment than common in the United States. Appeals for temporary relief are more numerous and eloquent than usual.

Among them one stands apart from all the others. That is the Belgian appeal. In Belgium hundreds of thousands of industrious people are near starvation because the Kaiser considered it good military strategy to invade that country. There is nothing obscure or doubtful about the cause of this poverty. No debatable theories of Malthus or Marx, or any other economist, enter into it. This poverty was deliberately manufactured at a vast expense.

Can we, with all our intelligence, our wealth, our enthusiasm, our capacity for organization, abolish poverty? Europe is answering: "We shall use all our intelligence, our wealth, our enthusiasm and our capacity for organization—not to abolish poverty but to create it."

No; poverty cannot be abolished. Mankind is still far too stupid and vicious.

American Ships

UNDER the registry law passed in August, seventy-seven ships, foreign-built and American-owned, with a capacity of two hundred and seventy-five thousand tons, had been transferred to our flag up to the end of October.

According to President Farrell, of the Steel Corporation, the total tonnage of American-owned ships sailing under foreign flags exceeded two and a half million tons; and "many more ships would doubtless be transferred to our flag if prudent revision of our navigation laws were made, rendering operation of American vessels possible on a basis fairly competitive with ships of other nations. Until this is done, capital cannot be expected to build ships and operate them at a loss. We need more liberal navigation laws rather than subsidies."

About the same time Willard Straight, speaking in Chicago, said:

"It has been impossible profitably to operate vessels—except under the coastwise monopoly—under the American flag, because the cost of labor left no margin on the capital invested. The present navigation laws are designed to maintain the wage scale and living conditions felt to be due to Americans at sea."

It is urged that the labor-saving devices in steam navigation are procurable by everybody on about equal terms; and

a crew of Chinese coolies can be taught to work a ship under ordinary circumstances about as well as a crew of college professors—in which case the ship with a crew of coolies will be operated more cheaply.

The mere fact that two and a half million tons, owned by Americans, sail under foreign flags is proof that foreign registry is more profitable.

Government and Railroads

IF THIS experiment of private ownership and public control breaks down, the alternative, no doubt, will be government ownership of railroads. We do not think the public will surrender its control of the roads or that the Government will ever guarantee interest and dividends while the ownership is in private hands.

Many able railroad men believe that the experiment is visibly breaking down; that—in the words of President Ripley, of the Atchafalaya—"the system under which private individuals are expected to furnish the cash while a group of lawyers at Washington provide a management out of their own theories cannot possibly endure."

Admittedly the experiment is a difficult one. Imagine it applied to your own business, whatever that business may be—you to furnish the capital and take all the risks, while some political appointees supervise the management in many essential details and fix the price at which your product shall be sold! For it to succeed, the supervising body must be fair, able, courageous, and far above any temptation to play demagogic politics with its power.

That private ownership cannot continue unless the roads are in a position to attract private capital is as obvious as that two and two make four; and the railroads cannot attract private capital unless they are reasonably prosperous. Mr. Ripley's suggestion of a compromise, with a government director for each group of roads, who shall have power to veto any action of the Board, and with government guaranty of present dividends and six per cent on new capital, seems politically impossible.

It looks as though the issue lay between the present arrangement and government ownership. Believing that government ownership would be a costly error, we want the present arrangement to succeed; and that depends practically on the character of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The World's Trade

IF YOU should take the entire foreign commerce of every country in the world and add the totals together you would get a sum close to forty billion dollars; but that would involve many duplications, because the exports of all leading countries include goods that are not of their own production—goods that one nation buys from another nation and passes on practically unaltered to a third nation.

Excluding these reexports, the total in 1912—according to the Department of Commerce—was thirty-six billion dollars; but this again is a duplication, because every country's imports are the exports of some other country. We sell a cargo of flour to England. That counts as an export in our foreign trade and as an import in England's foreign trade; so, in the grand total, it is counted twice, though only one cargo has changed hands. Thus the value of all goods that crossed international boundaries in 1912 was, in fact, approximately only half of the total stated above.

The grand total for 1912 consists of seventeen billion dollars' worth of exports and nineteen billion dollars' worth of imports—an apparent discrepancy, because the imports and the exports are exactly the same goods; but freight, insurance and brokerage increase the value of goods in transit. That cargo of flour, for example, was worth more when it reached England than when it left the United States.

And, as all countries levy import duties while very few levy export duties, greater care is taken to determine the value of imports than that of exports.

A Great Force Perverted

GERMANY appears to have met the shock of the present war with rather less financial disturbance than the other belligerents. No general moratorium was declared there, though there is what amounts to a limited one. From the rather meager accounts at hand, the government seems to have taken fewer extraordinary measures to support trade than England did. More than a billion dollars was promptly subscribed to the first war loan. With pretty much the whole able-bodied male population under arms; with two huge armies in the field, facing the most formidable alliance of a century at least; and with all export business cut off—the limited extent of business demoralization appears remarkable. This, of course, is the result of perfect organization and thorough preparation.

Germany is certainly one of the most remarkable political and economic phenomena in history. Occupying a territory smaller than Texas, with rather poor natural resources, poverty-stricken less than a hundred years ago,

and with ten centuries of political disorganization, its swift rise to the rich, united, powerful empire of to-day makes the progress of the United States—with an opulent continent at its disposal—look commonplace. There was never before, on so large a scale, such an example of thorough organization of all means to definite common ends.

Now this fine organization, which accomplished really wonderful things in constructive work during forty years, has all gone wrong—laying hold of every resource of the country and devoting it to purposes of destruction. Every example of German efficiency in the field is an indictment of the war—an example of a great force perverted.

A Name Wanted

WE OFTEN write "English Navy" or "English Government" when we mean the navy or the government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Now and then we are reproved for it by some subject of King George who is not English. Probably the adjective can be disposed of adequately enough by writing British; but there is no suitable noun by which to express the political unit composed of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

The clumsy official title adopted in 1801 is impossible. The briefer name, United Kingdom, is current enough in statistical circles; but, no doubt, many readers would have to think a minute before they knew what it meant. "Great Britain" clearly excludes Ireland, and there is little enough sanction for "Britain."

Germany, of course, stands ready to apply a simple remedy by officially changing the name to Kaiserland; but there are objections to that.

Meantime we take this method of making a general disclaimer of any intention to disparage Ireland, Scotland or Wales when we use the name of the senior partner to designate the whole firm.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

PRESIDENT WILSON said, when Congress adjourned, that the point of principle on which the Democratic party differed most sharply from its opponents was this: "We should have no dealings with monopoly, but reject it altogether; while our opponents are ready to adopt it into the realm of law and seek merely to regulate it and moderate it in its operations."

Recall the vigorous antitrust prosecutions under the last Republican Administration. The whole antitrust program is as much Republican as Democratic.

Turning from phrases to facts, there remains only the dear, threadbare old tariff as a concrete point of difference between the two parties—the familiar rag doll over which they have fought for fifty years, or pretended to fight, though the larger motive of their strife lay in a yearning to hold the jobs and wield the power.

Take a Democratic Administration and Congress, and a Republican Administration and Congress: One can say with assurance that the former will enact a lower tariff than the latter; but one cannot say with the least confidence that one will proceed differently from the other in any other particular.

November elections suggest that the country is still practically committed to the two-party system; and between these parties there are no broad differences of political principle. They are mainly mere geographical accidents. One section is predominantly Democratic and another predominantly Republican, because they have formed the habit.

How the Game Stands

FROM the November elections we draw the following deductions:

The country does not care to bother with a third party. A third political party complicates the game—like a baseball contest in which three teams participate. The most experienced dopemakers and scorekeepers are thrown out of their reckoning by it. A contest between two parties—both of which play the game in the same way by the same book of rules, and which hardly differ from each other except in their uniforms—is more amusing.

No change in the form of the game is wanted. Take the matter of woman suffrage: It is really one of the most harmless innovations ever proposed by a constitutional amendment. It would not disturb in the least anything that is fundamental in present social relations; but it is an innovation, and as such is rejected.

For the time being, the public temper is reactionary. The so-called radicals had a long inning and overplayed their popularity. The noisiest among them became a nuisance. On the whole the country prefers that, for a time, things should stand just about as they are. Public impatience with old conditions inspired the radical swing in politics; and if the public temper is now as the November balloting suggests it to be, that will quickly be reflected in a more subdued and cautious political tone.

No deep and vital interests are now involved in politics. As long as that condition lasts contests between the two parties will be little more than an exciting game.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL?"

WHAT THE BROKERS AND BANKERS ARE DOING

By Roger W. Babson

FOR weeks preceding the panic of 1907 the leading brokers of the country were expecting and planning for the event. That does not mean that no one was taken by surprise, for we all know the fate of some of the newer operators who, during the early nineties, had attempted to break into the holy of holies.

There is no doubt, however, that the Old Guard was fully prepared for the events of 1907. The bank accounts of these men were large; they were not speculating in foreign exchange; and their loans were well margined. As the skippers of Gloucester say, their hatches were battened down and their sails were reefed, prepared for the gale.

In 1907, however, the customers of the stock market were in bad shape. Loans were greatly overextended, prices were artificially high, brokers were carrying large amounts of stocks, and the tips were all bullish. Hence, when the crash came and prices crumbled the big operators were able to step in and perform that famous philanthropic act of saving the situation—that is to say, when the insiders thought they had taken in, through margins, all the money possible from the outsiders, they graciously took back their stocks from those outsiders. When this act was over the panic was over, and soon prices began to climb.

In the panic of 1914, however, conditions were entirely different. For instance, on Wednesday, July twenty-ninth, I called on the head of one of the greatest stock-exchange firms in America to ascertain the probabilities of war. This well-known man assured me that the war talk was a groundless scare and would not extend beyond the newspapers. Said he:

"Go back and continue your vacation. I have direct and authentic information that there will be no war."

On Thursday, July thirtieth, Europeans began to sell stocks by the ream, prices crumbled, and banks became panic-stricken. The great operators would not believe that there really could be a European war, and they started in to buy stocks. They bought and fought; they fought and bought. Finally the clock struck three, the gong sounded, and the New York Stock Exchange closed. Still, those big men, on whose whims our immediate future is so dependent, would not believe war was possible.

On Friday, July thirty-first, they again went to their Wall Street offices prepared to do business, but were astounded at the mass of selling orders that had come from Europe during the night. Those brokers knew they had not the money with which to buy the foreign securities and they did not believe the public would do so. Thereupon they decided not to open the Exchange.

Vanishing Gold

WAR or no war, they knew the gold reserve was rapidly vanishing. And when bankers and brokers see their reserves crumbling away they become frightened; in fact, they have a saying in Boston that when trouble comes there is only one person more easily frightened than a banker—and he is a broker.

However, you cannot blame either for being frightened. Banking is the most precarious business in the world. We accept deposits from one class of people, promising to pay them on demand; and then we turn round and lend this same money to another class for three, six or twelve months, and often "till death us do part." Do you blame us for easily becoming panic-stricken when we are the principals in such a deal? But let us get back to history,

On Saturday, August first, Germany declared war against Russia. At last the inevitable had happened. Finally big men and little men and all the rest of the men woke up, and from what I know I should guess they have been awake most of the time since.

I enter into these details in order to show the fundamental difference between the conditions existing to-day and those existing in 1907. In 1907 the public was overloaded and only the big operators had free money awaiting an opportunity for investment. To-day the big operators are overloaded and only the public has money awaiting investment. There is not much difference in the wording, but a great difference so far as you and I are concerned.

In 1907 the insiders started the wheels of industry going before we were ready; now they are blocking the wheels until they are ready. Unfair, you think—but what can you do about it? Instead of kicking, we should be thankful that these big operators have not closed the banks as well as the exchanges; in fact, it was suggested to me at Washington recently that if the banks were not under Government control they also might be closed.

Moreover, I was told that the continued closing of the Stock Exchange and the complete breaking down of the financial machinery will surely bring about Government or state control of those public markets; for every day that the exchanges remain closed is equivalent to one nail driven into their coffins. The public will stand just about so much, but will finally come to a limit; and that limit will soon be reached in stock exchanges.

Still, there is a bright side to the present conditions. The fact that the average man is strong financially reveals a

state of affairs for which we should be very thankful. Though a few big operators can close the Stock Exchange and hold up all new undertakings when the great mass of people are in fair shape, the country, as a whole, is very much better off than as if the big operators had money and the people were in difficulties.

Fundamentally the situation is good so far as concerns you and your money. Though general business is poor, and may not be good until there are some definite signs of peace, there is no oversupply of goods; and such loans as exist are being rapidly liquidated as the opportunity offers. Such failures as occur are largely of the bigger concerns. The little fellows have been unable to borrow and get into debt. The retail merchants have been preparing for existing conditions. The money stringency of the past few years has been a blessing in disguise.

Making a Commercial Paper Market

THE same thing applies to the banks. Ever since 1907 they have been strengthening their reserves. For years the banks of the city of New York have not been in such good condition as they are at present. Though it would be necessary for them to write off heavy depreciation charges if they were to liquidate their securities now, if they keep them there should be no average loss.

Banks are now making huge profits. With less to do and higher interest rates, these profits should continue. Unlike any other known line of business, banks may increase the rates they demand from others without increasing the rates they pay to others. Moreover, interest rates work nights, Sundays and holidays whether banks are open or closed.

The president of the New York Clearing House, Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, was in Europe when war was declared, and was called back by a cablegram from the Chase National Bank, of which also he is the head. Pending Mr. Wiggin's arrival Mr. Hepburn controlled the situation in a most masterful way; in fact, I believe these bankers and their associates are entitled to the greatest credit for handling affairs so adroitly. These men at once closed the stock exchanges. Unable to handle both commercial and stock-exchange business, they closed the exchanges in order to give first-aid to the manufacturers and merchants.

This was both wise and patriotic. Though the mercantile business of the nation can never become normal until the exchanges are opened, if there is not sufficient credit to keep both the factories and exchanges open the former should have the preference. These have been busy days for the banks since July thirtieth, but those institutions have been equal to the occasion. Mr. Wiggin and his associates first looked about to see what obligations were coming due for which provision should be made. The way he and his associates arranged for the big issue of New York City bonds showed great generalship.

After providing for these and other maturities, the Clearing-House Committee next turned to establishing a market for commercial paper. The great business interests of the nation are always absolutely dependent on the sale of their commercial paper. In order to avoid default on notes as they mature they must sell new notes.

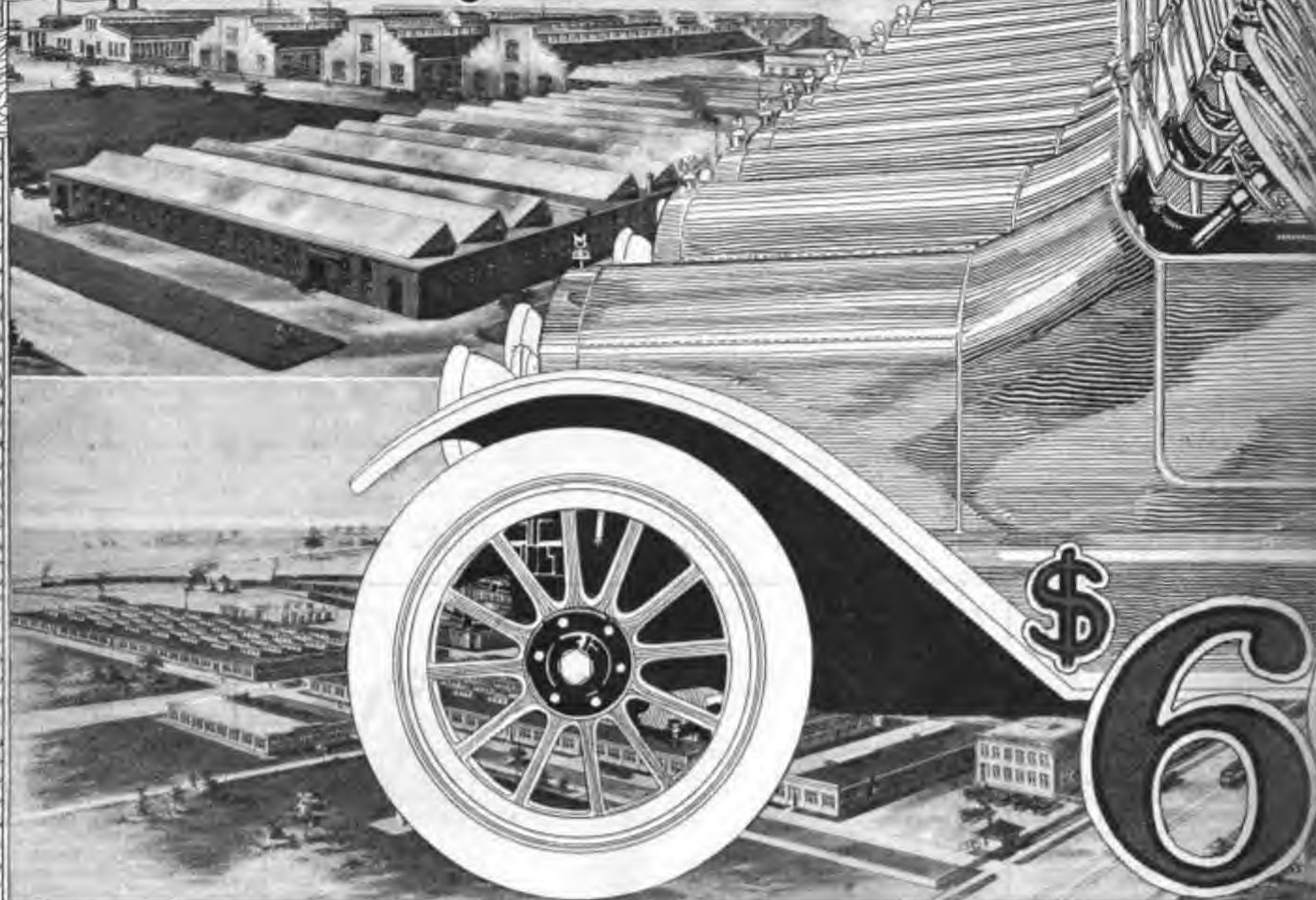
Readers may think of this method as robbing Peter to pay Paul, but such is the basis of all short-time-paper transactions. As the renewing of notes keeps manufacturers going, and also

(Concluded on Page 48)



Roaring High

The Victorious



The Gigantic Maxwell Factories are Shipping

A Real Opportunity to Make Money

Your chance is as good as—perfect!

The 1915 Maxwell "Wonder Car" has actually set a new standard of automobile value.

A new standard of power.

A new standard of economy.

A new standard of beauty and easy riding.

A new standard of simplicity of operation.

Maxwell Motor Co., Inc.
DETROIT, MICH.

At this writing 1779 men are making splendid profits selling Maxwell Automobiles. Our agency proposition will be restricted to 3000 dealers for 1915. We still have room for 1221 more selling agencies. Here are some data which show how these 1779 men are "cashing in" on the unprecedented demand for this "Wonder Car."

Our Milledgeville, Ill., dealer, whose territory is eight townships, sold 4 cars in September. Population of Milledgeville 630.

Our York, Pa., dealer, with $\frac{1}{2}$ county territory, sold 12 cars during September. Population 44,750.

Our Toledo, Ohio, dealers sold during September 93 Maxwell cars. Toledo has a population of 168,497.

Our Durand, Wis., dealer has territory of one small county, yet he sold 6 cars during September. Durand's population is 1503.

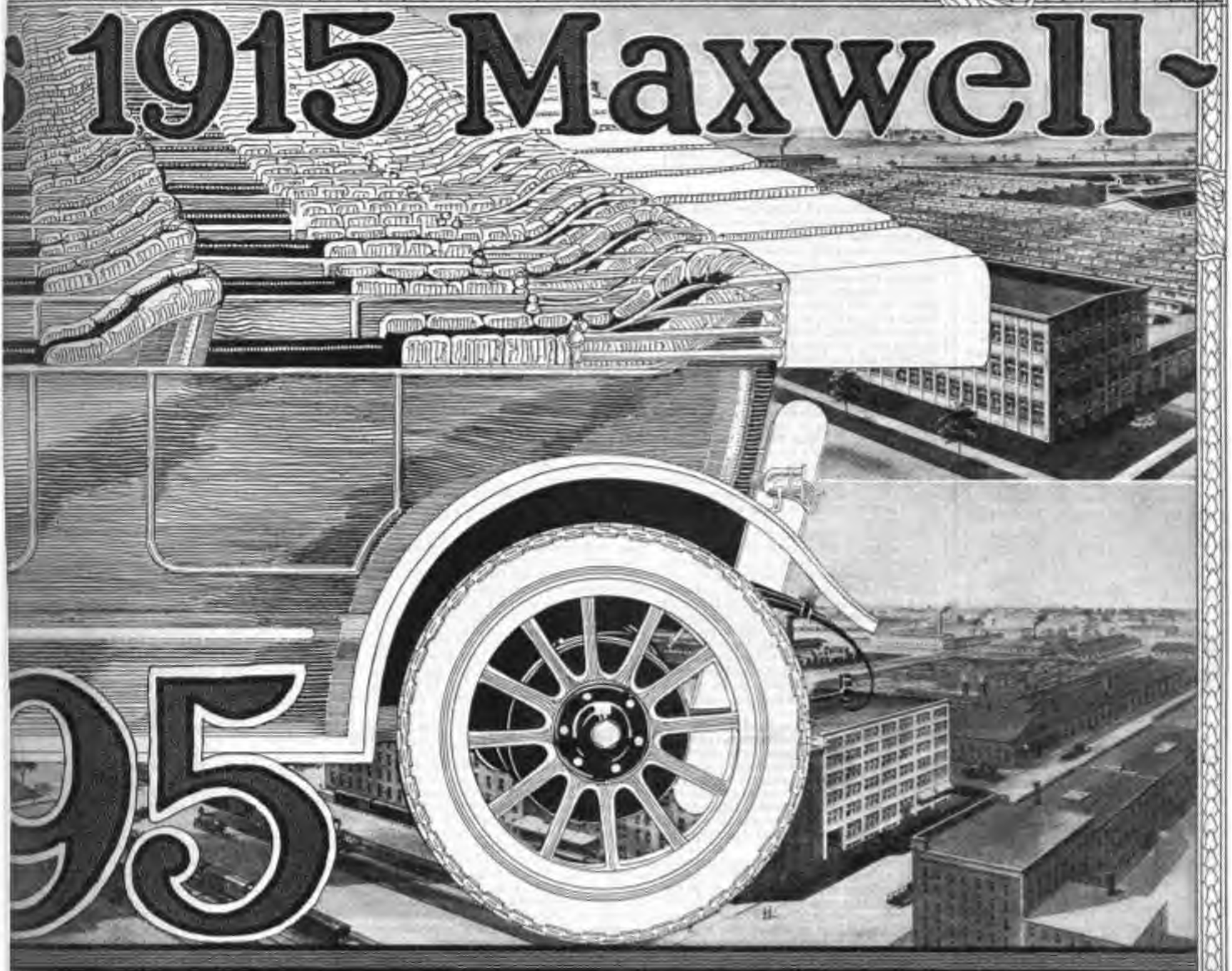
Our Rockville Center, Long Island, dealer sold 6 cars during September. Rockville Center has a population of 3667 and the dealer's territory covers only one county.

Our Jacksonville, Iowa, dealer sold seven cars during September. Jacksonville has a population of but 75 per cent of the county. Then remember the seven cars were sold in one month. Jefferson, S. Dak., has a population of 407. Our dealer sold five Maxwells in September. Maxwell cars are easy to sell. Here's a better record: Our dealer in Peru, N. Y., which has a population of 1,000, sold 10 cars. His territory is $1\frac{1}{4}$ counties. You see a man's chance.

Flemington, N. J., has a population of 2693 and dealer there with territory of one county sold 8 cars during September.

San Jose, California, has 28,946 population. Maxwell dealer has 4 counties. He sold 21 cars during September.

The Maxwell dealer in Chapman, Kan., sold 9 cars in September. Population of town 781. Territory $\frac{1}{2}$ county. Proof surely of the demand for the 1915 Maxwell.



g "Batteries" of Maxwells to Dealers Daily

Money Awaits 1221 Men!

better than—that of your neighbor

her. "Nothing to crow about!" you say. But we hadn't the Maxwell dealer's territory embraces only one-half of in one month. Looks better, doesn't it?

this point has three townships for territory and he sold because they're in demand.

population of 536, sold 11 Maxwells during September. e money is limited only by his own hustling qualities.

We could go on indefinitely citing our dealers' records. I tell the same story—big sales and big profits. The reports we have given show that the marvelous demand for the Maxwell car is not confined to the big cities. One of our dealers even in the smallest villages and in towns of 2000 and 5000 population are earning from \$500 to \$1000 a month; the same opportunity to make money open in 1221 territories where we have no dealers.

We want the liveliest man in each of these centers—whether he now be engaged in the automobile business or in a general merchandise business, or what. The demand for the 1915 Maxwell is so acute, and the aid which our selling organization gives is so complete, that previous experience in the line is of secondary importance to a man's ability to see an opportunity and seize it.

This opportunity includes not only points where we have no dealer, but a few points as well where the figures show us we have the wrong men.

This is directed to live men—hustlers—men who can make money for themselves; men who have a little capital—it takes very little capital to become a Maxwell dealer; men who are tired of business stagnation and who want to ally themselves with what within one year is bound to become America's foremost selling organization. Such men are invited to write to Walter E. Flanders, President of the Maxwell Motor Company, Inc. Simply say: "I might be interested in becoming a Maxwell Dealer."

A beautiful full 5-passenger touring car with seventeen new features.

With Electric Starter \$55 Extra

"Holds the Road at Fifty Miles an Hour"

Built complete by our four gigantic Maxwell factories at Detroit, Dayton and Newcastle.

Every car backed by the great Maxwell Motor Co., Inc. Service stations in principal cities.

Price in Canada, \$925
F. O. B. Windsor

Maxwell Motor Co., Inc.
DETROIT, MICH.

WRITE for Grand Free Watch Catalog

Xmas
Guide



Watch "Secrets" Made Public Now!!

This price catalog shows everything actual size in rich gold colors. Gives you for the first time

Choice of 12 different dials, 19 different movements, 100 handsomest cases.

\$16 Up—Everlastingly Accurate!!

HERE are three of the twelve dials and one popular case. Cases, dials and movements all covered with a guarantee signed by Studebaker which every buyer gets, no matter where you buy a South Bend Watch.



Everlastingly
Accurate

"South Bend"
Watch

We Want Everybody to Have
This Catalog

No matter whether you have a watch now or not. Studebaker watches all sizes, all prices, for all the family. Also our thinnest watch—world-famous Chesterfield. JUST OUT. Send postage paid, anywhere you live. President Studebaker wants you to have this catalog sure. So-called "secrets" about "jewels," movements, cases, costs, materials, workmanship and South Bend everlastingly accurate time-keeping principles all now fully explained. (Interesting! Valuable! Get your copy NOW! Sent anywhere!)

Unlimited Guarantee!

500,000 South Bend Watch Owners and 10,000 leading jewelers—many near you—would tell you of our Iron Clad Guarantee and most liberal repair factory and jeweler service and treatment of our customers.

Club Offer—\$1.00 a Week

Even \$1.00 a week buys a good South Bend Complete Watch. Write for Plan. All customers! Anywhere you live. Any watch you want NOW!

Big New Catalog Illustrated in Colors
Explains All—FREE!

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
1112 Studebaker St., South Bend, Ind.

THREE GENERALS AND A COOK

(Continued from Page 4)

weeks done scout work in an automobile in hostile territory; which meant that he rode in the darkness over the strange roads of an alien country, exposed every minute to the chances of ambush and barbed-wire mantraps and the like. I judge he earned his bauble.

I tried Von Theobald next—a lynx-faced, square-shouldered young man of the field guns. To him I put the question: "What have you done, now, to merit the bestowal of the Cross?"

"Well," he said—and his smile was born of embarrassment, I thought—"there was shooting once or twice, and I—well, I did not go away. I remained."

Pretty soon after that we told the staff good night, after the ritualistic Teutonic fashion, and took ourselves off to bed; for the next day was expected to be a full day, which it was indeed and verily! In the hotels of the town, such as they were, officers were billeted, four to the room and two to the bed; but the commandant at the Hôtel de Ville had looked after our comfort. He had sent a soldier to nail a notice on the gate of one of the handsomest houses in Laon—a house whence the tenants had fled at the coming of the Germans—which notice gave warning to all whom it might concern that Captain Mannemann, who carried the Kaiser's own pass, and four American *Herren* were, until further orders, domiciled there. And the soldier tarried to clean our boots while we slept and bring us warm shaving water in the morning.

Being thus provided for we tramped away through the empty winding streets to Number Five, Rue St. Cyr, which was a big, fine three-story mansion with its own garden and courtyard. Arriving there we drew lots for bedrooms. It fell to me to occupy the one that evidently belonged to the master of the house. He must have run away in a hurry. His bathrobe still hung on a peg; his other pair of suspenders dangled over the footboard; and his shaving brush, with dried lather on it, was on the floor. I stepped on it as I got into bed and hurt my foot.

Goodness knows I was tired enough, but I lay awake a while thinking what changes in our journalistic fortunes forty days had brought us. Five weeks before, bearing dangerously dubious credentials, we had trailed afoot—a suspicious squad—at the tail of the German columns, liable to be halted and locked up any minute by any fingerling of a sublieutenant who might be so minded to so serve us.

In that stressful time a war correspondent was almost as popular, with the small fry officialdom of the German army, as the Asiatic cholera would have been. The privates were our only friends then. Just one month, to the hour and the night, after we slept on straw as quasi-prisoners and under an armed guard in a schoolhouse belonging to the Prince de Caraman-Chimay, at Beaumont, we had dined with the commandant of a German garrison in the castle of another prince of the same name—the Prince de Chimay—at the town of Chimay, set among the timbered preserves of the ancient house of Chimay.

The Fortunes of War

In Belgium, at the end of August, we fended and foraged for ourselves aboard a train of wounded and prisoners. In Northern France, at the end of September, Prince Reuss, German minister to Persia, but serving temporarily in the Red Cross Corps, had bestirred himself to find lodgings for us.

And now, thanks to a newborn desire on the part of the Berlin War Office to let the press of America know something of the effects of their operations on the people of the invaded states, here we were, making free with a strange French gentleman's château and messing with an Over-General's Staff!

Lying there, in another man's bed, I felt like a burglar and I slept like an oyster—the oyster being, as naturalists know, a most sound sleeper.

In the morning there was breakfast at the great table—the flies of the night before being still present—with General von Herringen inquiring most earnestly as to how we had rested, and then going out to see to the day's killing.

Before doing so, however, he detailed the competent Captain von Theobald and the

efficient Lieutenant Geibel to serve for the day as our guides while we studied briefly the workings of the German war machine in the actual theater of war.

It was under their conductorship that about noon we aimed our automobiles for the spot where, in accordance with provisions worked out in advance, but until that moment unknown to us, we were to lunch with another general—Von Zuehl, of the reserves. We left the hill where the town was some four miles behind us, and when we had passed through two wrecked and empty villages and through three of those strips of park timber which Continentals call forests, we presently drew up, halted and dismounted where a thick fringe of undergrowth, following the line of an old and straggly thorn hedge, met the road at right angles on the comb of a small ridge commanding a view of the tablelands to the southward.

The Hero of the German Center

As we climbed up the banks behind our guides we were aware of certain shelters which were like overgrown rabbit hutches cunningly contrived of wattled faggots and straw sheaves plaited together. They had tarpaulin interlinings and dug-out earthen floors covered over thickly with straw. These cozy small shacks hid themselves behind a screen of haws among the scattered trees which flanked an ancient fortification, abandoned many years before, I judged, by the grass-grown looks of it. Out in front, upon the open crest of the rise, staff officers were grouped about two telescopes mounted on tripods. An old man—you could tell by the hunch of his shoulders he was old—sat on a camp chair with his back to us and his face against the barrels of one of the telescopes. With his long dust-colored coat and the lacings of violent scarlet upon his cap and his upturned collar he made you think of one of those big gray African parrots that can talk so fluently and bite so viciously. But when, getting nimbly up, he turned to greet us and be introduced the resemblance vanished. There was nothing of the parrot about him now. Here was a man part watch dog and part hawk. His cheeks and the flanges of his nostrils were thickly hair-lined with those little red-and-blue veins that are to be found in the texture of good American paper currency and in the faces of elderly men who have lived much out-of-doors during their lives. His jaws were heavy and pendulous like a mastiff's. His frontal bone came down low and straight so that under the flat arch of the brow his small, very bright agate-blue eyes looked out as from beneath half-closed shutters. His hair was clipped close to his scalp and the shape of his skull showed, rounded and bulgy; not the skull of a thinker, nor the skull of a creator, just the skull of a natural-born fighting man. The big, ridgy veins in the back of his neck stood out like window-cords from a close-smocking of fine wrinkles. The neck itself was tanned to a brickdust red. A grained white mustache bristled on his upper lip. He was tall without seeming to be tall and broad without appearing broad, and he was old enough for a grandfather and spry enough for his own grandchild. You know the type. Our own Civil War produced it in number.

At his throat was the blue star, the very highest honor a German soldier can win, and below it on his breast the inevitable black-and-white striped ribbon. The one meant leadership and the other testified to individual valor in the teeth of danger. It was Excellency Von Zuehl, commander of the Seventh Reserve Corps of the Western Army, the man who took Maubeuge from the French and English, and the man who in the same week held the imperiled German center against the French and English.

We lunched with the General and his staff on soup and sausages, with a rare and precious Belgian melon cut in thin, salmon-tinted crescents to follow for dessert. But before the lunch he took us and showed us, pointing this way and that with his little riding whip, the theater wherein he had done a thing which he valued more than the taking of a walled city. Indeed there was a certain elemental boylike bearing of pride in him as he told us the story.

If I am right in my dates the defenses of Maubeuge caved in under the batterings of

the German Jack Johnsons on September sixth and the citadel surrendered September seventh. On the following day, the eighth, Von Zuehl got word that a sudden forward thrust of the Allies threatened the German center at Laon. Without waiting for orders he started to the relief. He had available only nine thousand troops, all reserves. As many more shortly reinforced him. He marched this small army—small, that is, as armies go these Titan times—for four days and three nights. In the last twenty-four hours of marching the eighteen thousand covered more than forty English miles—in the rain. They came on this same plateau, which we now faced, at six o'clock of the morning of September thirteenth, and within an hour were engaged against double or triple their number. Von Zuehl held off the enemy until a strengthening force reached him, and then for three days, with his face to the river and his back to the hill, he fought. Out of a total force of forty thousand men he lost eight thousand and more in killed and wounded, but he saved the German Army from being split asunder between its shoulder-blades. The enemy in proportion lost even more than he did, he thought. The General had no English; he told us all this in German, Von Theobald standing handily by to translate for him when our own scanty acquaintance with the language left us puzzled.

"We punished them well and they punished us well," he added. "We captured a group of thirty-one Scotchmen—all who were left out of a battalion of six hundred and fifty, and there was no commissioned officer left of that battalion. A sergeant surrendered them to my men. They fight very well against us—the Scotch."

Since then the groundswell of battle had swept forward, then backward, until now, as chance would have it, General Von Zuehl once more had his headquarters on the identical spot where he had had them four weeks before during his struggle to keep the German center from being pierced. Then it had been mainly infantry fighting at close range; now it was the labored pounding of heavy guns, the pushing ahead of trench works preparatory to another pitched battle.

Beyond the Tableland

Considering what had taken place here less than a month before the plain immediately before us seemed peaceful enough. Nature certainly works mighty fast to cover up what man at war does. True, the yellow-green meadowlands ahead of us were scuffed and scored minutely as though a myriad swine had rooted there for mast. The gouges of wheels and feet were at the roadside. Under the broken hedge-rows you saw a littering of weather-beaten French knapsacks and mixed uniform coats, but that was all. New grass was springing up in the hoof tracks, and in a pecking, puny sort of way an effort was being made by certain French peasants within sight to get back to work in their wasted truck patches. Near at hand I counted three men and an old woman in the fields, bent over like worms. On the crest above them stood this gray veteran of two invasions of their land, aiming with his riding whip. The whip, I believe, signifies dominion, and sometimes brute force.

Beyond the tableland, and along the succession of gentle elevations which ringed it in to the South, the battering of the field pieces went steadily on, while Von Zuehl lectured to us upon the congenial subject of what he here had done. Out yonder a matter of three or four English miles from us the big ones were busy for a fact. We could see the smoke clouds of the descending shells and the dust clouds of the explosion, and of course we could hear it. It never stopped for an instant, never abated for so much as a minute. It had been going on this way for weeks; it would surely go on this way for weeks yet to come. But so far as we could discern the General paid it no heed—he nor any of his staff. It was his business, but seemingly the business went well.

It was late that afternoon when we met our third general, and this meeting was quite by chance. Coming back from a spin down the left flank we stopped in a small village called Omfontaine, between Reims and Laon, to let our chauffeur, known affectionately as The Rabbit, tinker with

a leaky tire valve or something. A young officer came up through the dusk to find out who we were, and, having found out, he invited us into the chief house of the place, and there in a stuffy little French parlor we were introduced in due form to General d'Elsa, the head of the Twelfth Reserve Corps, it turned out.

He was younger by ten years, I should say, than either Von Heeringen or Von Zuehl; too young, I judged, to have got his training in the blood-and-iron school of Bismarck and Von Moltke in which the other two must have been brag-scholars. Both of them, I think, were Prussians, but this general was a Saxon from the South. Indeed, as I now recall, he said his home in peace times was in Dresden. He seemed less simple of manner than they; they in turn lacked a certain flexibility and grace of bearing which were his. But two things in common they all three had and radiated from them—a superb efficiency in the trade at which they worked and a superb confidence in the tools with which they did the work.

He was rather a small man, quick and supple in his movements. He had a small, limited command of English, and he appeared deeply desirous that we Americans should have a good opinion of the behavior of his troops and that we should say as much in what we wrote for our papers.

Coming out of the house to reenter our automobile I saw, across the small square

of the town, which by now was quite in darkness, the flare of a camp kitchen. I wanted very much to examine one of these wheeled cook wagons at close range. An officer—the same who had first approached us to examine our credentials—accompanied me to explain its workings and to point out the various compartments where the coal was kept and the fuel, and the two big sunken pots where the stew was cooked and the coffee was brewed. The thing proved to be cumbersome, which was German, but it was most complete in detail, and that, believe me, was German too. While the officer rattled the steel lids the cook himself stood rigidly alongside, with his fingers touching the seams of his trousers. Seen by the glare of his own fire he seemed a clod, fit only to make soups and feed a fire box. But by that same flickery light I saw something. On the breast of his grease-spattered gray blouse dangled a black-and-white ribbon with a black-and-white Maltese cross fastened to it. I marveled that a company cook should wear the Iron Cross of the second class and I asked the captain about it. He laughed at the wonder that was evident in my tones.

"If you will look more closely," he said, "you will see that a good many of our cooks already have won the Iron Cross since this war began, and a good many others will yet win it—if they live. We have no braver men in our army than these fellows. They go into the trenches at least twice a day,

under the hottest fire sometimes, to carry hot coffee and hot food to the soldiers who fight. A good many of them have already been killed.

"Only the other day—at La Fère I think it was—two of our cooks at daybreak went so far forward with their wagon that they were almost inside the enemy's lines. Sixteen bewildered Frenchmen who had got separated from their company came straggling through a little forest and walked right into them. The Frenchmen thought the cook wagon with its short smoke funnel and its steel fire box was a new kind of machine gun, and they threw down their guns and surrendered. The two cooks brought their sixteen prisoners back to our lines too, but first one of them stood guard over the Frenchmen while the other carried the breakfast coffee to the men who had been all night in the trenches. They are good men, those cooks!"

So at last I found out at second hand what one German soldier had done to merit the bestowal of the Iron Cross. But as we came away I was in doubt on a certain point, and, for that matter, am still in doubt on it: I am in doubt as to which of two men most fitly typifies the spirit of the German Army in this war—the general feeding his men by thousands into the maw of destruction because it is an order, or the pot-wrestling private soldier, the camp cook, going to death with a coffee boiler in his hands—because it is an order.

THE PRIVATE WAR

(Continued from Page 9)

get without being arrested, which is not very near. He does not try to prevent the recital of the individual tales of stragglers and camp followers, and of the little bits—all censored, of course—of experiences of soldiers in the trenches sent back in letters. He allows correspondents to send in and newspapers to print descriptive stuff and that sort of embroidery. The sob sister and the war expert can go as far as they like along those lines.

What Kitchener attends to are the facts. He deals in those. Each day he sorts the facts. Such as he wants printed are printed. Such as he does not want printed are not printed until such time as he sees fit to have them printed. No person can write a fact about a battle, a military movement, a plan of campaign, a change of position, an advance, a retreat, a victory, a defeat, or any other vital thing concerning the British participation in this war, unless Kitchener wants that fact printed, and escape the consequences. If any paper did print such a fact, taking the risk, Kitchener would not hesitate to suppress that paper, under his supreme military authority; nor hesitate to inflict such punishment on the offenders as he saw fit to administer.

This is well understood in London, for example, and in the whole British Empire. There is no disposition on the part of any person writing about this war, or any person publishing what is written about it, so far as I have observed, to combat this Kitchener idea.

To be sure, any writer might get some facts that would, in Kitchener's view, work injury to the military policy of the Empire—and any paper might print those facts; for Kitchener proceeds on the assumption that his orders will be obeyed and does not extend his censorship to the inside of the offices of the publications. He requires them to send their proofs to him, and not to print anything that has not been approved. It might be done. Any paper might print a real story about real results or real intentions—once. It would not happen the second time.

Likewise he has impressed his view on the French. Perhaps that is not the way to put it. He has fostered that view with the French. The situation in France is different. That country is a country where militarism has been dominant for years instead of incidental as in England. French newspapers are in no sense so powerful, either with the public or with the government, as English papers. It did not take a quarter of the nerve, on the part of Joffre and his War Ministry, to hold the French newspapers within rigid bounds as it did to enforce a similar policy in London, say. It is quite true there never has been a moment when the French authorities have had the slightest intention of allowing correspondents with their armies—only they were polite about it.

A man went to France, or was in France, eager to get to the front and write about the great events happening there. He was received with the utmost courtesy, though he was a foreigner; but it was pointed out to him that the French Army regulations forbid the presence of any correspondents at the front save those of French birth or belonging to an allied country. Also, all dispatches must be written in French and sent by mail and censored three or four times, and so on. Still, it might be done. "We regret," said the French, "that it is necessary to impose these seemingly harsh regulations; but the need is imperative. Of course monsieur writes French with facility?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, then, if monsieur will be so kind as to come to the War Office in the morning we shall do ourselves the very great honor of making some slight inquiry into his facility—a mere formality, as monsieur will understand—a mere formality. We are unhappy that it must be so, but the times are of extreme rigor."

Whereupon monsieur went to take his little formal examination in writing French, and discovered that he was required to pass a test that could not be passed by the man who invented the language. And he faded sadly into the street. The French were very regretful; but what could they do? It was imperative that the dispatches should be in French, and in this particular sort of French. *Bonjour, monsieur!*

Having determined that the war, so far as France was concerned, was to be conducted as the military authorities saw fit, and without the aid of correspondents or their comments thereon, the French went Kitchener a long way better. They did not allow anybody at the front. Moreover, they issued orders that the newspapers should print nothing but the official communications.

So far as publicity is concerned the two or three communiqués issued by the French each day comprise all the French news there is. And, as will be noticed, the entire Gallic viewpoint and method of expression has been changed. Not only does the French Government, as insisted on by Joffre, issue nothing but these official communiqués, but there is an entire absence of personality in them. The individual, the regiment, the battalion, the corps, the division, the army and the whole French nation come under the broad national head of "we."

You find nothing about any particular general. You find nothing of the exploit of any regiment, or any commander, or any chief, or any individual or collection of individuals. "We" have pressed forward or "we" have fallen back. That is all there is to it.

The tall, cold Kitchener and the fat, phlegmatic Joffre control all the first-hand sources. So far as real news is concerned,

at the time that news is red-hot and in the making, this war, on the side of the Allies in the West, is the private war of Kitchener and Joffre. They first know what has happened, and they do not let anybody into their confidence until the publication of what has happened can have no possible effect on what may happen. It is right, probably; but it is odd too.

One military mandate established this order in France. "Quit it!" said the authorities in that Republic; and the newspapers and the correspondents and everybody else quit it immediately and definitely. Most of the men who make the newspapers in France went to war, but those who stayed at home found themselves without anything to print save the little bulletins issued each day. The Paris newspapers, for example, as soon as this war began, became the saddest mediums of publicity this world has ever known. They went down to half pages, and after a time they were restricted to one edition in the morning and one in the afternoon.

When I was last in Paris they were resorting to little subterfuges to cover this lack of matter to print. Several times various papers came out with long stretches of blank space. There would be a headline of a sufficiently patriotic nature at the top of one column, then a long blank space for a column or two, and then a signature. The assumption was that the censor had deleted all the rest; but the real facts were that nothing had been written, and that it was easy to fill space by not filling it.

There is no doubt if a French editor or a French writer offended flagrantly, that there would be no hesitation on the part of the French military authorities over his case. If they felt it would be the proper punishment to shoot him they would shoot him and think no more about it. Nor would there be much of a protest—probably none.

Kitchener had these ideas, and has them yet and the power to enforce them; but he could not enforce them in the direct fashion they were enforced in France. The British would not stand for it. There was a certain amount of leading, not driving, to be done, notwithstanding Kitchener's justly celebrated reputation as a driver. At that, the disposition to allow themselves to be driven was remarkably prevalent.

Still, there were difficulties. Kitchener, if he were working absolutely true to form, would suppress every newspaper and every other medium of publicity during this war, and put out an occasional official dispatch a week or a fortnight after the events told about occurred, and think the public should be well pleased with his efforts to keep them informed.

They told him that was not possible. What Kitchener wanted to do by direct methods, it was pointed out to him, must be done by indirect methods. There must be no slapping of the face of the public. Of course it was essential that nothing should



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be printed which the government—meaning Kitchener—did not want printed; but the government—meaning Kitchener—could not say "Quit it!" like the French, and get away with that. An organization must be perfected that would seem to supply essential information, but would also hold back information which might be prejudicial to military necessities.

Censorships are as old as wars. Always there have been censorships of one kind or another. Usually the censorships have not been efficient. They have censored, but not prevented. Kitchener and his colleagues knew this. So it was decided that this censorship must be efficient; and to make it efficient it was made rigid.

The government in England controls the telegraphs and the telephones. The cables were seized. Of course the post offices are governmental. Then, with the issuing of an order that no matter was to be put in print which might have any possible bearing on any military project, plan, movement, necessity or conclusion; that might conflict with any projected operation or in any remote way inform the enemy of any plan or purpose—the censors were set at work.

Kitchener and his War Office organization had the say about the censors. Their situation was different from that of the Admiralty. The ships of the fleet had gone to sea. Naturally no correspondents had gone with them, owing to the fact that it is quite difficult for any person to go on or with a battleship if the uniformed citizen who has the direction of that battleship is averse to such a proceeding. On land it is different. Even with his great power, Kitchener could not keep writing persons out of France and Belgium, or stop their activities in England. What he could do and what he told his censors to do was to see to it that nothing—absolutely nothing, not a word—should be printed that would in any way interfere, and so on.

Being a military man, and having to do with a military situation, Kitchener and his associates selected military men as censors. That was a strictly military proceeding. It followed from the military viewpoint that, inasmuch as this war was a military war, military men should censor everything that was written about it. The whole thing was military. Apparently it never occurred to Kitchener or any other military man that, as the writing and printing of news is a highly specialized business, as highly specialized as the military business, for example, and requiring considerably more initiative and intelligence, it might be a good idea to sprinkle a few newspaper men in among the censors and thus facilitate matters.

The Military Censorship

Not so. Kitchener went over his list. He looked over the names of the retired officers, a fine array of crusty and crusty old colonels and such, and, as the English Army expression goes, "dug them out." If there was no other possible use for a dug-out they made a censor of him. All told here were between one hundred and fifty and two hundred of these censors, at first all military men; but finally a few journalists were injected, and they began to censor.

Those early days of censoring were devoid of intelligence; were devoid of appreciation of what was happening; were devoid of the necessities of the situation from any angle; were obtuse as to the needs of the people, oblivious to the protests of the men whose business it is to inform the people, unconcerned with any single phase of the case save that there was censoring to be done and that they were censors.

Order number one for the censors was that under no possible circumstances was anything to creep into print that in any way might be of use to the enemy, either in disclosing to them any contemplated movement of troops, any placement of troops or ships, any plan of campaign—anything, in short, that might work to the disadvantage of the Allies. So far so good.

No person—not one—who was trying to get matter into print, either in this country or in England, wanted to get anything into print that would be of service to any enemy. What was wanted was to get into print such harmless information as might be of interest and importance to the public, which not only was fighting this war but, even when not fighting it, as in the case of the United States, was paying its share just the same.

The censors adopted the opposite view. They contended, as was evident from their practice, that every person who was trying

to get anything into print, trying to send anything over the telegraph wires or over the cables or through the mails, was desperately endeavoring to give aid and comfort to the Germans—had no other idea in mind; and that no person was of sufficient standing or responsibility or reputation as not to be under the suspicion of these dug-outs who sat in judgment over what came to their hands.

Let me give one illustration—I could give a hundred—of the way that body of dug-outs worked. Soon after war was declared a certain Englishman, who is by way of being one of the most important men in the shipping business of London, was called in by the Admiralty—the Navy Department—to give advice on marine matters, especially as to merchant-marine matters, because of his great knowledge and his wide connections. He worked many hours each day in the Admiralty, neglecting his own business and doing it all for the cause.

Admiralty Business Held Up

One day the Admiralty asked him whether he had a ship at a certain port.

"Yes," he said, "one of my ships is there. I am about to lay her up."

"Don't do that," said the Admiralty. "We need her. Telegraph to your captain to hold the crew and proceed to this port, where the Admiralty will give him instructions as to his future course."

The shipping man went out and sent the telegram. Next morning he was awakened by his telephone.

"Why in thunder"—only the voice did not say "thunder"—"didn't you do what we told you to do about that ship?" came harshly at him over the wire.

"I did!" he said.

"You didn't! That ship is not where we wanted her to be. Instead, she has not stirred out of her berth and our plans are seriously disarranged."

"But I did, I tell you!" shouted the angry shipping man through the telephone. "I sent that telegram within ten minutes after you asked me to send it."

Whereupon there was an investigation; and it was discovered that one of the retired colonels on the Board of Censors, thinking this ship might be moved for some ulterior purpose, did not take the trouble to make any inquiries, but threw the telegram on the floor.

Well, that sort of thing went on for weeks and weeks. The woes of the correspondents and the newspapers have been told and retold. The rules of the Board forbid the sending of any messages save in plain language and with full addresses and signatures. Code addresses and signatures were barred. This made the British merchants get up and howl. Not only were their cablegrams, necessary to their business, held up, but the expense of them was quadrupled.

One man, with business connections in Cuba, tried to send a cablegram quoting napoleons. It could not be done. The censor held there was something sinister in that word napoleons, not knowing that it is a coin value in Cuba. They held up the score of an international tennis match because the figures seemed to them to be a code message for the Germans.

The War Office kept the censors informed. In the main room where they worked there was a big blackboard, and on that blackboard was written a constantly changing list of Don'ts!—that is, if any place came into the news, owing to movements of troops or the location of fighting, or in any similar manner, which the authorities did not want mentioned for reasons of their own, that place was put in the list of Don'ts! on the blackboard; and every reference to it was excluded.

At first the censors dealt only with the matter submitted by the correspondents for cabling to America and elsewhere, and with the run of telegraph business; but eventually orders came that all matter prepared in the offices of the newspapers in London for publication must be submitted, and all photographs. Then came a rule that no correspondent should go within twenty miles of the battle line anywhere; nor must any comment be made concerning events that had happened for seven days or might happen for five days.

This put the military experts out of business, and confined their illuminating remarks to speculations as to what Alexander the Great might have done if he had not done something else. War maps in the newspapers were frequent in the early days

of the war. These were guesses at the locations of the troops, indicated by heavy lines. One day one paper guessed nearly right, and after that war maps became mere indications, usually with no lines on them showing the positions of the Allies. However, there were always big black lines showing where the Germans were.

Correspondents for American papers often found, to their intense amazement, that matter printed in the London newspapers, and passed by censors, was held up by other censors as not proper to send to the United States. Official statements were thrown away. The censors would not believe anybody. They refused to let a speech by Premier Asquith go through and actually held it for four days; and this was the Guildhall speech, which was intended to be the definitive statement of the case of Great Britain by the head of the British Government!

Dozens of such things happened. Dozens of conferences were held; but the men in authority could make no progress. Always some new stupidity would break out in some unexpected place. The censors had been told to censor—and they were censoring.

Probably there was a realization of what this policy of repression meant; for, not long after the war began, it was announced—with an air of "Just see what we're doing for the dear people!"—that a Press Bureau should be established and that this Press Bureau would see to it that the public was fully informed concerning all events about which it was deemed wise to tell the people.

The wise citizens who make up the present government knew this Press Bureau would be an impossible solution of an impossible problem. So, in order to show there are no political factions in the face of great national emergency, and to prove that all differences were on the dust heap, they selected a member of the Opposition to be the head of the Bureau. Inasmuch as this was bound to be the trouble spot, they benignly allowed an Opposition George to take charge.

The Press Bureau could not deliver the goods, of course. Under the rules and regulations no Press Bureau could. Kitchener sniffed at it. He wanted no Press Bureau. He wanted no press. But Mr. Smith took hold, and before he had been there a week he saw it was useless. He could not satisfy anybody—not because he had no news, but because he could not give out any, save of the most ancient variety.

Official Local Color

Then it was announced that he was going to war—and he went. The right Honorable Buckmaster was named in his place. Smith passed the buck to Buckmaster. I left London in October and I do not know whether Buckmaster has passed or not.

The censors continued on their censorious way. The Press Bureau was not getting anywhere. There had been a couple of dispatches from General French; and then suddenly there began to appear dispatches from An Eyewitness at the Front. It had dawned on the officials that they could not keep up this thing forever, and they must furnish some sort of news.

The Eyewitness was not a clever writer. He eyewitnessed a large number of unimportant things. Probably somebody told him to inject a little local color into his stories, for one morning he came to bat with a fine descriptive bit of how an innkeeper who came under his observation, ate his dinner—telling in detail just what he ate and how he ate it; and how Mrs. Innkeeper enjoyed her meal.

It was a pleasing picture of a domestic scene. Also, the same dispatch contained a most illuminating discourse on how a chauffeur shaved himself. This came when there was a crisis in the first big struggle and, it is understood, met with the entire approval of Lord Kitchener, who has no objection to such military details obtaining publicity if sent out through proper channels.

And so it goes. The Press Bureau is press-bureaucing; the censors are censoring; and Kitchener, on the British side, and Joffre, on the French side, are seeing to it that not a word is printed about this war which they do not desire to have printed. The papers are jammed with rumors and denials of rumors, with descriptions of things the describer never saw, and with the swash-buckling yarns of stragglers. Shining out among all this stuff are the little official bulletins from the French and an occasional British fact that has been released from the Kitchener mesh.

THE PHOENIX

(Continued from Page 7)

"Many a true word's said in a jest," says Windfall. "As luck would have it, I had hardly made the contract when the girl seemed to begin to wonder how I looked at short range. Last Saturday I had to climb into the hayloft av the stable to avoid bein' caught like a rat in a trap. Day before yesterday she found a pile of apples in the orchard and sat down beside 'em; so I had to stay away for two hours an' a half."

"A dozen times, when the old man an' I have been down in his smokin' den, fixin' up the world's future, she has joined the party an' left the two nice New York boys an' the count upstairs in the salon. Once she came up with me when she was drivin' her six-cylinder, an' asked me to ride with her; an' she forced me to say that I couldn't because I was countin' the number of machines that entered or left the city in half a day. It's fierce!"

"But you'll keep your promise?" I asks. "If I hadn't thought it was so funny I'd niver made it," he says; "but I've made it—an' you know me, Mr. Lynch."

"That is what he said; an' maybe it was two weeks after when Jim Toomey comes in one mornin', bright an' early, wipin' the egg from the corners of his mouth."

"Have ye heard?" says he.

"No," says I; "I haven't heard anythin' this mornin' but robins singin' in the mock-orange hedges, an' the whistle on the Iron Works, an' the windin' av my own watch."

"Mind ye, I know a lad who works for Sturges at his cow barn," says Toomey. "He made me promise to say nothin' about this; so I trust 'twill go no farther."

"I'll keep it as confidential as you have," says I.

"Doyeknow the Count de Bric-à-Brac—or whatever his name is—that's visitin' at Dryden as a son-in-law apparent?"

"I do not," I says; "but I know the wan you mean. He has a lady's eyebrow on his lip," I says, "an' looks, talks, sings an' dances so you couldn't tell him from royalty," I says.

"The same," says Jim, fightin' the flies with his two hands. "Well, last night Windfall Page goes out to the stable to get the horse an' runabout he'd drove out from Burleson's Livery. An' it seems the daughter, Doris, ran out after him for some reason, an' the friend of mine hears 'em talkin'. She was after askin' him whether he wouldn't be more sociable with the young folks, an' inquirin' why he niver'd be as interestin' to her as he was to her father. An' he tells her he niver shone very bright where there was ladies, an' made other lies an' some excuse, or the like of that."

"An' thin the count comes in. Very angry he was. An' he passes a remark. It was somethin' about Doris. Windfall tells the daughter to go into the house. He most begs her on his knees to go into the house. An' finally she consents an' goes."

"Continue," says I. "I'm an old man; but this sounds like good readin'," I says.

"Yes," says Toomey. "There was a lapse av three minutes; an' thin the count went out av the stable, leavin' a trail av water, like a wet cat. His hair was drippin' an' full av bran; an' he'd left wan av his dancin' pumps behind, so, as he ran, he was limpin' like a duck on hot asphalt. Av course there was no evidence that was direct; but two pieces of circumstantial evidence that would attract the attention av any great detective:

"First, they found a concrete waterin' trough at the stable door. It was av an improved Doric an' Corinthian design, an' gave an idea to the casual observer that it had been recently occupied by somethin' other than liquid. Second, they found floatin' round on the surface av what water was left an apple; an' out av one side av it some one had taken a bite—indicatin' that a lover av Gravensteins had hovered near."

"Where's the count now?" says I.

"He took the eight-thirty for his ancestral estates via Ashtabula," says Jim. "His blue blood has all settled in wan av his eyes. Life in the Wild West among the glucose factories an' Chautauqua Parks is too rough for him."

"Too bad!" says I. "It will prevint Windfall from goin' out there any more."

"Too bad for him?" says Toomey.

"No; too bad for them," I says.

"But I found it was too bad for the lad as well. He came in the next day, an' if apples had become an extinct species he could not have looked more gloomy. With his own lips he told me av the trouble he had."

"Sturges put his hand on my shoulder," says he, "an' told me I must come out just the same—that he understood an' approved; an' so on, an' so on. But, Mr. Lynch," says Page, "it was a bad promise I made him. My sense av humor was too high an' my self-respect too low when I gave it. It's what comes av runnin' wild with millionaires, tryin' to show the rich man how to get through the eye of a needle."

"Well," says I, closin' my eyes, "the girl has a voice like a sunrise after a night in spring. She has the playfulness av a young brook trout, an' none av her disadvantages seems to have tainted her. Because a girl wears a necklace that would buy a suburban subdivision is no sign she couldn't make doughnuts," I says. "I'm wonderin' whether she don't figure among your regrets," says I.

"He niver laughed. I thought he would, for he was always jokin'."

"There's no accounting for these things, Mr. Lynch," he says. "I'm a fool," he says. "I never spoke half a dozen sentences to her at a time," he says. "An' yet —"

"He stopped with those words an' wint away."

"On Thursday my niece, Annie Fogarty, came down from the tiniment she occupies over my office."

"There's a lady to see you out front," says she. "She's either a society lady an' one av our best American people, or an adventuress an' one av our worst. They dress alike these days," she says. "She's in a station cart, with a little chestnut mare that, as you say, Uncle Mike, "would put yer eye out."

"Out I go; an' there, sittin' in a rig as neat as a pin, and smilin' from under a hat designed by some milliner to distort the judgment av the genus Homo, was Malachi's daughter."

"Good mornin', Mr. Lynch," she says. "I'm Doris Sturges. I know you're a friend av my father's. 'Tis said everywhere that you are the best judge av horses in Bodbank. This little mare has just come from a breeding farm in Iowa. I went down myself to see her out av her box car; an' I want you to pass on her after takin' a little spin with me."

"Wait till I get my hat an' my glasses," I says, reelin' in the head with the blarney she gave me.

"Thin off we wint behind the little roadster, with the mornin' air flyin' by us, an' sometimes wan of the strands av the girl's golden hair flappin' against my old face. She could drive, I tell you! An' I was thinkin' av horses an' harnesses an' rigs, an' stables, an' the brood mares I'd owned, an' the fast an' slow animals I had raced, an' the days when I liked nothin' better than the trial spins I'd be takin' in a gig round a fair ground's track when the grass was wet with dew."

"I was thinkin' av horses, horses, horses—whin, all av a sudden, Malachi's daughter turned to me an' says, very innocent:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Lynch, I hear you are a good friend av Mr. Ewart Page, whom some av his friends call Windfall," she says. "He publishes the Bodbank Pilot."

"The cat was out av the bag; but I was not in the mood to be the game av a young thing with two eyes as blue as the sky an' deeper than a pair av artesian wells."

"Oh, yes," I says; "a very good-natured young man. I know nothin' against him," I says, "except that he has been known to write poetry, an', in the past, has been far too poetical in baseball to promise much serious ambition an' success," I says.

"She pulled the mare into a walk an' I saw her pink lips close tight."

"I can't agree with that at all," she says, reachin' with the whiplash for a horsefly. "From all I can learn, he seems to be a success already. I think it is a fine thing to run a good an' honest newspaper. An' baseball is better than playin' bridge," she says. "The only peculiar thing I have noticed is that he has no wish to talk to me," she says. "I wonder whether he is always like that."

"Just as well as it is," I says. "You wouldn't be interested in what he had to say. He is from a very plain family who have six days in their week and fifty-two Sundays a year, and spend their nights in sleep. He would be very out av place in a club window," I says. "He niver carried a cane in his life," I says; "an' the only Fifth Avenue atmosphere he has comes from smokin' cigarroots," I says."



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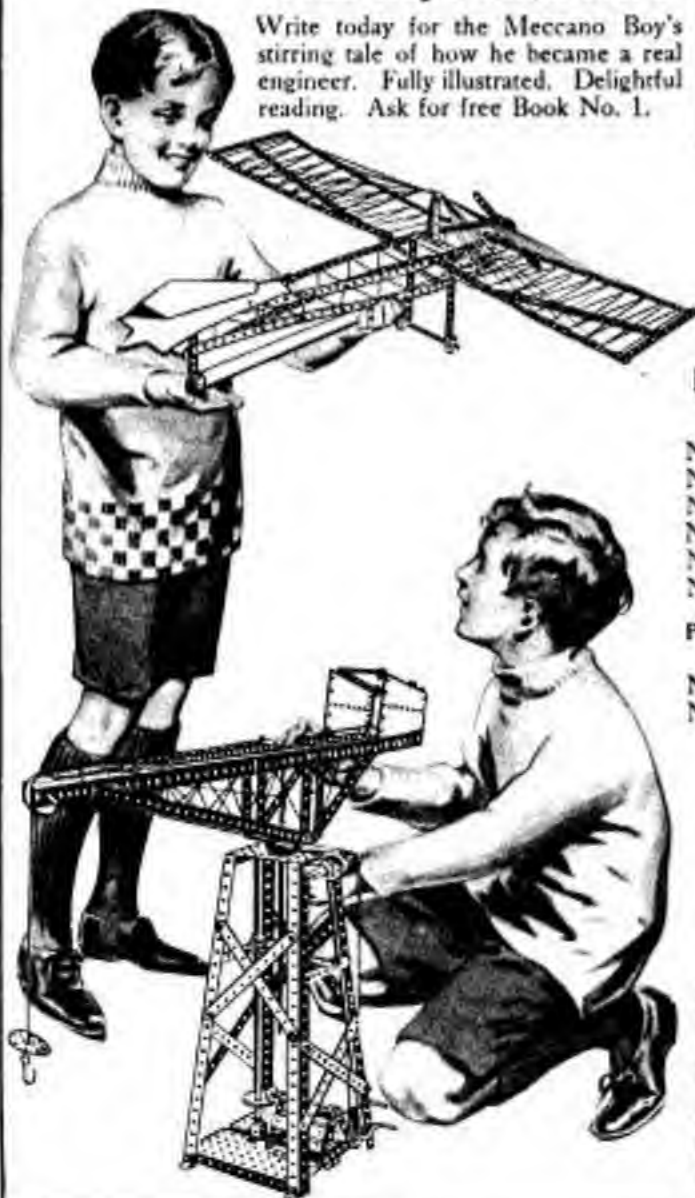
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"She stopped the mare altogether then, an' turned round in her seat; an' there was ice in her eyes.

"Mr. Lynch," she says, "you are makin' this hard for me. You are treatin' me as though I was very young and very foolish."

"Miss Doris," says I, "you are treatin' me as though I was very old an' very blind."

"She laughed, an' maybe I laughed. "You know about the waterin' trough incident," she says. "You know a lot more than I want to know."

"I do," says I; "an' it is very confidential. If I was true to old age I'd not tell you anythin'; but I'm not," I says. "I will double-cross old age any chance I get. I'm against old age, an' the confidences an' trusts an' opinions av maturity and the declinin' years. I am for youth," says I. "An' I'll throw the game to youth any day. I'm goin' to be a traitor to my gray hairs an' your father's gray hairs. I'm goin' to scuttle the Ship av Confidence in the name av my first childhood; an' here's hopin' I have no second," I says.

"The reason Mr. Ewart Page would pay you no attention was because he had promised your careful parents that he would not. There was a feelin' in the family that he was av the vulgar herd—wan av them who earns their own livin' an' niver drinks champagne at weddin's, or gets married in anticipation av a divorce. He was anythin' but a brilliant match; an', therefore, he was a menace. Your Daddy liked him because he is companionable an' human, an' wouldn't hold it against a man that he had money," I says.

"In short, Ewart, in a thoughtless moment, an' wishin' to continue the charitable work he was doin' in teachin' your Daddy the gentle art of life, promised that he'd niver display his fireworks av useless but fascinating conversation before you, or look into your eyes, or sing under your window, or go about cuttin' your name on the trunks av the ornamental shade trees."

"You're jestin'; but is this story true?" she asks with a catch in her voice.

"It is," says I.

"I'm glad we came back to live among Americans," she says after a bit; an' thin she looks me square in the eyes till I had to blink for the shine in 'em.

"What does Mr. Page think about me?" says Doris.

"I don't believe he thinks any more," says I; an' her face fell. "I believe that all those moments av sanity have passed," I says, "an' now he only feels!"

"She never said a word; but she put her warm, soft hand in mine, makin' me wish I had been a father with a dozen daughters patterned after her. Thin she shook out the reins an' we went off for town again."

"Ye haven't asked me what I thought av the mare," I says as we came up toward town from the river road.

"Some other day will do," says she, an' laughed.

"When we stopped in front av my office I got out; but I put my hand on the tire an' waited."

"Well?" says she.

"Whisper!" says I, leanin' up toward the ear that half showed in the sweep of her hair.

"What is it, Mr. Lynch?" she asks, blushin'.

"Do you love the boy?" I says.

"Twas worth a thousand dollars to see the corners av her mouth twitchin' with divilment."

"Well, I agree with mamma that he's something of a menace," says she.

"I watched her rig go down the hill toward Oak Street an' turn at Hale's Hay and Grain Sheds, an' so out av sight in the glare av the summer mornin', when the locusts in the old trees by the blacksmith's was screamin' with the heat, an' flies was risin' from the pavement every time anybody slammed the screen door of Andropoulos's Greek Ice Cream and Gasoline Shop, across the way."

"About a week later my new car came."

"When a man gets to be past sixty he has no business with new devices; I paid a thousand dollars f. o. b. Detroit for the thing, with a self-starter, electric lights an' other causes for garage bills. A dare-devil risked his life teachin' me to run it; an' thin I put a couple more codicils in my will, an' a horse-chestnut in my pocket to keep away the rheumatism, jumped into the seat, shut my eyes, pushed a lever, pulled a few stops like an organ player, an' started out av town one evenin' about dusk, regrettin' that I had not lived long enough to see Home Rule, an' repentin' av me sins."

"The truth was, I knew more about the car than I believed. I knew there are exactly forty-seven different things can happen to a car, an' that when you have learned all av them there will be forty-eight. I knew how to tell the price av a car by the sound av the slam av its door, an' how to tell skid chills from true malaria."

"Anyhow, I was able to get as far as Dryaden, where I hoped to go by with a proud, uplifted head an' a fur-lined atmosphere av aristocracy. An' right in front of Malachi's place, as luck would have it, the machine saw a vicious-lookin' horse hitched to a buggy, and shied, an' balked, an' gave a sigh, an' stopped right in front av the big stone gate—a thoroughly frightened motor."

"It was Malachi himself who came runnin' down the path."

"Did your machine stall?" he asks.

"Stall?" says I. "Stall! I stopped to make a call on you, Malachi," I says.

"Come in, anyway," he says with a laugh. "We'll retire to my smokin' den for a good old talk," he says; an' thin whin his wife came along the porch, like a queen dowager walkin' the wide deck av a battleship, he says: "Millie—you remember Mr. Lynch, don't you?"

"She smiled."

"Indeed I do—he ran against my father for mayor av Bodbank many years ago," she says.

"An' I received his angry but polite congratulations the next mornin'," says I. "But your mother was a fine lady," I says. "She made the best doughnuts in four counties," I says.

"I was tryin' to figure out why she was so agreeable. She laughed. She even begged to come down to the smokin' room; an' she sat down in one av the big loungin' chairs an' wanted to hear about Bodbank; an' at last the three av us was roarin' about old times. Somethin' had come over her, I thought. I didn't find out what till I was startin' to leave."

"Thin Malachi an' his wife, Millie, came down the path an' round the artificial pond an' statuary, an' alabaster urns, an' other necessary obstacles to farm life, an' all the way to the gate with me."

"Oh, by the way," says Malachi, lookin' up careless at the moon an' the stars, "I have discovered by recent experience that you are a man to be trusted with confidential matters; so I'll tell you a secret," says he, very sarcastic.

"What?" says I.

"There's soon to be a marriage in our family," says he.

"Silver wedding?" says I.

"No; nothin' ex post facto," says he. "My daughter Doris is to marry our popular young printer, Mr. Ewart Page."

"You surprise me," says I; "fer I've been watchin' the two av them sittin' under the Gravenstein tree out there in the moon-lit orchard, carryin' on a conversation so important that not a word is spoken," I says; "an' the only communication is that old-fashioned eloquence av silence," I says.

"Well, Mike Lynch," says Sturges, puttin' his arm round his wife's shoulders, "two or three months ago you thought I'd lost the art av knowin' human nature. Now I've niver said anythin' to my wife about this before. I picked out Page as the one man I'd seen I'd be glad to have for a son-in-law. Time was pressin', for there was plenty av dudes an' near-royalty round."

"Doris had had so much attention that I knew when a fine-lookin' an' complete young feller paid no attention to her at all she'd sit up an' take notice. How did it work? Slicker than a Blizzard King!"

"He kicked up one of his heels, happy as a farm hand."

"So I put one over on my wife," he says. "Ain't she a dear old girl? An' I put one over on Page," says he; "an' I put one over on Doris."

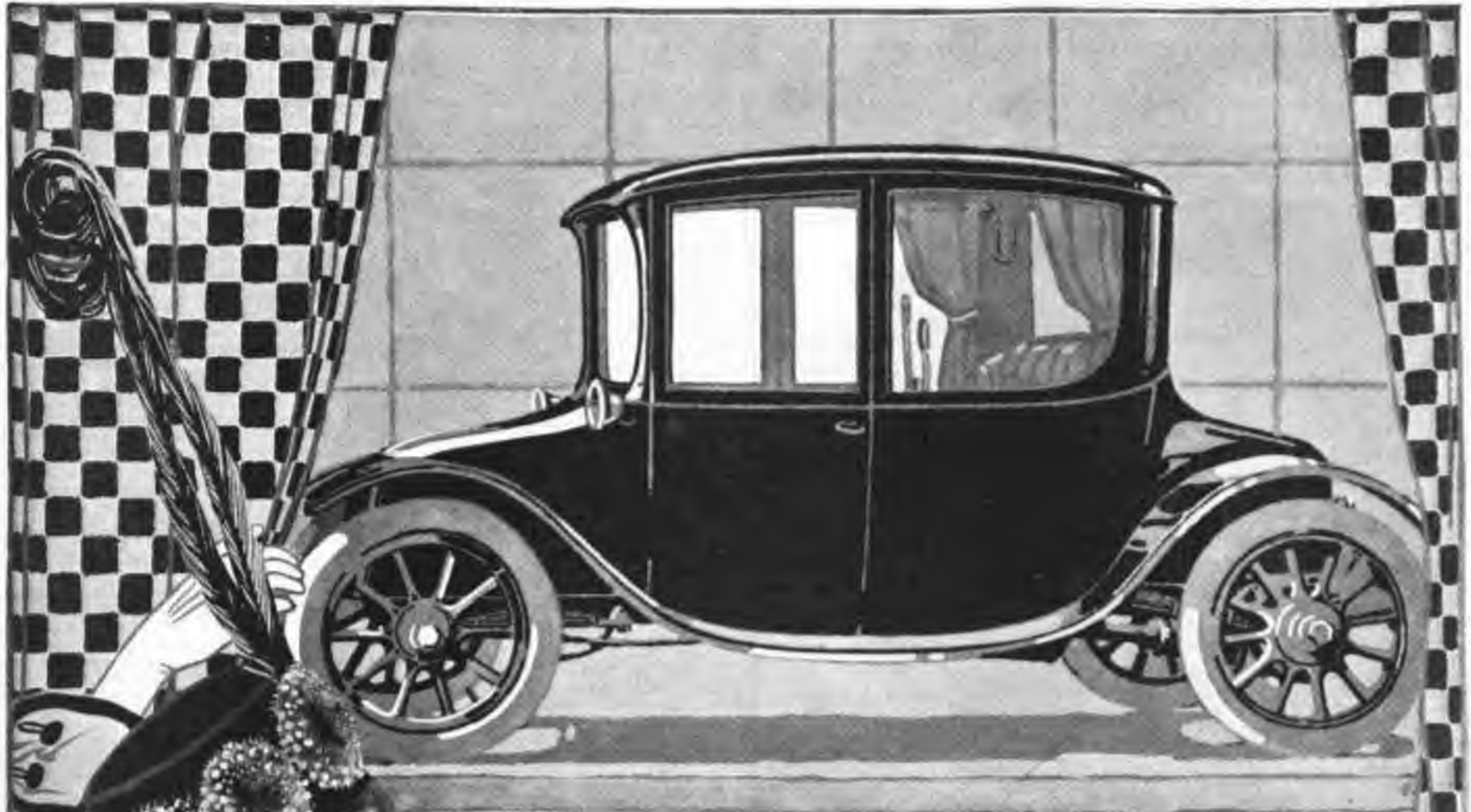
"Stop!" says his wife. "Don't cut up so! Do you think your silly maneuvers had anythin' to do with Doris' choosin' the right man?" says she. "Very little credit she owes her father for it," says she. "It was good sense an' the high ideals she inherited from her mother!" she says.

"Malachi gasps."

"How's that?" he says, gropin' blind.

"Didn't I choose you?" says she.

"An' I, standin' right there, heard her deliver that knock-out. Under the old elm trees I stood with the two av them, lookin' over the wall an' across the open prairie, all wavin' with corn, shimmerin' in the moonlight. An'— Well, I knew that the Sturges family—all of it—had really come back to Bodbank."



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THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 21)

clearing upon either side. At intervals it was elevated to a height of eight or ten inches upon insulated iron braces. Both Marc and Edouard stared at it in wonder, while Bennie made them a little speech.

It was, he said, a thing called a monorail, made by a man who possessed strange secrets concerning the earth and the properties of matter. That man lived over the Height of Land toward Ungava. He was a good man and would not harm other good men. But he was a great magician—if you believed in magic. On the rail undoubtedly he ran an engine called a gyroscopic engine, and carried his stores and machinery into the wilderness. The Nascopees were not such fools after all, for here was the something they feared to cross—the iron serpent that bit and killed. Let them watch while he made it bite. He allowed his rifle to fall against the rail, and instantly a shower of blue sparks flashed from it as the current leaped into the earth.

Bennie counted out twenty-five golden eagles and handed them to Edouard. If they followed the rail to its source he would, he promised, on their return to civilization give them as much again. Without more ado the Indians lifted their packs and swung off to the northwest along the line of the rail. The stock of Prof. Bennie Hooker had risen in their estimation. On they plowed across the barrens, through swamps, over the quaking muskog, into the patches of scrub growth where the short branches slapped their faces, but always they kept in sight of the rail.

On the morning of August eleventh the newspapers of the United States published the extraordinary announcement, transmitted from various European news agencies, that an attempt had been made by the general commanding the First Artillery Division of the German Army of the Meuse to violate the armistice which, it had been agreed, should go into effect on the preceding midnight, by discharging at a distance of a hundred kilometers eight projectiles toward Paris from some huge gun of marvelous construction. The attempt to destroy the city had been prevented by the sudden appearance of the same mysterious Flying Ring that had shortly before caused the destruction of the Atlas Mountains and the flooding of the Sahara Desert by the Mediterranean Sea. The appearance of the Flying Ring on this second occasion had been noted by several hundred thousand persons, both soldiers and noncombatants. At about the hour of midnight on August tenth, as if to observe whether the warring nations intended sincerely to live up to their agreement and bring about an actual cessation of hostilities, the Flying Ring had appeared out of the north and, floating through the sky, had followed the lines of the belligerents from Brussels to Verdun and southward. The blinding yellow light that it had projected toward the earth had roused the soldiers sleeping in their intrenchments and caused great consternation all along the line of fortifications, as it was universally supposed that the director of its flight intended to annihilate the combined armies of France, England, Germany and Belgium. But the Ring had sailed peacefully along, three thousand feet aloft, deluging the countryside with its dazzling light, sending its searching beams into the casemates of the huge fortresses of the Rhine and the outer line of the French fortifications, searching the redoubts and trenches, but doing no harm to the sleeping armies that lay beneath it; until at last the silence of the night had been broken by the thunder of Thanatos, and in the twinkling of an eye the Lavender Ray had descended, to turn the village of Champaubert into the smoking crater of a dying volcano. The entire division of artillery had been annihilated, with the exception of a few stragglers, and of the relay gun naught remained but a distorted puddle of steel and iron.

Long before the news of the horrible retribution visited by the master of the Ring upon Treitschke, the major-general of artillery, and the inventor, Von Heckmann, had reached the United States, Bill Hood, sitting in the wireless receiving station of the Naval Observatory at Arlington, had received through the ether a message from

his mysterious correspondent in the north that sent him hurrying to the White House. Pax had called the Naval Observatory and had transmitted the following ultimatum, repeating it, as was his custom, three times:

"To the President of the United States and to All Mankind:

"I have put the nations to the test and found them wanting. The solemn treaty entered into by the ambassadors of the belligerent nations at Washington has been violated. My attempt by harmless means to compel the cessation of hostilities and the abolition of war has failed. I cannot trust the nations of the earth. Their selfishness, their bloodthirstiness and greed, will inevitably prevent their fulfilling their agreements with me or keeping the terms of their treaties with one another, which they regard, as they themselves declare, merely as 'scraps of paper.' The time has come for me to compel peace. I am the dictator of human destiny and my will is law. War shall cease. On the tenth day of September I shall shift the axis of the earth until the North Pole shall be in the region of Strassburg and the South Pole in New Zealand. The habitable zone of the earth will hereafter be in South Africa, South and Central America, and regions now unfrequented by man. The nations must migrate and a new life in which war is unknown must begin upon the globe. This is my last message to the human race.

PAX."

The conference of ambassadors summoned by the President to the White House that afternoon exhibited a character in striking contrast with the first, at which Von Koenitz and the ambassadors from France, Russia and England had had their memorable disagreement. It was a serious, apprehensive and subdued group of gentlemen that gathered round the great mahogany table in the Cabinet Chamber to debate what course of action the nations should pursue to avert the impending calamity to mankind. For that Pax could shift the axis of the earth, or blow the globe clean out of its orbit into space, if he chose to do so, no one doubted any longer.

And first it fell as the task of the ambassador representing the Imperial German Commissioners to assure his distinguished colleagues that his nation disavowed and denied all responsibility for the conduct of General Treitschke in bombarding Paris after the hour set for the armistice. It was unjust and contrary to the dictates of reason, he argued, to hold the government of a nation comprising sixty-five millions of human beings and five millions of armed men accountable for the actions of a single individual. He spoke passionately, eloquently, persuasively, and at the conclusion of his speech the ambassadors present were forced to acknowledge that what he said was true, and to accept without reservation his plausible assurances that the Imperial German Commissioners had no thought but to cooperate with the other governments in bringing about a lasting peace such as Pax demanded.

But the immediate question was, had not the time for this gone by? Was it not too late to convince the master of the Flying Ring that his orders would be obeyed? Could anything be done to avert the calamity he threatened to bring upon the earth—to prevent the conversion of Europe into a barren waste of ice fields? For Pax had announced that he had spoken for the last time and that the fate of Europe was sealed. All the ambassadors agreed that a general European immigration was practically impossible. And as a last resort it was finally decided to transmit to Pax, through the Arlington station, a wireless message signed by all the ambassadors of the belligerent nations, solemnly agreeing within one week to disarm their armies and to destroy all their munitions and implements of war. This message was delivered to Hood, with instructions for its immediate delivery. All that afternoon and evening the operator sat in the observatory, calling over and over again the three letters that marked mankind's only communication with the controller of its destiny:

"PAX—PAX—PAX!"

But no answer came. For long, weary hours Hood waited, his ears glued to the

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receivers. An impenetrable silence surrounded the master of the Ring. Pax had spoken. He would say no more. Late that night Hood reluctantly returned to the White House and informed the President that he was unable to deliver the message of the nations.

And meantime Prof. Bennie Hooker, with Marc and Edouard, struggled across the wilderness of Labrador, following the Iron Rail that led to the hiding place of the master of the world.

The terrible fate of the German expeditionary force is too well known to require comment. As has been already told, the Sea Fox had sailed from Amsterdam three days after the conference in the War Office at Mainz between General von Helldorf and Professor von Schwenitz. Once north of the Orkneys it had encountered fair weather, and it had reached Hamilton Inlet in ten days without mishap, and with the men and animals in the best of condition. At Rigolet the men had disembarked and loaded their howitzers, mules and supplies upon the flat-bottomed barges brought with them for that purpose. Thirty French and Indian guides had been engaged, and five days later the expedition, towed by the powerful motor launches, had started up the river toward the chain of lakes lying northwest toward Ungava. Everyone was in the best of spirits and everything moved with customary German precision like clockwork. Nothing had been forgotten, not even the pungent invention of a Berlin chemist to discourage mosquitoes. Without labor, without anxiety, the fourteen barges bored through the swift currents and at last reached a great lake that lay like a silver mirror for miles about them. The moon rose and turned the boats into weird shapes as they plowed through the gray mists—a strange and terrible sight for the Nascopees lurking in the underbrush along the shore. And while the men smoked and sang *Die Wacht am Rhein*, listening to the trill of the ripples against the bows, the foremost motorboat grounded.

The momentum of the barge immediately following could not be checked, and she in turn drove into what seemed to be a mud bank. At about the same instant the other barges struck bottom. Intense excitement and confusion prevailed among the members of the expedition, since they were almost out of sight of land and the draft of the motorboats was only nineteen inches. But no efforts could move the barges from where they were. All night long the propellers churned the gleaming water of the lake to foam, but without result. Each and every barge and boat was hard and fast aground. And when the gray daylight came stealing across the lake there was no lake to be seen, only a reeking marsh, covered for miles with a welter of green slime and decaying vegetable matter across which it would seem no human being or animal could flounder. As far as the eye could reach lay only a blackish ooze. And with the sun came millions of mosquitoes and flies and drove the men and mules frantic with their stings.

Only one man, Ludwig Helmer, a gun driver from Potsdam, survived. Half mad with the flies, and nearly naked, he found his way somehow across the quaking bog, after all his comrades had died of thirst, and reached a tribe of Nascopees, who took him to the coast. A great explosion, they told him, had torn the River Nascopee from its bed and diverted its course. The lakes that it fed had all dried up.

Blinded by perspiration, sweltering under the heavy burden of their outfit, goaded almost to frenzy by the black flies and mosquitoes, Hooker and Marc and Edouard staggered through the brush, following the monorail. They had already reached the summit of the Height of Land and were now working down the northern slope in the direction of Ungava. The land was barren beyond the imagination of the unimaginative Bennie. Small dwarfed trees struggled for a footing amid the lichen-covered outcroppings and sun-dried moss of the hollows. The slightest rise showed mile upon mile of great waste undulating interminably in every direction. The heat shimmering off the rocks was almost suffocating. At noon on September first they threw themselves into the shade of a narrow ledge, boiled some tea and smoked their pipes, frenziedly fanning the air to drive away the swarms of insects that attacked them.

Hooker was half drunk from lack of sleep and of water. Already once or twice he had

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caught himself wandering when talking to Marc and Edouard. The whole thing was like a horrible, disgusting nightmare. And then he suddenly became aware that the two Indians were staring intently through the clouds of mosquitoes over the tree tops to the eastward. Through the sweat that trickled into his eyes he tried to make out what they could see. But he could discern nothing except mosquitoes. And then he thought he saw a mosquito larger than all the others. He waved at it, but it remained where it was. A slight breeze momentarily wafted the swarm away and he still saw the big mosquito hovering over the horizon. Then he heard Marc cry out:

"Something sails in the air!"

He rubbed the moisture out of his eyes and stared at the mosquito, which was growing bigger every minute. With the velocity of a projectile this monstrous insect, or whatever it was, came sweeping up behind them from the Height of Land, soaring into the zenith in a great parabola, until with a shiver of excitement Bennie recognized that it was the Flying Ring.

"It's him," he chattered emphatically, if ungrammatically.

Marc and Edouard nodded.

"Yes! Yes!" they cried in unison. "It is the one you seek!"

"He goes home," said Marc.

And then Bennie, without offering any explanation, found himself dancing up and down upon the rocks in the dizzying sun, waving his hat and shouting to the Father of the Marionettes. What he shouted he never knew. And Marc and Edouard both shouted too. But the master of the Ring heard them not, or if he heard he paid them no attention. Nearer and nearer came the Ring, until Bennie could see the gleaming cylinder of its great steel circle. At a distance of about two miles it swept through the air over a low ridge, and settled toward the earth in the direction of Ungava.

"He only goes ten mile maybe," announced Marc confidently. "A little way. We get there to-night."

On they struggled beside the Rail, but now hope ran high. Bennie sang and whistled, unmindful of the mosquitoes and black flies, that renewed their attacks with unremitting ferocity. The sun lowered itself into the pine trees, shooting dazzling shafts through the low branches, and then sank in a welter of crimson-yellow light. The sky turned gray in the east; faint stars twinkled through the quivering waves that still shook from the overheated rocks. It turned cold and the mosquitoes departed. Hugging the Rail they staggered on, now over shaking muskeg, now through thickets of tangled brush, now on great ledges of barren rock, and then across caribou barrens knee-deep in dry and crackling moss. Darkness fell and prudence dictated that they should make camp. But in their excitement they trudged on, until presently a pale glow behind the dwarfed trees showed that the moon was rising. They boiled the water, made tea and cooked some biscuits. Soon they could see to pursue their way.

"Most there now," encouraged Marc.

Presently, instead of descending they found the land was rising again, and forcing their way through the undergrowth they struggled up a rocky hillside, perhaps five hundred feet in height. Marc was in the lead, with Bennie a few feet behind him. As they reached the crest the Indian turned and pointed to something in front of him that Bennie was unable to distinguish.

"We are arrived," he said.

With his heart thumping from the exertion of the climb Bennie crawled up beside his guide and found himself confronted by a strong barbed-wire entanglement affixed to iron stanchions firmly imbedded in the rocks. They were on the top of a ridge that dropped away abruptly at their feet into a valley, perhaps a mile in width, terminating on the other side in perpendicular cliffs, estimated by Bennie to be about eight hundred or a thousand feet in height. Although the entanglement was by no means impassable, it was a distinct obstacle and one they preferred to tackle by daylight. Moreover, it indicated that their company was undesired. They were in the presence of an unknown quantity, the master of the Flying Ring. Whether he was a malign or a benevolent influence, this Father of the Marionettes, they could not tell.

With his back propped against a small spruce Bennie focused his glasses upon dim shapes barely discernible in the midst of the valley. He was thrilled by a deep excitement, a strange fear. What would he see? What mysteries would those vague

forms disclose? The shadows cast by the cliffs and a light mist gathering in the low ground made it difficult to see; and then, even as he looked, the moon rose higher and shone through something in the middle of the valley that looked like a tall, grisly skeleton. It seemed to have legs and arms, an odd mushroom-shaped head and endless ribs. Below and at its feet were other and vaguer shapes—flat domes or cupolas, bombproofs perhaps, buildings of some sort—Pax's home beyond peradventure.

As he looked through the glasses at the skeletonlike tower Bennie had an extraordinary feeling of having seen it all before somewhere. As in a long-forgotten dream he remembered Tesla's tower near Smithtown, on Long Island. And this was Tesla's tower, naught else! It is a strange thing, how at great crises of our lives come feelings of anticipatory knowledge. There is, indeed, nothing new under the sun. Else had Bennie been more afraid. As it was, he saw only Tesla's Smithtown tower with its head like a young mushroom. And at the same time there flashed into his memory: Child Harold to the Dark Tower Came. Over and over he repeated it mechanically, feeling that he might be one of those of whom the poet had sung. Yet he had not read the lines for years:

*Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place!
What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round, squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Not hear? When noise was everywhere! It tolled,
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears,
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! One moment knelled the woe of years.*

His eyes searched the shadows round the base of the tower, for his ears had already caught a faint, almost inaudible throbbing that seemed to grow from moment to moment. There certainly was a dull vibration in the air, a vibration like the distant hum of machinery. Suddenly old Edouard touched Bennie upon the shoulder.

"Look!" he whispered.

Some transformation was happening in the hood of the tower. From a black opaque object it began to turn a dull red and to diffuse a subdued glow, while the hum turned into a distinct whir.

Bennie became almost hysterical with excitement.

Soon the hood of the tower had turned white and the glow had increased until the whole valley was lit up with a suffused and gentle light. The Ring could be distinctly seen about half a mile away, resting upon a huge circular support.


"It's fire," grunted Marc. "It's how he makes the marionettes dance."

There was no doubt that the hood of the tower was in fact white hot, for the perpendicular cliffs of the mountain across the valley sharply reflected the light that it disseminated. The humming whir of the great alternator rose gradually into a scream like the outcry of some angry thing. And then unexpectedly a shaft of pale lavender light shot out from the glowing hood and lost itself in the blackness of the midnight sky. Now appeared a wonderful and beautiful spectacle: immediately above the point where the rays disappeared into the ether hundreds of points of yellow fire suddenly sprang into being in the sky, darting hither and thither like fireflies, some moving slowly and others with such speed they appeared as even, luminous lines.

"The marionettes! The marionettes!" Marc cried, trembling.

"Not at all! Not at all! They are meteorites!" answered Bennie, entirely engrossed in the scientific phase of the matter and forgetting that he did not speak the other's language. "Space is jammed full of meteoric dust. The larger particles, which strike our atmosphere and which ignite by friction, form shooting stars. The Ray—the Lavender Ray—reaching out into the most distant regions of space meets them in countless numbers and disintegrates them, surrounding them with glowing atmospheres. By George, though, if he starts in playing the Ray upon that cliff we've got to stand from under! Look here, boys," he shouted, "stuff something in your ears." He seized his handkerchief, tore it apart, and making two plugs, thrust them into the openings of his ears as far as the drums. The others in wonderment followed his example.

(Continued on Page 36)



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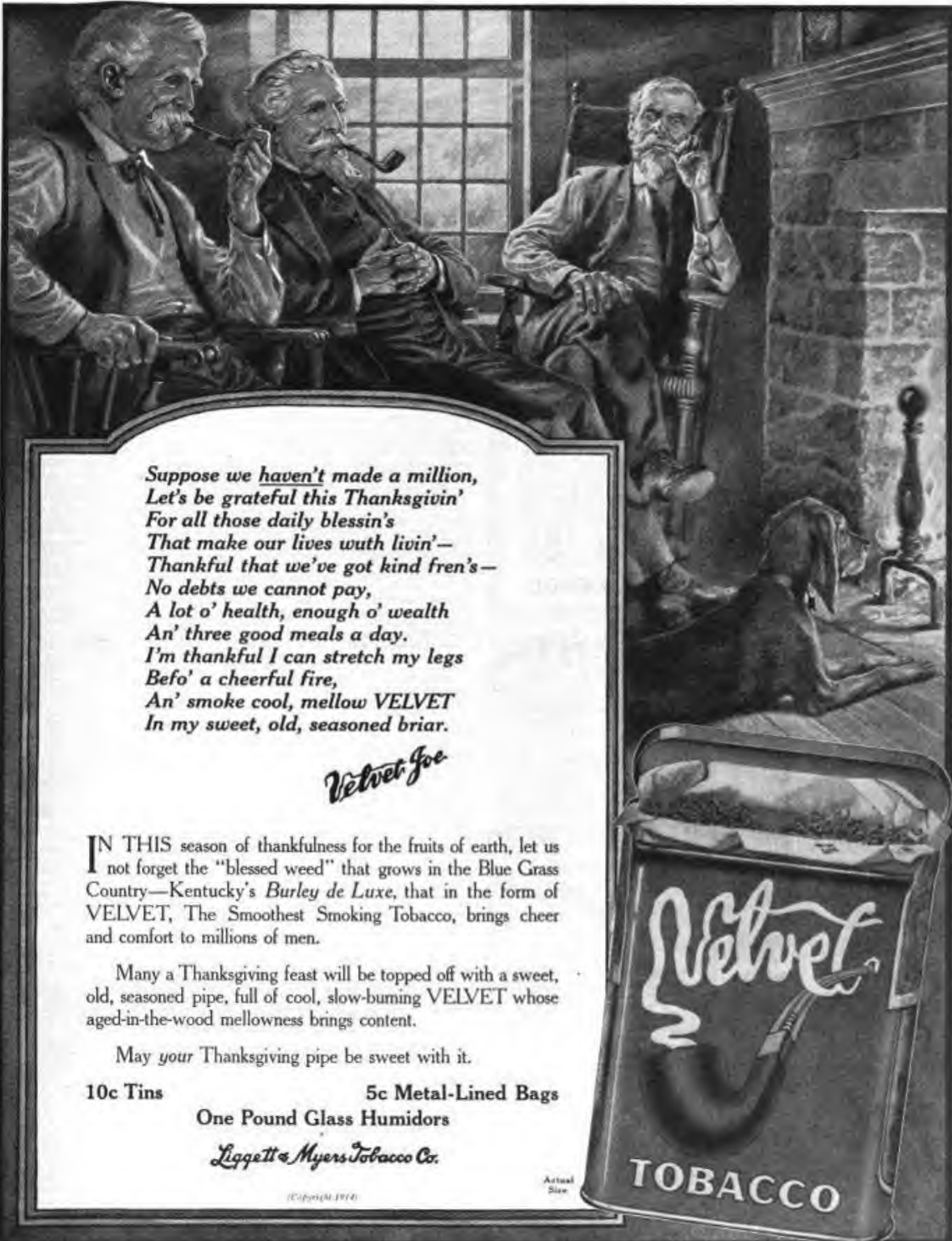
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Many a Thanksgiving feast will be topped off with a sweet, old, seasoned pipe, full of cool, slow-burning VELVET whose aged-in-the-wood mellowness brings content.

May your Thanksgiving pipe be sweet with it.

10c Tins 5c Metal-Lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Actual Size

Velvet
TOBACCO



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there's nothing like sending a box of Johnstone's Chocolates to restore her winsome smile. It is one of the virtues of Johnstone's to keep smiles bright. And more than a million now buy these sweetly sentimental.

Assorted Nuts in Cream Chocolate Dipped

A rare diversion for taste that can discriminate in candy. Almonds, Walnuts, Filberts and Pecan Nuts walled in by delicious thick cream, coated in smoothest chocolate. Yet only one of Johnstone's famous packages.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send our dollar for a generous box and we will send it post-haste, postpaid.

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MILWAUKEE
"THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES"

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Give him for 1915 a **Robert's Reminder**
A daily calendar twelve monthly pages on bond paper, and leather cover holding two months at a time. Shows new pad each month. Note appointments ahead. Year still leaves daily and target day is indispensable.

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Tell Tomorrow's Weather



White's Weather Prophet forecasts the weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. Not a toy but a scientific instrument forecasted working automatically.

An Ideal Xmas Gift

Made doubly interesting by the little figure of Hans and Grete and the White, who comes in and out to tell you what the weather will be. Indispensable and amusing.

Now 1/2 by 1 1/2 for \$1.00

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New crop pecans direct from native home.

10 lbs., \$2.00 20 lbs., \$3.75 50 lbs., \$8.75

Prices are for choice nuts L.O.B. Coleman, Texas. 3-lb. trial order prepaid to any post office in United States for \$1.00. Write for prices on larger quantities. Remittance must accompany order.

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ENTERTAINMENTS For home, school and church; monologues, recitations, vaudeville jokes and sketches, and plays for amateurs. Send for free catalog.
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to the surface layer of the material. In the case of ordinary rocks, which contain less material capable of disintegration, the rays penetrate to a great depth, and the decomposition takes place throughout the entire mass, giving rise to an explosive action. In the case of the pitchblende the force manifested itself at the surface in the form of an enormous pressure.

"The face of the cliff was polished and pitted by the action of the rays and bore a close resemblance to the surface of a meteorite. I was able to trace the action of the pressure on the rock formation to a distance of over two miles, the surface of the plateau showing faults and rifts that were evidently of very recent origin.

"My investigation of the apparatus and various engines employed for generating the ray was made very difficult by the general upheaval that had resulted from the accident to which I shall allude more fully presently. The most conspicuous object was a high skeleton tower that carried at its summit a thermic inductor of gigantic size. Fortunately this was not damaged, except in a very minor manner, which was the cause and not the result of the accident. This tower also served as one support for the antenna system of Pax's wireless apparatus. His electric generators, which supplied the energy to the thermic inductor, were housed in a cupola or dome, built up of sheet lead. On the side facing the cliff the wall and roof were nearly eight inches in thickness, forty-five layers of the metal being employed in the construction. This heavy metal shielded the operator, or operators, from the deadly discharge of electrons which were thrown off from the cliff wall under the influence of the rays. There were no windows in the cupola on the side toward the cliff, but a heavy circular plate of glass had been built in the roof at the apex of the dome, through which the action of the ray could be watched by means of a large reflecting prism, portions of which I found at some distance from the wreck of the cupola. The glass was of a deep violet color, similar in tint to that of glass tubes which have contained radium for several years.

"From the appearance of the wreck of the cupola I believe that it was hermetically sealed while the ray was operating on the cliff, thus protecting those within from the fluctuations in the atmospheric pressure, which must have been enormous in the vicinity of the apparatus. Even at the distance from which my observations of the last experiment were made these were so great that both of my ear drums were ruptured and I was rendered temporarily unconscious.

"The generator which I have already mentioned was mounted on the summit of the tower, and so arranged that it could be pointed in any direction by means of two electric motors controlled from the cupola. It appears to be made of the ideal substance for which I have been searching for years, similar to zirconium in its nonconductive properties, and not disintegrated by the radiation generated in its interior. My own small generators invariably exploded, as those of you who attended the last meeting of the Academy at which I was present may recall. The efficiency, moreover, of Pax's inductor is enormously greater than my own, for he has solved the problem of preparing a surface that will transmit radiant heat in one direction and not in the other. The end of his thermic retort is closed with a plate composed of a material that is transparent only to the disintegrating rays generated by the high temperature. The rays that pass out of the retort render the air in their path phosphorescent, the color of the light being a pale lavender. On striking the face of the cliff the uranium is immediately broken down into radium, which in its turn breaks down into the various disintegration products, the final end-product being lead. I searched along the base of the cliff, hoping to find traces of lead, but found nothing. It then occurred to me that this material would be in the form of a fine powder which would be carried off by the atomic blast, which consisted chiefly of luminous helium.

"I noticed, however, that the surface of a light snowfall in the valley had been somewhat darkened, as if by smoke, and on collecting a considerable quantity and melting it I found a black sediment which chemical analysis proved to be lead. The machinery by which was generated the powerful electric current for exciting the thermic inductor was badly damaged by the accident. It appeared from examination

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Providence, R.I.

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No. 705 Malt's Leather Cuff Bag \$1.50
No. 313 Ladies' Solid Gold Brooch Watch 15 Jewels \$25.50
No. 426 Gold-Faced Man's Set with Expansion \$1.50
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Get this new Signal Flannel Shirt with the soft-knit collar

The Signal "Sweaterette"
(Patent Applied For)
—for the man outdoors
A flannel shirt with an all-wool sweater collar which (1) comes up around the neck (2) makes a perfect collar around the throat—(3) stays in place comfortably underneath the coat.

It's the very latest—the perfect-fitting, Jersey Signal Flannel Shirt, with a soft-knit, adjustable sweater collar.

You need this shirt if ever out of doors in winter
It protects your throat and lungs, the back of your head, even your eyes—yet it can be turned down easily under the coat and made a sweater collar with the (4)—all the members of the Signal shirt—no binding under shoulders, not heating, no heat, no heat—guaranteed non-shrinkable (wash as often as desired).

Send \$2.50 for one today—money back if not pleased
This is our special winter offer on this new combination sweater-shirt—made in 42 in. stating whether line or grey, each size, and we'll ship you this new Signal "Sweaterette" on trial return it and receive your money back if you are not immediately pleased.

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We also make a large variety of all other styles of flannel shirts, sport gown coats, military shirts, and detachable collars.

Coat Style
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DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

You will find in the Dodge Brothers Motor Car many features scarcely to be expected at so moderate a price.

We should like to place in your hands an unbiased opinion of this car, written by an automobile engineer not connected with the company. Sent on request.

The price of the car fully equipped is \$785,
C. & D. Detroit.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



that a short circuit had occurred in some manner at the top of the tower, melting one of the steel rods which controlled the movement of the ray generator, and that the tower had overturned slowly, directing the rays along the ground until they reached the cupola. The current was shut off in my opinion just before the accident occurred, for otherwise the whole valley would have been turned inside out by the explosion resulting from the penetration of the rays into the earth. The capacity of the tower inductor was nearly one hundred times as great as that of the small one carried on the Flying Ring, with which the flooding of the Sahara was accomplished. Fortunately this remarkable dynamic flying machine was not damaged.

"I may say here that I do not believe that the object which Pax had in view when he built this enormous plant in Labrador was accomplished. It must have been commenced long before there was any thought of war, for the outbuildings, machine shops and engine houses cover nearly an acre. I think that I have an idea of what he was trying to do, but am not yet ready to make it public. His utilization of the forces under his control to compel international obedience was purely secondary and the result of circumstances—a by-product, as one might say, of his great idea.

"No less remarkable than the great generator in the tower was the wonderful flying car, which utilized the same force for its support and propulsion as that which slowed down the rotation of the globe. The body of this machine was in the form of a ring built of aluminum plates, extremely light for its size, for the outer diameter was over seventy-five feet. Supported above the ring on a metal tripod was the tractor, which raised the affair into the air by the recoil of the radiant discharge from the lower surface of a cylinder of metallic uranium upon which played the rays from a small thermic inductor. A remarkable feature of the machine was that it depended in nowise upon the air for its support, and could in consequence be driven beyond the atmosphere of the earth if desired. I had too little time to make a thorough study of the machinery within the car, but the electric energy appears to have been supplied by a storage battery of extreme lightness, working upon a wholly new principle. The discharge from the tractor—a jet of glowing helium—shot down through the center of the ring, and when the back pressure became greater than the weight of the car it rose in the air like a rocket. By inclining the tractor to one side, a horizontal component of force was at once developed, and the machine drifted off at a high velocity which has been estimated at between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred miles an hour."

Meantime unbelievable things had happened in *Weltpolitik*. In spite of the fact that Pax, having decreed the shifting of the poles and the transformation of Central Europe into the Arctic Zone, refused further communication with mankind, all the nations—and none more zealously than the German Federated States—proceeded immediately to withdraw their armies within their own borders and under the personal supervision of a General Commission to destroy all their armaments and munitions of war. The lyddite bombs, manufactured in vast quantities by the Krupps for the relay gun, and all other high explosives were used to demolish the fortresses upon every frontier of Europe.

The contents of every arsenal was loaded upon barges and sunk in mid-Atlantic. And every form of military organization, rank, service, and even uniform, was abolished throughout the world.

A coalition of nations was formed under a single general government, known as the United States of Europe, which in cooperation with the United States of North and South America, of Asia and of Africa arranged for an annual world congress at The Hague which enforced its decrees by means

of an international police. In effect all the inhabitants of the globe came under a single control, so far as language and geographical boundaries would permit. Each state enforced local laws, but all were obedient to the higher law—the law of humanity—which was uniform through the earth. If an individual offended against the law of one nation he was held to have offended against all, and was dealt with as such. The international police needed no treaties of extradition.

The New York embezzler who fled to Nairobi was sent back as a matter of course without delay. Any man was free to go and live where he chose, to manufacture, buy and sell as he saw fit. And because the fear and shadow of war were removed the nations grew rich beyond the imagination of men, and great hospitals and research laboratories, universities, schools and kindergartens, opera houses, theaters and gardens of every sort sprang up everywhere, paid for no one quite knew how. The nations ceased to build dreadnoughts, and instead used the money to send great troops of children traveling over the world. It was against the law to own or manufacture any weapon that could be used to take human life.

And because the nations had nothing to fear from one another, and because there were no scheming diplomatists and bureaucrats to make a living out of imaginary antagonisms, people forgot that they were French or German or Russian or English, just as the people of the United States of America had long before practically disregarded the fact that they came from Ohio or Oregon or Connecticut or Nevada. Russians with weak throats went to live in Italy as a matter of course, and Spaniards who liked German cooking settled in Munich.

All this of course did not happen at once, but came as a matter of course after the abolition of war. And after it had been done everybody wondered why it had not been done ten centuries before; and people became so interested in destroying all the relics of that despicable employment, warfare, that they almost forgot that the Man Who Rocked the Earth had threatened that he would shift the axis of the globe. So that when the day fixed by him came and everything remained just as it always had been—and everybody still wore linen mesh underwear in Strasburg and flannels in Archangel—nobody thought very much about it, or commented on the fact that the Flying Ring was no longer to be seen. And the only real difference was that you could take a P. & O. steamer at Marseilles and buy a through ticket to Tashli Ahaggar—if you wanted to go there—and that the shores of the Sahara became the Riviera of the world, crowded with health resorts and watering places; so that Pax had not lived in vain, nor Thornton, nor Bill Hood, nor Bennie Hooker, nor any of them.

The whole thing is a matter of record, as it should be. The deliberations of Conference No. 2 broke up in a hubbub, as Von Helmuth and Von Koenitz had intended, and the transcripts of their discussions proved to be not of the slightest scientific value. But in the files of the old War Department—now called the Department for the Alleviation of Poverty and Human Suffering—can be read the messages interchanged between The Dictator of Human Destiny and the President of the United States, together with all the reports and observations relating thereto, including Professor Hooker's Report to the Smithsonian Institution of his journey to the Valley of the Ring and what he found there. Only the secret of the Ring—of thermic induction and atomic disintegration; in short, of the Lavender Ray—is his by right of discovery, or treasure trove, or what you will; and so is his patent on Hooker's Space Navigating Car, in which he afterward explored the solar system and the uttermost regions of the sidereal ether. But that shall be told hereafter.

(THE END)



100,000 "American Bankrolls"

ready for your Christmas gift-buying. Combination Bill-fold, Coin-pocket and Card-case of finest, Genuine Black Seal Grain Leather with the above and straps of a Dollar Article for only 50c postpaid (\$5.45 per dozen). Also name for name's sake engraved in 22-Karat Genuine Gold. Iron-strong, yet wonderfully flexible. Measures 4 x 3 1/2 inches closed. Blue glove leather, 1815 calendar, bill-pocket, coin-pocket and two extra card-pockets. Is handsome gift for the TREE. If unable to get money order or bank check, send postage money. With nearest dealer of high grade GUARANTEED LEATHER GOODS and MOVETIAN line with orders for "Bankroll," or sent alone for 5c postage.

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Flexible Flyer

The fastest, safest and strongest sled made.
The only steering sled with grooved runners
Prevent skidding. Give complete steering control.

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Eight sizes—ranging from 38 to 101 in. long.
Sold by leading Hardware Dealers and Department Stores.



FREE. Continued model shown. Also attractive booklet showing cutting series. Write today!



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Hello Boys!
make lots of Toys

What shall we build first?

THE TOY WITH
GIRDERS LIKE STRUCTURAL STEEL

BIG PRIZES
FOR
NEW MODELS

The Mysto ERECTOR

The American Toy Made for the American Boy

ELECTRIC
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WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE
(ON ALL SETS OVER \$3)

I KNOW what boys like. That's why I made the girders of the Mysto Erector with turned-over, close-lapping edges so that your boy could build big, strong, lifelike models.

Not only can he build big, strong models but he can build them easily and quickly, and they will be exactly like real steel construction.

With all sets over \$3.00 I give, without extra charge, an electric motor that runs many of the models—such as elevators, traveling cranes, derricks, drawbridges and machine shops.

The Mysto Erector is by far the most interesting and instructive gift you could find anywhere. It is so fascinating that the entire family will enjoy watching and helping the boy construct the 300-and-more models.

Boys—just see how many things you can build! Think of the fun building battleships, torpedo boats, Brooklyn Bridges with third-rail cars run by a real motor—skyscrapers with running elevators—electric-run sand shovels that dig just like the Panama Canal dredges—workshops with cute little band saws, power presses, lathes, buffing wheels, etc., that really go.

And think of all you'll find out about engineering and electricity!

You can build so many models with Erector that if you worked every minute from Christmas till next summer, without stopping, you probably wouldn't get them all finished. This is because you get so

much building material for your money with the Erector—more than with any other similar toy.

And the models are made just like real structural steel. You can build quicker—the girders will never buckle up when you are putting them together. Only half as many bolts are needed, and the models are stiff and won't wobble.

Be sure to ask for the Mysto Erector, so you get the extra and better pieces and the motor. No other construction set gives a motor without extra cost.

Toy dealers everywhere sell the Erector, or can get it for you if they haven't it in stock now. Eight sizes, ranging from \$1.00 to \$25.00.

Send me your dealer's name and I will mail you my brightly colored Book, containing photos and descriptions of Erector models. I'll also send you a free copy of my magazine, *Erector Tips*, which publishes pictures of boys who build prize-winning Erector models; tells how you can win a prize; shows how to do magic tricks, etc. Every boy, every parent, should write for the free Book and magazine at once—today.

HURRY!

SEND NOW
FOR THIS
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Please send your book filled with photos of Erector models, and a copy (free) of your boys' magazine, *Erector Tips*.

Name _____

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My toy dealer's name is _____

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Free
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A Revelation in Tires

IN this Firestone Tire motorcyclists enjoy the service of tires built along lines of power and resiliency demanded by the automobile itself.

For the maximum endurance and the buoyant ride—for the limit of security and mileage, specify

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The fabric foundation is a special weave of the highest quality.

The tread is extra thick and contains extra quantity of that specially treated rubber which has helped build up the Firestone reputation.

In all standard sizes—Non-Skid and Corrugated Tread. Let us equip your wheel now. At the "slippery season," we specially recommend the tight, safe hold of the Firestone Non-Skid. Your dealer has the size you want or can get it.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

ROMANCE IN HARDWARE

(Concluded from Page 18)

"Here is our plan: We offer to send an expert to make a survey of the home. He then makes suggestions—in writing—as to how the efficiency of the working force of the home may be increased, and gives the prices at which the necessary utensils can be supplied. This entails no obligation whatever, and the housewife may adopt any or all or none of the suggestions, as she pleases. We do not urge her in the least. The matter is left to her judgment. We make the report in writing for two reasons: It gives a more professional air to the transaction, and the housewife doesn't feel that she may be embarrassed by turning down any of the suggestions in the presence of the expert.

"As an example, we suggest in our report that the kitchen should be supplied with:

Hot-pan lifter	\$0.10
Set measuring spoons15
French frying basket55
Food chopper	1.25
Combination egg beater and mayonnaise maker35
Plate scraper10
Lift rack for pot lids and pans35
Bread mixer	2.50
Egg poacher35

"The laundry with:

Wire clothes drainer for wash boiler45
Total	\$0.15

"We offer to supply all these items for six dollars—a slight reduction from the total cost. This list varies, of course, according to the needs of each family; but we never allow it to be very formidable nor to run into much money. Each item has some value as a labor or time saver.

"We end up the report as follows: 'The most important item for your consideration is a sanitary refrigerator. The above-mentioned utensils have to do only with the working efficiency of your servants. The refrigerator has to do with the efficiency and health of your husband, your children, yourself and your employees! It also has a bearing on your household economies, preventing unnecessary waste of ice, spoiled food, and so on. We have gone into the matter of household refrigeration very carefully, and shall be glad to give you the benefit of our information if you wish it.'

"Almost invariably these reports reach the husband through the wife, and sell him; so we get his influence in our favor without antagonizing the wife.

Selling High-Priced Goods

"Where a refrigerator isn't really needed we suggest a kitchen cabinet, suction sweeper, fireless cooker, or some other article of relatively high cost. You see, we make the cheaper items lead up to the larger expenditure without rousing in the mind of the buyer the antagonism that usually results from a suggestion of any unusually large expenditure.

"This scheme not only has sold a lot of refrigerators, and so on, but has established our reputation as a progressive store with a lot of families who didn't know us before.

"Now I'm educating these families to understand that when they can't come to the store the store can, in a measure, go to them. I'm continually informing housewives that when any article not too bulky is needed a telephone call will bring by bicycle delivery a selection of three or four of such articles, from which she may make a choice."

"That is localizing and improving the methods of the catalogue house," I suggested.

"Well," he said, "the retailer can learn a lot from the mail-order houses. They do everything they can to make it easy and pleasant to buy from them. I've ordered goods from a number of them just to see how they do business. It is certainly satisfactory to deal with them. They make you feel that they want your trade. They are honest and their goods are worth their prices."

"Do they get much trade that you think you ought to have?" I asked.

"If they get any of my trade they are welcome to it," he answered; "because it's my fault if they do. I admit they offer some advantages that I can't offer—as to prices, and so on; but I can give a service here in my territory, with which they can't compete at a distance, that more than offsets the advantages they have over me."

"I can easily show my former customers that they have to sacrifice some things in order to get these lower prices—things which are often of greater value than the difference in price. There's the time it takes to get the goods, for instance; the possibility of delay; the uncertainty as to the exact quality and appearance of the goods; credit; and many other factors that enter into a sale and determine values."

"It gives me a pain when I hear of retailers trying to fight the mail-order houses by forming organizations and passing resolutions, or by sending for catalogues over flimsy signatures or by other questionable methods. Is it any wonder the mail-order houses can get trade from such pinheaded merchants? No, sir! The mail-order house does an enormous business just because it renders a service the average retailer doesn't give. And the sad part of it is that the local dealer can, if he would only realize it, give a service in his locality that is impossible from the distant mail-order house."

"It's human nature to want the best or the most for the least expenditure, and that desire is stronger than civic pride or public spirit. It's poor business to try to buck an instinct like that. What does Bill Jones care about the merchants in his home town if he can get more in goods or service elsewhere? To my mind, there is only one reason why the people of this town should support my store—that's because I can give better value in service or goods, or both, than some other merchant."

Coupons for Gas

"In these days of farmer telephones, rural free delivery and the parcel post I don't think much of a dealer who worries about mail-order competition."

I spent the biggest part of a profitable day listening to Tom Connor's plans of the past and for the future. As we stood at the front door of his store that evening for the last few words I noticed a number of automobiles drive up to the curb and get a supply of gasoline from a pump.

"You seem to sell quite a lot of gasoline," I remarked.

"Yes," he said; "more than all the garages in town, I think. That is one of my latest schemes. The garages charge twenty cents a gallon for gasoline. I installed that pump and sent a book containing fifty coupons, each coupon good for one gallon of gasoline, to each car owner in town, explaining that the book and coupons were numbered and the number registered in our office."

"I invited the car owner to use these coupons for the purchase of gasoline at our store, and told him that when the coupons were all turned in and canceled we would send him a bill for nine dollars—a discount of ten per cent from the usual price. This book can be kept by the chauffeur or in the machine, is as convenient as money, without any chance of loss, and gives the owner a correct check on the amount of gasoline he gets."

"We have the number of each owner's car and honor the coupons only for that car. It isn't necessary to drive into a garage or up a back street. We sell many dollars' worth of supplies and hardware while the car is being filled."

"Don't you think," asked Connor as we shook hands in parting, "that the hardware trade ought to satisfy any man's craving for romance in business?"

"Old man," I answered, "I think you could inject romance into your business if you were a junk dealer!"

"If I couldn't," he said, "I'd quit the business."



Practical

Here is a real boy's magazine—big, bright and boyish—with a fixed purpose to print stories that enthrall and inspire, impart knowledge that supplements school, and latest news of things worth. It gets right to a boy's heart, and is a positive influence toward practical manhood.

THE AMERICAN BOY
(500,000 boy readers)

Your boy should have this magazine, which is written specially for him, full of subjects he knows, just as you have there in your own back yard. It's beautifully illustrated. Get this month's issue of THE AMERICAN BOY, and you'll find it has right to put in your boy's hands.

For 15 years the leading boys' magazine of the world

\$1.00 for a whole year.

Subscribe now.

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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
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The Plier with 6 Heads

Get Him This:—

Here's a Xmas gift for well appreciate. Every man—Automobilist, Mechanic, Farmer, Householder—has a real and every-day need for the wonderful KIT-Plier. KIT. One pair of handles and six adjustable heads—15 plier heads made quickly by combining the jaws. Tinsmith's snips, pliers, pruning shears, gardeners' flat nose, cutting and gas pliers, alligator wrench and many special pipe wrenches—

KIT Multiple-head Plier

The heads are made of specially tempered special metal—guaranteed not to break, crack or chip on the edges. Every head mounted and tested at factory. Ordinary pliers of like capacity would cost \$8 or \$9 and be a nuisance to carry around.

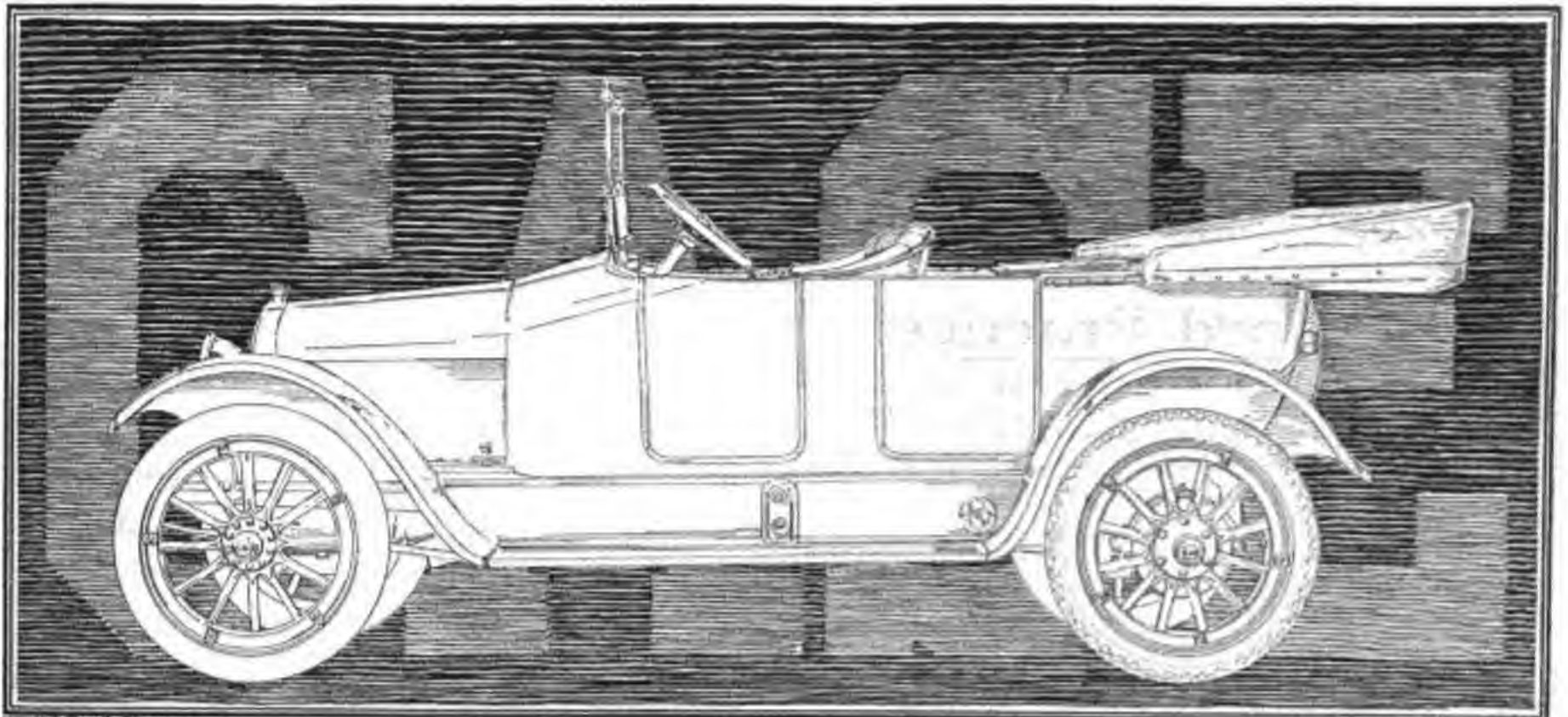
In durable blue cloth or compact tool roll, 6 heads, one pair handles. Auto, Home, Kitchen, Mechanic's Kit, or Farmer's Kit.

Ask your dealer—if he won't supply you we will, on receipt of price—delivery prepaid.

Write for Unique Free Booklet—describing this KIT Plier and the many uses you will find for it.

CURRIER-KOETH MFG. CO., Coopersport, Pa.

Price \$3.50



The NAME BEHIND the CAR

And What it Means to the Man Who Reasons

Ability and Responsibility

The known ability of the maker comes before everything else. Because, in your car, the "hidden values" rest solely upon his *ability* to put them there. Then upon his *reputation* for putting them there. That is what "The Name Behind the Car" means to the man who reasons.

Sound business reasoning guides the men who are buying CASE cars. They discriminate between popularity that is *meteoric* and success that is *merited*—won through the experience of 72 years of manufacturing and of selling throughout the markets of the world.

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PETER AND THE PRESCRIPTION

(Continued from Page 12)

a great favorite in the betting ring. Men said of him that he could actually make a five-time loser laugh.

"A fine lot of dawgs!" said Mr. Root. "If somebody should drag a sausage across the head of the stretch it would break up the race. They'd all jump over the fence." He began chalking up the odds opposite the names of the horses. When he came to Dollar Bill he paused.

"You here again?" said the bookmaker. "Oh, well, I'll be liberal. I'll take a gambling chance. Two hundred to one on Dollar Bill; he never won and he never will! Don't crowd, boys, don't crowd! Plenty of time. We have here the grandest assortment of cat-meat on the American turf today. Step up and take your choice! Don't let me advise you!"

Peter arrived in time to hear the last remark. Jonesey's often-repeated instructions came back to him.

"Find out which one they're not playing. Don't be in a hurry to bet. Take your time."

Peter fixed his eyes upon the card and listened with all his ears. As each bet was made the bookmaker called it aloud to the sheet and ticket writers behind him.

"Alcatraz a place, fifty to five! . . . Doc Smith on the limb, twenty to ten! . . . Shellback on the nose, one hundred to four!"

It was the last race of the day and business was brisk. The losers hoped to repair their fortunes; the winners hoped to add to their loot. Peter, understanding no part of the jargon which fell from Root's lips, caught only the names of the horses. From time to time the bookmaker erased certain figures, substituting others. Thus Dollar Bill's price became two hundred and fifty to one—and as yet his name had not been mentioned. Of this Peter was positive.

"They're saddling 'em up!" called the man on the block. "They're tossin' the pigskin on their backs out in the paddock. If you're here to speculate, now's the time!"

Peter stirred uneasily and his hand crept toward his pocket. Henry Root was a remarkable judge of human nature; his eye had been on Peter for some minutes. "Stringing a sucker" was this bookmaker's greatest delight. He liked nothing better than to play with a Saturday sport for the amusement and edification of the crowd.

"Your money will never grow unless you give it air!" chanted Mr. Root. "Keep it in your pockets and it will smother to death! Faint heart never filled a spade flush! How can I give you a winning ticket if you don't ask me for it? They'll be on the track in a few minutes. What's your pleasure of these noble oat-bounds, these hay-burning beagles? What's your pleasure, gentlemen?"

Peter stepped forward, a five-dollar gold piece clutched in his fingers. The bookmaker, his hand cupped at his ear, bent low with exaggerated courtesy. The track habits, knowing Root's methods and scenting amusement, moved closer.

"Two dollars on Dollar Bill," stammered Peter.

The effect of this simple request on Mr. Root was amazing.

"All of that?" he ejaculated. "You want to play him to win?"

Peter nodded, his ears aflame.

Mr. Root bent even lower. He laid his hand on Peter's shoulder and his rasping stage whisper might have been heard at a distance of forty feet.

"Somebody has told you something, young man! You can't deny it! Somebody has told you and telling ain't fair. I don't know whether I ought to take this bet or not!"

A subdued snicker ran through the crowd. "And anyway," continued the bookmaker, "it's customary to bet five dollars when you know something. Make it five and you're on!"

"All right," mumbled Peter, who wished that the ground would open and swallow him.

Mr. Root straightened up and leaned over the edge of the booth, whispering mysteriously to his assistants, who grinned as they made the necessary entries.

"No use in letting everybody know about it," said he to Peter. "They'll all want to play him then. . . . Don't go

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away, young man! . . . Take your ticket. . . . Whatever you do, hang on to it. . . . It'll be valuable. I wouldn't do this for anybody but you, and I wouldn't do it for you only I can see that you know something. . . . Wait a minute; I want to ask a favor of you!"

Peter would have given every cent in his pockets to be beyond the reach of this soft-spoken, insinuating person who, for some reason or other, had singled him out of the crowd as the recipient of unusual and extraordinary attention. He glanced over his shoulder, meditating flight.

"Don't let him get away, men!" cried the bookmaker, and a grinning wall closed in behind the luckless clerk. Root stopped down from the block and whispered in Peter's ear.

"You've got to promise not to tell anybody how you found out about this horse," said he. "It would be awful if these gamblers caught on to it. If you'll promise I'll let you bet some more on him. If you don't promise I'll see that you never get inside this place again."

Peter mumbled incoherently. "See that you keep your word," said Root, climbing back on the block. "Now you can bet some more."

There are times when a young man is so embarrassed, so confused, so abashed under the eyes of his fellows that he allows words to be put into his mouth and meekly does as he is bid, conscious of nothing but his conspicuous misery, hoping for nothing but solitude and oblivion. Any man who has had a big church wedding will understand why Peter fumbled a ten-dollar gold piece into the bookmaker's palm. It was the price of peace.

"Better go the whole hog!" whispered Mr. Root. "It ain't every day you get a chance like this. Better clean up good."

A few seconds later Peter was backing through the laughing crowd, two pasteboards clutched in his hand. They called for \$3765 in case Dollar Bill won the race. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Root, "now that the pilgrim and stranger has made his choice, what will you have? Nine of the worst horses in the world and—there goes the bugle! Bet freely, gentlemen! It's your last chance to spoil the Egyptians!"

Peter wandered out upon a lawn and continued to wander until a fence stopped him. Beyond the fence nine thoroughbreds passed in dainty procession, their smooth coats glistening in the sun. Peter, the tickets gripped tight in his hand and the hand in his pocket, did not even know which one was Dollar Bill, so he asked a stunted youth, who removed a large cigar from his mouth to make answer to the query.

"See that big chestnut next to the last in the line? That's him. Durned if I know whether Dollar Bill's his name or his price tag. You ain't bettin' on the old beetle?"

Peter remembered his promise and moved away without answering. The stunted youth spat contemptuously and returned his cigar to his mouth. Peter marked Dollar Bill closely, noting that the jockey wore a brilliant green jacket and a green cap. It was the only green cap in the line.

As the horses passed the far end of the grand stand they broke into faster pace. Peter, with eyes for one horse only, observed that Dollar Bill seemed to be trying to climb the fence and interpreted this to mean that the animal was full of life and spirit. The official starter, perched upon his stand at the first quarter pole, also noticed these activities.

"If that big chestnut thing was anybody's horse but old Todd's," he remarked, "I'd say he had his tea aboard. He surely acts like it. . . . Jake, you bring him up on the inside and hang on to him or he'll bust up a lot of starts for us."

Peter saw the dancing colors come to a halt and begin shifting as the bits of glass shift in a kaleidoscope. The horses were at the post. A hand fell heavily upon Peter's shoulder and he whirled to face a sullen, dispirited youth, a cigarette depending from his lower lip and his hat far back on his head. It was Jonesey.

"So you came out anyway?" he demanded. "Well, it's lucky you gave me the slip. I'm clean."

"You lost?" said Peter, interpreting the manner rather than the words.

"Every bean," said Jonesey. "I guess there was something the matter with that system of mine. Some of the horses I played haven't finished yet."

"And you think you were wrong about that?" asked Peter with an odd sinking sensation. "It didn't work out?"

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Haven't I told you they cleaned me?" snapped Jonesey. "I'm flatter than a flounder. You'll have to let me have a few dollars until next pay day, Pete."

"But I did just as you said!" cried Peter. "I bet on the one that nobody else bet on! I put my money on Dollar Bill!"

Jonesey laughed harshly. "That old dog?" said he. "Why, say, he never won a race in his life! I heard 'em talking about him in the betting ring. He ain't a horse, he's a joke! A bookmaker in there jollied some farmer into betting fifteen dollars on him. Everybody was laughing about it. . . . Say, Pete! It wasn't you, was it?"

Peter shook off the detaining hand and turned on his heel.

"Where are you going?" asked Jonesey. "I'm going to make that thief give me my money back!" said Peter. Even as he spoke a muffled roar beat down from the grand stand, followed immediately by derisive hoots and yells.

"You're too late, boy," said Jonesey. "They're off! Holy mackerel, what a rotten start! Half of 'em left at the post, and one skate beat the barrier a city block! . . . What's that thing out in front?"

Peter rose on his tiptoes and looked across at the back stretch. It was indeed a very bad start. The nine horses were strung out over a distance of one hundred yards, but well to the front and all alone a splash of green was skimming the rail. Peter's heart bumped against his thorax.

"That's Dollar Bill!" he yelled. "That's the horse I'm betting on!"

"Well, wouldn't that rasp you!" said Jonesey. "Run, you dog, run!"

At the head of the stretch Jockey Tecumseh Sherman Blue glanced back over his shoulder and saw nothing of consequence save the dust stirred up by Dollar Bill's marvellous and unprecedented burst of speed. The nearest horse was not within hailing distance. Jockey Blue shook out the one remaining whip and addressed himself to his mount.

"If yo' was any othe' hoss," said he, "I'd 'low I bettah take yo' up in my lap an' nuss yo' some. . . . Seein' as it's you, though, I reckon the onliest way we'll evah get down there in front is for yo' to run as far as yo' can an' crawl the rest of the way! . . . Thass it, yo' ole scorpion, go while the goin's good, 'cause when yo' quits yo' quits all oveh at once." Then later: "Whut ails yo' to-day anyhow? Yo' gone crazy from bein' out in front fo' once in yo' wuthless life?"

In the grand stand and on the lawn several thousand people were asking similar questions. The aged chestnut wreck swung into the stretch a clean twenty lengths ahead of the nearest horse, and instead of showing signs of fatigue actually seemed to be gathering speed as he straightened out for the wire.

Said the presiding judge to his assistant: "I want to see the bookmakers' sheets on this race. This is reversal of form with a vengeance!"

Said one bookmaker to himself: "—?—??—!!!"

Said Jonesey, hammering Peter violently between the shoulder-blades:

"What did I tell you, eh? What did I tell you? Look at him come! Just look

at him! He'll win all alone, Pete, all alone! I guess I don't know a thing about these thieving bookmakers! Not a thing! And I'm in with those tickets, ain't I? . . . Come on, you Dollar Bill! Come on! Why don't you holler, you fool?"

"I—I can't," said Peter, his teeth rattling. "They—they'll never catch him now, will they? . . . How far has he got to go? . . . Come on, there! Hurry up!"

Said the stunted youth with the big cigar: "Listen to that nut ravin'! He must have one measly buck on that thing in front and he's afraid the horse'll drop dead!"

Said Tecumseh Sherman Blue as he passed into the shadow of the grand stand: "Quit any time yo' want to, boy. Yo' can turn round an' back in a winneh from here!"

But Dollar Bill did not falter in the last fifty yards. He clung to the rail, eating up the distance with long awkward strides, and as he passed under the wire a horseman of the old school removed a battered slouch hat and murmured:

"Well, I'll be tribble-damned! An' I didn't bet a nickel on him—not a nickel!"

A crowd is a fickle and heartless thing. Having laughed at Peter when the bet was made, several hundred people crowded to Mr. Root's booth to laugh at Henry when the bet was paid. The news traveled with lightning speed that the stinger was stung and the hundreds became thousands—cheering, whooping and roaring with merriment. Through this shouting mob came Peter, a trifle pale, escorted by a buoyant young man with a cigarette cocked at an impudent angle under his nose.

"Make way for Coal-Oil Johnny!" cried Jonesey. "Hey, you paupers! Let a millionaire through, will you?"

Henry Root was game. He dispensed with the services of his cashier and paid that bet himself, receiving the barbed comments of the multitude with commendable calm. "How will you have it?" said he to Peter. "Bills, old sport, bills!" said Jonesey. "And big ones. We haven't got our wagon with us this afternoon."

On the way back to the city Jonesey brought up the question of financial adjustment.

"A split?" said Peter. "I don't know what you mean."

"You don't?" exclaimed the outraged Jonesey. "Would you have had any of this money if it wasn't for me? Would you? Who got you to play the races, eh? I ought to have half of it, that's what I ought to have, but seeing it's you, I'll call it square for a thousand."

"I'll lend you twenty," said Peter, "and you can pay it back to me when you can."

Jonesey hooted aloud.

"Very well," said Peter, upon whom the spirit of capitalism was descending, "then you won't get a cent. Didn't you tell me this horse was a joke?"

And Jonesey took the twenty. That was twenty-five years ago and he still owes Peter the original sum.

Before Peter was married he made a full confession to Milly. She forgave him but she has not yet forgotten. Peter is now a pillar in the Church and passes the plate on Sundays, but to her dearest friends Mrs. Plymire sometimes confides that Peter, though the best of men, is so reckless.

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 15)

Jean Coulois said nothing. Then very slowly from the inside pocket of his coat he drew a newspaper parcel. It was long and narrow and in places there was a stain upon the paper. Seligman stared at it and stared back at Jean Coulois.

"What the mischief have you got there?" he demanded.

Coulois touched the parcel with his yellow forefinger. Seligman saw, then, that the stains were of blood.

"Give me a towel," his visitor directed. "I do not want this upon my clothes."

Seligman took a towel from the stand. "You mean," he asked, dropping his voice a little, "that it is finished?"

"A quarter of an hour ago," Jean Coulois answered triumphantly. "He had just come in from luncheon and was sitting at his writing table. It was cleverly done, wonderfully! It was all over in a moment; not a cry. You came to the right place indeed! And now I go to the country," Coulois continued. "I have a motorcycle outside. I make my way up into the hills

to bury this little memento. There is a farmhouse up in the mountains, a lonely spot enough, and a girl there who says what I tell her. It may be as well to be able to say that I have been there for *déjeuner*. These little things, monsieur—ah, well, we who understand think of them! And since I am here," he added, holding out his hand—

Seligman nodded and took out his pocketbook. He counted out the notes in silence and passed them over to Jean Coulois. The assassin dropped them into his pocket.

"Au revoir, Monsieur le Grex!" he exclaimed, waving his hand. "We meet to-night, I trust. I will show you a new dance—the Dance of Death I shall call it. To-night I shall dance as though quicksilver were in my feet. You must come, monsieur."

He closed the door behind him and swaggered off down the passage. Seligman stood for a moment perfectly still. It was a strange thing, but two big tears were in his eyes. Then he heaved a great sigh.

—What men like you and me say of "Whip"

Scores of men write us every day commending "Whip" Smoking Tobacco. These men are not in the public eye but they are pipe smokers who enjoy and appreciate a good smoking tobacco. We reprint here a few of these letters. Won't you please read them?



"I have always wished for just the kind of a smoke which you have given in 'Whip.' And I thought I never was going to find a tobacco that gave me all I hoped for.
E. W. O.—, WAVERLY, IOWA."

"I wish to congratulate you on manufacturing a blend of tobacco of merit, which you will at two ounces for two cents. Your slogan should be—'The Quality is Exceeded Only by the Quantity.'
J. M. M.—, ELIZABETH, N. J."

"I was enjoying a bracing pipeful of 'Whip' in my home one evening, meanwhile humming 'This Is The Life.' My wife entered and sniffed the air, smiled in a very satisfactory manner, and mentioned the way I was humming was quite appropriate.
W. L. N.—, EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS."

"I have tried 'Whip' tobacco and think it is the best I have ever smoked. It is so soothing, mild and fragrant that it acts as a gentle anodyne.
P. A. P.—, LINDSAY, ONTARIO."

"I have found that all you say about 'Whip' tobacco is not all the good that can be spoken of it. Truly, it is one of the finest tobacco made.
J. C. B.—, STANLEY, N. C."

"I have tried 'Whip' and think it is the best tobacco out. I have tried them all and never equal it.
C. P.—, GAINESVILLE, TEXAS."

"'Whip' is quite the most delightful blend I have ever smoked—cool and sweet, and without the hint of a sting to it.
J. H. K.—, SPRINGFIELD, ILL."

Ounce Tin Free

Now that you have read what real smokers say about "Whip," won't you put our proudest achievement to a pipe test? Let us send you an ounce can free. Write for it today and please mention your dealer's name. "Whip" is sold in 1-oz. tins at 5c, 2-oz. tins at 10c and patented pottery pound humidors.

McPatterson
Pres't.
Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.

Also makers of "Quest"—the big 2 1/2 oz. tin—a little stronger than "Whip" and better than many other brands of 2-oz. tin tobacco.
Save United Post-Office Coupons. Good for valuable premiums. Packed in all sizes of "Whip" and "Quest."

Wool from Sheep that Thrive in the Snow

THIS Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Robe is the genuine and original Patrick Mackinaw Cloth, made of the long fiber wool of the North. It resists wind, cold and moisture and gives a lifetime of wear.



Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Auto Robes

Bigger-Than-Weather
Best of all coverings because they give wonderful warmth without great weight. Used for auto, pleasure robe, picnic cape—for coach, sleeping porch, camp and canoe.

Sold at Best Stores

Send for FREE Mackinaw Book Illustrating all the Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Products

Write for Free Gift—Set of Picture Post Cards to secure "Adventures of the Bigger-Than-Weather Robe," by Peter Bessell. PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILL, 114 Commerce St., Duluth, Minn.

Ladies Can Earn \$8.00 for each name they send of friends to whom we can actually sell high-grade article for social correspondence. No canvassing. We do the selling. Write for information. THE SUN COMPANY, 317 Broadway, New York.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and reads it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once. B. E. & A. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"It is part of the game," he said softly to himself—"all part of the game!"

XXII

SELINGMAN came out into the sunlit streets very much like a man who leaves a dark and shrouded room. The shock of tragedy was still upon him. There was a little choke in his throat as he mingled with the careless pleasure-loving throng, mostly wending their way now toward the rooms or the terrace. As he crossed the square toward the Hôtel de Paris his steps grew slower and slower. He looked at the building half fearfully. Beautifully dressed women, men of every nationality, were passing in and out all the time. The commissionaire with his little group of satellites stood sunning himself on the lowest step, a splendid, complacent figure. There was no sign there of the horror that was hidden within. Even while Selingman looked up at the windows he felt a hand upon his arm. Draconmeyer had caught up to him and had fallen into step with him.

"Well, dear philosopher," he exclaimed, "why this subdued aspect? Has your solitary day depressed you?"

Selingman turned slowly round. Draconmeyer's eyes beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles were bright. He was carrying himself with less than his usual stoop. He was in spirits that for him were almost boisterous.

"Have you been in there?" Selingman asked in a low tone.

Draconmeyer glanced at the hotel and back again at his companion.

"In where?" he demanded. "In the hotel? I left Lady Hunterleys there a short time ago. I have been to the bank since."

"You don't know yet, then?"

"Know what?"

There was a momentary silence. Draconmeyer suddenly gripped his companion by the arm.

"Go on," he insisted. "Tell me."

"It's all over!" Selingman exclaimed hoarsely. "Jean Coulois came to me a quarter of an hour ago. It is finished. Confound you, Draconmeyer, let go my arm!"

Draconmeyer withdrew his fingers. There was no longer any stoop about him at all. He stood tall and straight, his lips parted, his face turned upward, upward as though he would gaze over the roof of the hotel before which they were standing and on up to the skies. The seconds passed. Then Draconmeyer suddenly took his companion by the arm.

"Come," he said, "let us take that first seat in the gardens there. Let us talk. Somehow or other, although I half counted upon this, I scarcely believed. Let us sit down. Do you think it is known yet?"

"Very likely not," Selingman answered as they crossed the road and entered the gardens. "Coulois found him in his rooms seated at the writing table. It was all over, he declares, in ten seconds. He came to me—with the knife. He was on his way to the mountains to hide it."

They found a seat under a drooping lime tree. They could still see the hotel and the level stretch of road that led past the post office and the club and on to Monaco. Draconmeyer sat with his eyes fixed upon the hotel entrance, through which streams of people were still passing. One of the undermanagers was welcoming the newcomers from a recently arrived train.

"You are right," Draconmeyer murmured. "Nothing is known yet. Very likely they will not know until the valet goes to lay out his clothes for dinner. . . . Hunterleys dead!"

Selingman, one hand gripping the iron arm of the seat, watched his companion's face with a sort of fascinated curiosity. There were beads of perspiration upon Draconmeyer's forehead, but his expression, in its way, was curious. There was no horror in his face, no fear, no shadow of remorse. Some wholly different sentiment seemed to have transformed the man. He was younger, more virile. He seemed as though he could scarcely sit still.

"My friend," Selingman said, "I know that you are one of our children, that you are one of those who have seen the truth and worked steadfastly for the great cause with the heart of a patriot and the unswerving fidelity of a strong man. But tell me the honest truth. There is something else in your life—you have some other feeling about this man Hunterleys' death?"

Draconmeyer removed his eyes from the front of the hotel and turned slowly toward his companion. There was a transfiguring smile upon his lips. Again he gave Selingman the impression of complete



It's Your Wife Who Hands You This Coupon

SHE knows you are in danger of accident every minute. She knows that one man in every seven was accidentally killed or injured last year and that you may be the one this year. She knows that even if you escape accident you are likely to be sick any time.

She knows that if you send this coupon today, she and the children will be protected fully. Now, while you can, while you are safe—

AETNA-IZE

Protect yourself against accident—protect yourself against sickness. It is not only railroad wrecks and shipwrecks and falling elevators you have to fear. A case of grippe, an attack of pneumonia, of rheumatism, a sprained ankle, cut hand, fall, any of these may stop

your work and cause you worry and loss.

Aetna-ize and you will draw a weekly income from us and overcome all that. If you are engaged in a "Preferred" occupation, and under 50 years of age, \$60 a year is all it will cost you. For that small sum—

We Will Pay You \$25 a Week As Long As You Live

if you are disabled by any accident, or \$50 a week if disabled by a railway, steamship, or burning building accident. And we will pay you \$25 a week, up to fifty-two weeks, if you are sick. We will pay hospital charges or for a surgical operation.

If you are killed in an accident, we will pay your wife \$5,000 or \$10,000 the first year you are insured and add \$500 or \$1,000 each year for five years, paying thereafter \$7,500 or \$15,000.

If you lose two limbs or both eyes by accident we will pay you the same amounts. One-half of these amounts will be paid you for loss of one hand, one foot or one eye by accident. The coupon costs you nothing and it puts you on the road to safety. Send it today.

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Canada and Bonding Lines

THE BEST FOOD FOR DOGS
Send for FREE Sample of
Austin's Dog Bread
carefully made of clean, high-grade materials. Surprise yourself with its perfect results. Give dealer's name.
Austin Dog Bread and Animal Food Co., 245 Marginal Street, Chelsea, Mass.

WANTED AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needle, Invention" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

Smart English Soft Felt Hat
Can be shaped to suit your fancy. Folds into compact roll. Silk outside band. Leather sweatband. All bristles. Colors: Black, Brown, Steel-gray, Dark-blue, White.
Actual value \$2.00. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.
Fitted to a beautifully colored hand-painted silk hat during the holiday weeks—gratis.
Most retailed at satisfactory prices. Write for Style Book—Free.
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 630 Broadway, New York City

FLORENCE

Automatic Oil Cook Stoves
"Look for the Lever"



Florence Oil Stoves have no wicks to trim—no valves to leak. Their heat is regulated by a simple, little (patented) lever device. The oil supply is automatic. Simply set the lever.

May We Send You Two Things?

FREE, an annual stove book, "How to Buy a Stove," and a Free Stove for the Club—Sample Stove—has the big Florence Oil Stove—only the Write for either or both today, giving dealer's name.

Oil Heaters—when the house is chilly—

an oil heater will make it comfortable quickly and economically. Our stove type heaters are exceptionally attractive in appearance, strong in construction, absolutely safe. They always have perfect draft—because they have no perforations in the flue with dust or lint.

Safety lock stop—prevents smoking.
Can be re-wicked and cleaned quickly.

Three sizes:
8 in. wick for small rooms
10 in. wick for medium rooms
12 in. wick for large rooms

The heating power is proportionate to size of the wick. Descriptive booklet on request. Write today.



CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO., Dept. 29, Gardner, Mass.

SPARTON WARNING SIGNALS

"This Car is Equipped with the Most Efficient of All Warning Signals"

Hundreds of automobile dealers—representing the best cars in America—are using just these words in describing Sparton Warning Signals. *And it is a significant fact that the Sparton-equipped cars are the fast-selling cars on the automobile market.*

The shrewd automobile buyer realizes that a modern car is *incomplete* and *dangerous* unless it is equipped with a powerful, instantly available motor-driven warning signal. He knows that the "bulb" horn is obsolete—he knows that the ineffectual "buzzer" type of electric horn is practically useless in noisy street traffic or on the open highway.

So, before buying a car, the prospective owner carefully examines the warning signal—tests the quality of its "voice"—and—in many cases—insists that a weak, guttural, "squawking horn" be replaced by a Sparton.

At the Automobile Shows this coming winter we predict that every car selling for more than \$1200 will be equipped with a motor-driven warning signal. The inefficient horn is doomed—the public will no longer risk life and limb for the sake of an extra dollar or so.

Remember—in the Sparton line you will find just the signal for your car, whether it be a small, inexpensive runabout or a luxurious six-cylinder limousine.

Spartons differ in size and price, but they are all of the same grade in quality—just as good as skilled experts and the largest warning signal factory in the world can make them.

Make it a point to see your dealer today. Don't wait until an accident grimly emphasizes the necessity of Sparton protection.

Sparton Prices

Motor-Driven

Model "D"	\$15.00
Model "U"	14.00
Model "B"	10.50
Model "J"	9.50

Hand-Operated

Model "EB"	\$5.00
Model "EJ"	4.25

**The Sparks-
Withington Company**
Jackson, Michigan



A Correct "Solid Comfort" Coat

THE STYLE OF THIS
ADLER-ROCHESTER
"SOLID COMFORT" COAT
ACCOUNTS FOR ITS RE-
MARKABLE POPULARITY
A GENERAL PURPOSE
COAT, SUITABLE FOR
TOWN AND COUNTRY
WEAR.

IT IS JUST ONE OF
THE FORTY-ONE NEW
ADLER-ROCHESTER
MODELS FOR FALL AND
WINTER.

L. Adler, Bros. & Co.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

WRITE FOR A COPY OF
OUR NEW FALL AND
WINTER "BOOK OF MEN'S
STYLES".

ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES



Blaisdell Paper
Pencils
Blaisdell 7200 indelible copying is a "miraculous"
Philadelphia



SEALPACKERCHIEF

Young, hard, dry, and not soft.
Dainty and inviting; germ and dust proof;
the package makes it so.

There's nothing more personal than a hand-
kerchief, yet before SEALPACKERCHIEF was
known, handkerchiefs were sold loose and every-
body could handle them.

SEALPACKERCHIEF has underlined and
standardized the buying of handkerchiefs. The
quality of the handkerchiefs at the various prices
meets the most rigid comparison. They come to
you white, soft, laundered and ready for use—just
as you like them.

Men's Packages		Women's Packages	
Containing	(All Pure Linen)	Containing	(All Pure Linen)
Boxed	1 doz. 10c	Boxed	1 doz. 10c
Boxed	2 doz. 20c	Boxed	2 doz. 20c
Boxed	3 doz. 30c	Boxed	3 doz. 30c
Boxed	4 doz. 40c	Boxed	4 doz. 40c
Boxed	5 doz. 50c	Boxed	5 doz. 50c
Boxed	6 doz. 60c	Boxed	6 doz. 60c
Boxed	7 doz. 70c	Boxed	7 doz. 70c
Boxed	8 doz. 80c	Boxed	8 doz. 80c
Boxed	9 doz. 90c	Boxed	9 doz. 90c
Boxed	10 doz. 1.00	Boxed	10 doz. 1.00

Look for the name on the package
and see that the seal is unbroken.
If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send (postpaid)
on receipt of price. This will give you an opportunity to
see what is called "the best in the world."

PACKERCHIEF CO., N. Y.

From California Orchard Direct to You

Burbank sugar pears; delicious to cook or eat like candy.
Also clean-picked dried apricots. Apples, pears, and
oranges—strawberries—packed all night at orchard. Shipped in
5 lb. net cartons, \$2.00 prepaid U. S. Mail. G. O. Oakes,
Box 7277, Los Gatos, California.



Eat Bran Once a Day

That's the advice on nearly every
diet list. And Pettijohn's is the bran
food usually advised, because folks so
enjoy it.

It is flakes of soft wheat with the
bran left on—delightful in form and
flavor.

Some need it daily, some twice a
week. Each should get what he
needs.

Try it for one week.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us
his name and 15 cents in stamps. We will
send one package by parcel post, and try to
arrange for your future supplies. Address
The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL?"

(Concluded from Page 23)

enables their customers to buy their prod-
ucts, so these orders, in turn, keep labor
employed. Thus, the well-being of almost
every worker is intimately dependent on the
salability of commercial paper.

The banks next determined to correct
the foreign-exchange situation, on which
our export trade is so dependent. It was
impossible for some time either to buy from
or to sell to other nations, because there was
no available medium of payment. Ships
were tied to the docks, cargoes were piling
up in the warehouses, and our great foreign
commerce was nearly at a standstill. Finally
a gold pool was established by the banks
and exports began to move.

Since then these exports have rapidly in-
creased. Not only are the figures very sat-
isfactory but there is good reason to believe
that real exports are considerably greater
than the published figures would indicate,
owing to the contraband rulings. Our
financial relations with other nations were
greatly aided when England declared that
cotton would not be considered contraband
of war. In addition to this, Sir George
Paish and Basil Blackett came to the United
States from England and arranged plans
that enabled cotton to be moved.

This leaves only the stock-exchange sit-
uation for the bankers to straighten out;
and it is my opinion they will manage this
in the same able manner in which they have
handled those other questions. The banks
requested the exchanges to close, and the
permission of the banks must be secured in
order that the exchanges may reopen. Vari-
ous plans have been suggested.

The Stock-Exchange people claim that
they wish to open at full blast, with the
understanding: 1—that liquidation from
abroad shall be paid for in interest-bearing
notes rather than in gold; 2—that the
banks shall continue to carry loans undis-
turbed for ninety days after the opening;
and, 3—that a public pool shall be organ-
ized to protect the market, under the name
of the American Securities Company, cap-
italized at a hundred million dollars, the
stock of which shall be offered to the public.

More conservative interests do not believe
in opening at full blast, but claim that the
exchanges should return to first principles
and open in a modest and primitive way.
They insist that, to begin with, the ex-
changes should be open for only an hour or
two each day, and that trading should be
allowed only in stocks of which there are
few foreign holdings, such as Brooklyn
Rapid Transit, Consolidated Gas, National
Biscuit, General Electric, Best Sugar, and
so on; omitting stocks like Steel, Amalgamated
Copper, and Pennsylvania, of which the
European holdings are very large.

There is no gutter market in bonds,
because the bond dealers are fearlessly
recognizing changed conditions and are per-
mitting prices slowly to seek a natural level
without causing harm or excitement. The
Stock-Exchange committee, however, in at-
tempting to keep prices at the artificially
high level of July thirtieth, has encouraged
the development of an active outside mar-
ket and is also making it necessary, later
on, for borrowers to adjust themselves sud-
denly to big changes, which they could do
gradually with much greater ease.

The Law of Supply and Demand

The law of demand and supply is funda-
mental. All attempts to peg prices of cot-
ton, copper, coffee, wool, wheat, corn, and
so on, have failed in the past, and the present
attempt to peg stock prices will fail
likewise. The brokers did right in closing
the exchanges and they are wise in not let-
ting prices suddenly decline with a bump;
but they should seek to have prices gradu-
ally find their true level in a reasonable
time, and in a manner similar to that
adopted by the bond dealers—through both
committees owe it to their customers to
publish the prices at which their approved
sales take place and the volume of such
sales.

I believe the publishing of such prices
would stimulate purchases, for most people
will not buy so long as they feel that prices
are pegged. If prices are quoted the public
feels that everything is open and above-
board, and that all are being treated alike.
As this is an unusual chance in one's life-
time to buy certain standard investments
and as money is constantly accumulating, I
am sure the results will be very gratifying.

As stated above, fundamental conditions
are not bad and, moreover, are constantly
improving. Just as soon as investors know
they are receiving fair treatment and are
not being compelled to play with a stacked
deck of cards, they will begin to buy.

The railroads have turned the corner;
exports are rapidly increasing; the crops
are good; and the new Federal Reserve
Board is beginning operations. There is
little to fear and much to look forward to,
provided the war does not last too long.
All that is needed is for the bankers and
brokers to get together and, by publishing
quotations, to convince the investors that
they are getting a square deal. It is true
that prices may drag during the war; but
just as soon as there are any specific signs of
peace a great boom will probably be under
way, and it may then be too late to get
aboard the prosperity train.

While Sir George Paish, the financial ad-
viser of the British Government, was in
this country recently, in connection with
financial negotiations between the United
States and England, I went to Washington
to see him. As we were at breakfast one
morning I asked him how the war would
affect interest rates, and he replied:

"Rates will naturally continue firm; but
the supply of money will, I think, be ade-
quate to all legitimate demands."

In talking with Basil Blackett, of the Brit-
ish Treasury, who accompanied Sir George
to this country, I learned that he thinks
the war will last between one and two
years, and that we are now seeing money
rates at their top figures. Of course he
does not dream there is any possibility
of a German invasion of England, or that
the Germans will drop bombs on the Old
Lady of Threadneedle Street.

When the Clouds Roll By

It certainly seems strange that money
rates should be higher in this country than
in any of the nations now at war. Let us
hope this paradox will not exist after the
new Federal Reserve System is in full oper-
ation. Considering that the New York
Stock Exchange was not closed during our
entire Civil War, it likewise seems strange
that it now needs to be closed because of a
foreign war, while we are at peace. How-
ever, the ways of bankers are strange, and
sometimes a trifle inconsistent.

Everything appears to point to a tre-
mendous boom in this country, beginning
just as soon as there are any definite signs
of peace. This applies especially to the
steel, copper and other metal lines, which
are completely dead at the moment. Pitts-
burgh, Birmingham and other steel centers
will have an unprecedented period of pros-
perity as soon as peace is declared. The
copper regions in Michigan, Wyoming and
Arizona will again come into their own and
the good old days will be back in full force.

Business conditions over a number of
years will be dependent on the ultimate
terms of peace. If the war results in the
formation of some sort of federation of na-
tions, with machinery that will enable them
hereafter to secure peacefully what they
now acquire only by armed conflict, then
the next twenty years may be years of
abounding prosperity.

If, on the other hand, one nation is simply
crushed and the others continue to arm as
before, without the development of any
forward international step, then we shall
continue to have the same old ups and
downs as in the past.

Whatever the terms of peace may be,
however, America will surely witness a
great boom at the close of the war. Hence
my message to readers of this weekly is as
follows:

Do not become discouraged by present
conditions. Whether you are borrower or
lender, manufacturer or retailer, employer
or employee—my advice is to hold on. Now
is the time to prepare the ground for the
great harvest ahead. Now is the time to
clean house and set things in order. Now is
the time to get back your health and store
up energy for the busy days to come. Now
is the time for the things you have long
desired to do, but for the prosecution of
which you have never yet had leisure.

Those of my readers who will seize this
opportunity for study and development
will find the present depression a blessing
in disguise, and that the old saying, "Every
cloud has a silver lining!" is still true.



Armour's GRAPE JUICE

The Grape Juice with
the Natural Flavor

The Drink for Thanksgiving Day and every other day in the year—*Delicious—Healthgiving—Thirstquenching.*

At Mattawan and Westfield where the luscious Concord grapes grow to perfection, the grapes are allowed to ripen in the sunshine and the juice is pressed and bottled directly they are picked. This, with the perfect hygienic methods used, makes

Armour's GRAPE JUICE

The Grape Juice with the Natural Flavor

If your dealer is not able to supply you we will send you a trial dozen pints for \$3.00, or a dozen quarts for \$5.50. Address, Dept. A51.

ARMOUR COMPANY Chicago

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Westfield, New York



Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Mattawan, Michigan





For Christmas Morning

A KODAK

And throughout the day, the
taking of pictures of all that goes
to make that day a merry one.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Catalogue free at your dealer's
or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

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SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

LORD KITCHENER ON THE WAR



Let 3875—Ladies' solid gold cluster ring with four genuine whole pearls and two square genuine garnets or any birthstone, fancy mounting. Price \$7.50

Let 3422—Boys' or girls' solid gold ring with genuine amethyst or topaz. Price \$5.00

Let 3906—Ladies' solid gold cluster ring with four genuine whole pearls and genuine diamond-shaped garnet or any birthstone, fancy mounting. Price \$7.00

Let 3883—Ladies' solid gold set ring with three genuine whole pearls and two genuine garnets or any birthstone, fancy mounting. Price \$7.00

The Gift of Gifts

A Beautiful Ring Outshines and Outlasts All Others

After all the presents have been given, examined, admired and put away, the gift that remains to perpetuate the joy of the occasion is a beautiful ring—the one gift that gives unbounded delight to the owner and others through a lifetime of wear and beauty.

And when this gift of gifts is a W-W-W Ring, the beauty and service are all the more pronounced, because every W-W-W Ring is guaranteed—if ever

a stone comes out or is cracked, it will be replaced and reset free.

So let your gifts this Yuletide be beautiful Rings—Guaranteed Rings—W-W-W Rings. All made only of solid gold. All jeweled with any of the precious or semi-precious stones. At prices that start at as little as \$3—yet all of the same solid gold construction—all with the same W-W-W guarantee.

W-W-W GUARANTEED RINGS FOR EVERYBODY

For Mother

Give mother the beautiful Mother's Ring. Set with a superb hand-carved coral cameo. The dear mother will treasure such a ring. It will be all the more prized because all can contribute toward it. And it is not Mother's Ring unless it bears the W-W-W mark.

For Sister or Daughter

There are beautiful single or cluster W-W-W Rings to choose from for that dear sister or daughter. There are hundreds of these. Just the ring you want and at just the price you wish to pay. Such a gift will delight beyond measure. A ring is always more than a mere gift. It carries a sentiment and a lasting value that even far costlier gifts lack.

For Father, Son or Brother

Splendid jewel and emblem settings for boys and

men. Never were rings better made—so handsome—so substantial in their rich settings of solid gold and splendid jewels. Such a gift will delight any boy, youth or man far beyond any other. It is a gift that carries prestige as well as beauty.

For Friend or Yourself

That good friend of yours. How better could you show your esteem than in a beautiful W-W-W Ring that will be treasured for life? Or, how better could you fulfill your own longing for a splendid ring than to select one from the hundreds of W-W-W Rings at your jeweler's? Just the ring you want—at your price—and guaranteed.

See Them

Go to your jeweler. Ask to be shown his big assortment of W-W-W Rings. Try them on. Compare them with these illustrations. See how

they more than measure up to the pictures and printed descriptions. See how they answer every question of Christmas giving—no matter for whom. Think as you buy what added joy will be in such a gift—what lasting remembrance of the occasion when your gift was made. Only a few W-W-W Rings are pictured in this advertisement. Remember there are hundreds of other styles to choose from.

Note This

Remember that W-W-W Rings are guaranteed. That means lasting value. They must live up to their advertised reputation. That is why you are always assured of utmost value when you buy any W-W-W Ring.

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Thousands of men, women and children last year received boxes like it. And those thousands this year are regular wearers of Holeproof.

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Six pairs of Holeproofs are guaranteed to wear six months without holes. If any of the six pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose free.

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Nearly two million people wear them. This entire business has been built up by those who have tried them and told others how they like them.

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There is only one way to make hose like these—the maker must use the finest cotton yarn that's sold. That's Egyptian and Sea Island cotton.

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\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; \$2.00 and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months. Three pairs of silk-faced Holeproofs for men, \$1.50; for women, \$2.25. Three pairs of silk-faced are guaranteed for three months.

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(599)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing
Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 5, 1914

Number 23

AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD KITCHENER—By IRVIN S. COBB

IF, IN the story that follows, the writer of it is found playing a rather more conspicuous part than usually falls to the narrator of an interview, his apology is that he went to interview Earl Kitchener of Khartum and was himself interviewed by Earl Kitchener.

I have since been told that this is the common experience of those who meet Lord Kitchener: they go to hear what he has to say and come away wondering that they have done so much of the talking and that His Lordship has done so much of the listening. I am prepared to believe this is true.

At any rate, I am convinced that I can draw a better likeness of him by quoting the questions he asked me, and the comments from him which followed my replies to those questions, than I possibly could draw by putting down on paper only the opinions he expressed.

This, then, is my excuse for using the personal pronoun I with considerable frequency in this article. At all events, I count myself lucky to have been the only man of my trade who has interviewed Earl Kitchener since the present war began. At least, so far as I know I have been the only one.

Over the telephone the secretary of the distinguished gentleman who made the appointment told me, before I was well out of bed, that if I called at the War Office that day at ten-thirty I should find that all the preliminaries had been negotiated. Said the secretary: "It will not be necessary for you to present a note, or even a card. If you send your name in, that will be quite sufficient."

It was not yet eight o'clock when this message came to me in my room at the Savoy. It would be an hour or more before the shopkeepers in the Strand opened their doors and took down their shutters. Presumably the interview had been arranged that morning and not the evening before; and I took this for proof of the story which is told about London that Earl Kitchener sleeps at the War Office and keeps earlier hours and longer hours than any day laborer in the United Kingdom.

As I went along through the smoky late-October haze an awkward squad of recruits, in whitesweaters and golf caps, were learning to drill in the paved courtyard of Old Whitehall. They carried dummy guns. They were a part of the new volunteer army Kitchener is making ready for service against the need of next year.

At one of the doors of the War Office a small group of women and a few men were waiting to get news of their men-folk at the front—if there was any news to get. Those sights are common in London now.

I entered at another door, where policemen and a functionary in a long red coat and a cockaded high hat stood guard. Had this been Berlin instead of London, I am pretty sure I should have been required to state my business and show my credentials to any number of suspiciously alert individuals.

I remember that at Louvain I was taken into a private room and searched for firearms by a zealous member of the German Secret Service Staff before I was admitted to the presence of an acting adjutant of a general's staff—and that adjutant knew I was coming to see him that day too, and knew I was an American correspondent.

The Simplicity of the British War Secretary's Surroundings

HAD it been in Washington, even, I am inclined to think there might have been more or less unreeling of red-tapery; but here nothing happened, except that I told one of the policemen I was calling on Lord Kitchener; and he summoned the red-coated man, and the red-coated man, touching his hatbrim in salute, directed me to go up a wide flight of stairs at the far end of the big entrance hall, and, when I reached the second floor, to turn to the left and knock at the first door I saw.

Having done these things, I found myself in a long anteroom opening on an inner court of the thousand-roomed building. Only two persons were waiting there—an elderly gentleman in the field uniform of a colonel of infantry and a lady in black; and an attendant or two hustled about, coming in and going out.



PHOTO FROM SHOWS AND SHOWS, NEW YORK CITY
Lord Kitchener Embarking on the Steamship Nubia for Egypt

A clerky, semi-bald gentleman in a frock coat—His Lordship's civilian secretary I take it—came out to see me first. He turned me over to a Colonel Somebody, whose name I did not catch; but, anyhow, he was attached to the War Secretary's staff. The colonel gave me a chair in an outer office and we talked commonplaces for a minute or two.

I had time to take note of a magnificently carved mantel—a very old mantel I think it must have been—before the civilian secretary said, in the grave, ritualistic voice that most of the civilian secretaries in England use:

"His Lordship will see Mr. Cobb."

He beckoned me to a big oak door in a recess at the back of the room flanking the mantelpiece. An attendant opened the door for me and I stepped into a room that must have been sixty feet deep and correspondingly broad. It was almost big enough for a ballroom. Its walls were lined, as I recall, with bookshelves, and it had a noble fireplace at each end; and in the middle of the floor stood a table, larger than a billiard table, with leather armchairs about it. You may see such a table and such chairs in the directors' room of any big city bank or big trust company in America.

At the far end of the room, alongside one of the fireplaces, was a high desk; and from behind the shelter of this desk a man got up who wore a khaki uniform coat that buttoned to his throat, thereby distinguishing it from the service coats of British officers, they nearly always being made with lapels to show the collar and the cravat.

Kitchener the Catechist

FROM the dull-metal buttons to the arm-seam, across the left breast of the coat, ran narrow twin lines of ribbon decorations.

The strips of ribbon were of all the primary colors, and other colors besides, and were so numerous that it was of no use to try to count them. I know, because I tried.

As he stepped out into the middle of the room it struck me that he was somewhat heavier than I had

been led to believe from the pictures I had seen of him, and a trifle stooped in the shoulders. I got the impression of a tall, bulky man—not fleshy, but solid, with well-fleshed muscles and a big-boned frame. He shook hands with me hard and quick; and as we sat down, he at his desk and I in a chair before the grate fire, ten feet away from him, he said, on the instant:

"Lord Northcliffe tells me you have lately been with the Germans—with the German Army in the field. That is very interesting. Tell me, please—is the German commissary good?"

Going over the meeting subsequently, I was inclined to believe that this opening question keynoted the attitude of mind of Lord Kitchener. First of all, he wanted to know how the enemy he fought was fed; it was the supreme thing for him to know. Other things could wait.

I told him that so far as my inexperienced eyes might judge, the German commissary was very good.

"But how good?" he insisted. "How complete? Is it adequate at all times? In your experience has it ever failed them?"

"Well," I said, striving to be exact and yet not waste words, "like most of the German military equipment it seems to me to be somewhat cumbersome but highly efficient. Certainly it is perfect in detail and in organization. There is always an abundance of food for the troops in the field; and always there is a determined effort to get the food up to the men on the fighting lines and to have it hot when it reaches them—and to have plenty of it for them. It is not particularly appetizing in its appearance, but it is wholesome and abundant, and I know a man can live on it and be well nourished. I know, because I lived on it myself for upward of a week."

"There is meat in the ordinary ration then?" he asked.

"Yes," I said—"veal generally; sometimes beef; bacon and sausage frequently. I should say the German soldier averages one filling meal of meat a day, at least."

"How about their petrol? Is there any shortage of the supply of available petrol in the field? You, of course, know what I mean by petrol. In America you call it gasoline."

"To my knowledge there is no shortage of their gasoline. Lately, I understand, they are using large quantities of a benzine product that is slightly heavier than gasoline and possibly not so volatile. Apparently, however, it answers the purpose. Whether the use of this product means that the magazines of regular gasoline are running low, I cannot say."

He nodded, as though what I said helped to confirm a belief that was already in his own mind.

"Now," he went on, "would you mind telling me of your impression of the spirit of the German soldiers? Never mind about their officers and generals. Generals win battles, but soldiers win wars. I want to know something of the feelings of the men in the ranks. Have they enthusiasm?"

I hesitated then, conning my mind for the shadings of the words I needed to express myself. At that he lifted a long index finger and said:

"I think I know something—at least in a vague way—of the circumstances under which you came to be with the German forces in France and Belgium. I mean not to ask you anything that one gentleman might not properly ask of another gentleman, but if, in my desire to serve my own side, I should ask you to tell me something you do not feel you can, in honor, tell, I hope you will be perfectly candid and say as much. I assure you I shall not take offense. Do you regard my last question as having been an improper one?"

"Not at all," I said. "I was only trying to find the right words. I do not think the German soldiers have enthusiasm in the sense that Americans would have it, or Englishmen either. I do not know the exact term to express the spirit they do have. There must be a word in German to express it, but I know little or no German. Certainly I can think of no word in our own language that truly describes it. I should call it sublimated resolution; though, to my notion, that does not entirely convey my own interpretation of the thing. It is more than determination; it is less than inspiration and it is not quite eagerness."

German Self-Confidence Unshaken

"WOULD doggedness cover it?" he prompted. "Or is that too weak a word? In any event it is backed by confidence?"

"By absolute confidence," I said. "If the German soldiers are anything in this world, they are confident of the strength and the ultimate success of their armies. Personally I do not believe their officers have to drive them into battle. That may have happened in isolated instances; I do not believe it could have happened often or generally. I have seen them going into battle, and they went with the willingness with which they seem to go at every other duty that faces them."

"But has not their confidence been shaken by the most recent events in the western theater of war, and especially by what has been happening in France during the last month? What do the men think of the failure of the German plan of campaign toward Paris?"

I told him I did not believe German confidence had been shaken in the least; and it was so universal a sentiment among the German people, and so supreme and mastering a sentiment, that nothing short of an absolute undoing and overthrowing of their forces would shake it.

And I told him, further, what all along has struck me as an absolute verity as regards the mental attitude of the German common soldier; and that was this: Taking him in his ordinary relations of life the German private soldier is a reasonably intelligent creature; even though he be of peasant stock, he is apt to be a reader of newspapers at least; he has ideas, and sane ideas, on political and economic questions; he thinks well and reasons not illogically; but when a gun is put into his hands and a knapsack is strapped on his back, and an order is shouted into his ear, he ceases absolutely to think.

He knows some one else is doing the thinking for him. He questions nothing; he

doubts nothing; he accepts what comes, be it good or evil, without bringing his mental processes to bear on it. For the time he has no mental processes; they are suspended. His head is a knob on which he hangs a helmet—nothing more.

I told Lord Kitchener this—or substantially this. "Yes, yes," he said; "but I do not understand why the knowledge of the truth of the situation as it exists to-day has not spread through the armies and affected the men. They must guess, as we here on the other side know, that their leaders have made some terrible mistakes. All generals make mistakes, just as all men make them; but the mistakes they have made are such great, such tremendously great, mistakes!"

All along I had been studying the man who sat facing me, and one by one my conceptions of him, built on what I had read of him, were crumbling down. A hundred times I had read that he was a cold, emotionless, taciturn, inhuman, calculating machine—sphinxlike was the adjective I had heard most commonly applied to him.

People, and particularly writing people, had called him the incarnation of passionless, pitiless, infallible efficiency, carried to its highest possible point; they had called him harsh, heartless and enormously efficient, analyzing him as all acid and assaying him as all iron. They said he had the coldest eye that ever looked out of a socket, the grimmest voice that ever made a subordinate shiver in his little boots.

Far be it from me to quarrel with so many skillful diagnosticians of the outward aspects of a man, so many deft dissectors of the hidden fabrics of that man's mentality—only I must offer a dissenting minority report of my own.

To begin with, the eyes that looked at me so steadily were not the coldest eyes I have ever seen; they were flint-blue and steady, and keen enough to cut wire with, if you please, but to me they seemed warmed and quickened by the impulses behind them—certainly they harmonized well with the face in which they were set. It was a square, rather heavy face, with very thick but not shaggy brows; a grenadier mustache, which accentuated without hiding the big mouth, which was cut straight across; and a clear, red, highly pigmented skin, the red being a heritage, I imagine, of the years its owner spent sun-baking himself in Africa and India, and, before that, in Palestine.

You have seen men with eyes they seemed to have acquired through a mistake or a freak of Nature—big men, say, with soft, effeminate, woman's eyes. Lord Kitchener's eyes were exactly the sort of eyes Lord Kitchener should have. The one incongruous touch was provided by the thick-rimmed glasses that bestraddled the straight, broad nose, with their bows hiding themselves in the abundant grayish-brown hair—hair that clothed the big, round skull densely and sprayed out a bit over the ears. A barber undoubtedly would have prescribed a hair-cut on the spot for His Lordship.

Nor, if I am one to say so, did he in the least suggest the muted Sphinx—that poor stone-faced creature which for so long has been overworked to furnish comparisons for all the notable victims of conversational lockjaw in the world. The Sphinx may have been inscrutable, and then again the Sphinx may have been merely stupid.

As to Lord Kitchener, I should hazard the guess, after one short meeting with him, that if he has nothing to say he refrains most steadfastly from saying it; that if he has something to say he says it with the force and the emphasis and the natural grace of one who thinks in a straight line and talks the same way.

I will venture that he is interested in a great number of subjects, and thoroughly acquainted with a great number of subjects not in the least related to military affairs—things the general British public does not suspect him of knowing, or caring about, either.

I could not see him as the half-fabulous, wholly unimaginative thinking machine that in the popular fancy he is. People love to invest their current idols with mysterious and miraculous qualities. I saw him as a most human human. Most of all, he did not seem to me the typical soldier. Rather he seemed to me the typical man of affairs. He suggested the great lawyer, the great surgeon, the great business man, who is thoroughly up in his profession; who wastes no time and yet gives to a subject all the time it deserves. With a frock coat on his back instead of a uniform he might have sat just as he was—voice, manner and mode of speech—for an idealized likeness of the head of a great insurance company or the president of a big railroad.

Other Things Lord Kitchener Wanted to Know

WHEN he is talking to you he looks straight at you and his hands rest at ease in his lap. In the forty minutes I spent with him he employed just one pronounced gesture and made just one joke and indulged in just one small smile. Let us get back to our interview.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Germany now has under arms practically all the able-bodied men who are available for active service?"

"I do not know," I said, "but I think not."

"What is the common German attitude regarding the countries at war with Germany?"

"For France the average German—not only the soldier but the man in the street—professes pity; for Russia he professes contempt; and for England, hate. From many educated Germans I have heard practically the same statement in practically the same words—that France stands for decadence and unpreparedness; Russia, for ignorance and reaction; England, for arrogance and perfidy."

He made a sparring, quick half-flip of his open hand, as though to wave aside the political aspects of the World Grudge.

"Not that," said Lord Kitchener. "What I mean is: How do the Germans regard our soldiers—the soldiers of the Allies?"

"They admit," I said, "that the Russian common soldier is a stubborn fighter, but say his officers are incompetent and untrustworthy. They concede the excellence of the French light field artillery, but say the French soldier lacks in physical endurance and in the patience and hardihood to endure punishment. They say the English soldiers are hard fighters—the hardest fighters they have to meet; and particularly do they speak well of the fighting qualities of the Scotch. They say, though, there are not enough British troops in the field to prove any considerable factor in the final result of the western campaign."

Lord Kitchener permitted himself the luxury of a small smile.

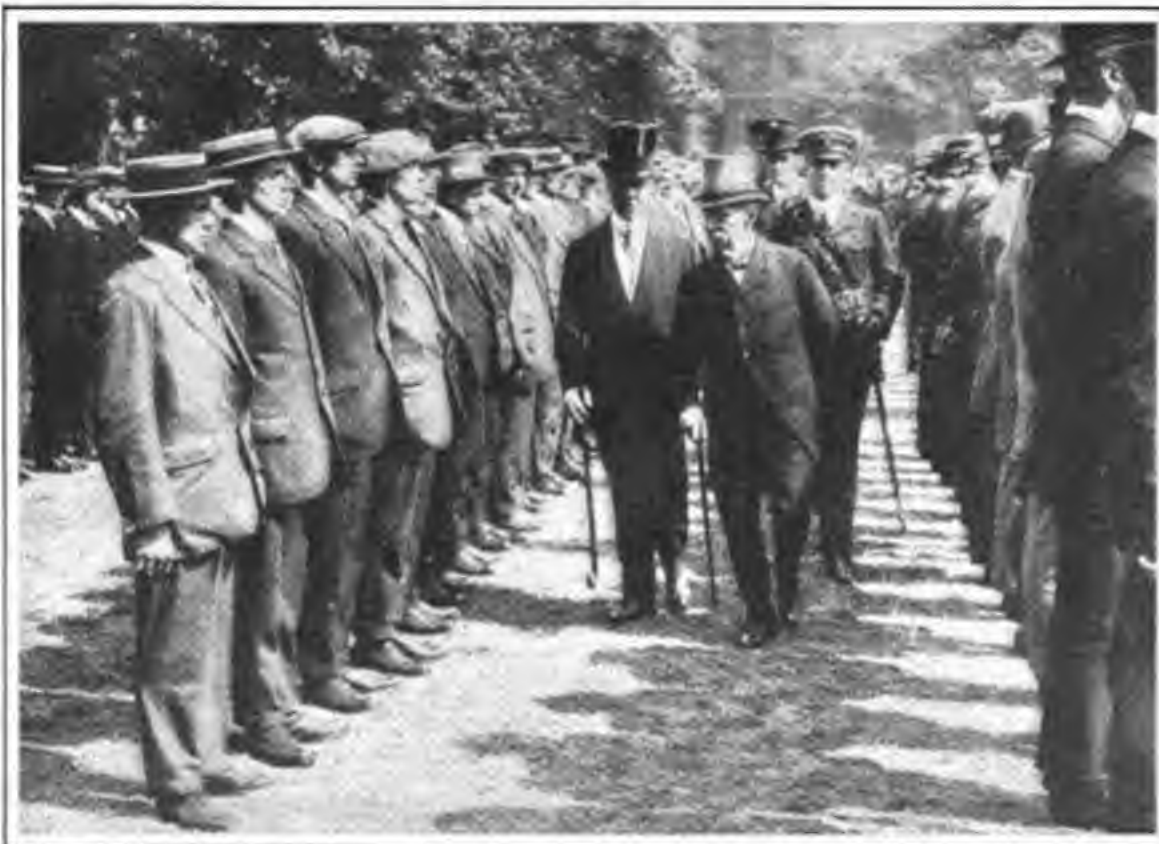
"That," he said, "is a defect—if it be a defect—which we are taking steps to remedy. And so they admire the Scotchman as a soldier, even if he is their enemy? Well, there is no better fighting man alive than the Scotchman—anywhere."

He seemed pleased—the shadow of his smile still lingered under his big mustache; but at the coming of the next question it vanished:

"How about Belgium? In what way do the Germans justify their treatment of Belgium?"

I said to him that, according to my best belief, the German attitude regarding Belgium had altered since the middle of September—which is to say about six weeks before the date of my visit to Lord Kitchener. Originally the Germans professed regret that military necessity had required the violation of

(Continued on Page 36)



Lord Roberts inspecting the New Battalion of the City of London Regiment

JERMYM THE MUNIFICENT

NOT for sale!"

"Forty thousand."

"Not for sale!"

"You'd take a hundred thousand for it, now?"

"Not for sale!"

The little rat-faced agent, dealer in Old Masters, screwed up his face in veritable concern.

"Well, now, Mr. Jermym, there's a price for everythin', now. Let's have a figger—any figger for a starter will do. Say, now, half a million dollars, Mr. Jermym—just for a joke, now."

"Joke, sir?" The lean, crabbed old scoundrel who occupied the stiff chair behind the battered old office desk made it evident by his tone, and further emphasized it by his countenance, that he was not disposed toward making jokes which interrupted the afternoon's business. "And a poor joke you make of it! Half a million dollars for such a picture a joke, eh? Let me read you again, sir, what Franchot and Delahaye say."

"Well, a million then—ten millions! He-he! That's a joke enough for you now, he-he! You'd call that a joke, I dare say. What I want is an offer, Mr. Jermym—anythin' for a teaser, now. A million dollars—a million clinking gold dollars, Mr. Jermym?"

Jermym compressed his thin lips, and his hand moved tremblingly across the desk to where lay his last will and testament, newly drawn, in which the fates of the picture and of some millions of dollars' worth of other pictures were strangely bound up together. He was not tempted, but he was troubled. Behind Mr. Scrumley's small, sharp features he saw the determined face of one or another of a dozen rich collectors; and, knowing his own determination not to sell, he had a troubled sense of what an equal determination to buy on the part of this mysterious would-be purchaser would mean in the matter of profit per cent on the transaction.

His trembling hand strayed from the will to the pedigree or history of the ownership of the picture, and from this to the reports of experts and connoisseurs on it; and, further yet, to the bundle of insurance policies insuring it against fire, theft, mutilation; and came to rest at last on the afternoon's mail, which brought him back suddenly to his sober business senses.

"Not for sale! I have nothing further to say, Mr. Scrumley. The picture is not offered at any figure. Not for sale!"

And, with a gesture of sweeping the agent from the office, he swept the documents pertaining to the picture to one side and drew his afternoon's mail before him. Mr. Scrumley screwed up his face and unscrewed it again several times, and then silently took his hat.

No one would have thought of calling Eliphalet Jermym a philanthropist without winking his eye at the same time. He was as harsh and unlovable an old tyrant as one could well imagine, with a stern righteousness that seemed to say to his poorer neighbor: "And he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

This useful text he supplemented with a bit of timeworn philosophy, as old as the book of Job, that there was a merit in suffering not to be taken away from those who suffered; that misfortune was a rare opportunity to practice the virtues of humility and courage—not to add faith in a reward, which is somehow always included among the virtues—a sort of patent medicine that was a general specific for the soul, especially dispensed by Providence. And to the beggar who whined and asked charity he was always prepared to uphold the Jesuitical side of Providence in a highly moral manner.

Few of us are born with hard hearts. It is more often than not a condition of callousness acquired by contact



"Zat was Funny Too. Now Zat I Die You Talk of Money and Prison"

By Julian Hinckley

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

with circumstances. But the most intimate acquaintances of Eliphalet Jermym would have expressed astonishment at the obvious proposition that he had ever been a pink-cheeked, tender-hearted little child; they would have preferred to imagine him not born at all, but coming spontaneously out of eternity in a closed vehicle on the way to his office.

Ninety per cent of the charity lacking in the world is in not giving the devil his due, for not only had Jermym been born with the average human heart, but he had maintained through sixty and more spiritually barren years a potential affection. His youth had been blighted by a plain, honest face and a virtue that set him to emulating the industrious apprentice; while Tom, Dick and Harry, with the graces of idleness and dissipation, were breaking hearts and involving themselves in responsibilities that landed them in the unequal circumstances of jail, the suburbs and the easy competence that is expressed in the words rich friends. The rewards of virtue and vice are not so easily pointed out in real life.

Drab years of youth and disappointed passions of young manhood were Jermym's reward; and these having well passed, he was married to a wife who loved neither his plain, honest face nor his virtuous industry; and who brought him a dower of vanity, extravagance and spiritual vacuity. She spent his money and bore him no children, and so hardened his heart that he buried her without a tear. Childless and lacking the very memories of love, at last age, that should have brought a mellowing spirit, brought a wizened, calloused, shrewy spirit instead. There is no denying it—he was a close, hard, miserly, merciless old skinflint.

Nevertheless he was a philanthropist in his own way. In his early days he had been assiduously charitable, with the consistent failure of the righteous in matters of charity. The truly charitable spirit is not one of the rewards of virtue; it is the sinner who sees into the heart of his brother—the better, it seems, for the beam that is in his own eye. Jermym had exacted too much for his charity, and again and again had been constrained to cry, "Not worthy!" until out of those words he had evolved a principle

that charity was all wrong—that is to say, charity to the individual, not philanthropy.

No doubt the world is full of uncharitable old skinflints who are philanthropists with a real purpose of benefiting the world in some way that hails their names. Such, indeed, was Jermym. People should one day say of him: "He was hard, but we misjudged him."

He loved the city; he loved its high, godless towers, he loved its teeming multitudes, he loved its splendor, its squalor, its prodigality of life and the contrasts of living. But he knew not the heart of one of its six millions. From his house to his office in the morning and back again in the evening in a closed automobile—before the days of automobiles in a closed carriage—pausing rarely at his club to glare and be glared at; this was his rut, worn deep. He never looked beyond it.

Besides his immense old house on Gramercy Park he kept a yacht and a country place. He loved none of these possessions; they brought him ghastly memories of his wife's extravagance. In hot midsummer his yacht served to bear him to and from his country place. It was a show place, with a vast house on a hill,

the roof of which could be seen in the distance above the high stone wall, topped with broken glass, which surrounded it to keep out trespassers.

He had five thousand acres thus fenced in, which represented to him a sort of private exile. And yet he was the kind of person who would have preferred a semi-detached dwelling in a suburb. But no one knew this—least of all, let us hope, himself; for to have admitted it would have brought sad discredit on the past and all the virtuous industry that Providence had thus rewarded.

He had not exactly chosen the form of philanthropy that was his; he had emulated the worthy example of other rich men—a sort of standard philanthropy, highly dignified by its far removal from all personal contact with neighbors, publicans and sinners. It was no other than the collecting of rare works of art, to be presented some day to the public in an endowed wing of the public art gallery. It was one of the most high-priced of all the philanthropies and certainly one to be respected.

It is a resource excellently adapted to the requirements of rich men. There is the comforting thought that a picture always has its value and represents, in a way, a sort of high-grade security readily convertible into cash, with interesting possibilities in the matter of profit and loss. With this aspect of soundness Jermym was especially taken, though he would as soon have sold his soul as his paintings, which were the solitary justification of his past, present and future.

He had agents scattered all over the Continent competing with the agents of other philanthropists. He could boast of seventeen Madonnas, a dozen or more Last Suppers and Last Judgments, and a fair representation of the blessed communion of saints. He had little or no religion—he doubted the very story of the Gospel; but he knew that his paintings were genuine. Whatever mythology enveloped the lives of the saints there was no mythology about Old Masters; and a stroke of the brush on one of these was more precious to him than all the bones of the saints they had pictured.

There is more bitter competition in collecting pictures than there is in collecting dollars, where modesty forbids a comparison of bank accounts. Jermym had long borne the realization that his collection did not rank high against other collections. It contained many lesser works, by such masters as Duccio, Bellini, Cimabue, Massys, Zurbarán, and others whose names are unfamiliar to the average person.

*He Could Not Have
Looked at it Very
Carefully Before, for
Now There Seemed
Something Crude—
Not to Say Gro-
tesque—About It*



There was but a single truly great painting by a well-known master—a Madonna Enthroned, by Titian. The recent discovery of this painting and its yet more recent purchase by Jermym had caused a great stir not only among art collectors, but among all cultivated people who read the newspapers.

Subsequently to the purchase and previously to the importation there had been a breathless moment when the title and deed to the picture had been held up to challenge; for the picture had come on the market as stolen property, and as such Jermym's agents had bought it for a mere song. Thirty years before a Franciscan monk had brought it, as if cut from its frame and rolled up in an altar cloth, to an obscure dealer in Paris, since which time the picture had passed through many hands in the secret manner of stolen goods, until Jermym had purchased it and brought it to light, with a dramatic advertisement for the real owner.

A special papal message had been read in all the Catholic churches; but, mysteriously enough, no claimant had come forward. The importation—now but a week past—had been widely noted in the papers and had elevated the Jermym collection into the public notice; had made it worthy at last of bequest to the city; and had put Jermym to the necessity of redrawing his will for that purpose.

It was for this picture that Mr. Scrumley, the agent, had attempted to negotiate; but Jermym was not to be tempted. For some minutes after Mr. Scrumley's departure he reassured himself by repeating his declaration: "Not for sale at any figure!" And as he took up his afternoon's mail he muttered a final emphatic: "Not for sale!"

It was the very sincerity of this presumption of the picture's priceless value that intensified the shock that he was now to receive, for among his letters he came on a postal card. And this is what he read on the postal card:

Sir: Your poet have say that beauty it is truth and truth it is the beauty. That has make me laugh often. It make me laugh now when I read that you buy the beautiful Titian, so beautiful because it is so cleverly falsified. I make it myself, that Titian. That is the truth; but it is not so beautiful as it is funny. You shall see that beauty is of the heart—love—and love is often blind. That is funny, too, because it is true. I have make many, many pictures; but how much rather it is to me now that I had give the vision of beauty to one heart—if it might be yours,
1—1 Allen Street. GIUSEPPE PATRONI.

The writing was small, crowded, foreign in style, but withal quite legible. Yet Jermym felt constrained to hold it up to a better light and read it aloud with slow deliberation, which, even on the third reading, seemed still to admit a possibility of having read it incorrectly. His comprehension centered on the words, "I make it myself," and took but little stock of the rest. Indeed, the words expressed the whole matter clearly enough—a certain preposterous person, calling himself Patroni, was challenging the genuineness of the newly discovered Titian by claiming to have painted it himself.

Jermym exclaimed, "Tut! Tut!" and made as though to throw the communication into the waste-paper basket, but placed it carefully in his wallet instead and rubbed the side of his nose with his forefinger. It would not do to have the genuineness of the picture called into question. Even the pretensions of a charlatan, exaggerated by the press and supplemented by the malice of enemies, could be exceedingly damaging to the picture's reputation and value. The writer of the postal card must be dealt with at once—quietly silenced in a way that would not attract attention. Jermym's fingers clenched slowly. He was not the man to pay blackmail.

He sat shuffling his letters until the office clock struck four. Already the dusk of a damp December afternoon bordered on darkness in the deep cañonlike streets. It was early, indeed, for Jermym to be leaving his desk; and as he did so, putting on his shabby overcoat, he was apprehensive of setting his clerks a bad example. So early was it that the closed automobile which usually waited on his departure had not yet arrived. He only buttoned his coat closer and set out walking, admitting to himself a certain preference for this form of locomotion under the peculiar circumstances that turned his footsteps toward Allen Street.

He vaguely conceived of Allen Street as at no great distance, but he could not remember having set foot in that direction since he was a boy. He had not proceeded far before he found himself in a maze of small streets, where boxes and bales of goods obstructed the sidewalk and heavy drays clattered over the rough cobbles. These evidences of the great city's commerce invoked

his blessing as he passed. He came next on obscure streets, with obscure little shops that seemed to have retreated here to escape from the annoyance of customers and voluntarily to limit their business by the highest specialization in their wares. These, too, he blessed in passing.

It grew dark and he hastened his steps only to lose himself in blind, purposeless streets beneath the arches of a great, looming bridge. Few cities could have boasted a better place for committing a murder and he blessed it as a part of the completeness of the great city he loved. Beyond the bridge he came on dark business streets, old offices and warehouses that seemed to survive out of the business of half a century or more before. He was haunted here by the unpleasant memory of business associates who had long since prospered and died; but even while he fled through these streets his heart lingered and blessed them.

He came at last almost suddenly into the slum—long, filthy streets of tenements. It was quite dark now and the afternoon's drizzle had turned to a fine sleet. Along the crowded sidewalk, lined with costers' barrows, he made his way rapidly. He paused at a news stand, where newspapers in several strange languages were offered, and inquired the way to Allen Street. Here he obtained the services of a small urchin as guide, which was a wise measure, for he had yet many long blocks to cover before the boy led him at last through a narrow, grimy alleyway to a rear tenement.

"Here?" ejaculated Jermym, with a certain horror.

"Sure!" replied the boy. "What'd you expect?"

"I'm obliged to you," Jermym said, as he hastened to pay the boy. He waited for the boy to depart before turning to the door of the tenement.

Having searched in vain for a doorbell he tried the knob and admitted himself to the foot of a staircase in a narrow hall a degree darker than the night without; but not so much did he feel himself confronted by the darkness as by the atmosphere, which was that of a damp, fetid subcellar in which the odors of mold, cooking and human filth struggled for precedence. He was some moments in regaining normal breath; then deliberately he closed the door behind him and, feeling his way in the dark, began to ascend the stairs.

A cough—a deep, bronchial cough—warned him in time to prevent him from treading on a small child, who was sitting on the stairs.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Me, I'm sick," was the strange reply.

At the words a baby in the child's arms woke and whimpered; and Jermym, evincing his distaste for infants as for something unclean, made haste to pass and to continue his ascent.

A faint light rimmed the first room door and he knocked boldly. He waited; and, receiving no answer, he turned the knob. "Patroni?" he said.

The strange silence of a roomful of people was his only answer. He repeated his inquiry, waited again, and then pushed the door wide open. He found himself facing a table surrounded by persons, mostly children, who in the light of a cheap glass lamp were making artificial flowers. They stared at him in silence while their fingers continued making flowers in a curious automatic way.

At the third repetition of the inquiry a child started to speak, but was silenced gruffly. The eyes continued to stare and the fingers to toil for a space of half a minute, while Jermym stood with his hand on the doorknob and experienced a sense of having strayed into some mysterious borderland of life between the human and the dumb beast. He withdrew then and closed the door, with a muttered exasperation.

The sound of coughing led him through the darkness to a door on the opposite side of the hall. Here he knocked again, and after a minute of waiting heard a shuffling step within and then a feeble hand wrestling with the doorknob. He himself opened the door.

"Not feeneesh! You come too soon!" cried a woman's voice in hoarse distress. "I have not time. To-morrow—to-morrow!"

"I am looking for Giuseppe Patroni," said Jermym.

A sudden silence followed the words. He became sensible now of a small child close by the door.

"Come now," he said, laying his hand quite gently on the child; "does Giuseppe Patroni live here?"

The child gave a whimpering cry and dropped to the floor. Jermym felt himself clinging to a ragged sleeve containing what he could scarce believe to be a human arm, so small and wasted it was.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, aware at last of the terror he was inspiring. "Do you fear me like that?"

"What you want, you?" came the woman's voice at last.

The tone of hatred and suspicion of this challenge gave Jermym, for all his fearlessness, certain misgivings. Did they take him for the agent of the landlord, the rent collector or some dreaded inspector?

"Never mind who I am or what my business," he said.

This attitude of anonymity and mysterious business seemed curiously suited to the occasion.

"Cecco!" ordered the woman.

The boy got to his feet and trailed himself across the room and returned with a flickering candle end, which he gave into Jermym's hands. There followed, then, swiftly spoken words in a foreign tongue from the woman—words that ended abruptly in a fit of coughing. The candle flame leaped into brightness, but Jermym did not look into the room; for some reason he turned his face toward the hall.

Holding the candle end, which dripped hot wax on his fingers—but he was not the man to think of a little hot wax—Jermym followed Cecco up the next flight of stairs. The boy was a cripple and scrambled up the steps on all fours—or rather dragging one leg pitifully.

"Not so fast!" admonished Jermym. "Don't hurry me! Take your time, my lad."

At a certain door, two floors above, the boy stopped, extended a crooked arm and raised his small starved face beggarwise. It was, however, a stern principle of Jermym's never to give to beggars.

"I'm obliged to you," he declared severely.

"Few cents," murmured the child.



There Was Jones, the Most Starved of Them All. A Fine Example of Improvidence!

"This bit of candle end," said Jermym; "I'll pay you for it. Have you the change for a dollar bill? Well, then, I'll have to let you keep the change."

The boy's feeble fingers clutched the money; he murmured a frightened "Ank 'ou!" and forthwith slid his crippled body quickly along the wall into the darkness.

Jermym knocked on the door before which he had been left standing. A voice within answered: "Come een!" Jermym entered.

The flickering candle disclosed an old man sitting on the relic of an upholstered armchair.

"Come een, Meestair Jermym!" cried the old man, rocking his chair impatiently. It lacked part of one of the front legs, which caused it to rock in a curious diagonal manner.

At the mention of his name the rich man hesitated. Then he closed the door behind him, a certain stealth in his action that betrayed the deeper workings of his thoughts. On a rough table he set the candle end and, having disencumbered his fingers of the dripped wax, silently took the postal card from his wallet.

"What, sir, do you mean by sending me this?" he began in a low hard tone.

For reply the old man in the chair emitted a sort of croaking chuckle and rocked his chair more violently than ever in its crazy cornerwise fashion.

"This form of imposture is new to my wide experience," continued Jermym. "You claim here to have painted one of the greatest pictures in the world. Well, what do you expect to make by such a claim?"

"Zat ees eet!" croaked the old man, bringing his crazy rocking to a stop. "Zat ees eet—what do I expect to make? A great name? A great picture? Zat ees funny zat you must ask."

"You expect to get some money out of me, of course," replied Jermym in his hardest business tone. "Have you anything besides your preposterous claim? Do you know anything that—that I should be willing to pay for?"

"Nozzing—only zat."

The words bore a finality somehow grotesque. They contained an assumption precluding argument, which was the more exasperating for its being preposterous. Jermym sucked his thin lips. He had had much experience, as have all prominent men, with cranks and crazy people. In business matters he was a confident judge of a man's sanity, but in matters of art he felt less sure of himself. He was half-convinced that he was dealing now with a case of senile imbecility, but something restrained him from this conclusion. He took out his wallet again and found therein certain letters, which he unfolded to the light of the candle. "Humph!" he began. "This is from Franchot. He says: 'The beauty of the picture would be sufficient proof of its genuineness were it not otherwise positively attested by such evidences of authenticity as are readily recognizable to the expert.' And here is what Delahaye says: 'The exquisite tones of color and the waxlike finish of the picture are a lost art that cannot be reproduced in these degenerate days.'" He folded the letters back into his wallet and returned this deliberately to his pocket.

He waited for the old man to speak, but it was he himself who at last broke the silence:

"Imposture—more especially blackmail—is a criminal offense. The question is, What can you prove?"

"Zat ees eet, aha!" cried the old man, again rocking his chair crazily. "What can I prove? Nozzing, perhaps. What can you prove? Nozzing. Zat ees eet! Zat ees eet exactly!"

Though he could grasp the truth of this, nevertheless the millionaire's sharp comprehension could not penetrate the old man's mirth. It passed over his head, something threatening despite its qualities of imbecility.

"I take it that you are an artist; that your presumption is not without some basis," he said, thinking that the root of the whole matter lay in some bitterness of blighted genius or starved ambition.

"Zere! Look zere!" The old man stretched a withered arm and pointed.

Jermym took the guttering candle end gingerly in his fingers. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as the light fell on a low workbench revealing a group of little clay figures. And, bringing the light closer, he grudging a second exclamation of admiration.

The group represented a street vender and his barrow, surrounded by customers, types of the thronging East Side population, executed all in the minutest realism. The squinting, earnest look on the face of the coster, the critical scowl of one tenement wife and the self-denied longing of another, the unutterable pathos of the small pence of life presented by the whole group—called forth a further expression of the millionaire's appreciation.

and something brought the perspiration out on his forehead. "You will make me another—original, not a copy—for that price?"

A silence followed these words. A change came over the old man in the chair. His head seemed to have sunk suddenly between his shoulders; his bony hands clutched at his breast. The guttering candle flame leaped and fell. Jermym experienced a strange sense of shuddering, which his fearlessness attributed to the cold of the night air. Then at last the old man spoke:

"No. Zat ees too late—zere ees not time. Eet ees close now, ze end—ze beginning." He paused. "Why I send you, zen, zat postal? You have ask what I expect to make—a great name?—money? What do zey matter now zat I die? Zen eet ees ze truth zat I would make. You shall believe or not, but eet will not be easy. Ze proof, you ask, zat I have paint zat picture —"

"The proof, yes. Well?" The rich man's fingers went nervously to the wallet that contained the valued reports.

"I tell you first how I paint zat picture. Eet ees twenty—thirty years ago zat I work in ze employ of a company zat make ze furnishing of ze Church—ze holy statues; ze altar cloths; ze great painted candles zey burn one day a year for a thousand year. Eet ees I zat paint ze candles; zat ees how I learn to make ze wax paint, ze wonderful colors zat are ze lost art. And so eet happen one day zat zey ees repairing ze chapel of ze Pope Pius, and zere ees a tapestry zat ees falling to pieces. Eet has been patched, two, t'ree hundred year ago, weeth canvas backing. Zey must put new canvas; zey t'row 'way ze ol' canvas. Aha! Zat ees very funny—all zat!"

Again he rocked his chair, while Jermym stood impassive, with thin, compressed lips. Whatever the old man's story might prove, it cast doubt on the authenticity of the picture. Suppose such a story should get into the newspapers! The heart of the skinflint seemed to clench as he clenched his bony fists at the thought of paying blackmail.

"You expect me to pay you something for that story, to buy your silence? You had better look to find yourself in jail."

"Zat ees funny too," croaked the old man. "Now zat I die you talk of money and prison. Zat I die, yes! Eeteeso common a thing to die. You think eet strange? Ze cold, ze hunger—you do not know zem. Listen! What you hear? Zecough—always ze cough. Yes, eet ees so common a thing to die."

"I am not concerned with the duties of the Board of Health," interposed Jermym. "There are hospitals. Let us confine ourselves to the matter in hand."

"Ze matter een hand, zat ees eet. I ask you zen what you do weeth ze picture I have paint?"

"My ultimate purpose is to present it to the Museum of Art," replied Jermym deliberately, as though relishing the words. "I shall present my entire collection, that the whole city may profit by it down to the poorest art student—a not unworthy contribution to the encouragement of art."

"Encouragement!" cried the old man in a sort of frenzy. "You think zat you encourage art by ze glorification of ze dead? Ze classics, you call zem. But did ze Greeks have classics? No; zey are zeyr own classics. And ze cinquecento painters? No, no; zey paint ze beauty; zey see eet anew. Zey praise each ozzer. To zeyr young men zey say: 'You mus' do better zan we.' And ze great Lorenzo il Magnifico, he did not make ze collection. No, no! But you—you think zat eet ees to pay ze big price for ze picture zat ees to encourage ze art. Pah! You have not ze reverence even. You make of ze works of art curios, whose beauty ees to be judge by whezzer zey ees genuine or not!" He paused with a choking laugh and once more took up his crazy rocking.



"Thought I'd Never Find Her; But I Did—Not Fifteen Minutes Ago"

"It's quite remarkable! I'll buy it. How much do you want for it?"

"Five dollar."

"Five dollars!" repeated Jermym, no longer curbing his astonishment. "You make a group like that for five dollars?"

Here was a proof of genius such as he was able to understand. All his life he had dealt with experts whose genius was to reduce the cost of manufacture. Had the old man said five hundred dollars, Jermym would have ranked him among a thousand-and-one other artists. But five dollars! That was a sign of incomprehensible genius.

"Five dollar," croaked the old man with devilish merriment as he rocked his chair again. "Een Sicilia I make eet for ten lire. But eet eet too moeh—five dollar? You like better I make you anozzor Ol' Master for ten—perhaps feefteen dollar? Madonna and Bambino—ze wonderful tones of color; ze lost art of feeneesh, aha! Zat ees very funny." Jermym gave a stifled ejaculation as the hot wax burned his fingers.

"You will paint me another like it for fifteen dollars?" he asked, while his mind made some quite mad computations in comparative values and profit percentage. He seemed to see Mr. Scrumley's ratlike face in that moment,

"I think," replied Jermym, replacing the candle on the table and taking out his wallet, "that Franchot made the beauty of the picture the first proof of its genuineness. I'll read you again what he says. Here—"

"Aha!" croaked the old man. "Zat ees funny! You will see how funny zat ees yourself when you tell him zat I painted zat picture."

"H'm!" muttered the millionaire. "That is a matter yet to be proved. What actual proof have you that you painted it? What proof, eh?"

"Ze proof? Eet ees too easy zat you ask ze proof. You believe ze expert, but you do not believe me, who makes ze picture. No, no; ze proof eet ees too easy a punishment for you. Only when you believe me first will you have ze proof of eet. Eet ees on ze canvas behind ze face of ze Madonna!"

"Do you mean that the only way of getting at the proof would entail the destruction of the picture?" inquired Jermym, eager for the relief that such a proposition must offer.

"Zere are ozzer proofs, yes; but zey will all die with me. Zat ees ze only proof zat I will give you, Meestair Jermym. You think eet will be easy?"

It grew on Jermym suddenly then that he was the victim of a practical joke. Without another word he turned his back on the old man and reached for the guttering candle end. The slight wind from his hand extinguished it. In the darkness he felt his way out of the room, leaving the old man rocking his chair and repeating in a crazy voice: "Eet will not be easy! Eet will not be easy."

He felt his way along the wall of the corridor, not trusting the stair railing, which was gone in places. The wall was cold and damp, and in the dark his hands detected many spots where the lath had shed its plaster. In his progress he passed many doors, and through each door came the sound of coughing—always coughing; a terrible confirmation of what the old man had said. Perhaps in the narrow rut of his existence Jermym had never before realized what a common thing it was to die. He was a cold, merciless old skinflint in his office; but here in the dark, with only his God to see him, he was strangely affected by the coughing behind those doors.

He hardened his heart, however, with the thought that there were hospitals. Yes; the great city provided for all its children. Only those who were the victims of their own stubborn ignorance suffered, resisting benevolence, hiding themselves away in dark places such as this, which was a shame to the great and beautiful city that he loved.

Intolerant of the sins of ignorance, he raged as he felt his way along the wall in the darkness. They should be driven into the light, these resisters of benevolence; their coughing should not be permitted to disturb the peace of mind of respectable persons such as himself. Some one of the city authorities was to blame; some one was lacking in civic pride; some one was drawing a salary out of the taxpayer's—his, Jermym's—pocket for duties not performed. The scoundrel should be brought to task if he had to see to it himself.

His expedition into the alums had put him in a fine mood to encourage a vengeful indignation. Righteousness is the most vengeful of all the virtues when it has been put to inconvenience. Mumbling his ill temper he proceeded down the stairs with a certain recklessness of wrath. And so it came to pass that, as he neared the bottom of the last flight, he all but trod for the second time on the little girl he left sitting there when he ascended, and who gave no cough this time to warn him. He did not step on her. With instinctive humanity he sought another footing, missed it, clutched at the balustrade railing, and plunged, with a portion of it in his grasp, to the bottom of the steps, where he lay in a twisted heap.

He was not killed. He did not even lose consciousness, though for a moment he suffered acutely from the shock of his fall; but he lay there quite motionless, making no effort to move, allowing his senses a space in which to reassert themselves.

They reasserted themselves rather suddenly to the touch of a child's hand on his face.

"You dead?"

For all its terror there was a certain matter-of-factness in the way the child asked the question that, with the strange humor which so often attends misfortune, recalled to him the words of the old man: "It is so common a thing to die."

"No; I'm not dead," Jermym said crossly, as though prepared to dispute the matter. "But I've—Z-z-zh!—but I've hurt myself." He drew his breath through clenched teeth as he made his first effort to move. "I've twisted my back."

The little girl stepped across him and opened the alley door, letting in the light of the city. It was scarcely any light at all, but it made the immense difference between seeing and not seeing.

"I'll need help," said Jermym. "You had better get a policeman."

The word policeman had an immediate effect on the child. She made no motion of response. Jermym felt

again that wall of silence and terror. "Do you hear what I say? Run quick and get a policeman!" he ordered, in a voice the natural hardness of which was emphasized by the fact that he was now in pain.

The child's response to this was a sound between sniffing and whimpering.

"Come, come! Do you think I'm going to have you arrested? What are you afraid of?"

She ceased whimpering, but stood irresolute. He managed in his cramped position to extract a coin from his pocket and held it up.

"Here's a fifty-cent piece for you—a bright, new fifty-cent piece, my dear."

The wisdom of the old saying that money talks was never more convincingly proved; but, oddly enough, the child took no stock in the proffered coin. With frantic haste she sprang across him, up a few steps of the stairs and down again, with the baby in her arms; and, having deposited the baby without comment on him, fled into the alleyway.

The malodorous specimen of infancy left sprawling on him did not commend itself in any way to Jermym's fastidious spirit. He experienced for a moment a shock of revulsion equal almost to the first shock of his fall. He lay very still at first, in a sort of chill apprehension of pollution; but as the minutes passed the weight of this atom of



Outside His Closed Door the Old Retainers of His Wife's Household Kept a Vulturelike Vigil

humanity on him slowly stirred within him an entirely new and never-before-experienced feeling, inspiring him at last to put forth a hand and touch it—very critically at first, to be sure, but with rapidly increasing confidence.

Jermym was as positive as a perfectly clear memory could make him that, in all the sixty-odd years of his life, he had never held, handled or touched the young of his species before. Vaguely he had always imagined them to be boneless. His observations in this respect almost reconciled him to his charge.

"Come now," he said, "suppose we shake hands."

The aptitude of the infant in this social formality quite surprised him, its tiny hands closing on his proffered finger in a curious grip, which might have been the secret grip of the great fraternity known as Human Instinct. Thus he was progressing rapidly from mere reconciliation toward a not unpleasant sense of responsibility when steps resounded on the alley pavement.

"Here he is," said the little girl.

There was a gruff "Umph!" in reply. Jermym made a new effort to raise himself, and sank back with a sharply drawn breath of pain.

"Yes; I'm still here," he said. "You've taken your time about coming to my assistance. I want an ambulance."

The policeman struck a match and deliberately took in the situation—that is to say, he made a hasty diagnosis of the fallen man's injuries, state of sobriety and status in the society of civilized man.

"What are you doing here? Who are you?" he asked summarily.

"It is sufficient, is it not, that I am suffering?" replied Jermym, angered at being challenged thus on his identity.

"Sure of that?"

The policeman struck another match.

"Ye'd like a free night's lodging, with a pretty nurse to make a fuss over ye, I guess. Let me see what bones ye've got broken."

"I've twisted my back."

"That's an old one," replied the officer. "You can't come any of that nonsense on me."

Perception of the situation was not long in growing on Jermym.

"Do you take me for a—a—"

"Burn's the word," said the policeman quite calmly. "Who'd ye say ye was?"

"I'm an inspector of the Board of Health. Call an ambulance at once!"

"Well, now, and did ye find enough health to make it worth your trouble to inspect it at this hour, Mr. Inspector?" inquired the officer imperturbably.

"Damn your impertinence!" exclaimed Jermym, his pain getting the better of his temper. "If you want my name it is Eliphalet Jermym. Have you heard that name before?"

His idea was, of course, to confound this underling of the forces of law and order; but the underling obstinately refused to be confounded.

Indeed, had Jermym declared himself Czar of All the Russias he would have succeeded in his purpose quite as well. Still imperturbable, the underling struck another match and stooped, with the ostensible purpose of assisting the fallen man to his feet by the collar.

Now it happened that between the striking of the second and the third matches the fallen man had been

disencumbered of the infant. The result of this was that the third match disclosed to the policeman's eye the heavy gold chain across the millionaire's waistcoat. He was not exactly confounded by this discovery, but it led him, nevertheless, to take a fresh view of the case; and after a moment's consideration he set forth to summon the ambulance.

With the departure of the policeman the little girl, with the baby in her arms, took up her position on the lowest step of the stair; but Jermym, occupied with his ill temper, would have taken no notice of her had she not made her presence felt by the audible chattering of her teeth.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded severely. "You will catch cold."

"I'm sick." It was the same answer that she had given to the question he had asked half an hour before.

"Sick?"

"I spoil more'n I make. I spilled the glue."

She spoke as though he would understand—as if spilling the glue were a tragedy that anyone would understand.

"What do you make?"

"Stems most; but when I ain't so sick I make buds."

This answer brought to Jermym's memory the family—families perhaps—he had seen in the room above, seated round the table making flowers.

"So, because you are sick and spilled the glue, you are sent out here to sit in the cold. What's your name?"

"Lola."

"How old are you?"

"Nine."

"What did you do with the fifty-cent piece I gave you?"

"You give it to me?"

"I did. Where is it? Have you lost it?"

"It's under your shoulder. I'm watching it."

"Why, bless you," declared Jermym, with something like a chuckle; "why, bless you, let me see whether I haven't got another." He produced a second coin. "What are you going to buy with it, now?"

"I give it in."

"Oh, you'll give it to your father?"

"My father—he broke his neck off a building."

"Then you will give it to your mother?"

"Yes."

"And what will she buy with it?"

"Milk for the baby—rent."

His delvings into the child's heart had been grimly rewarded. Lying there on the floor he made two resolutions: First, that the best dairy company in the city should

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WAR DE LUXE—By Irvin S. Cobb



Over-General von Heeringen, Commanding German Center at Laon, With Staff.
In the Background an Armored Auto With Prow for Cutting Wires



General von Zuehl With His Staff and Correspondents. Photograph Taken as
Party are Watching Shell Fire Along the River Aisne

I THINK," said Excellency von Scheller of the ordnance department as we came out into the open after a good but a hurried and fly-ridden breakfast—"I think," he said in his excellent Saxonized English, "that it would perhaps be as well to look at our telephone exchange first of all. It perhaps might prove of some small interest to you." With that he led the way through a jumble of corridors to a far corner of the captured French Prefecture of the captured French city of Laon, perching high on the Hill of Laon and forming for the moment the keystone of the arch of the German center.

So that was how the most crowded day in a reasonably well-crowded newspaperman's life began for me—with a visit to a room which had in other days been somebody's reception parlor. We came upon twelve soldier-operators sitting before portable switchboards with metal transmitters clamped upon their heads, giving and taking messages to and from all the corners and crannies of the mid-battlefront. This little room was the solar plexus of the army. To it all the tingling nerves of the mighty organism ran and in it all the ganglia centered. At two sides of the room the walls were laced with silk-covered wires appliqued as thickly and as closely and as intricately as the threads in old point lace, and over these wires the gray-coated operators could talk—and did talk pretty constantly—with all the trenches and all the batteries and all the supply camps and with the generals of brigades and of divisions and of corps.

One wire ran upstairs to Over-General von Heeringen's sleeping quarters and ended, so we were told, in a receiver that hung upon the headboard of his bed. Another stretched, by relay points, to Berlin, and still another ran to the headquarters of the General Staff where the Kaiser was, somewhere down the right wing; and so on and so forth. If war is a business these times instead of a romantic calling, then surely this was the main office and clearing house of the business.

To our novice eyes the wires seemed snarled—snarled inextricably, hopelessly, eternally—and we said as much, but Von Scheller said behind this apparent disorder a most careful and particular orderliness was hidden away. Given an hour's notice, these busy men who wore those steel vises clamped upon their ears could disconnect the lines, pull down and reel in the wires, pack the batteries and the exchanges, and have the entire outfit loaded upon automobiles for speedy transmission elsewhere. Having seen what I had seen of the German military system, which thinks of everything and forgets nothing, I could not find it in my heart to doubt this. Miracles had already become commonplace; what might have been epic once was incidental now. I hearkened and believed.

Talking to the Trenches

AT HIS command a sergeant plugged in certain stops upon a keyboard and then when Von Scheller, taking a hand telephone up from a table, had talked into it in German he passed it into my hands.

"The captain at the other end of the line speaks English," he said. "I've just told him you wish to talk with him for a minute."

I pressed the horn rubber disk to my ear.

"Hello!" I said.

"Hello!" came back the thin-strained answer. "This is such and such a trench"—giving the number—"in front of Cerny. What do you want to know?"

"What's the news there?" I stammered fatuously.

A pleasant little laugh tinkled through the strainer.

"Oh, it's fairly quiet here now," said the voice. "Yesterday afternoon shrapnel fire rather mused us up, but to-day nothing has happened. We're just lying quiet and enjoying the fine weather. We've had much rain until lately and my men are enjoying the change."

So that was all the talk I had with a man who had for weeks been living in a hole in the ground with a ditch for an exercise ground and the brilliant prospects of a violent death for his hourly and daily entertainment. Afterward when it was too late I thought of a number of leading questions which I should have put to that Herr Captain. Undoubtedly there was a good story in him could you get it out.

We came through a courtyard at the north side of the building, and the courtyard was crowded with automobiles of all the known European sizes and patterns and shapes—automobiles for scout duty, with saw-edged steel paws curving up over the drivers' seats to catch and cut dangling wires; automobiles fitted as traveling pharmacies and needing only red-and-green lights to be regular prescription drug stores; automobile-ambulances rigged with stretchers and first-aid kits; automobiles for carrying ammunition and capable of moving at tremendous speed for tremendous distances; automobile machine guns or machine-gun automobiles, just as suits you; automobile cannon; and an automobile mail wagon, all holed inside, like honeycomb, with two field-postmen standing up in it, back to back, sorting out the contents of snugly packed pouches; and every third letter was not a letter, strictly speaking, at all, but a small flat parcel containing chocolate

or cigars or handkerchiefs or socks or even light sweaters—such gifts as may be sent to the soldiers, stamp-free, from any part of the German Empire. I wonder how men managed to wage war in the days before the automobile?

Two waiting cars received our party and our guides and our drivers, and we went corkscrewing down the hill, traversing crooked ways that were astonishingly full of German soldiers and astonishingly free of French townspeople. Either the citizens kept to their shuttered houses or, having run away at the coming of the enemy, they had not yet dared to return, although so far as I might tell there was no danger of their being mistreated by the gray-backs. Reaching the plain which is below the city we streaked westward, our destination being the field wireless station.

Post Offices at the Front

NOTHING happened on the way except that we overtook a file of slightly wounded prisoners who, having been treated at the front, were now bound for a prison in a convent yard, where they would stay until a train carried them off to Münster or Düsseldorf for confinement until the end of the war. I counted them—two English Tommies, two French officers, one lone Belgian—how he got that far down into France nobody could guess—and twenty-eight French cannoneers and infantrymen, including some North Africans. Every man Jack of them was bandaged either about the head or about the arms, or else he favored an injured leg as he hobbled slowly on. Eight guards were nursing them along; their bayonets were socketed in their carbine barrels. No doubt the magazines of the carbines were packed with those neat brass capsules which carry doses of potential death; but the guards, except for the moral effect of the thing, might just as well have been bare-handed. None of the prisoners could have run away even had he been so minded. The poor devils were almost past walking, let alone running. They wouldn't even look up as we went by them.

The day is done of the courier who rode horseback with orders in his belt and was winged in mid-flight; and the day of the secret messenger who tried to creep through the hostile picket lines with cipher dispatches in his shoe, and was captured and ordered shot at sunrise, is gone too, except in Civil War melodramas. Modern military science has wiped them out along with most of the other picturesque fol-de-rols of the old game of war. Bands no longer play the forces into the fight—indeed I have seen no more bands afield with the lead-colored columns of the Germans than I might count on the fingers of my two hands; and flags, except on rare show-off occasions, do not float above the heads of the columns; and officers dress as nearly as possible like common soldiers; and the courier's work is done with much less glamour but with infinitely greater dispatch and greater certainty by the telephone, and by the aeroplane man, and most of all by the air currents of the wireless equipment. We missed the gallant courier, but then the wireless was worth seeing too.

It stood in a trampled turnip field not very far beyond the ruined Porte St. Martin at the end of the Rue St. Martin, and before we came to it we passed the Monument des Instituteurs, erected in 1899—as the inscription upon it told us—by a grateful populace to the memory of three school teachers of Laon who, for having



A German Aviator-Lieutenant at the Door of His Hangar, Laon, France

raised a revolt of students and civilians against the invader in the Franco-Prussian War, were taken and bound and shot against a wall, in accordance with the system of dealing with ununiformed enemies which the Germans developed hereabouts in 1870 and perfected hereabouts in 1914. A faded wreath, which evidently was weeks old, lay at the bronze feet of the three figures. But the institute behind the monument was an institute no longer. It had become, over night as it were, a lazaretto for the wounded. Above its doors the Red Cross flag and the German flag were crossed—emblems of present uses and present proprietorship. Also many convalescent German soldiers sunned themselves upon the railing about the statue. They seemed entirely at home. When the Germans take a town they mark it with their own brand, as cattlemen in Texas used to brand a captured maverick; after which, to all intents it becomes German. We halted a moment here.

"That's French enough for you," said the young officer who was riding with us, turning in his seat to speak—"putting up a monument to glorify three *franco-tireurs*. In Germany the people would not be allowed to do such a thing. But it is not humanly conceivable that they would have such a wish. We revere soldiers who die for the Fatherland, not men who refuse to enlist when the call comes and yet take up arms to make a guerrilla warfare."

Which remark, considering the circumstances and other things, was sufficiently typical for all purposes, as I thought at the time and still think. You see I had come to the place where I could understand a German soldier's national and racial point of view, though I doubt his ability ever of understanding mine. To him, now, old John Burns of Gettysburg, going out in his high, high hat and his long, long coat to fight with the boys would never, could never be the heroic figure which he is in the American imagination; he would have been a meddlesome malefactor deserving of immediate death. For 1778 write it 1914, and Molly Pitcher serving at the guns would have been in no better case before a German court-martial. I doubt whether a Prussian Stonewall Jackson would give orders to kill a French Barbara Frietchie, but assuredly he would lock that venturesome old person up in a fortress where she could not hoist her country's flag nor invite anybody to shoot her gray head. For you must know that the German who ordinarily brims over with that emotion which, lacking a better name for it, we call sentiment, drains all the sentiment out of his soul when he takes his gun in his hand and goes to war.

Among the frowzy turnip tops two big dull gray automobiles were stranded, like large hulks in a small green sea. Alongside them a devil's darning-needle of a wireless mast stuck up, one hundred and odd feet, toward the sky. It was stayed with many steel guy ropes, like the center pole of a circus top. It was of the collapsible model and might therefore be telescoped into itself and taken down in twenty minutes, so we were informed proudly by the captain in charge; and from its needle-pointed tip the messages caught out of the ether came down by wire conductors to the interior of one of the stalled automobiles and there were noted down and, whenever possible, translated by two soldier-operators, who perched on wooden stools among batteries and things, for which I know not the technical names. The spitty snarl of the apparatus filled the air for rods roundabout. It made you think of a million gritty slate pencils squeaking over a million slates all together. We were permitted to take up the receivers and listen to a faint scratching sound which must have come from a long way off. Indeed the officer told us that it was a message from the enemy that we heard.

Listening to the Enemy's Wireless

"OUR men just picked it up," he explained; "we think it must come from a French wireless station across the river. Naturally we cannot understand it, any more than they can understand our messages—they're all in code, you know. Every day or two we change our code, and I presume they do too."

Two of our party had unshipped their cameras by now, for the pass which we carried entitled us, among other important things, to commandeer that precious fluid, gasoline, whenever needed, and to take photographs for personal and private use; but they were asked to make no snapshots here. We gathered that there were certain reasons not unconnected with secret military usage why we might not take away with us plates bearing pictures of the field wireless. In the main, though, remarkably few restrictions were laid upon us that day. Once or twice, very casually, somebody asked us to refrain from writing about this thing or that thing which we had seen; but that was all.

In a corner of the turnip field close up to the road were mounds of fresh-turned clay, and so many of them were there and so closely were they spaced and for so considerable a distance did they stretch along, they made two long yellow ribs above the herbage. At close intervals small wooden crosses were stuck up in the rounded combs of earth so that the crosses formed a sort of irregular fence. A squad of soldiers were digging more holes in the tough earth. Their shovel blades flashed in the sunlight and the clouds flew up in showers.

"We have many buried over there," said Captain von Theobald, seeing that I watched the grave diggers, "a general among them and other officers. It is there we bury those who die in the Institute hospital. Every day more die, and so each morning trenches are made ready for those who will die during that day. A good friend of mine is over there; he was buried day before yesterday. I sat up late last night writing to his wife—or perhaps I should say his widow. They had been married only a few weeks when the call came. It will be very hard on her."

He did not name the general who lay over yonder, nor did we ask him the name. To ask would not have been etiquette, and for him to answer would have been worse. Rarely in our wanderings did we find a German soldier of whatsoever rank who referred to his superior officer by name. He merely said "My captain" or "Our colonel." And this was of a piece with the plan—not entirely

loading with a long yellow five-inch shell from the magazine behind him, and pretending to fire, meanwhile explaining that he could send one shot aloft every six seconds and with each shot reach a maximum altitude of between seven and eight thousand feet. All of which was a very pretty sight to see and most edifying. Likewise it took on an added interest when we learned that the blue-eyed youth and his brother of a twin balloon-cannon at the front of Laon had during the preceding three weeks brought down four of the enemy's airmen, and were exceedingly hopeful of fattening their joint average before the present week had ended.

After that we took photographs *ad lib.*, and McCutcheon had a trip with Ingold, a great aviator, in a biplane, which the Germans call a double-decker, as distinguished from the *Toube*, or monoplane, with its birdlike wings and curved tail rudder-pieces. Just as they came down, after a circular spin over the lines, a strange machine, presumably hostile, appeared far up and far away, but circled off to the south out of target reach before the balloon gunman could get the range of her and the aim. Then on the heels of this a biplane from another aviation field somewhere down the left wing dropped in quite informally bearing two grease-splattered men to pass the time of day and borrow some gasoline. The occasion appeared to demand a drink. We all repaired, therefore, to one of the great canvas houses where the air birds nest nighttimes and where the airmen sleep. There we had glasses of white wine all round, and a pointer dog, which was chained to an officer's trunk, begged me in plain pointer language to cast off his leash so he might go and stalk the covey of pheasants that were taking a dust-bath in the open road.

What One Doesn't See

THE temptation was strong, but Lieutenant Geibel said if we meant to get to the battlefield before lunch it was time, and past time, we got started. Being thus warned we did get started, and not long thereafter skirted the little meadow in the woods, where an observation balloon swung aloft at the end of its seven-hundred-foot tether with its operator in the dangling basket beneath, waiting his turn to be struck down by a bomb from a French or English flyer. Later, that same day, we were to come that way again, and then I was to sample the dubious joys of taking a balloon ride over the fighting lines; but that part of the experience is a story which shall be told next week for the benefit of the reader who has the patience and the good will to await the tale.

Of a battle there is this to be said—that the closer you get to it the less do you see of it. Always in my recent experiences in Belgium and my still more recent experiences in France I found this to be true. Take, for example, the present instance. I knew that we were approximately in the middle sworl of the twisting scroll formed by the German center, and that we were at this moment entering the very tip of the enormous inverted V made by the frontmost German defenses. I knew that stretching away to the southeast of us and to the northwest was a line some two hundred miles long, measuring it from tip to tip, where sundry millions of men in English khaki and French fustian and German shoddy-wools were fighting the biggest fight and the most prolonged fight and the most stubborn fight that historians probably will write down as having been fought in this war or any lesser war. I knew this fight had been going on for weeks now back and forth upon the River Alsne and would certainly go on for weeks and perhaps months more to come. I knew these things because I had been told them; but I shouldn't have known if I hadn't been told. I shouldn't even have guessed it.

I recall that we traveled at a cup-racing clip along a road that first wound like a coiling snake and then straightened like a striking snake, and that always we traveled through dust so thick it made a fog. In this chalky land of Northern France the brittle soil dries out after a rain very quickly, and turns into a white powder where there are wheels to churn it up and grit it fine. Here surely there was an abundance of wheels. We passed many marching men and many lumbering supply trains which were going our way, and we met many motor ambulances and many ammunition trucks which were coming back. Always the ambulances were full and the ammunition wagons were empty. I judge an expert in these things might by the fullness of the one and the emptiness of the other gauge the emphasis with which the fight ahead went on. The drivers of the trucks nearly all wore captured French caps and French uniform coats, which adornment the marching men invariably regarded as a quaint jest to be laughed at and cheered for.



Correspondents, Nurses and Officers at German Hospital, Near French Border

confined to the Germans—of making a secret of losses of commanders and movements of commands.

We went thence then, the distance being perhaps three miles by road and not above eight minutes by automobile at the rate we traveled, to an aviation camp at the back side of the town of Laon. Here was very much to see, including many aeroplanes of sorts domiciled under canvas hangars and a cheerful, chatty, hospitable group of the most famous aviators in the German army—lean, keen young men all of them—and a sample specimen of the radish-shaped bomb which these gentlemen carry aloft with them with the intent of dropping it upon their enemies when occasion shall offer. Each of us in turn solemnly hefted the bomb to feel its weight. I should guess it weighed thirty pounds—say, ten pounds for the case and twenty pounds for its load of fearsome ingredients. Finally, yet foremost, we were invited to inspect that thing which is the pride and the brag of this particular arm of the German Army—a balloon-cannon, so called.

The balloon-gun of this size is—or so at the date when I saw it—an exclusively German institution. I believe the Allies have balloon-guns, too, but theirs are smaller, according to what the Germans say. This one was mounted on a squat steel half-turret at the tail end of an armored-steel truck. It had a mechanism as daintily adjusted as a lady's watch and much more accurate, and when being towed by its attendant automobile, which has harnessed within it the power of a hundred and odd draft horses, it has been known to cover sixty English miles in an hour, for all that its weight is that of very many loaded vans.

The person in authority here was a youthful and blithe lieutenant—an Iron Cross man—with pale, shallow blue eyes and a head of bright blond hair. He spun one small wheel to show how his pet's steel nose might be elevated almost straight upward; then turned another to show how the gun might be swung, as on a pivot, this way and that to command the range of the entire horizon, and he concluded the performance, with the aid of several husky lads in soiled gray, by going through the pantomime of

We stopped at our appointed place, which was on the top of a ridge where a general of a corps had his headquarters. From here one had a view—a fair view and, roughly, a fair-shaped view—of certain highly important artillery operations. Likewise, the eminence, gentle and gradual as it was, commanded a mile-long stretch of the road, which formed the main line of communication between the front and the base; and these two facts in part explained why the general had made this his abiding place. Even my layman's mind could sense the reasons for establishing headquarters at such a spot.

As for the general, he and his staff, at the moment of our arrival in their midst, were stationed at the edge of a scanty woodland where telescopes stood and a table with maps and charts on it. Quite with the manner of men who had nothing to do except to enjoy the sunshine and breathe the fresh air, they strolled back and forth in pairs and trios. I think it must have been through force of habit that, when they halted to turn about and retrace the route, they stopped always for a moment or two and faced southward. It was from the southward that there came rolling up to us the sounds of a bellowing chorus of gunfire—a Wagnerian chorus truly. Well, that perhaps was as it should be. Wagner's countrymen were helping to make it. Now the separate reports strung out until you could count perhaps three between reports; now they came so close together that the music they made was a constant roaring which would endure for a minute, or half a minute anyhow. But for all the noticeable heed which any uniformed man in my vicinity paid to this it might as well have been blasting in a distant stone quarry. This attitude which they maintained, coupled with the fact that seemingly all the firing did no damage whatsoever, only seemed to strengthen the illusion that after all it was not the actual business of warfare which spread itself beneath my eyes.

Apparently most of the shells from the Allies' side—which of course was the farther side from us—rose out of a dip in the contour of the land. Rising so, they mainly fell among or near the shattered remnants of two hamlets upon the nearer front of a little hill perhaps three miles from our location. A favorite object of their attack appeared to be a wrecked beet-sugar factory of which one side was blown away.

There would appear just above the horizon line a ball of smoke as black as your hat and the size of your hat, which meant a grenade of high explosives. Then right behind it would blossom a dainty, plummy little blob of innocent white, fit to make a pompon for the hat, and that, they told us, would be shrapnel. The German reply to the enemy's guns issued from the timbered verges of slopes at our right hand and our left; and these German shells, so far as we might judge, passed entirely over and beyond the smashed hamlets and the ruined sugar-beet building and, curving downward, exploded out of our sight.

Seen Through the Telescope

"THE French persist in a belief that we have men in those villages," said one of the general's aides to me. "They are wasting their powder. There are many men there and some among them are Germans, but they are all dead men."

He offered to show me some live men, and took me to one of the telescopes and aimed the barrel of it in the proper direction while I focused for distance. Suddenly out of the blur of the lens there sprang up in front of me, seemingly quite close, a zigzagging toy trench cut in the face of a little hillock. This trench was quite full of gray figures of the size of very small dolls. They were moving aimlessly



Soldiers Praying in the Old French Cathedral at Loon

back and forth, it seemed to me, doing nothing at all. Then I saw another trench that ran slantwise up the hillock and it contained more of the pygmies. A number of these latter pygmies came out of their trench—I could see them quite plainly clambering up the steep wall of it—and they moved, very slowly it would seem, toward the crosswise trench on ahead a bit. To reach it they had to cross a sloping green patch of cleared land. So far as I might tell no explosive or shrapnel shower fell into them or near them, but when they had gone perhaps a third of the distance across the green patch there was a quick scattering of their inch-high figures. Quite distinctly I counted three manikins who instantly fell down flat and two others who went ahead a little way deliberately, and then lay down. The rest darted back to the cover which they had just quit and jumped in briskly. The five figures remained where they had dropped and became quiet. Anyway, I could detect no motion in them. They were just little gray strips. Into my mind on the moment came incongruously a memory of what I had seen a thousand times in the composing room of a country newspaper where the type was set by hand. I thought of five pica slugs lying on the printshop floor.

It was hard for me to make myself believe that I had seen human beings killed and wounded. I can hardly believe it yet—that those insignificant pygmies were really and truly men. I watched through the glass after that for possibly twenty minutes, until the summons came for lunch, but no more of the German dolls ventured out of their make-believe defenses to be blown flat by an invisible blast.

It was a picnic lunch served on board trestles under a tree behind the cover of a straw-roofed shelter tent, and we ate it in quite a peaceful and cozy picnic fashion. Twice during the meal an orderly came with an oral message which he had taken off a field telephone in a little pigsty of logs and straw fifty feet away from us; but the general each time merely canted his head to hear what the whispered word might be and went on eating. There was no clattering in of couriers, no hurried dispatching of orders this way and that. Only, just before we finished with the meal, he got up and walked away a few paces, and there two of his aides joined him and the three of them confabbed together earnestly for a couple of minutes or so. While so

engaged they had the air about them of surgeons preparing to undertake an operation and first consulting over the preliminary details. Or perhaps it would be truer to say they looked like civil engineers discussing the working-out of an undertaking regarding which there was interest but no uneasiness. Assuredly they behaved not in the least as a general and aides would behave in a story book or on the stage, and when they were through they came back for their coffee and their cigars to the table where the rest of us sat.

"We are going now to a battery of the twenty-one-centimeter guns and from there to the ten-centimeters," called out Lieutenant Geibel as we climbed aboard our cars; "and when we pass that first group of houses yonder we shall be under fire. So if you have wills to make, you American gentlemen, you should be making them now before we start." A gay young officer was Lieutenant Geibel, and he just naturally would have his little joke whether or no.

Immediately then and twice again that day we were technically presumed to be under fire—I use the word "technically" advisedly—and again the next day and once again two days thereafter, but I was never able to convince myself that it was so. Certainly there was no sense of actual danger as we sped through the empty single street of a wrecked and ruined village. All about us were the marks of what the shellfire had done, some fresh and still smoking, some old and dry-charred, but no shells dropped near us as we circled in a long swing up to within half a mile of the first line of German trenches and perhaps a mile to the left of them.

In the German Artillery Trenches

THEREBY we arrived safely and very speedily and without mishap at a battery of twenty-one-centimeter guns, standing in a gnawed sheep pasture behind an abandoned farmhouse—or what was left of a farmhouse, which was to say very little of it indeed. The guns stood in a row, and each one of them—there were five in all—stared with its single round eye at the blue sky where the sky showed above a thick screen of tall slim poplars growing on the far side of the farmyard. We barely had time to note that the men who served the guns were denned in holes in the earth like wolves, with earthen roofs above them and straw beds to lie on, and that they had screened each gun in green saplings cut from the woods and stuck upright in the ground, to hide their position from the sight of prying aeroplane scouts, and that the wheels of the guns were tied with huge, broad steel plates called "caterpillars," to keep them from bogging down in miry places—I say we barely had time to note these details mentally when things began to happen. There was a large and very soiled soldier who spraddled face downward upon his belly in one of the straw-lined dugouts with his ear hitched to a telephone. Without lifting his head or turning it he sang out. At that all the other men sprang up very promptly. Before, they had been sprawled about in sunny places, smoking and sleeping, and writing on postcards. Postcards, butter and beer—these are the German private's luxuries, but most of all postcards. The men bestirred themselves.

"You are in luck, gentlemen," said Von Theobald. "This battery has been idle all day, but now it is to begin firing. The order to fire just came. The balloon operator, who is in communication with the observation pits beyond the foremost infantry trenches, will give the range and the distance. Listen, please." He held up his hand for silence, intent on hearing what the man at the telephone was repeating back over the line. "Ah, that's it—5400 meters straight over the tree tops."

(Continued on Page 41)



Group of Typical German Doctors and Nurses Attached to a Field Hospital in Belgium



Our Party at the Front—Nursing Sister; Bennett; Patroness of Hospital; Captain Mannebaum; Cobb; Thompson, American Consul at Aachen; and McCutcheon

THE Nth COMMANDMENT

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE Christmas ballad of the stoker, even though writ from the fiery bowels of amidships and with a pen reeking with his own sweat, could find no holiday sale; nor the story of the waiter who serves the wine he dares only smell, and weary stands attendant into the joyous dawn. Such social sores—the drayman, back bent to the Christmas box whose mysteries he must never know; the salesgirl standing on her swollen feet on into the midnight hour—such sores may run and fester, but not to sicken public eyes.

For the Christmas spirit is the white flame of love burning in men's hearts and may not be defiled. Shop windows, magazine covers and postcards proclaim good will to all men; bedtime stories crooned when little heads are drowsy are of Peace on Earth; corporations whose draymen's backs are bent and whose salesgirls' feet are swollen plaster each outgoing parcel with a Good-Will-Toward-Men stamp, and remove the stools from behind the counters to give space to more of the glittering merchandise.

In the Mammoth Store the stools had long since been removed and the holiday hysteria of Peace on Earth rose to its Christmas-Eve climax, as a frenzied gale drives upward the sea into mountains of water, or acids through black-hearted forests, bending them double in wild salaam.

Shoppers pushed through aisles so packed that the tide flowed back upon itself. A narrow-chested woman, caught in the whorl of one such vortex, fainted back against the bundle-laden arms that pressed her on. Above the thin orchestra of musical toys, the tramp of feet like an army marching, voices raucous from straining to be heard, a clock above the grand central stairway boomed nine, and the crowd pulled at its strength for a last hour of bartering, tearing, pushing, haggling, sweating.

Behind the counters workers sobbed in their throats and shifted from one swollen foot to the other. A cashgirl, her eyeballs glazed like those of a wounded hare in the torture of the chase, found a pile of pasteboard boxes behind a door and with the indifference of exhaustion dropped on to it asleep. The tide flowed on, and ever and again back upon itself. A Santa Claus in a red Canton-flannel coat lost his white Canton-flannel beard, nor troubled to recover it. A woman trembling with the ague of terror drew an imitation bisque doll off a counter and into the shallow recesses of her cape, and the cool hand of the law darted after her and closed over her wrist and imitation bisque evidence. A prayer, a moan, the crowd parting and closing again.

The mammoth Christmas tree beneath the grand central stairway lopped ever so slightly of its own gorgeousness and the gold star at its apex titillated to the tramp-tramp of the army. Across the novelty leather-goods counter Mr. Jimmie Fitzgibbons leaned the blue-shaven, predacious face that head waiters and underfed salesgirls know best over a hot bird and a cold bottle. Men's hands involuntarily close into tight fists when his well-pressed sleeve accidentally brushes their wives or sisters. Six-dollar-a-week salesgirls scrape their luscious rare birds to the bone, drink thin gold wine from thin, gold-edged glasses, and curse their God when the reckoning comes.

Behind the novelty leather-goods counter Mrs. Violet Smith, whose eyes were the woodland blue her name boasted, smiled back and leaned against the stock shelves, her face upturned and like a tired flower.

"If the rush hadn't quit right this minute I—I couldn't have lasted it out till closing, honest I couldn't."

"Poor tired little filly!"

"Even them ten minutes I got leave to go up to Old Ingram's office they made up for when I came back, and put another batch of them fifty-nine-cent leatherette purses out in the bin."

"Poor little filly! What you need is a little speed. I wanna blow you to-night, Doll. You went once and you can make it twice. Come on, Doll, it ain't every little girl I'd coax like this."

"I—Jimmie—I—"

"I wanna blow you to-night, Doll. A poor little blue-eyed queenie like you, all froze up with nothing but a sick



"It—It Ain't Like I Could Do Any Good at Home, It Ain't"



May Wilson Preston

husband for a Christmas tree—a poor little baby doll like you!"

"The kid, too, Jimmie, I—oughtn't!"

"Didn't you tell me yourself it sleeps through the night like a whippersnapper? Don't be a quitter, Doll, didn't you?"

"Yes, but —"

"A poor little baby doll like you! Why, there just ain't nothing too good for you. Some little time I showed you last Tuesday night—eh, Doll?"

"Yes—Jimmie!"

"Well, if you think that was some evening, you watch me to-night!"

"I—can't—go, Jimmie, him layin' there, and the kid and all!"

"Didn't I have to coax you last time just like to-night? And wasn't you glad when you looked out and seen how blasted cold and icy it was that you lemme blow you, wasn't you?"

"Yes, Jimmie, but —"

"Didn't I blow you to a bottle of bubble water to take home with you even after the big show was over, and wouldn't I have blown you to yellow instead of the red if you hadn't been a little cheap skate and wanted the red? Didn't I pin a two-dollar bunch of hothouse grapes on your hat right out of the fruit bowl? Didn't I blow you for proper?"

"It was swell, Jimmie!"

"Well, I'm going to blow in my winnings on you to-night, Doll. It's Christmas Eve and —"

"Yes, it's Christmas Eve, Jimmie, and he—he had one of his bad hemorrhages last night, and the kid, she—she's too little to know she's getting cheated out of her Christmas, but gee—a kid oughtta have something—a tree or something."

He leaned closer, hemmed in by the crowd.

"It's you oughtta have something, Doll."

"I—I never oughtta gone with you last Tuesday night, Jimmie. When I got home, he—he was laying there like a rag."

"I like you, Doll. I'm going to blow in the stack of my winnings on you—that's how much I like you. There ain't nothing I wouldn't do for a little filly like you."

"Jimmie!"

"There ain't!"

"Aw!"

"You wouldn't be in the hole you are now, Doll, if you hadn't sneaked off two year ago and done it while I wasn't looking. Nearly two whole years you lemme lose track of you! That ain't a nice way to treat a fellow that likes you."

"We went boarding right away, Jimmie, and I only came back to the department two months ago, after he got so bad. Ain't I told you how things just kinda happened?"

"I liked you myself, Doll, but you fell for a pair of shoulders over in the gents' furnishing that wasn't wide from nothing but padding. I could have told you there was all cotton batting and no lungs there. I could have told you."

"Jimmie, ain't you ashamed! Jimmie!"

"Aw, I was just kidding. But you ain't real on that true-blue stuff, Doll. I can look into your eyes and see you're bustin' to lemme blow you. That's what you get, sweetness, when you don't ask your Uncle Fuller first. If you'd have asked me I could have told you he was weak in the chest when you married him. I could have told you that you'd be back here two years later selling leatherette vanity cases and supportin' a —"

"You! Jimmie Fitzgibbons, you —"

"Gad, Doll, go to it! When you color up like that you look like a rose—a whole bouquet of them."

"You—you don't know nothing about him. He—he never knew he had a lung till a month after the kid came, and they moved the gents' furnishing over by the Broadway door where the draft caught him."

"Sure, he didn't, Doll; no harm meant. That's right, stand by him, I like to see it.

Stand by him, Doll, I like to see it. Why, a little queen across the counter from you tole me you'd have married him if he'd had three bum lungs, that crazy you was!"

"Like fun! If me or him had dreamt he wasn't aound we—I wouldn't be in this mess, I—we—I wouldn't!"

Her little face was pale as a spray of jessamine against a dark background, and try as she would to check them tears sprang hot to her eyes, dew trembled on her lashes.

"Poor little filly!"

More tears rushed to her eyes, as if he had touched the wellsprings of her self-compassion.

"You gotta excuse me, Jimmie. I ain't cryin', only I'm dog tired from nursin' and drudgin', drudgin' and nursin'."

"Hard luck, little 'un!"

"Him layin' there and me tryin' to—to make things meet. You gotta excuse me, Jimmie, I'm done up."

"That's why I wanna blow you, sweetness. I can't bear to see a little filly like you runnin' with the odds dead agin her."

"You been swell to me, Jimmie."

"The sky's my limit, Doll."

"Maybe it wasn't right for me to go with you last Tuesday night, him layin' there, and the kid and all, but a girl's gotta have something, don't she, Jimmie? A girl that's got on her shoulders what I got has gotta have something—a laugh now and then!"

"That's the goods, Doll. A little filly like you has got to."

"Honest, the way I laughed when you stuck them hothouse grapes on my hat for trimming the other night, just like they didn't cost nothing—honest, the way I laughed gimme enough strength for a whole night's nursin'. Honest, I felt like in the old days before—before I was married."

"Gad, if you had treated me white in them days, Doll—if you hadn't pulled that saint stuff on me and treated me cold storage—there ain't nothing I wouldn't have done for you."

"I—I didn't mean nothing, Jimmie."

"I ain't sore, Doll. I like you and I like your style. I always did, even in the days when you turned me down, you great big beautiful doll, you!"

"Aw—you!"

"If you're the real little sport I think you are, you're going to lemme blow you to the liveliest Christmas a little queen like you ever seen. I didn't make that winnin' down in Atlanta for nothing. When I got the telegram I says to myself: 'Here goes! I'm going to make last Tuesday night look like a prayer meeting, I am.' Eh, Doll?"

"I—I can't, Jimmie. I— S-s-s-h!"

A tide flowed in about the counter, separating them, and she was suddenly the center of a human whorl, a battle of shoulders and elbows and voices pitched high with gluttony. Mr. Fitzgibbons skirted its edge, patient.

Outside a flake floated down out of the dark pocket of packed clouds, then another and yet another, like timid kisses blown down upon the clownish brow of Broadway. A motorman shielded his eyes from the right merry whirl and swore in his throat. A fruit-cheeked girl paused in the flare of a Mammoth Store show window, looked up at her lover and the flaky star that lit and died on his mustache, and laughed with the musical glee of a bird. A beggar slid farther out from his doorway and pushed his hat into the flux of the sidewalk. More flakes, dancing upward like suds blown in merriment from the palm of a hand—light, lighter, mad, madder; weaving a blanket from God's own loom, from God's own fleece, whitening men's shoulders with the heavenly fabric.

Mrs. Violet Smith cast startled eyes upon the powdered shoulders and snow-clumped shoes passing down the aisle-way, and her hand flew to her throat as if to choke its gasp.

"My! It ain't snowin', is it? It ain't snowin'?"

Mr. Jimmie Fitzgibbons wormed back to the counter. His voice was sunk to the golden mezzo of an amorous whisper.

"Snowin' is right, Doll! A real dyed-in-the-wool white Christmas for you and me!"

"Snowin'!"

"Don't you like snow, baby doll? Cheer up, I'm going to hire a taxicab by the hour. I'm —"

"Snowin'!"

She breathed inward, shivering, stricken, and her mouth, no older than a child's, trembled at the corners and would not be composed.

"He—he can't stand no snowstorm. That's why the doctor said if—we could get him South before the first one, if we could get him South before the first one—South, where the sun shines and he could feel it clear through him, he—oh, ain't I—ain't I in a mess!"

"Poor little filly!"

He focused his small eyes upon her plump and throbbing throat.

"Poor little filly, all winded!"

"I—oh, I —"

"There's the bell, Doll. Poor, tired little girlie, hurry and I'll buy you a taxicab. Hear it—there's the closing bell! Merry Christmas, Doll! Merry Christmas!"

A convulsion tore through the store, like the violent asthma of a thirty-thousand-ton ocean liner breathing the last breath of her voyage and slipping alongside her pier. On that first stroke of ten a girl behind the candy counter collapsed frankly, rocking her left foot in her lap, pressing its blains, and blubbing through lips salty with her own bitter tears. A child, qualified by legislation and his fourteen years to brace his soft-boned shoulder against the flank of life, bent his young spine double to the weight of two iron exit doors that swung outward and open. A gale of snow and whistling air danced in. The crowd turned about, faced, thinned, died.

Mrs. Violet Smith turned a rose-white face to the flurry. "Snowin'!"

"A real, made-to-order white Christmas for you and me, Doll. The kind you read about."

"It—it don't mean nothing to me but —"

"Sure, it does; I'm going to blow you right, Doll. Half the money is yours anyways. You made that winning down in Atlanta yesterday as much as me, girlie. If I hadn't named that filly after you she'd 'a' been left at the post."

"You—you never had the right to name one of your race horses after me. There ain't a girl ever went out with you that you ain't named one after. You—you never had the right to!"

"I took it, kiddo, 'cause I like you! Gad, I like you! Nix, it ain't every little girl I'd name one of my stable after. 'Violet'—some little pony that, odds agin her and walks off with the money."

"I—honest, I sometimes—I—I just wish I was dead!"

"No, you don't, Doll. You know you just wanna go to-night, but you ain't got the nerve. I wanna show you a Christmas Eve that'll leave any Christmas Eve you ever spent at the post. Gad, look out there, will you? I'm going to taxicab

you right through the fuzz of that there snowstorm if it costs every cent the filly won for us!"

Mrs. Smith leaned back against the shelves limp, as if the blood had run from her heart, weakening her, but her eyes the color of lake water when summer's moment is bluest. Her lips, that were meant to curve, straightened in a line of decision.

"I'll go, Jimmie."

"That's the goods!"

"A girl's gotta have something just to hold herself together, don't she? It—it ain't like the kid and Harry was layin' awake for me—last Tuesday they was both asleep when I got home. They don't let each other get lonesome, and Harry—he—there ain't nothing much for me to do round home."

"Now you're talkin' the English language, Doll."

"I'll go, Jimmie."

He extended his cane at a sharper angle until it bent in upon itself, threatening to snap, and flung one gray-spatted ankle across the other.

"Sure, you're goin'! A poor little filly like you, sound-kneed, sound-winded and full of speed, and nothing but trouble for your Christmas stocking. A poor little blue-eyed doll like you!"

"A girl's gotta have something! You knew me before I was married, Jimmie, and there never was a girl more full of life."

"Sure, I knew you. But you was a little cold-storage queen and turned me down."

"He—Harry, he never asks me nothin' when I come in, and the kid's asleep anyways."

"Color up there a little, Doll. Where I'm going to take you there ain't nothing but live ones. I'm going to take you to a place where the color scheme of your greenbacks has got to be yellow. Color up there, Doll, you ain't going dead, are you?"

She stretched open her eyes in wide laughing pools, plowed through the rear-counter debris of pasteboard boxes and tissue paper, reached for her jacket and tan, boyish hat. A blowy, corn-colored curl caught like a tendril and curled round the brim.

"Going dead! Say, my middle name is Speed! It's like Harry used to tell me when we wasn't no farther along in the marriage game than his sneaking over here from the gent's furnishing three times a day to price bill folders—he used to say that I was a live wire before Franklin flew his kite."

"Doll!"

"I ain't tired, Jimmie. Not countin' the year and a half I was home before Harry took sick, I been through the



"There's the Closing Bell! Merry Christmas, Doll! Merry Christmas!"

"I—I didn't think I ought to go to-night."

"It's a good thing my feelings ain't hurt easy."

"Honest, Jimmie, I didn't try to dodge you. I—I only thought with the girls here gabbling so much about last Tuesday night and all it wouldn't look right. And he had a spell last night again, and the doctor said we—we ought to get him South before the first snow—South, where the sun shines. But he's got as much chance of gettin' South as I have of climbing the South Pole!"

"A pretty little thing like you climbing the South Pole—I'd be there with field glasses all-righty!"

"I—I went up and talked and begged and begged and talked to Old Ingram up at the Aid Society to-day, but the old skinflint says they can't do nothing for an employee after he's been out of his department more'n eight weeks, and—and Harry's been out twelve. He says the Society can't do nothing no more, much less send him South. Just like a machine he talked. I could have killed him!"

"Poor little filly! I was that surprised when I seen you was back in the store again. There ain't been a classy queen behind the counter since you left."

"Aw, Jimmie, no wonder the girls say you got your race horses beat for speed."

"That's me!"

Aisles thinned and the store relaxed into a bacchanalian chaos of trampled debris, merchandise strewn as if a flock of vultures had left their pickings—a battlefield strewn with gewgaws and the tinsel of Christmastide, and reeking with foolish sweat.

"Button up there, Doll, and come on; it's a swell night for Eakimoo."

Mr. Fitzgibbons folded over his own double-breasted coat, fitted his flat-brimmed derby hat on his well-oiled hair, drew a pair of gray suede gloves over his fingers and hooked his slender cane to his arm.

"Ready, Doll?"

"The girls, Jimmie—look at 'em rubbing and gabbling like ducks! It—it ain't like I could do any good at home, it ain't."

"I'd be the first to ship you there if you could. You know me, Doll!"

His words deadened her doubts like a soporific. She glanced



"If the Stores Ain't Open, Bust 'Em Open!"

about for the moment at the Dionysian spectacle of the Mammoth Store ravished to chaos by the holiday delirium; at the weary stream of shoppers and workers bending into the storm as they reached the doors; at the swift cancan of snowflakes dancing whitely and swiftly without; at Mr. Jimmie Fitzgibbons standing attendant. Then she smiled.

"Come on, Jimmie!"

"Come on yourself, Doll!"

Snow beat in their faces like shot as they emerged into the merry night.

She shivered in her thin coat.

"Gee, ain't it cold?"

"Not so you can notice it—watch me, Doll!"

He hailed a passing cab with a double flourish of cane and half lifted her in, his fingers closed tight over her arm. "Little Doll, now I got you! And we understand one another, don't we, Doll?"

"Yes, Jimmie."

She leaned back, quiescent, nor did his hold of her relax. A fairy etching of snow whitened the windows and wind shield, and behind their security he leaned closer until she could feel the breath of his smile.

"Doll, we sure understand each other, don't we, sweetness? Eh? Answer me, sweetness, don't we? Eh? Eh?"

"Yes, Jimmie."

Over the city bells told of Christmas.

The gentle Hestia of Christmas Eve snug beside her hearth, with little stockings dangling like a badly matched row of executed soldiers, the fire sinking into embers to facilitate the epic descent from the chimney, the breathing of dreaming children trembling for their to-morrows—this gentle Hestia of a thousand, thousand Christmas Eves was not on the pay roll of Maxwell's thousand-dollar-a-week cabaret.

A pandering management, with its finger ever on the thick wrist of its public, substituted for the little gray lady of tradition the glittering novelty of full-lipped bacchantes whose wreaths were grape, and mistletoe commingling with the grape.

An electric fountain shot upward its iridescent spray, now green, now orange, now violet, and rained down again upon its own bosom and into a gilt basin shaped like a grotto with the sea weeping round it. And out of its foam, wrathlike, rose a marble Aphrodite, white limbed, bathed in light.

On the topmost of a flight of marble steps a woman sang of love who had defiled it. At candle-shaded tables thick tongues wagged through thick aromas and over thick foods, and as the drama was born rhythmic out of the noisy dithyramb, so through these heavy discords rose the tink of Venetian goblets, thin and pure—the reedy music of grinning Pan blowing his pipes.

Rose-colored light lay like a blush of pleasure over a shining table spread beside the coping of the fount. A captain bowed with easy recognition and drew out two chairs. A statue-like waiter, born but to obey and, obeying, sweat, bowed less easy recognition and bent his spine to the back-aching, heart-breaking angle of servitude. And through the gleaming maze of tables, light-footed as if her blood were foaming, Mrs. Violet Smith, tossing the curling ribbon of a jest over one shoulder. Following her Mr. Jimmie Fitzgibbons, smiling. "Here, sit on this side of the table, Doll, so you can see the big show."

"Gee!"

"It's the best table in the room to see the staircase dancing."

"Gee!"

"Told you I was going to show you a classy time to-night, didn't I, Doll?"

"Yeh, but—but I ain't dressed for a splash like this, Jimmie, I—I ain't."

"Say, they know me round here, Doll. They know I'd fall for a pair of eyes like yours, if you was doin' time on a rock pile and I had to bring you in stripes."

"I'm—a—sight!"

"If you wasn't such a little pepperbox I'd blow you to a feather or two."

"Ain't no pepperbox!"

"You used to be, Doll. Two years back there wasn't a girl behind the counter ever gimme the cold storage you did. I liked your nerve, too; durned if I didn't!"

"I—I only thought you was guyin'."

"I ain't forgot, Doll, the time I asked you out to dinner one night when you was lookin' pretty blue round the gills, and you turned me down so hard the whole department gimme the laugh. It's a good thing I ain't got no hard feelings."

"Honest, Jimmie, I—"

"That was just before you stole the march on me with the Charley from the gents' furnishing. I ain't holding it against you, Doll, but you gotta be awful nice to me to make up for it, eh?"

A shower of rose-colored rain from the fountain threw its soft blush across her face.

"Aw, Jimmie, don't rub it in! Ain't I tryin' hard enough to—to square myself. I—I was crazy with the heat two years ago. I—aw, I—now it's different. I—it's like you say, Jimmie, you ain't got no hard feelings."

She swallowed a rising in her throat and took a sip of clear cold water. A light film of tears swam in her eyes.

"You ain't, have you, Jimmie?"

He leaned across the table and out of the hearing of the attendant waiter.

"Not if we understand each other, Doll. You stick to me and you'll wear diamonds. Gad, I bet if I had two more fillies like Violet I'd run Diamond Pat Cassidy's string of favorites back to pasture, you little queenie, you!"

Her timid glance darted like the hither and thither of a wind-blown leaf.

"I ain't much of a looker for a Broadway palace like you brought me to, Jimmie. Look at 'em, all dolled up over there. Honest, Jimmie, I—I feel ashamed."

"Just you stick to me, peaches, and there ain't one at that table that's got on anything you can't have twice over. I know that gang—the pink queen and all. 'Longside of you they look like sacks o' bones tied up in a rag o' satin."

"Aw, Jimmie, look at 'em, so blonde and all!"

"They're a broken-winded bunch. Look at them bottles on their table! We're going to have twice as many and only one color in our glasses, kiddo. Yellow, the same yellow as your hair, the kinda yellow that's mostly gold. That's the kind of bubble water we're going to buy, kiddo!"

"Jimmie, such a spender!"

"That's me!"

"It's sure like the girls say: the sky's your limit."

"Look, Doll, there's the swellest little dancer in this town—one swell little pal and a good sport. Watch her, kiddo—watch her do that staircase dance. Ain't she a lalapaloo!"

A buxom nymph of the grove, whose draperies floated from her like flesh-colored mist, spun to the wild passion of violins up the eight marble steps of the marble flight. A spotlight turned the entire range of the spectrum upon her. She was like a spinning tulip, her draperies folding her in a cup of sheerest petals, her limbs shining through.

"Classy, ain't she, Doll?"

"Well, I guess!"

"Wanna meet her? There ain't none of 'em that ain't sat at my table many a time."

"I like it better with just you, Jimmie."

"Sweetness, don't you look at me like that or you'll get me so mixed up I'll go out and buy the Metropolitan Tower for your Christmas present. Whatta you want for Christmas—eh, Doll?"

"Aw, Jimmie, I don't want nothing. I ain't got no right to take nothing from you!"

She played with the rich, unpronounceable foods on her plate and took a swallow of golden liquid to wash down her fiery confusion.

"I—ain't got no right."

"When I get to likin' a little girl there ain't nothing she ain't got a right to."

"Aw, Jimmie, when you talk like that I feel so—so —"

"So what, Doll?"

"So—so —"

"Gowann, Doll."

"Aw, I can't say it. You'll think I'm fresh."

But she regarded him with the nervous eyes of a gazelle and the red swam high up into her hair, and he drained his glass down to the bottom of its hollow stem and leaned his warming face closer.

"You treat me white, sweetness, and understand me right, and you won't be sorry for nothing you say. Drink, Doll, drink to you 'n' me—you 'n' me!"

Their bubble-thin glasses met in a tink and a pledge and her ready laughter rose in duet with his. She caught the lilt of a popular song from the ten-piece orchestra and sang upward with the tirralirra of a lark, and the group at the adjoining table threw her a shout. Mr. Fitzgibbons beat a knife-and-fork tattoo on his plate and pinched her cheek tightly, gritting his teeth in a fine frenzy of delight.

"That's the way to make 'em sit up and take notice, Doll, that's the way I like 'em. Live! As live and frisky as colts!"

An attendant placed a souvenir of the occasion beside her plate—a white wool bear, upright and with bold bead eyes and a flare of pink bow beneath its chin.

"Oh-h-h!"

"See, Doll, a Teddy bear! By Gad, a Teddy bear with his arms stretched out to hug her! Gad, if I was that Teddy I'd hug the daylight out of her too! Gad, wouldn't I!"

Mrs. Violet Smith wafted the bead-eyed toy a kiss, then slapped him sharply sideways, toppling him in a heap, and her easy laughter mingled with her petulance.

"I wanna big grizzly, Jimmie; a great big brown grizzly bear with a grin. I wanna big brown grizzly."

"Ain't you got one, Doll? A little white one with a pink bow. Here, let's give him a drink!"

But the petulance grew upon her, nor would she be guisaled.

"I wanna big brown grizzly—a great big brown one with a grin."

"Aw, Doll, look at this little white one—a classy little white one. Look at his nose, cutie, made out of a button. Look, ain't that some nose. Look, ain't —"

"A big brown one that I can dance with, Jimmie. I wanna dance. Gee, who could dance with a little dinky devil like that! I wanna dance, Jimmie, honest I could dance with a great big brown one if he was big enough. I— Gee, I wanna dance, Jimmie! Gee, I wanna —"

He whacked the table and flashed the twinkle of a wink to the waiter.

"Gad, Doll, if you look at me with them frisky eyes I —"

"I wanna bear, Jimmie, a great big brown —"

"Waiter!"

"A great big brown one, Jimmie, with a grin. Tell him a great big brown one!"

"Waiter, that ain't no kind of a souvenir to bring a lady—a cheap bunch o' wool like that. Bring her a great big brown one —"

"A great big brown one with a grin, tell him, Jimmie."

"We have no brown ones, sir; only the small white ones for the ladies."

"Get one then! Get out and buy the biggest one they got on Broadway—get out and get one then!"

"But, sir, the —"

"If the stores ain't open, bust 'em open! I ain't the best customer this joint has got not to get service when my lady friend wants to dance with a great big brown bear. If my lady friend can't get a great big brown bear —"

"With a grin, Jimmie."

"—with a grin, there are other places where she can get two great big brown bears if she wants 'em."

"I'll see, sir. I'll see what I can do."

Mr. Fitzgibbons brought a fist down upon the table so that the dishes rattled and the wine lopped out of the glasses.

"Sure you'll see, and quick too! A great big brown bear, d'you hear? My lady friend wants to dance, don't you, Doll? You wanna dance, and nothing but a great big brown bear won't do—eh, Doll?"

"With a grin, Jimmie!"

"With a grin, d'ye hear?"

He whacked at her hand in delight and they laughed in right merry duet.

"Oh, Jimmie, you're killing!"

"The sky's my limit!"

She nibbled at a peach whose cheeks were pink as her own, and together from the great overflowing bowl of fruits they must trim her hat with its boyish brim. First, a heavy bunch of black hot-house grapes that she pinned deftly to the crown, a cluster of cherries, a purple plum, a tangerine stuck at a gay angle. They surveyed their foolish labor of caprice with little rills of laughter that rose and fell, and when she replaced her hat the cherries bobbed and kissed her cheek and the adjoining group leaned to her in the kinship of merriment.

"It's a sweller trimming than I gave it last Tuesday, Jimmie. Look how tight it's all pinned on."

(Continued on Page 44)



"All the Rules for the Game of Living Ain't Written Down—the Eleventh Commandment and the Twelfth Commandment and the Nth Commandment"

The Agricultural Immigrant and the American Farm—By Forrest Crissey

THE LAND OF THE ALIEN FARM HAND



Foreign Labor on an American Railroad



Thrashing on a Danish Farm

TO THE average native of the United States innocent of sociologic lore, the problem of landing the agricultural immigrant on the American farm is full of confusing contrasts and amazing contradictions.

On the one hand the uplift writers hold before him vivid pictures—convincing and authoritative—of workless workers in the great industrial centers; of long bread lines of hungry toilers awaiting their turn for a hand-out of the bitter crusts of charity; of unwholesome tenements crowded with the toiling slaves of the sweatshop; and of women and children of the slums who live without hope and die without food—all these the aliens who have fled from the familiar slavery of Old World conditions to the unfamiliar terrors of the New.

This is one side of the shield as the average native of the United States sees it in the newspapers, the magazines, the motion-picture films, and the pleas of the social experts.

The other side? If the average citizen happens to be a dweller in a country village—say, in the Corn Belt of the Middle West—he gets the reverse picture at first hand from the farmers as they meet at the creamery, the grocery or the livery stable. With one voice these farmowners bewail their inability to secure help and declare that the steady farm hand is fast becoming an extinct race—this in the face of proffered wages and inducements regarded as almost prohibitive.

The picture drawn by these harassed farmers is just as vivid and true as the depressing presentation made by the students of sweatshop suffering and industrial woe in the great labor centers.

Is it any wonder that the ordinary villager, unlearned in the mysteries of immigration movements, quickly comes to the conclusion that there's a screw loose somewhere?

Carry this study in contradictions a step farther. A leading farmer in the famous Elgin dairy district declared to the writer:

"I'm just about discouraged and ready to quit the farm at the very moment when I ought to be making the most money. Why? Because I can't get labor that can be depended on. This seems strange to me when there are lots of men out of work in the big manufacturing centers. I can't reconcile the existence of the bread lines, made up of able-bodied men in the big cities, with the lines of empty bins in my barn and in thousands of other barns throughout the great dairy country of the Middle West where these plants are run at part capacity because of the undependable labor supply.

"The riddle is beyond me. I give it up. If somebody doesn't find a practical solution of the problem before long, however, I'll be forced to give up farming. My predicament is typical of that faced by thousands of so-called independent farmowners wherever dairying is the main line of agriculture.

"Here is what I am up against: I have now reached a ripe middle age. The best working years of my life have

been devoted to the careful building of a big plant for milk production. Of course I had to begin on a comparatively small scale, not only because of lack of capital but also because my land was not in shape at the start to carry a large herd. The job always ahead of me was that of steadily increasing the efficiency of my plant, the productiveness of my land and the size of my dairy herd.

"This meant tilling and draining, converting low and wet ground into the richest and most productive soil on the farm, equipping the whole farm with a full and well-arranged system of fencing, putting up modern barns and silos, and instituting a thorough and complete system of crop rotation calculated to push the productiveness of every field of the farm to a higher point with each round of rotation. Perhaps more important than all this, it also involved my own education as a specialist in milk production.

"When I began this big job of carefully upbuilding a large farm plant for the economical production of milk two factors were immensely in my favor: First, hired help was comparatively plentiful; and it was good help. You could depend on it. My hired hands were mainly the sons of the smaller farmers in the township. Generally I knew their fathers; and the young men usually had a reasonable sense of responsibility, would live up to their agreements, and would not quit without fair warning. Second, my sons were growing up in the business."

The Dairy Farmer's Tale of Woe

"THESE conditions enabled me to crowd the farm and keep it going at practically maximum capacity. Keeping a dairy herd and following a well-ordered system of crop rotation mean a rapid increase of soil fertility. The result was that practically every year brought the temptation to add to the size of my herd. The farm was able to produce more corn and roughage each year and, therefore, to carry more cows. Every manufacturer knows that the way to get the most out of his plant is to run it at practically full capacity; so I found my operations constantly enlarging.

"Then came a change. My sons reached the age when they married and became farmowners themselves. This forced me to operate my farm wholly with hired help. Where do I find myself to-day? I am decidedly older; I cannot do the hard manual work I did when building up this plant. Theoretically I do not need to do it. My time can be more profitably employed in doing the headwork for the farm, in superintending its operations, and in giving special attention to the marketing end of the business.

"I am precisely in the position of a manufacturer who started out with little skill, a few tools and a small shop, and has developed himself into a capable executive; who is master of every process involved in his particular kind of production. Then, too, I find myself with a highly perfected plant on my hands, one that has been carefully

developed and is now capable of turning out a big volume of product on a well-ordered, economical and efficient basis. Inevitably my overhead charges have increased along with the productiveness of my plant. The farm is worth much more money now than when I began, but the taxes are immensely increased; so is the upkeep, and so are all the expenses a manufacturer would term overhead charges.

"So far, everything in the situation is fine—at least, an outsider would so consider it; but right here the color of the prospect changes. It begins to shade into a deep blue. Why? Because I find myself standing in the shoes of a manufacturer, with a large and efficient plant, who cannot get men to do the manual work required to turn out his product in a dependable volume. This is not merely a matter of wages. Every dairy farmer in this section of the country has to pay wages that are dangerously near to being prohibitive of profits, if he gets any help at all.

"A good, steady farm hand round here can command thirty-five dollars a month the year round. Occasionally you can find one who receives forty dollars a month. Those who are not quite topnotchers get thirty dollars. And what do they receive besides this cash compensation? If single they receive the same food and housing the farmer gives himself and his family; their laundry; and very frequently the keep of a driving horse. If the hired hand is married, and his wife is not regularly employed, he and his family are given the rent of the tenant house on the premises, and the use of just as large a garden patch as he will cultivate; his firewood, in case there is timber on the farm; all the milk he needs for family use, which generally means the milk of one cow; and all the eggs and chickens needed for the family. That is precisely the arrangement I know exists between a certain farmer in Sugar Grove Township, Kane County, Illinois, and his hired hand.

"In addition to this, all extra help for harvesting, threshing and silo filling is boarded by the wife of the hired hand at a price that pays her a fair profit for her labor. Also, the wife of the hired hand raises the poultry on halves, she doing the work of looking after the fowls and the farmer furnishing the feed. In many cases the hired hand who has a family is allowed a hog for pork and a half of a beef for winter-meat supply. In other words about the only things the hired hand with a family has to buy, as a rule, are clothing and personal luxuries. Where the wife of the hired hand takes the position of cook in the home of the farmowner, the compensation is generally about forty-five dollars a month for the two, which would mean thirty dollars for the man and fifteen dollars for the woman.

"In some cases this joint wage is fifty dollars. Of course there are instances that run below those figures; but I am talking about the customary compensation of a hired hand who has a good reputation and whose services are held by the community to be entirely desirable. Bitter experience, however, has taught me that the available supply of farm help to-day is as freakish and undependable as a village flirt.

"Before I learned the mercurial nature of the kind of hired help to be had to-day, I repeatedly found myself with some sixty cows waiting to be milked and only myself to do the milking. My hired hands had suddenly quit without notice. What is the result of this sort of experience? I have been forced to cut down my herd to a number I can handle myself in case of emergency without actual peril to my own health; but that does not solve the problem, because I am running my plant at about one-half its capacity. This means I am not able to operate it on the lines of highest economy and efficiency. Every large dairy farmer in the West has had much the same experience.

"Meantime the city bread line continues and grows in length as the cow line in my stables shortens and dwindles. That bread line has become mighty fascinating to me. From what I can learn, it is almost wholly composed of aliens, a large number of them being men who have done farmwork before they emigrated. Germany, Denmark and several other Old World countries have systems of agricultural schools so far-reaching that a fundamental agricultural training is almost forced on even the most obscure farm hands. They know how to farm and they know nothing else. They are accustomed to long hours and short wages.

"Why is it, then, that the American farmowner finds himself unable to operate his farm factory at anything like full capacity because he cannot obtain competent help, while at the same time the farm immigrant from the Old World, with at least the fundamentals of a farm education behind him, is standing in the city bread line and feeling the grip of actual hunger? I look at the farms round me and see almost all their owners in the same predicament; but that is not all I see.

"A little to the west of me is a splendid farm, owned by a hired hand who was with me for several years in the earlier part of my farm experience. It is fully paid for and well equipped. North of me is another farm, owned by a man who worked for me a little later; and I think he owes nothing on it. In other parts of this country are two more men who were hired hands on my farm. They now have farms of their own, with little or no encumbrance on the property.

"I know these men intimately, and I cannot believe that in any other line of effort they could have accumulated so much property as they have by following the line of work to which they apprenticed themselves when they became farm hands. There are few of the older farm-owners in this section who cannot check up the list of their former hired hands and find just as high a percentage of successful farmowners among them as I can.

"Keeping all these facts clearly in mind, is it strange that the bread line of husky foreigners at the industrial centers is a standing mystery to me and to almost every other farmowner in the country? Do you wonder we farmers feel that there has been a consistent miscarriage of immigration, with even worse results to the immigrant than to the farmer? I am not a student of sociology and I am comprehensively ignorant of immigration statistics; but it seems decidedly clear to me that the machinery of distribution is fatally weak when it comes to the business of placing the agricultural immigrant from the Old World where he belongs—on the soil instead of in the factory, the shop, the mine, or the streets of a big city."

The Rumanians' Hard-Luck Story

THIS man does not speak as an isolated individual, but as the representative of a large class. His problem is the problem of the American farmowner at large. There are thousands of American farmowners who stand in this man's shoes and who will exclaim:

"That farmer hits the nail squarely on the head; his predicament is my own. I couldn't describe my situation more accurately than he has described it in stating his own outlook to-day!"

Where does the machinery of immigrant distribution fall down? Why is it that the incoming alien, accustomed to farm labor in the Old World, fails to reach his natural destination on the American farm and finds himself, instead, in the factory or the mine?

Let us take another dip into this perplexing medley of contrasts and throw on the screen two more pictures from the reel of actual experience.

One fall morning three Rumanians made a timid appearance at the offices of the Immigrants' Protective League in Chicago. Their clothes hung in tatters and their shoes were practically without soles. They could not speak a word of English, but every line of their haggard faces and every thread of their ragged clothing told a

tragic story of struggle and hardship. In the office was an assistant who could speak the Rumanian tongue, and he drew from them the following account of their experiences:

A labor agent in Cleveland had rounded up a group of ninety-five Rumanians who had lately arrived from the old country. Some, and perhaps all of them, had obtained temporary employment in the Cleveland shops and foundries; but they were accustomed to country life and had a longing for the familiar freedom of the open.

The claim of the labor agent that he had sure employment for them in the harvest fields of Kansas was a temptation too strong to be resisted, and they eagerly paid an individual railroad fare of eighteen dollars and started for Topeka, Kansas. They arrived at Topeka in the evening and bunked in the immigrant room of the station, ready to start out in the morning for their first taste of American farm life. But when the young Rumanian who had been sent along to represent the labor agent, and who could speak a few words of English, returned to his fellows, he brought the depressing news that harvest work in the section where they were had already been completed, and that the nearest point at which certain employment was obtainable was more than two hundred miles farther on. This would require an additional fare of four dollars and a half each.

After exploding this bomb in the camp of his charges, the guide made an arrangement with the railroad agent by which the immigrants could remain in the station that day and the following night; and then he set out to scour the city for any stray chances that might lead to the temporary employment of some of the men. Meantime the

foot-sore brought up the rear. Day by day the advance guard grew smaller as one after another dropped out to rest by the roadside and wait for the group behind.

Overexertion, hunger and illness constantly reduced the numbers of each traveling group until all were separated except the trio that finally reached Chicago. There the Immigrants' Protective League supplied them with food, lodging, shoes and clothing, and offered to find them employment; but they could not be dissuaded from their purpose to get back to Cleveland. So, after three days of rest and refreshment, they again took up their tramp and finally reached Cleveland, where they were taken in hand by the Municipal Welfare Bureau and given employment in one of the great industrial plants of that city.

The fate of the seventeen who fell by the wayside is an unexplained mystery. The best guess of the Immigrants' Protective League is that probably most of them were absorbed by the larger towns and cities along the way.

Now for a glance at the opposing picture.

"Are any of the farms about here owned by men who made their start as immigrant hired men?" I asked the president of the Farmers and Drovers' Bank in a small Northern Illinois town.

"About all of them," he answered. "Of course some straight American stock is still to be found on the farms—children and grandchildren of men I knew when I was a boy; but they're scarce. The names on the rural-delivery mail boxes tell the story. They're German or Swedish or Danish for the most part, with an occasional mixture that might be almost anything except straight American. I know the antecedents of these men, and it is scarcely too

sweeping a statement to say that nine-tenths of them began their farm careers as hired hands. This is the Land of the Hired Hand—and of the alien hand at that. These husky immigrants came to serve—and remained to own. There is hardly a poor farmer among them.

"I happen to own a dozen or more farms right round here, to which I give personal supervision, operating them either with hired help or on a share basis. As a rule there is an immigrant on every one of these farms. I keep a sharp eye out for the incoming immigrant. It doesn't matter how green he is if he looks right; and he generally does. I nab him for a hired man or tenant. There is keen competition for him, because this is a town of retired farmers; and those who have not already sold their farms to former hired men are after the aliens for hands or tenants."

On the Primary Farm

"ABOUT two years ago I chanced to catch sight of a young Dane who had recently arrived. I nabbed him before he could get away and put him at work on my poorest and smallest farm—I call it my primary. The Danes are wonderful farmers and they can handle a dairy in a way to make the average American blush.

"Ordinarily he would have been advanced the next year to one of my intermediate farms—not the poorest, and by no means the best; but he did so well I was forced by circumstances to jump him clear over the intermediate grades and put him at the top, on the best farm of all. This came about because the tenant on that farm had made and saved so much money he was ready to step into the farm-owner class; so I slipped the young Dane into his place and allowed the Swede to go and buy a farm. The Dane will probably average a net annual profit, above his living, of from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars a year for the next five years—if I am able to hold him that long.

"Meantime I am constantly on the lookout for fresh immigrant blood for the primary farm and the intermediate farms. These men make good so regularly, so dependably, that there is no use in figuring on keeping them as hands or share tenants for more than a few years. You can't hold them down. They're workers and they're thrifty—regular born farmers. Just so soon as they have a chance to adjust their Old World skill and experience to American conditions, and also learn to do business in our language, they take the bit in their teeth and make a run for a farm of their own.

"Some farmowners round here try to hold them by extra inducements after they have reached that point of their development. That doesn't pay. Instead, I spend more time looking for fresh alien blood to keep the farms going. I know that in just about so many years the greenest hired hand in my employ will be ready to buy a farm. When I'm tired of running my farms I'll sell out to these men. Until then my problem will be to keep up the supply of alien recruits. I prefer to get a green immigrant and start him as a hired hand, and then advance him to a share tenant.



PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
Lithuanian Immigrants, Some of the Finest Farmers That Come In

bewildered aliens at the railroad station went into an all-day session on the subject of ways and means.

It was found there was enough money in the group to pay the fare of seventy-five hands to the destination where work was to be had. The man who had money enough to pay the fare of a brother, a cousin or a close friend, who was without funds, agreed to divide his entire capital in this way as far as it would go. An understanding was also reached that those having no money of their own, and no brother or cousin able to advance the individual railroad fare of four dollars and a half, would be left behind to shift for themselves as best they could.

Again the guide returned, with the report that no work of any kind was to be found. Invariably the instinct of the alien in a situation of this kind is to return to his original starting-point. Consequently, instead of deciding to walk some two hundred and twenty-five miles to the section where the harvest had not been completed, the twenty remaining Rumanians promptly started to walk about eight hundred and seventy-five miles back to Cleveland. They had friends there who spoke their own tongue, and their one thought was to reach these compatriots. Twenty oddly dressed aliens, chattering in a strange tongue and equipped with sticks and bundles, did not prove a welcome sight to the farmers' wives along the line of march. Doors were shut against them and farm dogs were encouraged to do their utmost.

As a result of the mistake of marching in a body, they secured little to eat except in towns and villages, where the authorities generally supplied them with coarse food and a night's lodging, and then saw to it that they moved on.

Before they had gone far, however, the law of the survival of the fittest began to separate them into smaller groups. The strongest and best-shod pushed on ahead as an advance guard. Those who were less vigorous followed at a more leisurely pace, while the weaklings and the

"Sometimes, however, the material is so good that it is safe to start the newcomer as a share tenant on a small farm. In the end the result is always the same—the green immigrant becomes a farmowner. If he doesn't buy a farm after he has learned the American game it is because he finds a retired American farmer who will take cash rent for his farm at a price that will make its ownership of no advantage. This occurs more frequently than one would imagine.

"All this goes to show one thing—there is no place where the immigrant who has done farmwork in the old country can get ahead so fast as he can right on an American farm. The title deeds to the farms of this county prove this, and probably almost every other county in the Middle West has much the same proof to offer. The agricultural immigrant from Germany, Denmark, Holland, Portugal, Austria, Northern Italy, or any other European country, can better afford to take a job as a farm hand here than he can to go on the pay roll of a mine, a shop or a factory at the highest wages on record for unskilled labor in those lines.

"Now, in view of these facts, why is it that we get only an occasional stray from this class of immigration, while the mines, the mills and the shops get the most of them? And can't something be done to change this? If every farm-trained immigrant who comes to America could be brought straight here to the Land of the Hired Hand, we could not only make farming a different thing but we could change the industrial bread line so that you couldn't recognize it; for, instead of having a starving string of city bread eaters, we should have the same men in a line of bread producers.

"That's the way this immigrant problem looks to a country banker and farmowner. But don't forget to answer the question: What can be done to place the agricultural immigrant on the American farm, where he is needed, where he will prosper as he cannot prosper anywhere else, and where he'll shortly own his farm as sure as grass grows and water runs?"

Set these two pictures side by side—the twenty Rumanian immigrants starting to walk from Topeka to Cleveland, because they had been sent on a wild-goose chase by a labor agent, and the Land of the Hired Hand, where experience has taught the natives that the immigrant farm hand is predestined and fore-ordained to become a farmowner. Both these pictures are authentic and both are typical.

Imperfect Machinery

WHEN Miss Grace Abbott, the competent head of the Immigrants' Protective League, related the tragic experience of the Rumanians she was asked whether that was an exceptional occurrence.

"No," she answered. "In the main it is typical of a common run of experiences. Generally not so many men are involved and the distance the disappointed and stranded aliens walk back is not so great; but the essential features are constantly repeated—a wild-goose chase after field labor, ending in disappointment and a weary return.

"Do you think anybody will ever be able to pry loose from city environments one of those twenty Rumanians

who started to walk back to Cleveland? Never! Those who survived the ordeal of the traveling bread line will stick to the city to the end of their days, no matter how many hardships they have to put up with there. They are permanently eliminated as farm-hand prospects. One such misadventure in the farm field is enough for a lifetime."

Who was to blame for this tragic miscarriage of immigrant distribution? The Cleveland labor agent had sent a guide with the party. This was a substantial indication of good faith. The Topeka correspondent had, according to an investigation, acted in good faith in saying that many men were needed for the harvest and could command good wages; but he did not back his statement with a bond, a deposit, or any other form of definite obligation. Before these men arrived on the scene an unexpected army of men who did not have so far to travel stepped in and cleaned up the work in that immediate locality.

The labor agent had been willing to take a chance that the men would be employed at the end of their long journey; his Topeka correspondent had taken the chance that the need of men would still exist when they arrived. Both had acted with less responsibility in shipping a carload of human beings nearly halfway across the continent than



Polish Girls as Farm Hands in Germany

It is a horse that cannot pull its load, because it is not hooked up to the cart; it is a delivery system that does not deliver, because its conveyors do not extend to the point of destination.

This is not the fault of the men who are doing their best to make an inadequate, dismembered and uncoordinated mechanism do the work that demands an efficient, nationwide system. At present the Federal machinery for this purpose is known as the Division of Information, and is concerned with all immigrants, not merely those whose natural destination is the farm. Though the New York office of this division is designated as a branch, it is evidently the main works, so far as active effort to connect the alien farm hand with the American farm is concerned. Active is hardly the right adjective in this connection, however; passive would probably be the more descriptive term.

Law and Red Tape

AS DICTATED by a variety of repressive influences, including legal handicaps and those imposed by red-tape rulings and the conservatism inherent in the atmosphere of governmental service, this division is certainly not slandered when its attitude is described as passive rather than active. This repression, however, is not at all to the liking of the Commissioner-General of

Immigration, the Chief of the Division of Information, or the head of the New York branch—far from it! Their own official reports are sufficient to convict these public servants of an energetic desire to do things with an efficiency that would measure up to the standard of results required in a progressive commercial institution.

There is every reason to believe that these officials are anxious to place the arriving alien who is accustomed to farmwork on the American farm, where he will be worth most to himself and to his new country, instead of permitting him to become a permanent economic misfit through being captured by the labor scouts of the mills, the mines, the shops and the factories of the great industrial centers.

A passage in the latest report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration throws light on this policy of repression under which the work of passing the agricultural immigrant through the lines of the industrial pickets into the open country and to the farm is performed. It reads:

"We cannot by law prevent our own people from flocking to the cities; nor can we—under the existing system—in order to overcome the same tendency in a large majority of immigrants, direct them, after landing, to certain localities where they may remain."

Just where the law leaves off and red tape begins, in forming the repressive policy of "the existing system," only a wizard in immigration lore can tell; but to the over-worked farmowner, out in the Land of the Hired Hand, who must curtail his operations because he cannot get steady labor, it looks very much as though the existing system needed fixing. He is inclined to feel that here is a branch of government service which is falling down on its job.

As a matter of fact, however, the wonder is that the Information Office, which places an annual average of five

(Continued on Page 30)



Along This Street are the Agencies That Take Contracts to Supply Labor of All Kinds and in Big Numbers to Many Industries

they would have been obliged to assume in shipping a carload of sheep—and the immigrants were more helpless than the sheep would have been. Federal laws would have compelled the humane treatment of the sheep; and so would public sentiment.

This focuses our study of the amazing contradictions of the agricultural-immigrant situation in this country to the general conclusion that the existing machinery for placing the arriving alien farm hand on the farm, where he will fulfill his natural destiny—to say nothing of meeting an urgent demand on the part of the greatest industry in America—is about as adequate to the task in hand as one of the original tall-grass local telephone systems of Kansas would be to meet the modern telephone requirements of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and the entire Atlantic seaboard.

This is no reflection on the energy and the conscientiousness of the Federal agents at present in charge of this work. The best telephone operator in the world cannot give you a talking connection with a point to which the wires of the system do not reach; nor can six or eight men, no matter how competent or devoted, do the work of six or eight hundred. In a word the Federal machinery for performing this important function of the National Government is hopelessly inadequate.



State Street, Where the Homes for Immigrants Are

Billy Fortune and the Ten-Cent

Limit By William R. Lighton

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

HONEST, what do you think about the little old game of draw? Does it interest you? What is there interestin' about it for you?

You tell me that, and I can tell you what kind of a man you are. Yes, I can! I can tell you how you treat your family, and whether you're liberal with your church, and whether you're scared about dyin' when you get sick and all them things. Sure pop! You let me set and watch you playin' against a bunch of the boys for just a half an hour and see what you make out of the cards just the way they come, and you won't have to explain yourself none to me after that. I'll know you even if you're a rank stranger to me.

Do you like a game where the white chips are a cent apiece, and the red ones a nickel, and the blue ones a dime, and it only costs you a white one to draw, and you can't bet more than one blue one at a time? And then when you catch four aces, do you like to play just a red one, pushin' it out real careful, so as to be perfectly safe? And when it comes round to you again with a couple of blues on the table, do you want to take another look at your hand and count 'em over to make sure, and then just call on what you've got? Or do you like one of these open-air games with no roof over you, so you've got a chance to play with your mind instead of just the cards? Well, that answers it.

Me, I'd as soon set and whirl my thumbs for sport as to play ten-cent limit. I used to do it, but I won't do it any more. I'll play solitaire with myself first. When I play I want my disposition to have a plumb plenty of room for exercisin' itself. That's what I play for. The little-limit lads—they play just for the winnin', don't they? Me, I want to play just for the game and let the winnin' sort of look after itself. I've seen 'em that would be fair tickled to death if they could quit at the end of an evenin' as much as four bits ahead. Do you like that? I'd rather go broke the rest of my life than to have that kind of a feelin'. It ain't respectable. And I'll tell you another thing: The boy that invented draw, he never meant it to be played with a mean little limit on it; I'll bet a million he didn't. He couldn't, because if he'd had that kind of a mind he couldn't have figured out the game at all.

I ain't thinkin' only about poker; I'm thinkin' about life too. That's the way it is with a man's life. If he plays that game cautious and scared—mostly usin' nothin' but his white chips—what does it get him? Maybe he takes in a few four-bit pieces before he's done; but he's played terrible shy of amusement. Can you figure it's worth it? Don't you reckon he's sort of sore when he comes to count up his safe little winnin's at the end and then thinks what he might have had? But he's the only one to blame, ain't he? Yes, sir: A lad that won't play nothin' but a limit game—he's got no kick comin' if he don't make nothin' decent out of the cards life lets him hold.

It was thinkin' about Bat Wheelock that started me to broodin' like this. Bat, he was a boy that didn't seem ever to have knew there was such a thing as a limit in the game he was playin', let alone tryin' to play it that way on his own account. He certainly was scornful of his chips—that rascal was—whenever it come his bet. You can judge for yourself what it got him.

He showed up at Nine-Bar one mornin' when me and the Boss was out in the lane fixin' a string of fence that one of the bulls had tore down. It was the Boss that saw him first when he raised up from workin' the wire-stretcher.

"Hello, Billy," the Boss says to me. "Who's that comin'?" Looks like some kind of a stranger."

He'd have looked like a stranger to 'most anybody. He was ridin' a little ewe-necked buckskin of the sort that hadn't been bred round our part of the country for the last ten years—lean and rough and narrow-chested and droopin' and meek-lookin'; one of the kind you can't ever depend on for doin' anything except what you ain't expectin' 'em to do. Save me from a pony that acts meek! He's worse than a meek man. And Bat, he was settin' humped down in the saddle, all dusty and discouraged, with his head hangin'. One sleeve of his shirt had been ripped off somehow, and there was a big piece gone out of the near leg of his pants; and besides, I could see his hair stickin' up out of a big hole in the top of his hat. Anybody could tell he hadn't been doin' it just so as to get ventilation; Old Man Trouble had done it for him. He had an old tarp bed hung on back of his saddle. That couldn't mean but one thing: He was foot-loose and driftin' round huntin' him a job. He sure needed it. You could have bought his whole outfit for a ten-dollar bill with considerable change comin' to you.

"He don't seem so awful prepossessin' to me, Billy," says the Boss. "If you was me, would you hire him?"



"You Keep My Knife for Me Till We Meet Again, Will You, Billy?"

"I wouldn't hire what he's got with him," I says; "but it's too soon to tell about the man yet. Let's wait and see. Maybe he'll look better when we get a sight of him."

He didn't though. He rode up to the gate at the foot of the lane and tried to open the bar by leanin' down from his saddle. That's a horrible careless trick when you're ridin' a ewe-necked buckskin with them meek manners. While he was unbalanced that way with his feet loose in the stirrups, his pony give a nasty quick squeal and a quick hump and pitched him plumb over the top of the gate bottom side up, and then whirled round and went lopin' back off the trail toward Lusk.

It must have jounced him a good bit when he lit, because he set right there where he was for a minute without tryin' to move. It had made him mad, too, because he started in to swear; but before he could get the first word out a fit of the hiccups caught him and broke it off in the middle. He started it again, but it was just the same way. It seemed as if that made him madder yet and he tried it two or three more times; but he didn't have a bit of luck. He'd commence a blazin' hot cussword and it would turn out nothin' but a shrill hiccup. It was right comical watchin' him. After he'd made a few more tries he got real interested and absorbed with it. He'd go at it fierce and hard and then he'd go at it cautious and easy, sort of experimentin' with different ways; but it was all the same thing. He seemed to have forgot all about us; but pretty soon he looked up and give a sheepish grin.

"Take your time, friend," says the Boss. "There's no rush. I know what you want anyway. You want work. When you're able you might tell me what you can do. Have you had any experience with horses?"

"Ex-pup-perience with horses!" says Bat, settin' spraddled out there on the sand. "Dud-didn't you see me arrivin' here?"

The Boss laughed at him and walked up a little closer, lookin' him over, and Bat got up and pushed his old hat back so we could get a good sight of his face. It had a week's bristles on it, and the cheeks were sunk in some round the middle and high over the bones, with years and years of sunburn and weather-wrinkles. His face didn't amount to much till you saw his eyes. There's only one kind of man that's got that kind of eyes and he's the kind you can tie to. They weren't pretty, but they were on the level, lookin' straight out without a squint nor a shift.

"Well," says the Boss, "by the look of your boots you've certainly rode some since they were new. Whereabouts?"

"Everywhere," says Bat, "from Montana to Chihuahua, and everything from pack burros to man-killers." He'd got over his hiccups by now and he was talkin' earnest. "I can ride anything a man can straddle," he says. "Don't you judge by what that glass-eyed buckskin done to me. You let me show you. I can break anything that's got four feet under him and when I get him broke he's gentle—see? If you've got horses to break you try me."

"I've got some horses to break," the Boss says. "A carload of 'em—good ones—that I want to take back to Ohio to sell. I want 'em broke so their tempers ain't hurt. I need somebody to help. It ain't everybody that can do it. I don't know—" He was studying the Bat boy up and down real careful. "It's takin' chances. I don't know anything about you but what I can see, and I think a lot of my horses. No offense! The way your luck has left you lookin', it's sort of like pushin' out a stack of blues on a busted flush; but—I'll bet 'em. You can stay if you want to."

You wouldn't have thought that lad could blush under all that sunburn of his; but he did—blushed clear up to his hair and clear down the back of his neck, lickin' his tongue over his lips and starin' straight at the Boss' eyes. I thought he was goin' to say somethin' about how grateful he was; but he didn't. He never said a word. I liked him better for keepin' still.

He was a wizard with the horses. That part's all right. I ain't tellin' you about that part, I'm tellin' you about Bat. After we'd watched him work the first mornin' with the breakin', it was plumb easy to see how he was goin' to make out with it; but the man don't live that could have figured on the rest of it. That's the part I'm gettin' at.

He was certainly good at the horse job. He could take the very worst of 'em and win the heart right out of it in a half an hour. But he didn't seem to get the boys to lovin' him. That was sort of curious to me. It wasn't on account of his looks. A bunkhouse in the cow country ain't often what you'd call a beauty show. Red McGee with his bowlegs, and Black's Jim with his comical cock-eyes, and me with my hook nose and this scar across my forehead—we didn't have nothin' much on Bat for looks. It wasn't that. The feelin' was somethin' a body couldn't hardly locate. I expect it was Bat's fault—most of it. He didn't seem to want to help 'em a speck to get acquainted with him. He stayed too strange. That don't do, does it? It wasn't so bad in the day when we was at work; but round the bunkhouse after supper it's different. A man's pretty near got to be friendly then. Bat wasn't. I can't think of anything in particular he done—it was what he didn't do. He didn't ever help himself to anybody's tobacco, nor he didn't ever offer to take a hand in the seven-up, nor he didn't ever have a word to say about the girls—nothin' at all like that. He'd just set on the edge of his bunk back there away from the light till early bedtime and then he'd roll in. It wouldn't have been so bad for a couple of nights or so; but he kept it up till it commenced to make the boys sort of hostile.

He kept it up till the first pay day. That was three weeks after he come. You know what we started that night. In between when everybody was broke we stuck to pitch and Jack and fan, to keep things from going dead on us; but pay days there was sure to be a couple come over from Rawhide, and one or two up from down the creek, for a little spell of draw. It wouldn't be nothin' but ten-cent limit. There wasn't any of the boys so terrible fond of it, only for a change to break the lonesomeness. You'll do lots of things when you're lonesome.

Well, that night was the first time Bat seemed to come awake. The game hadn't more than got started till he moved over from the edge of his own bunk and set down on the edge of mine where he could see; but he didn't ask

to be let in. Red McGee was bankin', and pretty soon he give the extra chips in the cigar box a rattle, lookin' round at Bat.

"Why don't you buy a few?" says Red. "They're cheap." It was a kind of a mean way he said it; but Bat just shook his head.

"You ain't religious, are you?" says Red. "You sure don't look it."

"If I was," says Bat, "I'd sure lose my religion at that game."

"What's the matter with this game that it don't suit you?" Red says.

"Pennies and nickels and dimes!" says Bat. "I'd as lief get mine by bein' a cripple with a tin cup on the street."

"Oh!" says Red. "The game ain't big enough for the gentleman, boys." He commenced to finger his stack sort of wishful. He hadn't any business in a real game, Red hadn't. Did you ever know a real bow-legged man that could show good judgment at draw? But he didn't seem able to keep out of one every chance he got. "Mebbe we can accommodate you some," he says to Bat. "What do you want?"

"Pots," says Bat. "Make the whites a dollar and table stakes." And with that he moved up and pulled out his money. Forty dollars he had, and he bought with all of it right on the jump.

"Look out!" says Red. "I wouldn't do that. You're goin' to need some new pants before next pay day." Nobody but a bow-legged man would have said that. There's some things you can say to a man but not others; but it seemed as if Red had got started bein' nasty and couldn't quit. If I'd been Bat, Red and me would have had some more conversation right there; but Bat just took a slow look at him out of his straight eyes and started sortin' his stack.

The playin' didn't start half as swift as it wound up. There was five of us stayed in, and the deal went six hands before anybody caught anything he wanted to open on. Then Red dragged down all those whites with three queens I dealt him, just because none of us would stay. He pulled the chips in with one of those insultin' laughs of his, as if he'd won 'em by playin'. That's what I never did like about a man like him—winnin' a little always makes him so terrible cocky, and losin' a little always makes him so terrible sore.

"Why," says Red, "I can buy me a swallowtail suit with this, can't I?"

I certainly wouldn't have said it. And that was when the swift part begun. It was Red's deal, and the first card he pitched to Bat fell face up. I guess he didn't do it on purpose. It was nothin' but the deuce of hearts anyway. Bat faced the next one himself—the four, and the next one too—the six.

"Shucks!" he says and he rolled him a cigarette before he picked up the other two.

It was me that opened with three treys. Bat looked sideways at me and grinned. "You, Billy!" he says. "What you doin'?" Darned if I don't draw with you just for luck." And Red kept in, too, with the other two layin' down.

I didn't help my treys, so I let it go by me. Bat had drew two cards and he passed, and Red bet a couple of blues. He hadn't drew any. It was too much for me. I laid down and took a look at Red's hand. Aces full he had. Bat never flickered an eye-winker; he just pushed out all the chips he had and commenced fishin' through his pockets for a match.

What would you have done? You'd have done just like Red done. What livin' chance did Bat have for better than threes unless the Old Nick was in the deck? Of course Red called;

and then Bat laid down a straight little heart flush, deuce to six! Sufferin' Peter! He'd held up them three and he'd filled twice in the middle! Did you ever see the like?

It kind of unsettled Red's mind; so the very next hand Bat finished cleanin' him. Skinned him right down to the table! It tickled me even if it had cost me ten. Red wasn't tickled though. He acted just like he always does when anybody puts it over him, makin' a noisy dunce of himself and tryin' to pick a fuss.

"You oughtn't ever to play for nothin' but pennies," says Bat when Red's talk got tedious. "Or else you ought to set your brand on the cards so you'll know 'em."

They couldn't be friends after that, could they? It don't take so awful much to start a grudge, does it? They certainly had one started, and it wouldn't be so easy to stop because neither one of 'em would want to stop it. A mess of men-folks has always got to have some kind of a grudge goin'; if it ain't one thing it's another. No, sir; them two wouldn't ever like each other a mite.

I got to likin' Bat first-rate, though, after seein' the way he played 'em that night.

He'd stripped me too before we quit and he done it by playin' 'em. That didn't make me mad. Anybody that can take my money away from me at draw is welcome to it; sometimes I can even be right fond of him for doin' it if he don't act the butcher too much about it. Bat had done it clean and he'd made me feel real sociable toward him by it.

I couldn't help feelin' sorry for Red, though, next mornin' when he come to me and tried to borrow some money off of me. He'd got over bein' sore by then, but he was lookin' right worked-up and worried.

"Billy," he says, "I was a rank fool last night. I needed that money bad. Say, you can't slip me twenty till next month, can you? I've just got to have it."

"Gee whiz, Red!" I says. "Why, how can I? Didn't you see that Bat boy takin' mine too? He deprived me of every bit I had. I couldn't lend nobody nothin'."

He made a miserable kind of a sound in his throat, with his eyes lookin' real pitiful. "I don't know whatever I'm goin' to do," he says. "I've just got to have it. I didn't figure on losin'." And now, what am I goin' to do?"

I couldn't help it, could I? It did seem kind of unfair, though, when the very next person I run against was Bat,



"Let's Get Out of Here, I Don't Want to Run Against That Man. He Riles Me"

He give me another quick flicker of a look. "Who—me?" he says. "What's it to you, Billy?"

"Oh, nothin' much," I says. "I was only wonderin'. A bright man sometimes has a reason for them unreasonable little prejudices of his'n. I thought mebbe you had."

He stopped to consider it for a while, crumplin' the bills up in a roll and then smoothin' 'em out again careful and layin' 'em up on top of each other with their edges perfectly straight. He was a considerable time workin' round to it.

"It ain't likely you'll understand when I tell you," he says, "because it ain't likely you've been through it the way I have. It's nothin' in the world, Billy, but playin' a limit game that's made me like I am. It's lost me everything I've wanted that I ever stood any chance of winnin' in my life, and it never won me a thing but a mess of regrets. Can you sense that?"

"Can I?" says I. "Yes, indeedly!" I couldn't, but I said that so as to coax him to go on. "And yet you seem horrible lucky," I says.

"Lucky?" he says after me slow and steady. He'd got his knife out of his pocket and was startin' to whittle thin little shavin's off the edge of the table, drawin' 'em out slim and long as hairs. "Lucky?" he says. "No. Nobody

can play in luck after it's too late. And nobody can play in luck so long as he plays a limit game. It don't matter what he wins, he'll know he'd have won more the other way; and if he loses he'll know he might have won if the limit had been off. No, sir! The only way in the world to play any kind of a game—if you go into it at all—is to be willin' to stake all you've got when the time comes. I guess I know! I played a limit game with my wife, holdin' out on her like a man will for fear of lettin' her get too much of a hold. Mebbe I kind of saved myself some—my fool pride and that kind of thing; but I lost my wife by it. I was in a fair way to amount to somethin', but it all went just because I was scared to risk takin' the limit off. It showed me after it was too late. It ain't any use now; but I sure found out that the only way in this world to play for anything you want is to be willin' to go after it with all you've



"You Told Him You Was Willin' to Bet a Stack of Blues on Him. Well, He Wouldn't Have Played It This Way on You. Not After That"

got—to be willin' to push every last chip to the middle of the table. It don't make a bit of difference what it is: If you get a hand you want to play, play it!"

He was awful serious about it; but it was the funny part that struck me most—him lookin' the way he did and then talkin' so righteous.

"Yes," I says, "but it's kind of consolin' to a body's spirit just the same to be able to do like you done last night once in a while."

He got his eye on that pack of green ones and yellow ones layin' on the table. "Darn the money!" he says, and he raised up his knife and stabbed the point down through the wad and drove it into the board. It stuck there quiverin'. It was a solemn-lookin' knife with a blade the shape of a sword and a handle that had been carved out like a man's bones, with a little white skull at the end. I'd never noticed one like it. But there it stuck tremblin', with the skull a-grinnin' just as if it had understood!

"There's some that wouldn't feel that way about it," I says. "There's one of 'em right out there." It was Red comin' pokin' up the path from the corrals toward the bunkhouse with his hands in his pockets and his head down, dejected as an old hound that's been outrun by a coyote. "There's a man that wouldn't be findin' no fault with a little luck like yours," I says. "They say he's got a wife and kid, too, somewhere out in the brush. They can't get along together, I expect. He ain't ever said nothin' about it; it's the only thing he's ever kept his mouth shut about; but it's been sort of talked round. They say he sends her money. He tried to rifle twenty off of me this mornin'. Yes, sir; I'll bet he'd enjoy a little of your luck real well."

"That so?" says Bat. He had his eyes on Red. "That so?" he says again kind of to himself, and his eyes commenced to narrow down to a couple of cold slits. "That so?" he says. That time he talked as if he'd forgot me bein' round. But then he come awake quick, pullin' his knife

up from where it was standin' and startin' to gather up his money. "Come on, Billy," he says; "let's get out of here. I don't want to run against that man. He rules me."

"Bat!" I says—but then I didn't say the rest. There was a couple of the yellow ones he hadn't picked up. I thought he hadn't noticed; but then it come glimmerin' into my mind. I just kept still and drilled out of the bunkhouse with him and down to the creek.

That was Sunday, and the next day the Boss took the bunch of us ridin' off down toward the Platte to pick up some more of the horses he wanted that had straggled off through the hills. There was six of us, and we hunted the ground all over careful, but we didn't find hide nor hair of 'em till we hit the river at Guernsey, along in the middle of the week. We heard they'd been seen lately, though, on the flats up above Four-J Cañon, so we'd pick 'em up on the back trail. We'd start in the mornin', the Boss said, goin' over through Hartville and Sunrise and up that way; but we'd stay in Guernsey overnight.

Do you know Guernsey? Well, you ought to. It's a spry place, Guernsey is; and up at the end of the street is Fletcher's. The Log Cabin, Fletcher calls it, and he's got it full up with all kinds of different things—bones and horns and hides and stuffed critters and mineral and Indian junk, till there ain't hardly room for the bar. That's where I mostly hang out when I'm there, on account of Fletcher bein' an old cow-man himself; and that's where I put for that night after supper.

It was early yet, but Red was there ahead of me, bellied up against the bar all alone. He'd been there long enough to get about four drinks ahead of me too. You could always count the number of drinks that man had had by the way he was talkin'. By the time he'd had three he'd be real sociable, and the fourth one would make him push his hat back and act liberal, and with six in him you could always look for him to get mournful with the tears runnin' down beside his nose; and then a couple more would mostly

finish him. His hat was away on the back side of his head when I got there that night, and he sung out to me the minute I got past the door.

"Billy, you old skeezicks!" he says. "What'll you have? Fletcher, set it out! It's on me. Billy's money's no good to-night while I'm round."

That's the way he talked; and then he slapped a yellow twenty down in front of him. I couldn't have helped noticin', not if I'd tried. The twenty had a clean little slit cut right in the middle of it, just where Bat's knife blade had stabbed through it last Sunday, up there on the table in the bunkhouse. I'd forgot all about what Bat had done till then; but that made me remember. I wouldn't have thought it of Red and I'd been knowin' him round the country a long time too. It didn't make me feel good; nor the drink didn't help much when I took it. It needed another one. I bought that one myself; and then while we was takin' it, Bat come in. After me it was his buy. He didn't invite Red; they hadn't even noticed that each other was there yet—so far as the signs went; but of course the bottle went down to Red's end. That was six or seven he'd had and he'd been gettin' 'em pretty fast. He pulled his hat forward down over his eyes, and set his chin in his hands with his elbows up on the bar, and let out a windy groan. He'd be wipin' the tears away in a minute. That kind of a man don't interest me when he gets that way. I begun to prospect with Fletcher for the news.

"How's things at Sunrise, Fletcher?" I says. "The last I heard, the mines was sort of slackened off some."

"They keep changin'," says Fletcher. "Them huskies, they keep comin' and goin'. It seems as if they're terrible hard to be suited. It's the grub that don't suit 'em mostly. Fresh meat—that's what they holler for. Ain't it ridiculous? Back in their own country I reckon a bite of fresh meat once a year would scare them chaps' stomachs to death; but over here they've got to have it three times a

(Continued on Page 53)

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

XXIII

THE *maitre d'hôtel* had presented his bill. The little luncheon party was almost over.

"So I take leave," Hunterleys remarked as he set down his empty liqueur glass, "of one of my responsibilities in life."

"I think I'd like to remain a sort of half ward, please," Felicia objected, "in case David doesn't treat me properly."

"If he doesn't," Hunterleys declared, "he will have me to answer to. Seriously, I think you young people are very wise and very foolish and very much to be envied. What does Sidney say about it?"

Felicia made a little grimace. She glanced round, but the tables near them were unoccupied.

"Sidney is much too engrossed in his mysterious work to concern himself very much about anything," she replied. "Do you know that he has been out all night two nights this week already, and he is making no end of preparations for to-day?"

Hunterleys nodded.

"I know that he is very busy just now," he assented gravely. "I must come up and talk to him this afternoon."

"We left him writing," Felicia said. "Of course he declares that he is working for his beloved newspaper, but I am not sure. He scarcely ever goes out in the daytime at all. What can he have to write about? David's work is strenuous enough, and I have told him that if he turns war correspondent again I shall break our engagement."

"We all have our work to do in life," Hunterleys reminded her. "You have to sing in *Aida* to-night, and you have to do yourself justice for the sake of a great many people. Your brother has his work to do also. Whatever the nature of it may be, he has taken it up and he must go through with it. It would be of no use, his worrying for fear that you may forget your words or your notes to-night, and there is no purpose in your fretting because there may be danger in what he has to do. I promise you that so far as I can prevent it he shall take no unnecessary risks. Now if you like I will walk home with you young people, if I shan't be terribly in the way. I know that Sidney wants to see me."

They left the restaurant a few minutes later and strolled up toward the town. Hunterleys paused as they neared a jeweler's shop.

"And now for the important business of the day!" he declared. "I must buy you an engagement present on behalf of myself and all your guardians. Come in and help me choose, both of you. A girl with a new engagement ring should have a better bag to hang from that little finger."

"You really are the most perfect person that ever breathed!" she sighed.

They paid their visit to the jeweler and afterward drove up to the villa in a little victoria. Sidney Roche was hard at work. He greeted Hunterleys warmly.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFF



"How Absurd You Are! You Must Know Perfectly Well That It Would Have Been Quite Impossible for Me to Come Out With You Alone!"

"Glad you've come up!" he exclaimed. "The little girl's told you the news, I suppose?"

"Rather!" Hunterleys replied. "I have been lunching with them on the strength of it."

"And look!" Felicia cried, holding out the gold bag which hung from her finger. "See how I am being spoiled!"

Her brother sighed.

"Awful nuisance for me," he grumbled, "having to live with an engaged couple. You two couldn't perhaps clear out for a little time?" he suggested. "I want to talk to Hunterleys."

"We'll go and sit in the garden," Felicia assented. "I suppose I ought to rest. David shall read my score to me."

They passed out and Roche carefully closed the door behind them.

"Anything fresh?" Hunterleys asked.

"Nothing particular," was the somewhat guarded reply. "That fellow Frenhofer has been up here."

"Frenhofer?" Hunterleys repeated interrogatively.

"He is the only man I can rely upon at the Villa Mimosa," Roche explained. "I am afraid to-night it's going to be rather a difficult job."

"I always feared it would be," Hunterleys agreed.

"Frenhofer tells me," Roche continued, "that for some reason or other their suspicions have been aroused up there. They are all on edge. You know the house is full of men-servants, and there are to be a dozen of them on duty in the grounds. Two or three of these fellows are nothing more nor less than private detectives, and they all of them know what they're about or Grex wouldn't have them."

Hunterleys looked grave.

"It sounds awkward," he admitted.

"The general idea of the plot," Roche went on, walking restlessly up and down the room, "you and I have already solved, and by this time they know it in London. But there are two things they may discuss to-night that are of vital importance: The first is the date; the second is the terms of the offer to Douaille. Then, of course, more important perhaps than either of these is the matter of Douaille's general attitude toward the scheme."

"So far," Hunterleys remarked reflectively, "we haven't the slightest indication of what that may be. Douaille came pledged to nothing. He may after all stand firm."

"For the honor of his country let us hope so," Roche said solemnly. "Yet I am sure of one thing: they are going to make him a wonderful offer. He may find himself confronted with a problem that some of the greatest statesmen in the world have had to face in their time: Shall he study the material benefit of his country or shall he stand firm for her honor?"

"It's a great ethical question," Hunterleys declared; "too great for us to discuss now, Sidney. Tell me, do you really mean to go on with this attempt of yours to-night?"

"I must," Roche replied. "Frenhofer wants me to give up the roof idea, but there is nothing else worth trying. He brought with him a fresh plan of the room. There it lies on the table. As you see, the apartment where the meeting will take place is almost isolated from the rest of the house. There is only one approach to it—a corridor leading from the hall. The east and west sides will be patrolled. On the south there is a little terrace, but approach to it is absolutely impossible. There is a sheer drop of fifty feet on to the beach."

"You think they have no suspicion about the roof?" Hunterleys asked doubtfully.

"Not yet. The pane of glass is cut out and my entrance to the house is arranged for. Frenhofer will tamper with the electric lights in the kitchen premises, and in response to his telephonic message I shall arrive in the clothes of a workman and with a bag of tools. Then he smuggles me on to the spiral stairway that leads out on to the roof where the flagstaff is. I can crawl the rest of the way to my place. The trouble is that, notwithstanding the ledge round the roof, if it is a perfectly clear night just a fraction of my body, however flat I lie, might be seen from the ground."

Hunterleys studied the plan for a moment and shook his head.

"It's a terrible risk, this, Roche," he said seriously.

"I know it," the other admitted. "But what am I to do? As you know very well they keep sending me cipher messages from home to spare no effort to send further news, and two other fellows will be here the day after to-morrow to relieve me. I must do what I can. There's one thing—Felicia's off my mind now. Briston's a good fellow and he'll look after her."

"In the event of your capture—"

"The tools I shall take with me," Roche interrupted, "are common housebreaker's tools. Every shred of clothing I shall be wearing will be in keeping, the ordinary garments of workmen of the district. If I am trapped it will be as a burglar and not as a spy. Of course, if Douaille opens the proceedings by declaring himself against the scheme I shall make myself scarce immediately."

"You were quite right when you said just now," Hunterleys observed, "that Douaille will find himself in a difficult position. There is no doubt that he is an honest man. On the other hand, it is a political axiom that the first duty of any statesman is to his own people. If the others can make Douaille believe that he is going to restore her lost provinces to France without the shedding of a drop of French blood, simply at England's expense, he will be confronted with a problem over which any man might hesitate. He has had all day to think things over. What he may decide is simply on the knees of the gods."

Roche sealed up the letter he had been writing and handed it to Hunterleys.

"Well," he said, "I have left everything in order. If there's any mysterious disappearance from here it will be the mysterious disappearance of a newspaper correspondent and nothing else."

"Good luck, then, old chap!" Hunterleys wished him. "If you pull through this time I think our job will be done. I'll tell them at headquarters that you deserve a year's holiday."

Roche smiled a little queerly. "Don't forget," he pointed out, "that it was you who scented out the whole plot. I've simply done the Scotland Yard work. The worst of our job," he added as he opened the door, "is that we don't want holidays. We are like drugged beings. The thing gets hold of us. I suppose if they gave me a holiday I should spend it in St. Petersburg. That's where we ought to send our best men just now. So long, Hunterleys."

They shook hands once more. Roche's face was set in grim lines. They were both silent. It was the farewell of men whose eyes are fixed upon the great things.

"Good luck to you!" Hunterleys repeated fervently as he turned and walked down the tiled way.

to pulp. He absolutely forgot his usual dignified but courteous greeting. With mouth a little open and knees that seemed to have collapsed he stared at this unexpected apparition as he came into sight and stared at him as he entered the hotel. Hunterleys glanced behind with a slight frown. The incident, inexplicable though it was, would have passed at once from his memory but that directly he entered the hotel he was conscious of the very similar behavior and attitude toward him of the chief reception clerk.

He paused on his way, a little bewildered, and called the man to him. The clerk, however, was already rushing toward the office with his coat tails flying behind him. Hunterleys crossed the floor and rang the bell for the lift. Directly he stepped in, the lift man vacated his place and, with his eyes nearly starting out of his head, seemed about to make a rush for his life.

"Come back here," Hunterleys ordered sternly. "Take me up to my room at once."

The man returned unsteadily and with marked reluctance. He closed the gate, touched the handle and the lift commenced to ascend.

"What's the matter with you all here?" Hunterleys demanded irritably. "Is there anything wrong with my appearance? Has anything happened?"



"I Must Buy You an Engagement Present on Behalf of Myself and All Your Guardians"

The man made a gesture, but said absolutely nothing. The lift had stopped. He pushed open the door.

"Monsieur's floor," he faltered.

Hunterleys stepped out and made his way toward his room. There he was brought to a sudden standstill. A gendarme was stationed outside the door.

"What the mischief are you doing here?" Hunterleys demanded.

The man saluted.

"By orders of the director of police, monsieur."

"But that is my room," Hunterleys protested. "I wish to enter."

"No one is permitted to enter, monsieur," the man replied.

Hunterleys stared blankly at the gendarme.

"Can't you tell me at least what has happened?" he persisted. "I am Sir Henry Hunterleys. That is my apartment. Why do I find it locked against me?"

"By order of the director of the police, monsieur," was the parrotlike reply.

Hunterleys turned away impatiently. At that moment the reception clerk, who downstairs had fled at his approach, appeared, bringing with him the manager of the hotel. Hunterleys welcomed the latter with an air of relief.

"Monsieur Picard," he exclaimed, "what on earth is the meaning of this? Why do I find my room closed and this gendarme outside?"

Monsieur Picard was a tall man, black-bearded, immaculate in appearance and deportment, and with manners and voice of velvet. Yet he, too, had lost his wonderful imperturbability. He waved away the floor waiter who had drawn near. His manner was almost agitated.

"Monsieur Sir Henry," he explained, "an affair most regrettable has happened in your room. I have allotted to you another apartment upon the same floor. Your things have been removed there. If you will come with me I will show it to you. It is an apartment better by far than the one you have been occupying, and though it is much larger, the price is the same."

"But what on earth has happened in my room?" Hunterleys demanded.

"Monsieur," the hotel manager replied, "some poor demented creature, who has doubtless lost his all, in your absence found his way there and committed suicide."

"Found his way into my room?" Hunterleys repeated. "But I locked the door before I went out. I have the key in my pocket."

"He entered possibly through the bathroom," the manager went on soothingly. "I am deeply grieved that monsieur should be inconvenienced in any way. This is the apartment I have reserved for monsieur," he added, throwing open the door of a room at the end of the corridor. "It is more spacious and in every way more desirable. Monsieur's clothes are already being put away."

Hunterleys glanced round the apartment. It was certainly of a far better type than the one he had been occupying, and two of the floor valets were already busy with his clothes.

"Monsieur will be well satisfied here, I am sure," the hotel manager continued. "May I be permitted to offer my felicitations and to assure you of my immense relief? There was a rumor—the affair occurring in monsieur's apartment—that the unfortunate man was yourself."

Hunterleys was thoughtful for a moment. He began to understand the sensation his appearance had caused. Other ideas, too, were crowding into his brain.

"Look here, Monsieur Picard," he said. "Of course I have no objection to the change of rooms—that's all right; but I should like to know a little more about the man you say committed suicide in my apartment. I should like to see him."

Monsieur Picard shook his head.

"It would be a very difficult matter, that, monsieur," he declared. "The laws of Monaco are stringent in such affairs."

"That is all very well," Hunterleys protested, "but I cannot understand what he was doing in my apartment. Can't I go in just for a moment?"

"Impossible, monsieur! Without the permission of the commissioner of police no one can enter that room."

"Then I should like," Hunterleys persisted, "to see the commissioner of police."

Monsieur Picard bowed.

"Monsieur the commissioner is on the premises without a doubt. I will instruct him of Monsieur Sir Henry's desire."

"I shall be glad if you will do so at once," Hunterleys said firmly. "I will wait for him here."

The manager made his escape and his relief was obvious. Hunterleys sat on the edge of the bed.

"Do you know anything about this affair?" he asked the nearer of the two valets.

The man shook his head.

"Nothing at all, monsieur," he answered without pausing from his labors.

"How did the fellow get into my room?"

"One knows nothing," the other man muttered.

Hunterleys watched them for a few minutes at their labors.

"A nice intelligent couple of fellows you are," he remarked pleasantly. "Come, here's a louis each. Now can't you tell me something about the affair?"

They came forward. Both looked longingly at the coins.

"Monsieur," the one he had first addressed regretted, "there is, indeed, nothing to be known. At this hotel the wages are good. It is the finest situation a man may gain in Monte Carlo or elsewhere, but if anything like this happens there is to be silence. One dares not break the rule."

Hunterleys shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said. "I shall in time find out what I want to know."

The men returned unwillingly to their tasks. In a moment or two there was a knock at the door. The commissioner of police entered, accompanied by the hotel manager, who at once introduced him.

"The commissioner of police is here, Sir Henry," he announced. "He will speak with you."

The official saluted.

XXIV

THE concierge of the Hôtel de Paris was a man of great stature and imposing appearance. Nevertheless, when Hunterleys crossed the road and climbed the steps to the hotel the concierge seemed for a moment like a man reduced

"Monsieur desires some information?"

"I do," Hunterleys admitted. "I am told that a man has committed suicide in my room, and I have heard no plausible explanation as to how he got there. I want to see him. It is possible that I may recognize him."

"The fellow is already identified," the commissioner of police declared. "I can satisfy monsieur's curiosity. He was connected with a firm of English tailors here who sought business from the gentlemen in the hotel. He had, accordingly, sometimes the entrée to their apartments. The fellow is reported to have saved a little money and to have visited the tables. He lost everything. He came this morning about his business as usual, but overcome by despair he stabbed himself—most regrettably in the apartments of monsieur."

"Since you know all about him, perhaps you can tell me his name?" Hunterleys asked.

"James Allen. Monsieur may recall him to his memory. He was tall and of pale complexion, respectable looking but a man of discontented appearance. The intention had probably been in his mind for some time."

"Is there any objection to my seeing the body?" Hunterleys inquired.

The official shrugged his shoulders.

"But, monsieur, all is finished with the poor fellow. The doctor has given his certificate. He is to be removed at once. He will be buried at nightfall."

"A very admirable arrangement, without a doubt," Hunterleys observed, "and yet I should like, as I remarked before, to see the body. You know who I am—Sir Henry Hunterleys. I had a message from your department a day or two ago which I thought a little unfair."

The commissioner sighed. He ignored altogether the conclusion of Hunterleys' sentence.

"It is against the rules, monsieur," he regretted.

"Then to whom shall I apply?" Hunterleys asked. "Because I may as well tell you at once that I am going to insist upon my request's being granted. I will tell you frankly my reason. It is not a matter of curiosity at all. I should like to feel assured of the fact that this man Allen really committed suicide."

"But he is dead, monsieur," the commissioner protested.

"Doubtless," Hunterleys agreed; "but there is also the chance that he was murdered, isn't there?"

"Murdered!"

Monsieur Picard held up his hands in horror. The commissioner of police smiled in derision.

"But, monsieur," the latter pointed out, "who would take the trouble to murder a poverty-stricken tailor's assistant?"

"And in my hotel too!" Monsieur Picard interposed.

"The thing is impossible," the commissioner declared.

"Beyond which it is ridiculous!" Monsieur Picard added.

Hunterleys sat quite silent for a moment.

"Monsieur the Commissioner," he said presently, "and Monsieur Picard, I recognize your point of view. Believe me that I appreciate it and that I am willing to a certain extent to acquiesce in it. At the same time there are considerations in this matter which I cannot ignore. I do not wish to create any disturbance or to make any statements likely to militate against the popularity of your wonderful hotel, Monsieur Picard. Nevertheless, for personal reasons only, notwithstanding the verdict of your doctor, I should like for one moment to examine the body."

The commissioner of police was thoughtful.

"It shall be as monsieur desires," he consented gravely, "bearing in mind what monsieur has said," he added with emphasis.

The three men left the room and passed down the corridor. The penderme in front of the closed door stepped to one side. The commissioner produced a key. They all three entered the room and Monsieur Picard closed the door behind them. Underneath a sheet upon the bed was stretched the figure of a man. Hunterleys stepped up to it, turned down the sheet and examined the prostrate figure. Then he replaced the covering reverently.

"Yes," he said, "that is the man who has called upon me for orders from the English tailors. His name, I believe, was, as you say, Allen. But can you tell me, Monsieur the Commissioner, how it was possible for a man to stab himself from the shoulder downward through the heart?"

The official extended his hands.

"Monsieur," he declared, "it is not for us to question. The doctor has given his certificate."

Hunterleys smiled a little grimly.

"I have always understood," he observed, "that things were managed like this. You may have confidence in me, Monsieur the Commissioner, and you, Monsieur Picard. I shall not tell the world what I suspect. But for your private information I will tell you that this man was probably murdered by an assassin who sought my life. You observe that there is a certain resemblance."

The hotel proprietor turned pale.

"Murdered!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! A murder here! Unheard of!"

The commissioner dismissed the whole thing airily with a wave of his hand.

"The doctor has signed the certificate," he repeated.



If Her Husband Should Return at That Moment Draconmeyer Knew That the Game Would be Up

"And I," Hunterleys added as he led the way out of the room, "am more than satisfied: I am grateful. So there is nothing more to be said."

XXV

DRACONMEYER stood before the window of his room, looking out over the Mediterranean. There was no finer view to be obtained from any suite in the hotel, and Monte Carlo had revealed all that day in the golden, transfiguring sunshine. Yet he looked as a blind man. His eyes saw nothing of the blue sea or the brown-sailed fishing boats, nor did he glance once toward the picturesque harbor. He saw only his own future, the shattered pieces of his carefully thought out scheme. The first fury had passed. His brain was working now. In her room below Lady Hunterleys was lying on the couch half hysterical. Three times she had sent for her husband. If he should return at that moment Draconmeyer knew that the game would be up. There would be no bandying words between them, no involved explanations, no possibility of any further misunderstanding. All his little tissue of lies and misrepresentations would crumble hopelessly to pieces. The one feeling in her heart would be thankfulness. She would open her arms. Draconmeyer saw the end with fatal, unerring clearness. His servant returned. Draconmeyer waited eagerly for his message.

"Madame is lying down, sir," the man announced. "She is very much upset and begs you to excuse her."

Draconmeyer waved the man away and walked up and down the apartment, his hands behind his back, his lips set. He was face to face with a crisis that baffled him completely, and yet one that he felt to be wholly unworthy of his powers. His brain had never been keener, his sense of power more inspiring. Yet he had never felt more impotent. It was a woman's hysteria against which he had to fight. The ordinary weapons were useless. He realized quite well her condition and the dangers resulting from it. The heart of the woman was once more beating to its own natural tune. If Hunterleys should present himself within the next few minutes not all Draconmeyer's ingenuity or the power of his millions could save the situation.

Plans shaped themselves almost automatically in his mind. He passed from his own apartments through a connecting door into a large and beautifully furnished salon. A woman with gray hair and white face was lying on a couch by the window. She turned her head as he entered and looked at him questioningly. Her face was fragile and her features were sharpened by suffering. She looked at her husband almost as a cowed but still affectionate animal might look toward a stern master.

"Do you feel well enough to walk as far as Lady Hunterleys' apartment with the aid of my arm?" he asked.

"Of course," she replied. "Does Violet want me?"

"She is still feeling the shock," Draconmeyer said. "I think that she is inclined to be hysterical. It would do her good to have you talk with her."

The nurse, who had been sitting by her side, assisted her patient to rise. She leaned on her husband's arm. In her other hand she carried a black ebony walking stick. They traversed the corridor, knocked at the door of Lady Hunterleys' apartment, and in response to a somewhat hesitating invitation entered. Violet was lying upon the sofa. She looked up eagerly at their coming.

"Linda!" she exclaimed. "How dear of you! I thought that it might have been Henry," she added as though to explain the disappointment in her tone.

Draconmeyer turned away to hide his expression.

"Talk to her as lightly as possible," he whispered to his wife, "but don't leave her alone. I will come back for you in ten minutes."

He left the two women together and descended into the hall. He found several of the reception clerks whispering together. The concierge had only just recovered himself, but the place was beginning to wear its normal aspect. He whispered an inquiry at the desk. Sir Henry Hunterleys had just come in and had gone upstairs, he was told. His new room was Number 148.

"There was a note from his wife," Draconmeyer said, trying hard to control his voice. "Has he had it?"

"It is still here, sir," the clerk replied. "I tried to catch Sir Henry as he passed through, but he was too quick for me. To tell you the truth," he went on, "there has been a rumor through the hotel that it was Sir Henry himself who had been found dead in his room, and seeing him come in was rather a shock for all of us."

"Naturally," Draconmeyer agreed. "If you will give me the note I will take it up to him."

The clerk handed it over without hesitation. Draconmeyer returned immediately to his own apartments and tore open the envelope. There were only a few words scrawled across the half sheet of note paper:

Henry, come to me, dear, at once. I have had such a shock. I want to see you. VI.

He tore the note viciously into small pieces. Then he went back to Lady Hunterleys' apartments. She was sitting up now in an easy-chair. Once more at the sound of the knock she looked toward the door eagerly. Her face fell when Draconmeyer entered.

"Have you heard anything about Henry?" she asked anxiously.

"He came back a few minutes ago," Draconmeyer replied, "and has gone out again."

"Gone out again?"

Draconmeyer nodded.

"I think that he has gone round to the club. He is a man of splendid nerve, your husband. He seemed to treat the whole affair as an excellent joke."

"A joke!" she repeated blankly.

"This sort of thing happens so often in Monte Carlo," he observed in a matter-of-fact tone. "The hotel people seem all to look upon it as in the day's work."

"I wonder if Henry had my note?" she faltered.

"He was reading one in the hall when I saw him," Draconmeyer told her. "That would be yours, I should think. He left a message at the desk that was doubtless meant for you. He has gone on to the Sporting Club for an hour and will probably be back in time for dinner."

Violet sat quite still for several moments. Something seemed to die slowly out of her face. Presently she rose to her feet.

"I suppose," she said, "that I am very foolish to allow myself to be upset like this."

"It is quite natural," Draconmeyer assured her soothingly. "What you should try to do is to forget the whole circumstance. You sit here brooding about it until it becomes a tragedy. Let us go down to the club together. We shall probably see your husband there."

She hesitated. She seemed still perplexed.

"I wonder," she murmured, "could I send another message to him? Perhaps he didn't quite understand."

"Much better come along to the club," Draconmeyer advised good-humoredly. "You can be there yourself before a message could reach him."

"Very well," she assented. "I will be ready in ten minutes."

Draconmeyer took his wife back to her room.

"Did I do as you wished, dear?" she asked him anxiously. "Absolutely," he replied.

He helped her back to her couch and stooped and kissed her. She leaned back wearily. It was obvious that she had found the exertion of moving even so far exhausting. Then he returned to his own apartments. Rapidly he unlocked his dispatch box and took out one or two notes from Violet. They were all of no importance—answers to invitations. He spread them out, took a sheet of paper and a broad pen. Without hesitation he wrote:

Congratulations on your escape, but why do you run such risks! I wish you would go back to England. VIOLET.

He held the sheet of note paper a little away from him and looked at it critically. The imitation was excellent. He thrust the few lines into an envelope, addressed them to Hunterleys and left the note at the office.

"Send this up to Sir Henry, will you?" he instructed. "Let him have it as quickly as possible."

Once more he crossed the hall and waited close to the lift by which Violet would descend. All the time he kept on glancing nervously round. Things were going his way, but the great danger remained that they might meet first by chance in the corridor or in the lift. Hunterleys might think it his duty to go at once to his wife's apartment in case she had heard the rumor of his death. The minutes dragged by. He had climbed the great ladder slowly. More than once he had felt it sway beneath his feet. Yet to him those moments seemed almost the longest of his life. Then at last she came. She was looking very pale, but to his relief he saw that she was dressed for the club. She was wearing a gray dress and a black hat. He remembered with a pang of fury that gray was her husband's favorite color.

"I suppose there is no doubt that Henry is at the club?" she asked, looking eagerly round the hall.

"Not the slightest," he assured her. "We can have some tea there and we are certain to come across him somewhere."

She made no further difficulty. As they turned into the long passage he gave a sigh of relief. Every step they took meant safety.

He talked to her as lightly as possible, ignoring the fact that she scarcely replied to him. They mounted the stairs and entered the club. She looked anxiously up and down the crowded rooms.

"I shall stroll about and look for Henry," she announced.

"Very well," he agreed. "I will go over to your place and see how the numbers are going."

He stood by the roulette table, but he watched her covertly. She passed through the baccarat room, came out again and walked the whole length of the larger apartment. She even looked into the restaurant beyond. Then she came slowly back to where Draconmeyer was standing. She seemed tired. She scarcely even glanced at the table.

"Lady Hunterleys," he exclaimed impressively, "this is positively wicked! Your twenty-nine has turned up twice within the last few minutes. Do sit down and try your luck and I will go and see if I can find your husband."

He pushed a handful of plaques and a bundle of notes into her hand. At that moment the croupier's voice was heard:

"Quatorze rouge, pair et manque."

"Another of my numbers!" she murmured with a faint show of interest. "I don't think I want to play though."

"Just try a few coups," he begged. "You see there is a chair here. You may not have a chance again for hours."

He was using all his will power. Somehow or other she found herself seated in front of the table. The sight of the pile of plaques and the roll of notes was inspiring. She leaned across and with trembling fingers backed number fourteen *en plein*, with all the *carrés* and *chevaux*. She was playing the game at which she had lost so persistently. He walked slowly away. Every now and then from a distance he watched her. She was winning and losing alternately, but she had settled down now in earnest. He breathed a great sigh of relief, and took a seat upon a divan whence he could see if she moved. Richard Lane, who had been standing at the other side of the table, crossed the room and came over to him.

"Say, do you know where Sir Henry is?" he inquired.

Draconmeyer shook his head.

"I have scarcely seen him all day."

"I think I'll go round to the hotel and look him up," Lane decided carelessly. "I'm fed up with this —"

He stopped short. He was no longer an exceedingly bored and discontented-looking young man. Draconmeyer glanced at him curiously. He felt a thrill of sympathy. This stolid young man, then, was capable of feeling the same emotion that was tearing at his own heartstrings. Lane was gazing with transfixed face toward the open doorway.

XXVI

FEDORA sauntered slowly round the rooms, leaning over and staking a gold plaque here and there. She was dressed as usual in white, with a turban hat and an ermine stole and an enormous muff. Her hair seemed more golden than ever beneath its snow-white setting, and her complexion more dazzling.

She seemed utterly unconscious of the admiration her appearance evoked, and she passed Lane without apparently observing him. A moment afterward, however, he moved to her side and addressed her.

"Quite a lucky coup of yours, that last, Miss Grex! Are you used to winning *en plein* like that?"

She turned her head and looked at him. Her eyebrows were ever so slightly uplifted. Her expression was chilling. He remained, however, absolutely unconscious of any impending trouble.

"I was sorry not to find you at home this morning," he continued. "I brought my little racing car round for you to see. I thought you might have liked to try her."

"How absurd you are!" she murmured. "You must know perfectly well that it would have been quite impossible for me to come out with you alone."

"But why?"

She sighed.

"You are quite hopeless, or you pretend to be!"

"If I am," he replied, "it is because you won't explain things to me properly. The tables are much too crowded to play comfortably. Won't you come and sit down for a few minutes?"

She hesitated. Lane watched her anxiously. He felt somehow that a great deal depended upon her reply. Presently, with the slightest possible shrug of the shoulders, she turned round and suffered him to walk by her side to the little antechamber that divided the gambling rooms from the restaurant.

"Very well," she decided. "I suppose after all one must remember that you did save us from a great deal of inconvenience the other night. I will talk to you for a few minutes."

He found her an easy-chair and sat down by her side.

"This is bully!" he declared.

"Is what?" she asked, once more raising her eyebrows.

"American slang," he explained penitently. "I am sorry. I meant that it was very pleasant to be here alone with you for a few minutes."

"You may not find it so after all," she said severely. "I feel that I have a duty to perform."

"Well, don't let's bother about that yet, if it means a lecture," he begged. "You shall tell me how much better

the young women of your country behave than the young women of mine."

"Thank you," she replied. "I am never interested in the doings of a democracy. Your country makes no appeal to me at all."

"Come," he protested, "that's a little too bad! Why, Russia may be a democracy some day, you know. You very nearly had a republic foisted upon you after the Japanese War."

"You are quite mistaken," she assured him. "Russia would never tolerate a republic."

"Russia will some day have to do like many other countries," he answered firmly, "and obey the will of the people."

"Russia has nothing in common with other countries," she asserted. "There was never a nation yet in which the aristocracy was so powerful."

"It's only a matter of time," he declared.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You represent ideas of which I do not approve," she told him.

"I don't care a fig about any ideas," he replied. "I don't care much about anything in the world except you."

She turned her head slowly and looked at him. Her glance was supercilious, her tone frigid. "Speeches of that kind may pass for polite conversation in your country, Mr. Lane. We do not understand them in mine."

"Don't your men ever tell your women that they love them?" he asked bluntly.

"If they are of the same order," she said, "if the thing is at all possible, it may sometimes be done. Marriage, however, is more a matter of alliance with us. Our servants, I believe, are quite promiscuous in their love-making."

He was silent for a moment. She perhaps felt some compunction, for she spoke to him a little more kindly.

"We cannot help the ideas of the country in which we are brought up, you know, Mr. Lane."

"Of course not," he agreed. "I understand that perfectly. I was just thinking, though, what a lot I shall have to teach you."

She was momentarily aghast. She recovered herself quickly however.

"Are all the men of your nation so self-confident?"

"We have to be," he told her. "It's the only way we can get what we want."

"And do you always succeed in getting what you want?"

"Always!"

"Then unless you wish to be an exception," she advised, "let me beg you not to try for anything beyond your reach."

"There is nothing," he declared firmly, "beyond my reach. You are trying to discourage me. It isn't any use. I am not a prince or a duke or anything like that, although my ancestors were honest enough, I believe. I haven't any trappings of that sort to offer you. If you are as sensible as I think you are you won't mind that when you come to think it over. The only thing I am ashamed of is my money, because I didn't earn it for myself. You can live in palaces still, if you want to, and if you want to be a queen I'll ferret out a kingdom somewhere and buy it. But I am afraid you'll have to be Mrs. Lane behind it all, you know."

"You really are the most intolerable person," she exclaimed, biting her lip. "How can I get these absurd ideas out of your mind?"

"By telling me honestly, looking in my eyes all the time, that you could never care for me a little bit, however devoted I was," he answered promptly. "You won't be able to do it. I've only one belief in life about these things, and that is that when anyone cares for a girl as I care for you it's absolutely impossible for her to be wholly indifferent. It isn't much to start with, I know, but the rest will come. Be honest with me. Is there any one of the men of your country whom you have met that you want to marry?"

She frowned slightly. She found herself at that moment comparing him with certain young men of her acquaintance. She was astonished to realize that the comparison was all in his favor. It was for her an extraordinary moment. She had, indeed, been brought up in palaces, and the men whom she had known had been reckoned the salt of the earth. Yet at that crisis she was most profoundly



She Leaned Across and With Trembling Fingers Backed Number Fourteen

(Continued on Page 49)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



ESTD. 1773. VOL. 107.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newspapers.
To Canada—By Subscription \$1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.50).
Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: Five Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, \$3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 5, 1914

The German Idea

WE HAVE seen one nation standing against three of the most powerful countries in the world, and have noticed that its financial demoralization was less extensive than might have been expected. As to how Germany, on the business side, met the shock of war, Vice-Chancellor Delbrück is quoted as follows:

"I had a talk with gentlemen representing control of the sugar industry, and in fifteen minutes we had settled all the questions affecting it. I met other men, and we quickly settled the textile and chemical industries. I met representatives of all the agricultural organizations, and in an hour we had settled all questions pertaining to the food supply. Germany, as no other country, is centralized industrially and economically, giving us an organization that makes us unconquerable, economically and industrially."

Germany has long boasted of this thorough organization and coördination of business. Farmers have their associations; so have the iron and steel mills, the coal mines, the chemical manufactures and textile industries, shipping, and what not. It is hardly too much to say that men competent to speak and to act for all the great lines of business, from farming to banking, could be gathered in a small hall in Berlin on two days' notice.

Germany has long regarded this organization of business as the key to her extraordinary economic progress, and the government fosters it.

Pull together is the German idea. Our idea is: Get apart and fight one another!

Look on Our Battlefields

THERE is something fine and generous in the way America has responded to Belgium's cry for help. Men have bought shiploads of flour, women have worked night and day, that Belgium, wrongfully invaded, might be fed and clothed. But in helping the innocent victims of the war abroad, we must not forget our duty to the equally innocent sufferers from the war at home.

Charity is too often farsighted; too often callous to the commonplace; too often just a little dull of comprehension. Ten thousand people starving in the shadow of a volcano, fifty thousand fleeing from a burning city, or five hundred thousand weeping among the ruins of their war-wrecked homes—these she understands and rushes to help. But five hundred thousand people scattered through the tenements of a hundred cities, ravaged by disease, half-clothed, half-starved, overworked part of the time, without work of any kind the rest of the time—they do not shock her into great sacrifices. Yet these, too, are the victims of war.

Look on our battlefields—they, too, are covered with wounded, with hungry women and children. Within a mile of your home you will find want, cold and sickness, due directly to the war that is raging in Europe—if your charity needs that stimulus—distress that will become more acute as the winter advances.

What are Americans going to do for American war sufferers this winter? Will our Red Cross sew for Belgians, French and Germans, and ignore the nakedness around

the corner? Will our business men send shiploads of flour abroad while their neighbors have no bread? Will we remember the children of Europe at Christmas and forget the children of our tenements? There has always been want around the corner, but this year it will be more acute than ever, because manufacturing misery has become the business of half the world.

Casting up accounts for the first few months of the war it seems doubtful whether "a place in the sun" is worth what it costs in the blood of the strong and the misery of the weak. And America, no less than Europe, must pay a part of the price. In view of this perfectly patent fact, will not some of our girls who are begging for a chance to nurse in France volunteer for New York? Will not some millionaire send a carload of flour to Chicago? Will not some Red Cross circle take in a little plain sewing for the poor of Philadelphia? And will not some newspaper start a Christmas ship for American children. Look at Mr. Johnson's cartoon on the next page and you will see the point.

We say this not to criticize but to suggest. We would not say it at all were we not hearing that our charities are beginning to feel pinched and that our poor are in danger of being forgotten in the rush to help abroad. We would not hold back one dollar from Belgium, nor stifle one generous impulse to help in Europe. Hunger and suffering speak a universal language; the wounded men of every race are our brothers, whom we must help. But we fail of our highest duty if we remember them and forget the helpless women and children around the corner.

A Year for Home-Made Goods

A FARMER ought to have an automobile if he can afford it; but if he mortgages the farm to buy one he is a fool. That illustrates the position of the United States with regard to imported goods. We ought to buy as few of them as possible now, simply because we have not the means to pay for them.

Ordinarily the thirty million dollars or so that we spend yearly in Europe for art works is justified. So with the other thirty million we spend for lace and embroideries, and a long list of foreign goods. We pay for them with foodstuffs, cotton, copper, petroleum and machinery. We have those things to spare, and it is good to swap our surplus for other things that adorn our galleries, our homes and our pulchritudinous persons.

This year our exports of cotton are cut to a third of the ordinary dimensions; exports of copper and petroleum are restricted by the war. Europe will buy nothing of us that is not absolutely necessary. We should buy nothing there that we do not have to have. We already owe billions there. Every purchase will increase the debt or drain our stock of gold.

Europe can pay a trade balance in our favor by simply canceling so much of our indebtedness. A trade balance in her favor puts us that much deeper in debt to her. This is the year to insist on American goods.

A Loathsome Trade

NOW and then you read in a newspaper that the warden of such and such a prison is making heroic efforts to break up a systematic sale of cocaine to the inmates; that the police have raided an opium joint; or that an old offender in the way of illicit traffic in drugs has been arrested again.

That the use of opium, cocaine and like drugs is extensive in the United States is common knowledge. That a drug habit is the most destructive of vices is well known too. This drug trade appeals to no generous emotion. There is not a solitary rational word to be said in defense of it. Every normal person hates it. No vested interest pleads for it. We should like to know whether this loathsome trade really can be suppressed.

Canal and Rail

THE Panama Canal has had a greater effect on rail business than was anticipated. The all-water freight rate from coast to coast by way of the canal is in many cases quite one-third lower than the all-rail rate; and even more than that in some cases. The voyage is made in twenty days. Thus, Pacific Coast freight from as far west as Ohio and Indiana has been drawn to the canal, the rate from the interior point to the Atlantic seaboard and thence by water being lower than the rail rate from the shipping point to the coast.

The railroads want to meet this canal competition by lowering transcontinental rates; but they do not want to lower proportionately, or at all, the rates between interior points. Thus the present discrimination against interior points as compared with coast points would be heightened.

Already it costs more to ship a carload of goods from the Atlantic seaboard to a point three hundred miles east of the Pacific Coast than to ship it clear through to the coast. Likewise it costs more to ship it from the Mississippi Valley than from the seaboard. If the roads lower transcontinental

rates still more, in order to meet canal competition, the effect will be to build a sort of pyramid, with low rates at the bases representing the two coasts and higher ones the farther back from the base one gets.

The roads argue that, unless they meet canal competition by lowering rates, the traffic will simply go to the canal, and interior points will be exactly where they were before; but we do not believe people living on the sides of the pyramid can be permanently reconciled to paying decidedly more for such a universal necessity as freight service than their fellow citizens down toward the base.

The South American Chance

WHOEVER dreamed of rushing down to South America and capturing a great lot of trade out of hand has had a disagreeable awakening. For one big obstacle, the financial demoralization down there made credit operations extremely difficult. Nevertheless, the war does open a fine opportunity. It disrupts long-established connections between South America and Germany in particular. This means that many South American houses, which six months ago would have given scant consideration to our goods, are now in a most receptive attitude.

As an experienced exporter puts it:

"I believe now is the right time to go after business down there, because we can interest firms now that formerly would not have given us a hearing. American manufacturers have never before had so good an opportunity to make first-class connections."

Trade is not to be grabbed out of hand. It must be built up with patient labor and money. Selling goods in Rio is much the same as selling them in Posey Center, Indiana. The house that the buyer knows, and knows favorably, is the one he will prefer. The war gives us an opportunity to get acquainted. The house that has the right goods at the right price and is willing to spend months making acquaintance will get business.

Brazil with her coffee and rubber, Argentina with her wheat and cattle, have things to sell for which there will be demand irrespective of war. Consequently they will be able to buy foreign goods. A year from now, if we are willing to do the necessary preliminary work, we should begin to reap tangible advantage from the opportunity made by the war.

A Democracy of Credit

ALL along there has been a regrettable attempt to create an impression that the conditions on which any citizen of the United States can obtain bank credit under normal circumstances are changed somehow by the new banking system. President Wilson, in his letter to Chairman Underwood, points out what the new system will do. It will provide an elastic currency. It will, to a degree, centralize the country's bank reserves. It will make sound commercial paper always fluid, because such paper can be converted into bank notes.

Now these things are exceedingly valuable for forestalling financial crises and for minimizing money stringencies; but at no point do they touch in any way the conditions under which bank credit is extended in normal times. The man who could not borrow from a bank in normal times under the old system will be unable to borrow now.

Individual borrowers have no direct relations with the Federal Reserve Banks. Loans to them will be made by the old banks on the old terms. Collateral that was not sufficient before will not be sufficient now. Names that the cashier rejected before there were any Federal Reserve Banks will still be rejected.

The President said: "Credit is at the disposal of every man who can show energy and assets." He should have added character; and he would then have correctly defined the condition under which credit has always been available under ordinary circumstances. Exactly the same bank officers who judged whether the assets, character and energy were sufficient before will judge of them now, and they will form their judgment in the same way.

In ordinary times your credit at the bank will not be good for a cent more than it was before. The new system provides highly valuable means for dealing with abnormal or extraordinary conditions.

Why it should be said to create a democracy of credit we do not understand.

Do Your Shopping Now

CHRISTMAS goods are still fresh. So are the salespeople. You can see the full lines and get the obliging attentions of an undistracted clerk. There is room in the shops to turn round. Still for a few days Christmas shopping may be a pleasant experience. You know very well what it will be just a little later—with the article you really want all sold out, and a young lady tired to the point of nervous prostration trying to wait on three people at once.

If you put off the shopping you will simply exasperate yourself and afflict her. What is the use of that?

THE WAR AND YOUR MONEY

The Attitude of the Administration

By Roger W. Babson

THE framer of the United States statute that relates to the duties of Treasury officials should have placed an asterisk after the words Comptroller of the Currency, with an explanatory footnote. The footnote should clearly state to whose currency the statute applies. Is it the currency of the banks or the currency of the people? Is the man who holds this important position comptroller of the banks' currency or the people's currency?

Some readers may attempt to argue that there is no difference and that there is but one form of currency, which belongs equally to the banks and to the people. To those who argue along those lines I have but one question to put, namely: Have you gone to any bank to borrow money since August 1, 1914, when war was declared between Germany and Russia?

Theoretically one might say the interests of the banks and the people are mutual, and that the currency belongs to all; but in this case there is a great difference between theory and practice. The relation between borrowers and lenders is just about the same as the relation between employees and employers.

There should be cooperation between borrowers and lenders, and the best results are obtained only through cooperation; but under present conditions little cooperation exists, and until it does exist their respective interests are in the relation of buyer and seller. When the interests of buyer and seller of the same commodity are mutual the interests of banks and borrowers will be mutual, and not until then.

Most men who have been called to Washington to become Secretary of the Treasury or Comptroller of the Currency have been bank men, or men whose interests have been primarily allied with lenders of money rather than with borrowers. Hence it is very natural that these men should interpret the law as referring to the currency the banks hold, and honestly believe that it is their duty to protect the banks, and especially their profits. It is an open secret that the President much displeased the money lords of Wall Street by selecting as Secretary of the Treasury a man who had been and probably was a borrower of money rather than one who always had been a lender.

Again, President Wilson added fuel to the flames by appointing John Skelton Williams Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Williams, like Mr. McAdoo, was not a member of the Wall Street banking fraternity. These men were builders, interested in developing our country. Mr. McAdoo was the man who linked up New York and New Jersey by building tubes under the Hudson, against the interests that had money invested in the ferries. He fought the people's fight and won. Mr. Williams, in connection with his brother, has fought the same fight in the South for many years through the development and up-building of run-down railroads.

Bellwether Bankers

BOTH men have been obliged to borrow money; but what of that? If they had not borrowed money it would still be necessary to use an old ferryboat to get from New York to New Jersey, and to change trains two or three times in going from Richmond to Florida. As borrowers of money these men became sympathizers with the people of this country, who are likewise interested in development work and hence are compelled to borrow.

Though these men are unpopular with the banks, the banks have no reason for their attitude except the fact that the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency have considered the borrower equally with the lender. Practically the

attitude of the banks toward these men is due to the fact that they are unpopular with two or three bankers in the city of New York whose opinions it is customary to indorse. If there is any secret society whose members can begin to hang together and swear by one another as do our bankers, I should like to know what it is.

Let two or three prominent bankers in New York express their opinion on some subject and all the other bankers in New York bow their heads in assent. Immediately the vice-presidents, cashiers and other employees loudly cry "Amen!" As though by magic, their individuality vanishes by mutual consent; and, with or without reason, they take the position outlined by Mister So-and-So, president of such-and-such a bank in the city of New York.

And this is not all. The leading bankers of Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and other cities go to New York for instructions. If you ask the average banker of Boston or Chicago for his opinion on some subject, you will not get his opinion, but rather that of the bankers of New York. And as the Boston bankers follow the New York bankers, so the country bankers follow the Boston bankers—until all are bound up as a unit and led by a few men in New York as though bound by a chain. Moreover, this applies less to New England than to some other sections of the country.

These men are splendid fellows personally—are interested in civic and other good work; but they certainly do lack appreciation of the borrower's position. And so they often forget that banks were originally founded for borrowers and not for lenders. Therefore the people of this country are very fortunate to-day in having at Washington men who can sympathize with the borrower; men who look on the currency of the country as belonging to the people as well as to the banks.

In my talks with bankers and stock-exchange firms during the past few weeks I found such a strange feeling toward the Treasury Department at Washington that I went there to ascertain with my own eyes and ears the exact position of the Comptroller of the Currency, and to hear what dreadful things he is saying that apparently displease our great financial leaders. I had the pleasure of being in Washington during important conferences between President Wilson, Secretary McAdoo, the Comptroller of the Currency, and other members of the Federal Reserve Board, together with certain other bankers, and the representatives of the Treasury of Great Britain—namely, Sir George Paish and Basil Blackett, whom I had previously met in England.

Heads We Win; Tails They Lose

WITHOUT giving reasons to the Comptroller of the Currency for my call, I asked him for his opinion on the present situation. Whereupon he sat back in his chair, looked me straight in the eye and spoke as follows:

"We must work to give as well as to take. We are, as regards the fearful war of Europe, put—almost without act or will of our own—in the position of a benevolent lagoon: 'Now, whether he kill Cassio, or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, every way makes my gain.'"

"We have the right to use thriftily what Fortune, or the follies or crimes of others, may send for our advantage; but we have the plain duty to use our peculiar conditions and the strength they give us to try to make the world and the human race happier and better. As we do that, the reflex action and results must make our own nation happier, better, richer and more prosperous. No other people has been permitted, as we are now, to offer rescue to mankind; to be the firm foundation for the rehabilitation of civilization and order; to deserve and win the gratitude, the confidence and the affection of every nation, of every tongue."

"Our first step and duty has been and is to assure our own safety; to establish our own strength; to care for our own people. For us the rapidly succeeding declarations of war and the immediate consequences were like a sudden and violent amputation. Holding steadily to the maxim bequeathed to us by the farseeing Washington, we avoided entangling political alliances; but in business we were in partnership with all the countries that without warning began to tear and destroy one another."

"As we stood, we were subject to drains on our resources and demands on our credit by the cables under the sea and the wireless in the air, through the heavens above and the waters under the earth; and along the surface of the sea we could send nothing of our heaped-up stores of actual substance to bring money or credit. Our money assets were assaulted by invisible forces of suction. The closing of the exchanges here and the moratorium declared in Great Britain were like anesthetics to stop nerve action and prevent death from shock and strain."

"The results so far have been the striking contrast of no panic or ruin here, with eight declarations of war among powerful nations within one week, and paralysis of all international traffic; whereas in 1893 dangers in no way comparable to those we have recently faced brought a procession of failures and bank suspensions, the closing down of mercantile houses and industries, and terrific losses, extending from one ocean to the other."

"Yet, though the methods used were prompt and heroic, they would have done harm rather than good, would have spread



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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 26)

After the Comptroller had told me this story I inquired regarding the foreign holdings of American securities that so trouble Wall Street, and he replied as follows:

"In its efforts to provide for present and to guard against further and future demands the country has been steering a cautious course between two perils. Money enough for ordinary and extraordinary requirements—not only to move the crops but to hold some crops the normal demand for which was suspended—was urgently needed. Yet such inflation of the currency as might threaten our gold reserve and impair our public credit and the value of our money would be suicide.

"Self-preservation demands, first, the preservation of our credit. With that wounded we should be unable to maintain ourselves. If we allowed the currency supply to become inadequate for our requirements we might inflict the penalties of confiscation and ruin on the innocent many to the enrichment of the designing and remorseless few. If we allowed inflation of the currency away from safe and solid bases of actual and irreproachable value we should also make a mistake.

"Therefore we have tested and studied; we have striven to work and build swiftly but carefully; to act promptly, but with thoughtful provision for the situation as it is, while keeping alert eyes on the possibilities of the days and months to come.

"The work of adjustment, and of getting the machinery of business on perfect foundations, and oiled and leveled, is not completed; but it is well started, with safe and efficient methods.

"We and our business machinery will be required to work not only for ourselves but for the world. In protecting our own stability we protect the world's finance and commerce. In conserving the interests of other nations we conserve our own and improve the opportunities that practically are forced on us.

"Along with illimitable responsibilities, the prospect of illimitable expansion confronts us. Just now, and because of the sudden halting of our delivery service and the closing of the markets, we are a debtor people. We are taking days of grace because we have assets with which to pay and know they will be needed desperately and soon.

"There are only three methods by which our international debts can be paid—by shipments of gold or silver; by shipments of merchandise; or by the sales abroad of securities. If American securities owned abroad should amount to, say, four billion dollars, and all holders should offer them for sale and demand gold for them, our entire gold supply of one and seven-eighths billion dollars—by far the largest gold holdings of any nation—would be insufficient to pay for half of them; therefore it is preposterous to talk of taking them all back and settling for them now in gold."

Our International Balance

"It is equally idle to talk of paying for them by the sale of other securities; therefore it is evident that if Europe wants to send back to us our securities she must take payment in merchandise, in the equivalent of gold. When the European countries bought our securities they did not pay for them in actual gold, they paid for them in merchandise, and should take merchandise in payment when they sell them back to us."

While in Washington I endeavored to find the answer to the question so often asked as to the amount of American securities held abroad. Authorities seem to agree that it is probably not less than four billion dollars and not more than six billion, and that from one-quarter to one-half of those securities may come back in the next few years.

On the other hand, when we remember that the net balance of trade in our favor during the past thirty years has averaged more than three hundred million dollars a year, we should not be staggered at the idea of taking back in time this amount of securities.

Of course our exports are bound to be cut down; but imports will greatly decline also, thus making much less difference in the balance than would at first appear.

Moreover, when we consider the money that will be kept in this country which heretofore has been spent abroad by tourists, and the money that will be saved here through the reducing of dividends on securities held abroad, the foreign-trade balance

in our favor may, under present adverse circumstances, still compare favorably with that of other years.

It was the possession of such figures as these in the Treasury Department at Washington that gave the spirit of optimism I found so apparent.

Hence I can report to readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that, if this country does not go to war, conditions will adjust themselves very soon. Every shipload of merchandise swells our exports; every foreign mill shut down reduces our imports; every American forced to give up a European trip builds up our gold reserve; while every reduction in dividends and decline in security prices likewise keeps money in this country. Therefore it should be but a short time before we are the great creditor country of the world, instead of being in debt to other nations, as at present. This should loosen up money, cheer up our bankers, and enable readers of this weekly to borrow as heretofore.

Manufacturers who have not sufficient orders to keep their mills going must of necessity run on part time, or possibly shut down altogether for a week or so. No manufacturer or merchant, however, should reduce his salesforce or cut down his advertising under present conditions. For American concerns to cut down their salesforces and advertising, under the conditions ruling to-day, seems to me to be the height of folly. In closing the interview the Comptroller spoke as follows:

"Strong and powerful, but just and compassionate, we must be prepared to meet the rush of people fleeing to us from war and war taxes and war ruin; the rush of the demand for bread and meat and clothing; for fuel and building materials; the rush of the demand for money for restoration and new beginnings where war will leave chaos and emptiness."

The Outlook for the Future

"We can prove ourselves honest and kindly debtors and merciful and considerate creditors. We shall soon be looked up to as the storehouse of the world. Our fields already furnish two-thirds of the cotton that clothes the human race, while from our harvest fields is already being shipped the grain to supply bread to the millions in Europe who have now become dependent on us for their food supply. By the ways of peace and the uses of commerce we can—and shall—not only strengthen our influence where it already exists, and tighten our hold on those with whom we have traded and exchanged, but we shall widen our sphere of operations through a great part of this great Western Hemisphere and send our flag and our agencies to countries where they are strangers now. Our conditions for doing all this great work are better than ever before in our life as a nation.

"We are correcting the tendency toward huge consolidations, to inordinate individual accumulations, and to isolation and the bludgeoning and suppression of individual enterprises and initiative. We are calling back and restoring the dash and daring and restless alacrity that spring from free and fair competition. We are distributing ambition among all our citizenship by restraining the facilities for small and select minorities. We are sweeping away many clouds of doubt and distrust—the more dangerous because, by imagination and exaggeration, they are magnified and given shapes of dread portent. We are breathing a cleaner and more stimulating atmosphere.

"So long as we progress on these lines we have nothing to fear and much to look forward to, whatever conditions may exist in the countries across the sea."

Personally I feel that most lines of business will be dull until there are some signs of peace. To tell the truth, I cannot be so optimistic regarding general business conditions during the next year as is the Administration at Washington. Europe is suffering from a great catastrophe and we must to some extent share her losses. The only favored ones in this country will be the farmers and a few concerns that are temporarily helped by foreign war orders and the cessation of certain imports.

However, so soon as there are any signs of peace I believe a great boom will be witnessed; and those who keep up their organizations during the trying days through which we are now passing will be the first to receive the fruits of the period of prosperity that is to follow.

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No. 1723 \$1.00
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Pin, 18K (14-16), 18K
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The Hallmark Stores are high-grade jewelry stores which have formed a co-operative company to unite the power and prestige of the 2500 leading jewelers of the United States.

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By uniting their purchasing power they reduce selling and manufacturing cost to a minimum, and control quality and workmanship. Thus they are able to give you highest quality jewelry and merchandise at no greater cost than lower grades distributed in the ordinary manner.

There is only one Hallmark Store in each city or town, and Hallmark goods are sold only in the Hallmark Stores. There are now Hallmark Stores in hundreds of cities and towns—the leading jewelers in each—and every city and town in the United States will soon have a Hallmark Store.

Look for the Hallmark Store sign. Look for the **HALLMARK** trade-mark. It stands for honor and service. It means better quality at lower price.

The United Jewelers, Inc.
31 Union Square, New York City

THE AGRICULTURAL IMMIGRANT AND THE AMERICAN FARM

(Continued from Page 17)

thousand agricultural immigrants on American farms, is able to do the volume of useful work it discharges. The handicaps under which it labors are not imposed alone by the inefficiencies of the existing system nor by the lack of sufficient funds. To the man in the Information Service who wrestles with the details of this task it appears as though both the chief beneficiaries of his work—the arriving agricultural immigrant and the American farmer—were inspired by an almost superhuman perversity in making the task difficult.

The instinct of the immigrant is to conceal the fact that his life in the Old World has been spent in tilling the soil. This is usually because he has been primed, before starting, with letters from friends or relatives in America telling of fabulous wages to be had in the mills, the mines and the shops of the United States. The fact that these letters may be directly inspired by a hope of reward—a rake-off—is not apparent to the credulous immigrant, who is inclined to believe all who speak or write his language and to distrust all who do not.

Again, a mighty fear of the contract-labor law has been instilled into the immigrant, and the sight of an immigration official strikes such terror to his soul that, if he had on his person a letter from a relative or friend directing him to the country instead of to an industrial center, his inclination would be to conceal that fact. Then, too, he is generally as determined to locate in the zone of the bright lights as the moth is to singe its wings in the flame of a candle.

On the other hand, the farmer who has learned to look to the Information Office for his help is too often in search of an unfair advantage. He states his conditions with too many reservations. Because he is looking for a raw recruit he knows to be unfamiliar with the language and conditions of this country, the temptation is often strong with the inquiring farmer to drive a sharp bargain, to withhold information that may tend to discourage the officials from permitting the immigrant to accept the offered employment, and particularly to give the impression that the position is to be permanent if the alien gives satisfaction, when the real intention is to use him only temporarily.

The officials attempting to meet the needs of the agricultural immigrant and the American farmer are, in a word, obliged to fight evasion and fear on the part of the immigrant and greed and sharp dealing on the side of the prospective employer.

The type of farmer most in need of the steady, dependable labor of farm immigrants—the employer who has most to offer the green hand from the Old World—is remote from the seaboard and from the New York office of the Information Division; and he is generally out of the way of this information. The knowledge of how to get hold of the alien does not permeate him; and if it did he would not take advantage of it. He would as soon think of ordering a team of draft horses from a catalogue as of engaging a hired hand without an opportunity to look him over.

Postal-Card Inquiries

To do business with this kind of farmer the alien hired hand must either enter his appearance locally or he must have his case presented locally by some person of known responsibility who not only has the interests of the farmers at heart but also understands their needs.

An attempt has been made to use the machinery of the post office for this purpose. "The Division of Information," says its chief, "can at the present time, through the assistance rendered by the Post Office Department, state the labor requirements of the farmers of the United States. A system of postal-card inquiry, inaugurated some years ago, enables the Division to keep in touch with agriculturists, and details of their wants may be made known to applicants for positions on farms."

Something has been accomplished by this means, but only enough to demonstrate how much greater results could be achieved by the employment of an agency vitally interested in this particular task. The postmaster at Strawberry Point, for example, naturally does not consider helping Farmer

Jones to find a hired hand among the arriving immigrants as part of his official job; in fact, he regards it as quite aside from the job of being postmaster.

He is willing to pass a little information back and forth between Farmer Jones and the Immigrant Information Office, just as he is willing to hang out a colored poster for the War Department calling for recruits; but the initiative must come from either the immigration authorities or the farmer. Above all things the postmaster is particularly shy on assuming any responsibility in a transaction that involves even a remote chance of leaving a local farmer or a government official dissatisfied—particularly when that transaction is no part of his regular duties.

It is clear, then, that neither the Middle West farmer nor the Division of Information is particularly strong on initiative in this important function, while the postmaster is, at best, a passive and cautious go-between, ready to side-step the responsibility of doing more than facilitating the exchange of postal-card information.

Where to Find Help for Immigrants

Is there any existing agency, broadly distributed throughout the Land of the Hired Hand, close to the farmer and vitally interested in his needs, and at the same time sufficiently responsible and independent, to protect the immigrant's interests and satisfy the immigration authorities?

There are several philanthropic organizations doing good work in forwarding agricultural immigrants to the farm. Among them are: German House, 8 State Street; Leo House, 6 State Street; Irish Home, 7 State Street; Polish Home, 180 Second Avenue; Hebrew Industrial Removal Society, 174 Second Avenue; the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society, 174 Second Avenue—all in the city of New York; and the Immigrants' Protective League, 920 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

These are mainly specialized along distinct racial lines, however, and have limited resources and equipment. They do not answer the big demand. There is another device, already built, manned and financed, which seems ready to meet the emergency admirably.

The modern county agricultural expert would appear to a layman to be almost ideally calculated to fill this need. No matter by what name he happens to be known—whether County Soil Expert, County Agricultural Adviser, or what not—his functions are practically the same. His job is to promote the cause of progressive agriculture in a prescribed territory where he is a fixture. And his tribe is increasing with astonishing rapidity. Though the County Agricultural Adviser is distinctly a modern figure in the machinery of the better-farming movement, there are hundreds of these local demonstrators in the country to-day.

Under the provisions of the Lever Act, now in process of being put into practical effect, his numbers will not only be multiplied but his status will become standardized. He will be the local representative of the United States Department of Agriculture, of the State Agricultural College, and of the local farming interests; for all these bodies will help to pay his salary, supervise his activities and inspect his results.

In the county where this article was written the expert receives a salary of four thousand dollars a year; and an automobile and office are provided for him, with their maintenance, together with the services of a stenographer.

In the office of each expert is a card-catalogue list of all the farms and farmers in the county—about five hundred of them. In most cases the farmer's telephone number is on the card bearing his name. The expert comes into direct personal touch with most of these farmers in the course of the year and secures an intimate, detailed knowledge of the character and extent of the farmer's operations, equipment and soil.

More than this, the county expert inevitably accumulates much information as to the moral and financial responsibility of the farmers in his agricultural parish. He knows the farmers who get along well with

(Continued on Page 32)

**Your Money Back
If You Are Not
Delighted
With It**



"White Beauty"
A scientific Kitchen Cabinet of wide renown

In this NEW HOOSIER Your Whole Kitchen is at Fingers' Ends

You can search the world over and not find anything that saves so much labor in your kitchen as this beautiful new Hoosier.

You can sit down at work with this Hoosier and save miles of steps. It combines Three Big Cupboards, a Large Pantry, Special Bins and Compartments, and dozens of Labor-Saving Features, around a roomy metal table that slides out 16 inches.

Yet the new "White Beauty" is so compactly and scientifically arranged that it saves you even half your ordinary reaching. Definite places are provided in it for over 400 articles. Many of these places are labeled so you automatically keep things in order.

YOUR NEED FOR IT you will not question when you know its total convenience. And now, with so many new features and its much larger size, at the present low cash price, it is a wonderful bargain which you can easily afford.

YOU MAY CHOOSE between two dominating models—"White Beauty," which has a waterproof, ivory-white enamel upper cupboard, and the models with merely an "Oak" interior, at slightly less price.

OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE protects you on any Hoosier you buy and removes any final cause you might have for hesitating to

ANSWER THESE TWO QUESTIONS:

1. Am I doing justice to myself and my family by wasting my strength with miles of useless steps in my kitchen—which a Hoosier would save, or
2. Shall I write now for detailed information about the new Hoosier features in order to compare—detail by detail—the savings this cabinet will make for me when I put it in my kitchen?

THIS MONTH the Hoosier agent in your town (there is only one) will very likely hold a limited sale of Hoosiers on the famous Hoosier plan. Here are the terms:

1. \$1 puts the cabinet you choose in your home.
2. \$1 weekly quickly pays for it.
3. The Low Cash Price fixed by the factory prevails strictly.
4. No interest. No extra fees.
5. This sale is under direct supervision of the Hoosier Company.
6. Your money back if you are not delighted with your Hoosier.

THIS IS A REMARKABLY EASY WAY to own a Hoosier and we advise you to write us now for the book, described there. With it we'll send your dealer's name and all prices and details without obligation to you.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 1412 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.

Branch: Pacific Building, San Francisco

4000 Agents in United States and Canada

Only one dealer in any town sells Hoosiers

20,000 Hoosier Cabinets

were given for

Christmas

last year. 700,000
women now use them

Note These Exclusive Features

(1) Mrs. Christine Frederick's famous "Housekeepers' Food Guide"—on the upper left door—answers every woman's eternally perplexing problem—"What shall we have for dinner?" You turn the dial to the meat you want and a complete outline of a perfectly balanced meal is before you—an exclusive Hoosier feature that is an invaluable help.

(2) The Cook-book Holder on the middle upper door holds your cook book securely when not in use. When you are cooking, simply open up the book to the proper page behind the holder. It is on a level with your eyes, always clean, never in the way.

There are 40 Special Conveniences in the NEW HOOSIER—17 are entirely new.

(3) The Hoosier Metal Flour Bin holds 50 pounds. It is low and easy to fill. The sliding glass front enables you to clean the entire bin easily. The inside is entirely of metal with no corners to hold flour. First flour in is always out first.

(4) The New Shaker Flour Sifter is the most wonderful of all the New Hoosier inventions. It is the only flour sifter ever made that shakes flour through instead of grinding it through. It cannot wear out and cannot grind through any grit or foreign substance that might be in the flour. It makes flour fluffy and light.

Every Hoosier Cabinet is built of carefully selected and seasoned oak. This extra quality guarantees lasting service.

(5) A Big, Extra Roomy Drawer in the base is made entirely of metal for the proper storage of all kitchen linen, towels, dish cloths, etc. The drawer is noiseless, rustless, and easy to keep clean.

(6) A new feature in the Base Cupboard is a narrow shelf located for the storage of canned articles. Most women will find this a great convenience as an "emergency shelf." It will save many trips to the cellar or pantry.

"You and Your Kitchen"

By Mrs. Christine Frederick

FREE

This book describes Mrs. Frederick's five years' experience with the Hoosier in her Experimental Kitchen, and treats YOUR kitchen problems in a SIMPLE, BROAD, SCIENTIFIC MANNER. It is filled with illustrations and will prove a valuable help to you. Send for it now. You do not obligate yourself by accepting.



Brunswick Famous
"BABY GRAND"
Combination Carom and
Pocket Billiard Table



Hurrah! Home Billiards!

Grandest Christmas Gift to Greet
Delighted Thousands

Yes, this is the royal sport in store for young and old when happy families come trooping in and all eyes light on good St. Nicholas' biggest surprise—the "BABY GRAND."

Then follows a flight of rollicking hours at Carom and Pocket Billiards. Princely games that make each winter evening lively—moments of tense uncertainty—lightning shots when you tingle all over—and comical situations when a quick exchange of jest throws all the party into an uproar!

Napoleon prepared for his greatest battles by relaxing his mind at Billiards. And a Brunswick Table will keep you, too, in winning trim. For Carom or Pocket Billiards steadies nerves, braces the body and makes men young at sixty.

Give your boys and girls this training that keeps them home!

"BABY GRAND"

Carom or Pocket Billiard Tables

They are real Brunswick Regulation Tables, modified in sizes and designs to fit any home. The life, the speed, the same accurate angles—all the scientific playing qualities that have made the name Brunswick stand for highest excellence around the world.

A masterpiece of highest class cabinet work, in genuine San Domingo mahogany—not a toy. Equipped with fast, imported billiard cloth, Monarch cushions, famed for quick action, and genuine Vermont slate bed.

Note also the Brunswick "Convertible" Tables, ingeniously contrived to serve as perfect Library or Dining Tables when not in use for Carom or Pocket Billiards. All have the high-class "Baby Grand" Playing Equipment.



"Convertible"
Library-Billiard Table

30 Days' Home Trial —
Then 20c a Day

Note our home-trial offer to let you try a Brunswick Table right in your own home for 30 days FREE. Then spread your payments over an entire year if you like, terms as low as 20 cents a day.

Playing Outfit FREE!

High-class Playing Outfit given free with each table: Balls, hand-tapered cues, rack, markers, tips, table cover, cue clamps, brush, chalk, spirit level, expert book on "How to Play," etc.

Our handsome new book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet"—shows all Brunswick tables in actual colors, gives full details and low factory prices. Sent free! Mail the coupon printed below while the edition lasts.



"Convertible"
Dining-Billiard Table

Send No Money But Mail This For Billiard Book FREE!

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 8-S, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send me free, postpaid, color-illustrated book

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and details of your 30-day home trial offer.

Name

Address



(371)

(Continued from Page 30)

their help and have a name for square dealing, and those who have acquired local reputations for getting into trouble with their hired hands and their neighbors.

When the County Agricultural Adviser does not know the standing of any particular farmer in these respects, he is in a position to secure definite information on that score at a moment's notice.

There is not a school district in his bailiwick where he has not a personal acquaintance who would give the specific information desired.

The substance of the whole matter is this: If the Department of Labor and the immigration authorities of the United States had deliberately planned to construct—without regard to cost—an ideal machine for the safe, responsible and effective distribution of the agricultural immigrants arriving from the Old World, it is doubtful whether they could have constructed a system, a mechanism, so perfectly adapted to the performance of this difficult and important task as already exists in the growing body of County Agricultural Advisers.

These men are responsible; they are widely distributed; they are close to the farmers.

As soon as the provisions of the Lever Act are in practical operation all those men who are not now under direct Federal supervision will become so; they are in the same sense representatives of their respective state and county governments; generally speaking, they are also the direct representatives of the farmers themselves, according to the extent of the farmers' contributions to their maintenance.

In his report the Commissioner-General of Immigration makes an earnest plea for the establishment of branch offices in all the important industrial centers of the country, for the better distribution of all immigrants, including those who should be placed on farms. The cooperation of the County Agricultural Advisers, of every kind and class, would not interfere with this proposed extension of the Immigration Service, but would readily coordinate with it.

In other words the United States Immigration Service, at East Ninth Street and Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for example, would serve as a central distributing point from which the farmers of the Middle West, through their County Agricultural Advisers, could draw their needed supply of immigrant labor.

The immigration authorities are concerned with the interests of the immigrants, not those of the farmers. They admit in practically every public report, as well as privately, that it is undeniably best for every immigrant trained in Old World agriculture to continue his agricultural pursuits on American soil; that in no other line can this kind of alien hope to make such sure and rapid advancement toward economic independence as he can on the soil, when his transplanting has been done intelligently and under proper protection.

Also, the immigration authorities admit that it is equally undeniable that the alien who has done farmwork in the Old World makes a far better citizen, when well transplanted to the soil of this country, than when he is permitted to follow his natural inclination and yield to the allurements of the big city and the industrial center.

Paternalism Prohibited

Every time an arriving alien who is trained in soil tillage is switched to the mine, the mill, the factory or the city, this country suffers a distinct loss in its great asset of good citizenship. It must charge off something for civic deterioration because of this misplacement; whereas it would have had a growing increase if this immigrant had been transplanted to his most favorable environment—the soil.

Again, it must be repeated that the favorable placing of the agricultural immigrant is only an incident in the duties of the Immigration Office under the existing laws. The big job of the immigration officials is to see that legally undesirable aliens are not permitted to land in this country. That is the task to which the real punch and power of the Federal Immigration Office are devoted under the present system. It is a negative job where the power and authority are positive and efficient.

The handling of the immigrant after his arrival is a secondary matter where the powers of the officials are decidedly of a

negative character; if they are defined at all it is by way of restrictions, handicaps and thou-shalt-nots. There is precious little of a positive sort that the law distinctly permits the immigrant official to do in preventing the arriving alien—who is generally as helpless as a child—from making a disastrous series of mistakes involving lifelong loss to himself as well as civic and economic loss to the country of his adoption.

Anything approaching paternal direction of the alien's first footsteps in this country is practically prohibited, so far as the Federal immigration authorities are concerned; the Immigration Office has not even a supervisory or checking power over the employment agents into whose hands the great body of immigrants naturally falls. A plea for this power is a part of the latest report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration.

The Division of Information, at the United States Barge Office, Battery Park, in the city of New York, can receive requests from farmers for hired hands and tenants, and it can receive requests from arriving aliens for farm jobs and for information as to the general characteristics of the various sections of the country. Its officials are permitted to bring the job-hunting alien and the hand-hunting farmer together—generally at long range and by correspondence. That is about as far as the Information Division official can go. And while these long-range negotiations are going on the immigrant who has declared his willingness to go to a farm is depleting his little capital in meeting his daily needs. Meantime the labor agent is on his trail and usually gets him.

The Land of the Hired Hand

During the past year 320,105 confessed farm laborers and 13,180 declared farmers have immigrated to the United States. Of these, only 1921 have been placed on farms through the assistance of the Information Division, though the yearly average is about five thousand. It should be remembered, however, that the actual number of immigrants with a farm experience behind them is immensely in excess of 333,285, because the general desire of the farm-reared immigrant is to get into the zone of the motion-picture shows and saloons, and his tendency, therefore, is to conceal his farm experience.

If all the immigrants who frankly confess their farm experience in the Old World could be sent to American farms there would be small need to worry about those who conceal their rural training. In the Land of the Hired Hand three hundred thousand husky and experienced recruits a year would be sufficient to change conditions materially. And the removal of this army of cheap foreign labor from competition with American workmen in unskilled industrial lines would doubtless be a welcome incident to organized labor.

The American farmer must make certain readjustments in order to utilize European farm labor and to get the most out of it. Thus far his tendency has been to use this class of labor in a short-term, seasonal way—as something to be taken on when there is an excess of heavy work to be done and thrown aside when the excess work is over. This is a wasteful and short-sighted policy. Generally speaking, the European farm worker is a stayer; his training has been to remain with one employer steadily, year after year. Steady help is the great cry of the American farmer; he complains that he cannot get it. The alien farm hand has this trait bred into him through generations of ancestors.

Again, the green alien is, at first, unable to speak our language and is unfamiliar with American farm conditions. At the start the American farmer who hires him must make an investment of much time and patience and instruction before the alien can come into his normal usefulness. In the case of short-term employment there is no opportunity to realize on this investment.

There is still another asset in the alien that cannot be fully realized on except under steady employment throughout the whole year. This is the immigrant's fund of Old World farm training. Until the alien hand has learned to speak the language of his employer, and has learned something of American farm conditions, he simply follows directions and keeps his own knowledge timidly submerged.

After he is able to talk understandingly with his employer, and has to a degree



Dollar Christmas Gift for Men Who Smoke

It is Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in a pound humidor tin. It is choice tobacco. It is the tobacco that induced Mr. H. J. Kline, 1050 Leader-News Building, Cleveland, Ohio, to write the producers of Edgeworth as follows:

"Three years ago my dentist heard me complaining because I could get no pipe tobacco that was worth a cent a carload. He immediately introduced Edgeworth. If I had a million dollars I would be almost willing to give half the sum for what he did for me. Since that time I have smoked Edgeworth and nothing else. And it has the same flavor today that it had the first time I smoked it. I have told a thousand friends about it and they are now all Edgeworth devotees. Pipe smokers who come to my house go 'daddy' over my Edgeworth."

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. J. KLINE,
Secretary, Forest City Live Stock & Fair Co.,
General Manager, The Forest City Fair,
Secretary, The Grand Circuit."

If you can't get Edgeworth in one-pound humidor tins (price \$1.00) at your retail tobacco store, Larus & Brother Co. will ship you direct on receipt of \$1.00, all charges prepaid. If you want to make one or more of your friends Christmas gifts of these Edgeworth packages, give your instructions to your dealer, or, if he will not supply you, send us names and addresses of friends with your cards and check to cover your order at \$1.00 per package and we will gladly attend to the shipping.

If you have smoked Edgeworth through some long, quiet evening, this is all you need to know. If you have never smoked Edgeworth, we will cheerfully give to you a sample of the tobacco we suggest that you give your friends.

A sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is something easy to obtain. All you have to do is to make up your mind to ask for it and send a post-card request to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia, who will be glad if you will also mention your dealer's name. You are invited to send for the sample.

The original Edgeworth is a Plug Slice, wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in the handsome \$1.00 humidor package which is so suitable as a Christmas gift. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by practically all dealers or mailed prepaid if yours has none.

To the Retail Tobacco Merchant:—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth in dollar humidor packages, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly ship you direct at the same price you would pay the jobber.

adjusted his Old World farm knowledge to his new environment, that knowledge gradually creeps into his practice. If his employer is sufficiently broad and open minded to learn from any source that offers, however humble, he is likely to find that his green hand has brought to his work much besides muscle and plodding physical endurance.

For example, any average country youth raised under the present remarkable agricultural-school system of Denmark can scarcely escape having a more intensive dairy training than most of the American owners of dairy farms.

The farmworker from those parts of Germany where the agricultural training of farmers' boys is made so available that none may escape inevitably brings to his American employer a technical knowledge of soils, of crop rotation, of fertilizers, of the intensive production of cereal and root crops, of animal husbandry, of farm economics, and of farm management and accounting that would make the average American farmowner appear, by comparison, a novice in his calling. Almost as much may be said for the young immigrants from Holland, Sweden, Belgium and Austria.

Apparently the keenest students of the immigration problem are of one mind in the conclusion that the result of the European war will be a greatly enlarged stream of immigration to this country. An official in the Service says:

"I can see no other outcome. And I look for the coming of a far better class of aliens than we have been getting—skilled mechanics, highly trained craftsmen and agricultural workers who have had the advantage of that peculiar combination of scientific knowledge and incessant practical training which the systems of agricultural education in most of the European countries give to its farmers and farmworkers."

Immigration After the War

Mr. Edwin G. Cooley, who closed five months of investigating agricultural conditions on the Continent just in time to escape the war, declares:

"Though the end of the war, whenever it comes, will make every European worker needed in his own country as never before, the burdens of taxation, now beyond our realization, will be increased to an extent that will make the struggle hopeless. Then, too, poverty will be terrible. Those who have been fairly prosperous are already practically penniless."

"Thousands who have acquired small holdings have seen their savings of a lifetime swept away; and this devastation has only begun. The eyes of all these will inevitably turn toward America—peaceful, prosperous, unimpaired America. They are bound to appeal to their relatives and friends already here for passage money, and that appeal will be answered."

"In my report to the Chicago Commercial Club, for which my investigations were made, I have gone on record with the prophecy that the war will bring us not only increased immigration but immigrants of the most desirable sort—skilled workmen and skilled farmers, both with a sound scientific training behind them. It is immensely important that they should be rightly placed when they arrive—the farmworkers on the farm, the rough laborers in their various lines, and the skilled artisans in their crafts. A misplacement of these newcomers would be a lamentable economic loss for this country."

In short, if Uncle Sam ever needed to put his machinery for immigrant distribution on a businesslike, efficient basis it is now; for he is going to have a large order to fill before long. His passive, negative, resistive attitude must be changed. It is up to him to give a little thought to taking care of immigrants after they are admitted, instead of putting all the punch of the immigration machine into seeing how many may be kept out.

Senators and representatives from the farming states would find the proper placing of the agricultural immigrant about as popular a line of statesmanship as they could undertake for their country constituents.



Send this Coupon for FREE Catalog of 10,000 Gifts.

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Write your name and address above and mail to the

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404 Broad St.
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No. 227 Oriental Pearl Neck-
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BAIRD-NORTH CO.

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These beautiful gifts have been arranged especially to help you with your Christmas shopping. If you do not have our big 242-page catalog, you may order direct from this advertisement, and at the same time save for the making of other arrangements.

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We have chosen here the things we believe you will wish to give your chosen friends or to keep for your own self. If you do not find just what you want, look at our advertisement in other magazines. And, anyway, do not fail to write for our FREE Catalog of more than 10,000 articles, for you will want to keep it as a guide for all your jewelry buying.

All purchases from Baird-North Company are made subject to our price list, all are delivered free to your address.

Please order by number all articles wanted and send money order or registered letter. We shall give you order the most careful personal attention because we want to make you a friend as well as a customer.

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Silver Plated Hair
Scissors

No. 315 14 K Gold
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For these emancipated women there is an end of ironing troubles—in each of these million homes is an iron with attached fire-proof stand—with a cool handle—with a point always hot enough—the iron that has set the standard ten years. At average rates an hour's ironing will cost you less than 5c. Fully nickel plated, highly polished. Heater guaranteed 10 years. With cord and interchangeable plug, price \$3.50. (In Canada \$4.50.)



It's a delight to prepare breakfast right on the table on this electric table-stove with its red-hot coils.

Hotpoint El Grillo

You boil, broil, fry, toast, two operations at once, both above and below the glowing coils, in dishes which are furnished. Quick—chops broiled in 8 to 10 minutes, while potatoes fry on top, etc. Ideal for popping corn. Extremely compact and handsome. Cost to operate approximately 6c per hour. Made of pressed steel, nickel plated and highly polished. Separate tray to protect table. Heater guaranteed 5 years. Price \$5.00. (Canada \$6.50.)



Handsome enough for the side-board and for dining-table use, but so efficient that it will do regular kitchen cooking.

Hotpoint El Glostovo

This is the wonderful story of this newest Electric Stove with red-hot coils. Uses regular agate, tin or iron cooking vessels 7" in diameter. The reflector throws the radiant heat against the dish, making it much quicker than former types and correspondingly cheaper to operate. Made of pressed steel, nickel plated and highly polished. Heater guaranteed 5 years. With interchangeable switch-plug. Price \$5.00. (In Canada \$6.50.)

Make it a *Hotpoint* **Hotpoint** Let these serviceable electric ap



Heat applied just where wanted—without the vexations and delays which you have so long endured.

Hotpoint El Comfo

Yes, the hot-water bottle is now obsolete in electrically equipped homes. Simply moving a little lever establishes the temperature at any point between 100 and 200 degrees, which is maintained constantly or adjusted as desired. Operates 5 hrs. for 1c. Used for dry or wet pack. Made of aluminum, with washable cover. Heater guaranteed 5 years. With cord and special switch-plug, \$4.50. (In Canada \$6.00.) Flexible model (not aluminum) \$6.50. (Canada \$8.50.)



Suppose you want a cup or two of boiling water. It is quickly available at any light-socket—any time.

Hotpoint El Bollo

Just plunge it into any liquid and insert the plug. Begins to heat instantly and the small size will boil a cup of water in 3 minutes. Costs 1-10 of a cent for current. Highly polished nickel, clean and sanitary. With special switch-plug. Guaranteed two years. Bouffant size as illustrated \$3.00. (In Canada \$4.00.) Kitchen size, ten inches long, \$4.00. (In Canada \$5.00.) Crookneck, lies flat in dish, also used by Dentists and Doctors for sterilizing, \$5.00. (In Canada \$6.50.)

Look for the Sign

Hotpoint appliances are sold by electric supply dealers, hardware stores, department stores, lighting companies, drug stores, etc.

If unable to find a distributor, send check to our nearest office and we will ship prepaid at regular prices. We guarantee safe delivery. Be sure to state voltage. Ask your Lighting Company.

There is one best way to make coffee. One best way to operate the pot. And one best material of which to make it. We combine these "bests" in the El Perco, which brews coffee that is always

It is very easy—

- you put cold water into the pot; you
- then bring El Perco to the table (it is
- slip the connector in (attaches to any light-socket)
- blub-blub of percolation. Watch it, too,
- in 8 to 10 minutes, according to strength,
- the full aroma and flavor, but without the

The electricity has cost you less than one cent.

-formerly
\$7.50

Hotpoint El Perco

Advantages

- handsome shape
- mirror-like polish
- seamless aluminum
- cannot taint coffee
- drip coffee
- "to boil it is to spoil it"
- very quick
- starts in 30 seconds
- so convenient
- attach to any light-socket
- economical
- uses so little current
- easy to handle
- light as regular coffee pot

Aluminum El Perco was \$7.50—now

Think of what this means to you. Price one-third, appearance, durability have all been retained and improved. Simply this: The first popularly priced electric percolator met the demand which enabled us to improve manufacture. Look for the Hotpoint Sign—There is a dealer near you.



Hotpoint Christmas

Gifts bring joy to your friends

coffee—**percolation**.
 percolator—**electricity**.
 to make it—**aluminum**.
 Improved Aluminum El Perco
 uniform, always hot.

into the basket
 (high, mirror-like finish for table use)
 and in less than 30 seconds you hear the cheery
 (the glass top.
 and, the 6 cups will be ready—drip-coffee with
 its properties extracted by boiling.
 look at the price!

—improved
\$5.00
 (Canada \$6.50)

El Perco is twice
 the size of this
 picture.

Hotpoint El Perco

Advantages

- no valves or floats
to get out of order
- spout and handle
permanently attached
- no solder used
joints cannot leak
- easy to clean
just remove the basket
- interchangeable plug
fits most Hotpoints
- 5-year guarantee
on Heating Element
- special lip spout
easy pouring

Improved, and only \$5.00 (Canada was \$9.75
 now \$6.50)

and a better percolator than ever—efficiency,
 d. Naturally, you wonder how we can do it.
 as Hotpoint El Perco. It met with a world-wide
 odds and effect other economies.
 now El Perco—it is so easy to demonstrate.



El Chafo spells pleasure for the host-
 ess because it guarantees a chafing
 dish party sans the usual petty worries.

Hotpoint El Chafo

Yes, you are free to devote all your attention to
 your guests—there is no fuss or bother about fuel
 or wicks or matches. You easily secure and main-
 tain exactly the heat desired. Made of copper,
 heavily nicked, highly polished. Heater guar-
 anteed 5 years.

No. 6, Mission Style, as illustrated, with two heats. Extra
 heavy, \$15.00. (In Canada \$19.50.)
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Feel that cheerful, glowing heat! It's
 yours at a moment's notice, anywhere
 there is an electric light-socket.

Hotpoint El Radio

The ideal supplementary heat—when the furnace
 is out of use—in a small room or cold, drafty corners,
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 No trouble or danger—no odor—no fumes.
 Made entirely of pressed steel; body finished dull black;
 ends and legs polished nickel. 10" x 12" and 12" high.
 Heater guaranteed 5 years. Interchangeable switch-plug
 \$5.00. (In Canada \$6.50.)

Hotpoint Electric Heating Company

Ontario, California

New York, 46 West Street

Chicago, 1001 Washington Blvd.

London, Albion House, 59 New Oxford Street

Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co., Limited

Toronto, 25 Brant Street

Vancouver, 2265 Cordova Street



Eat your toast piping hot! Make it
 right on the table—two slices at a
 time crispy and brown—as eaten.

Hotpoint El Tosto

Breakfast is way below par in any electri-
 cally lighted home which does not regularly
 use El Tosto on the breakfast table.
 In this improved model, gravity-operated
 clamps hold the bread—toast turned with
 one hand. Stale bread makes fresh toast.
 Costs 1c to toast two slices on both sides. Top keeps
 toast or coffee hot, etc. Highly polished nickel.
 Heater guaranteed 5 years. Complete with interchange-
 able plug, \$3.50. (In Canada \$4.50.)



Two elaborate percolators are shown
 here. Internally the same as the one
 so fully described on the left.

Hotpoint El Perco

El Perco Machine is 14 inches high, with a
 capacity of 9 cups. Percolation in plain view in the
 large glass globe. Coffee is drawn through faucet.
 Price \$11.00. (In Canada \$14.50.)

El Perco Pot is 11 inches high and has a
 capacity of 7 cups. Made of drawn copper,
 nickel plated and highly polished.
 Price \$8.00. (In Canada \$10.50.)



A 3-pound Hotpoint Iron, with curling-
 tong heater—a 3-cup, covered dish—
 inverting stand and ooze leather bag.

Hotpoint Utility

Handy? Well, if you know a bachelor of either
 sex, or a roomer, or a traveler, you know a person
 who would make constant use of this outfit for
 ironing, for heating water or milk or light cooking.
 Attaches to any light-socket, weighs only 3½ pounds.
 Iron and dish highly polished nickel, stand gunmetal.
 Telescopes in the bag and measures 4x5x7. Heater guar-
 anteed 10 years. Complete with interchangeable
 switch-plug, \$5.00. (In Canada \$6.50.)

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The DELTA Electric Hand Lamp

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Lamp
of
1000
Uses

Indispensable to

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Inexpensive Light for a Lifetime

The DELTA Electric Hand Lamp has solved this year's Christmas gift problem for YOU. A new, useful, lasting, economical present that everybody needs. This sturdy, portable lantern is rapidly displacing unreliable lamps, lanterns, candles and kerosene lights for every purpose.

Burns 30 to 42 hours continuously on one No. 6 dry battery. Battery lasts 6 to 12 months in ordinary use. Absolutely safe around gas, gasoline, oil and hay. A push of thumb switch floods the darkness with brilliant white light. Switch need not be held. New batteries obtainable anywhere for 25 cents. Have one Christmas morn.

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The Lamp of a Thousand Uses!

Made of Cold Rolled, Black Enamelled Steel Case. Non-tarnishing. Brilliant specially-designed Reflector. Tungsten bulb. Imported. Ground, Polished Lens.

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Get the DELTA at your dealer's today. Go In Canada \$2.50. See the wonder lamp at once. If your dealer hasn't it in stock, order direct from factory, NOW, \$2 Postpaid.

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Look for the name DELTA. The principles that make Delta products lasting and efficient are known only to us.

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New Electric Table Lamp

Every home can now have electric light. It doesn't matter if you are a thousand miles from an electric light station. Operates on four dry batteries, 15c to 25c each. One set of batteries lasts 500 to 100 hours, continuous burning. Gives an excellent, white light. Switch on lamp permits light to be turned on or off with ease. Finished in attractive satin finish-based enamel with a silk road connecting lamp to convenient battery case. Battery case of convenient size. Ideal Christmas gift. Price \$4.50 complete. In Canada, \$5.00 with battery at your dealer's. Or, if you can't easily find one, order direct from factory.

The New Table Lamp

Jobbers and Dealers:
Order your stock now and be prepared for Christmas rush.

Delta Electric Co.

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Manufacturers of Marmon
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Other Patents Pending

Invaluable to Mothers
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at Night.

A Flood of Bright Light
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Safe Around Gasoline,
Oil, Gas and Hay Where
Most Lights are Dangerous.

Bicycle Light Makes Riding
at Night Safe—Lights
the Road Ahead.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD KITCHENER

(Continued from Page 4)

the treaty with Belgium and the invasion of Belgian territory.

Now the assertion was being commonly made that, by the discovery of secret papers in the archives of the Belgian Government following the capture of Brussels, the Germans had learned that Belgium was potentially and actually an ally of France and England, both before hostilities started and afterward.

"In other words," commented Lord Kitchener, "the Germans prepared their alibi after the act was committed—which weakens the alibi without excusing the act. It is a poor defense that must be changed in the middle of the trial."

"For physical proof of their present claim that Belgium was really hostile to them," I added, "the Germans lay emphasis on the fact that, with the exception of Antwerp, all the extensive Belgian fortresses stood along Belgium's eastern frontier, next to Germany; and that they had no defenses of any character on the side of their country nearest to France."

It was here Lord Kitchener made his joke. "Well," he said quietly, "if Belgium built her forts on the German frontier I rather think recent events have proved that was exactly where they should have been built. What is the German excuse for Louvain, and for Dinant, and for their treatment generally of the noncombatants of Belgium?"

I answered him as well as I could, and Lord Kitchener's comment on the answer I made will possibly illuminate the meaning I sought to convey more clearly than if I wearied the reader by putting down my own words:

Soldiers or Executioners?

"War," he said, "has its ethics, and those ethics are often upsetting of and destructive to the ethics of peace; but if every soldier is to become the judge of the behavior of the civil population of a hostile country, and if he is to be, not only judge and jury but the inflicter of punishment as well—if arbitrarily he is permitted to say: 'This man has violated the code of conduct I myself have set up on the spot, and, therefore, I shall grant no appeal and listen to no excuse and accept no extenuation, but shall shoot him forthwith and burn his house and his town and his church'—if this is the license that is to be granted to any man in uniform; if he holds absolute dominion over the lives and the property of the non-combatants of a nation—why, then, to my conceptions, he loses his proper and ordained functions as a soldier and becomes an executioner."

"If that standard of warfare is to prevail through all the world we shall all cease to enlist soldiers. We shall, instead, enroll hired executioners and send them forth against our enemy with guns and hangmen's nooses and firebrands in their hands."

"Years ago, in Africa—in the Sudan—I was called on to fight an enemy who practiced this code. That enemy believed he should kill when and where he pleased; believed that every fighting man was a supreme power unto himself; and that, being so, he might raise his hand against his foe or his foe's property whenever the chance offered. That enemy believed his job was to kill regardless of how he killed or why; and, with him, the taking of a territory, and the ravaging and the burning and the sacking of it, were all synonymous and interchangeable terms. But that enemy, let me add, was a savage, so called; and the Germans, as they themselves tell us, are the exclusive owners of the highest civilization the world has ever seen."

He had not mentioned the alleged cases of atrocities with which, until very lately, the columns of newspapers everywhere had been crowded. Nor, during my movements in and out of the active areas of hostility, have I ever found any man above the rank of colonel, in whatsoever army, who has concerned himself with these things, except incidentally. It is the stay-at-homes—the women, the gossip-mongers—who regard stories of outrages as being of paramount importance. Commanders of forces think of the main issues, not of the brutalities that have marked every war and which no doubt in every war have been exaggerated in the telling.





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Prices are from \$15 up, on easy terms of \$1 or more down (depending on size and style), and a small amount each month. Sizes range up to 4 1/2 x 9 feet (standard). Complete playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free. No special room needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on dining or heavy table, or on its own legs or folding stand, and quickly set aside when not in use. Burrowes Tables are used by experts for home practice. The most delicate shots can be executed with the utmost accuracy.

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FUN! I should say you should never tire of building big, life-like steel models with the Erector—battleships, airplanes, elevators, derricks, wagons, etc. And with the electric motor you can run many of the models.

Write for my Free Book

You can build over 300 models—some 21 feet long, some 8 feet high. And they will be exactly like real steel construction. This is because I made the Erector girders with turned-over, close-lapping edges.

The Myster Erector

The Toy with Girders like Structural Steel

It's the finest of all Christmas gifts for boys. Your boy can build easily and quickly—he doesn't get discouraged. The models are stiff and strong and won't wobble. Myster Electric Motor comes, without extra charge, in all sets over \$3. Toy dealers sell the Erector. Eight sizes \$1 to \$25.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

It's printed in colors and filled with pictures of models. Send dealer's name and I'll also mail free copy of my boys' magazine, *Erector Tips*, explaining prize offer for new models.

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When the cold chills your FORD

—and you crank and crank and c-r-a-n-k, and strain your back in a vain effort to start,—you need a set of

Red Head PRIMING Plugs

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Simply squirt a few drops of gas into the cylinders through the Primer—give 'er a turn and she's off. You get the gas right at the electrodes of your spark plug, where it ignites at the first turn, every time.

These are the famous RED HEAD Ford plugs guaranteed to last a lifetime.

Thousands of Ford owners use RED HEAD Priming Plugs the year round. By opening the pet cocks you can tell if the cylinders are firing right. If a plug becomes fouled—open the pet cock while the engine is running and the plug cleans itself.

Red Head Priming Plugs \$1.25 each at garages, auto supply and hardware stores, or direct.

Xmas suggestion—four priming plugs in gift box \$5.00.

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This, I think, was true of Lord Kitchener. I judge he considered Germany, in its attitude toward Belgium, in the light of one nation's fashion of making war on another and a smaller nation, rather than with regard to sporadic cruelties.

As I interpreted his state of mind, he would not indict a country or an army on hearsay evidence, or even prima facie evidence, for certain horrible acts said to have been committed against individuals; but would indict it for inaugurating a system of warfare under which, according to his best belief, the possibilities and the opportunities for committing such acts were appreciably enhanced. I believe this is generally the soldier's point of view throughout Europe to-day.

I had been wondering, as I sat there, of whom Lord Kitchener so vividly reminded me. Now the answer to the riddle came to me all of a sudden, and it jolted me. Less than three weeks before, at field headquarters in the French town of Laon, I had dined on two days at the same table with Over-General von Heeringen, commander-in-chief of the German center, who has been called the Gray Ghost of Metz.

Physically the two men—Kitchener and Von Heeringen—had nothing in common; mentally I conceived them to be unlike.

Except that both of them held the rank of field marshal, I could put my finger on no point of similarity, either in personality or in record, which these men shared between them. It is true they both served in the war of 1870-71; but at the outset this parallel fell flat, too, because one had been a junior officer on the German side and the other a volunteer on the French side. One was a Prussian in every outward aspect; the other was as British as it is possible for a Briton to be.

A Pencil for a Baton

One had been at the head of the general staff of his country, and was now in the field in active service with a sword at his side. The other, having served his country in the field for many years, now sat intrenched behind a roll-top desk, directing the machinery of the War Office, with a pencil for a baton. Kitchener was in his robust sixties, with a breast like a barrel; Von Heeringen was in his shrinking, drying-up seventies, and his broad shoulders had already begun to fold in on his ribs and his big black eyes to retreat deeper into his skull. One was beaky-nosed, hatchet-headed, bearded; the other was broad-faced and shaggy mustached. One had been famed for his accessibility; the other for his inaccessibility.

So, because of these acutely dissimilar things, I marveled to myself why, when I looked at Kitchener, I should think of Von Heeringen. In another minute, though, I knew why: Both men radiated the same quality of masterfulness; both of them physically typified competency; both of them looked on the world with the eyes of men who are born to have power and to hold dominion over lesser men. Put either of these two in the rags of a beggar or the motley of a clown, and at a glance you would know him for a leader.

"The Germans still think they will win," said Lord Kitchener next, speaking with the inflection that made the remark part plain statement and part question. "I wonder how long a time they think it will take them to win?"

"They are still fully confident," I said; "but they have changed their schedule—their time card. When I first landed on German soil, early in September, before the campaign against Paris had been checked, Germans of intelligence said it would take Germany six weeks to whip France, and six months to whip Russia, and a year to whip England. Since then they have begun to believe and to admit that it will take a longer time to end the war."

Here Lord Kitchener made use of the one outright gesture he used. He brought his fist down hard on the table in front of him, with a thump. It was a big, sinewy fist—put it in a glove and it would make you think of a buck's haunch—and the thump was audible and solid.

"They are right in one regard," he said slowly: "it will take longer than a year to end this war. But they are wrong in another regard: they are wrong when they think they are going to win—if, indeed, in their hearts they honestly think that. They are not going to win."

"Their campaign in the West is a failure. It is a failure already, and it will become

Manning-Bowman

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One stove answers for all these utensils and has a hundred other uses

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more and more a failure as time passes. When an army of invasion ceases to invade that army has lost its principal function and has failed in its principal object. When that army hides itself in trenches, and fights at long range, it is doing nothing except waste itself; and especially is this true when that army, having reached its maximum of strength and efficiency and aggressiveness months before, is now losing in all those essentials.

"To lie in that unending chain of trenches which stretches across Northern France for hundreds of miles, like a long, gray snake—that is not waging a successful campaign. That is not even waging war, as I conceive war to be. For an army of defense? Perhaps, yes; though, under certain circumstances, it might be a mistake for an army of defense so to dispose itself. For an army of invasion? Well, events—the future—will justify my belief. Of that I am as sure as I am sure that I am alive.

"Dropping bombs on cities, whether those cities be defended or undefended, is not waging war. It is a costly, spectacular byplay, which counts for naught in the final result and really does not count in the detail of momentary advantage.

"Paris might be captured, and still the war would go on. England might be invaded—though I believe the enemy has not yet worked out complete plans for that undertaking—and still the war would go on. Germany might take and keep the other side of the Channel, as she has already taken Antwerp, and still the war would go on. Belgium might be made a captive province for the time being, and still the war would go on.

"This war is going on until Germany has been defeated. There is no other possible contingency."

"Lord Kitchener," I said, "in your opinion how long will this war last?"

Three More Years of Fighting

"Not less than three years," he said. "It will end only when Germany is thoroughly defeated, not before—defeated on land and on sea. That the Allies will win is certain. That for us to win will require a minimum period of three years I think probable. It might last longer—this war might. It might end sooner. It can end in only one way.

"That it will end in a month from now, or six months or a year, I do not think likely; so, to be on the safe side, I say three years—at least three years.

"If Germany gives up sooner, so much the better for Germany and for us and for all the world. If three years are required for the undertaking, or more than three years, the world will find that we, for our part, are prepared to go on, and ready to go on, and determined to go on, and certain to go on. In any event this war can have but one outcome—one ultimate conclusion." His big jaw muscles twitched.

He said three years! And at the time of speaking the war was a few days less than three months old.

Three months—the seas already empty of commerce and the lands of half the world shaking to the tread of marching millions who produce nothing and devour everything! Three months—Germany already bleeding to death internally from two great, constant hemorrhages in her sides, and all France in the field, and England raising another million of the primeval manhood in the Empire, to be provender for cannon! Three months now—a year means half of Europe underground and the other half on crutches!

Two years means a continent turned into a charnel house and a hemisphere ruined for a generation to come! Three months now—and the supreme head of the British forces had just said there would be three years of it, and perhaps more than three years of it!

I came away after that—my forty minutes was up. As I came out I passed three elderly officers who entered together, as though for a conference with their chief. They were generals, I think—finely erect, earnest, competent British military types; but they were not Kitcheners. I suppose there is only one Kitchener.

I trust I am no emotional hero worshiper and most certainly I am no soldier and know nothing of soldiering; but if I were a soldier and Kitchener were my commander I believe it would be easy for me, being a soldier, to be a hero worshiper also.

He does not inspire confidence in you—he creates it in you.

The perfect spray the saving way DEVILBISS PERFUMIZERS

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PERFECTION with every Per-
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THE REALIZATION that more than a
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DIE IN THE OPEN. Early treatment and applied.

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one to two dozen rats, one lb. of Virus. For one to two
dozen rats, one lb. of Virus. For one to two dozen rats, one lb.
VIRUS LIMITED, INC., 72-A Pearl St., NEW YORK



A Christmas Box of California's ^{Sun-}Made Raisins

3 Kinds—7½ Pounds Direct from Vineyards

\$1.00 Prepaid Anywhere in the United States

Christmas is Raisin time. Raisins are used in the puddings, cakes and pies. Raisins are in the nut dish. Raisins are—or should be—in the Christmas bread.

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California Raisins are made by sun-drying the sweetest, tenderest grapes—kinds too delicate to ship. They are so sweet that when dried into Raisins they seem like soft bits of grape sugar.

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The Panama California Exposition and Southern California

THINK of all the things imaginable to make you want to travel; consider the seasons, the weather, your own education, your comfort, your pleasure; add them all together and you will have part of the reasons for coming to San Diego in 1915.

This wonderful Exposition, celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal, will welcome the world on January 1st, and will not close its doors until midnight of the last day of 1915.

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On up the coast and across the Rockies, in the deserts and forests, on the plains and in the valleys that fill the West, there are other sights which make all other lands commonplace.

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It is a West in which you find a civilization that pre-dates that of pre-historic Egypt, a country far exceeding those of the Mediterranean; it is the Great West of the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Painted Desert, the Great Trees; the Great West that is old, yet young, filled with the wonders of the world and with the romance of centuries. It is the West that you should see, and 1915 is the time for you to see it, when California with her two Expositions offers you the opportunity and special rates.

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1915
All
the
Year

Ask your railroad ticket agents for the facts, then

Get your ticket to San Diego

"Sabemos guardar el tesoro, sabemos vivir y en realidad vivimos."—*Martial*.

"We know how to keep the treasure, how to live, and live indeed."—*Martial*.

1915
All
the
Year



THE FORMAL GARDEN AND BOTANICAL BLDG.

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WAR DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 11)

He waved us together into a more compact group. "That's the idea. Stand here, please, behind Number One gun, and watch straight ahead of you for the shot—you must watch very closely or you will miss it—and remember to keep your mouth open to save your eardrums from being injured by the concussion."

So far as I personally was concerned that last bit of advice was unnecessary—my mouth was open already. Four men trotted to a magazine that was in an earthen kennel and came back bearing a wheel-less sheet-metal barrow on which rested a four-foot-long brass shell, very trim and slim and handsome and shiny like gold. It was an expensive-looking shell and quite ornate. At the tail of Number One the bearers heaved the barrow up shoulder-high, at the same time tilting it forward. Then a round vent opened magically and the cyclops sucked the morsel forward into its gullet, thus reversing the natural swallowing process, and smacked its steel lip behind it with a loud and greasy *Snuck!* A glutton of a gun—you could tell that from the sound it made.

A lieutenant snapped out something, a sergeant snapped it back to him, the gun crew jumped aside, balancing themselves on tiptoe with their mouths all agape, and the gun-firer either pulled a lever out or else pushed one home, I couldn't tell which. Then everything—sky and woods and field and all—fused and ran together in a great spatter of red flame and white smoke, and the earth beneath our feet shivered and shook as the twenty-one-centimeter spat out its twenty-one-centimeter mouthful. A vast obscenity of sound beat upon us, making us reel backward, and for just the one-thousandth part of a second I saw a round white spot, like a new baseball, against a cloud background. The poplars, which had bent forward as if before a quick wind-squall, stood up, trembling in their tops, and we dared to breathe again. Then each in its turn the other four guns spoke, profaning the welkin, and we rocked on our heels like drunken men, and I remember there was a queer taste, as of something burned, in my mouth. All of which was very fine, no doubt, and very inspiring, too, if one cared deeply for that sort of thing; but to myself, when the hemisphere had ceased from its quiverings, I said:

"It isn't true—this isn't war; it's just a costly, useless game of playing at war. Behold, now, these guns did not fire at anybody visible or anything tangible. They merely elevated their muzzles into the sky and fired into the sky to make a great tumult and poison the good air with a bad-tasting smoke. No enemy is in sight and no enemy will answer back; therefore no enemy exists. It is all a useless and a fussy business, signifying nothing."

With the Ten-Centimeter Battery

Nor did any enemy answer back. The guns having been fired with due pomp and circumstance, the gunners went back to those pipe-smoking and postcard-writing pursuits of theirs and everything was as before—peaceful and entirely serene. Only the telephone man remained at his post in the straw with his ear at his telephone. He was still there, spraddling ridiculously on his stomach, with his legs outstretched in a sawbuck pattern, as we came away.

"It isn't always quite so quiet hereabouts," said Von Theobald. "The lieutenant tells me that yesterday the French dropped some shrapnel among his guns and killed a man or two. Perhaps things will be brisker at the ten-centimeter-gun battery." He spoke as one who regretted that the show which he offered was not more exciting.

The twenty-one-centimeters, as I have told you, were in the edge of the woods, with leafy ambushes about them, but the little ten-centimeter guns ranged themselves quite boldly in a meadow of rank long grass just under the weather-rib of a small hill. They were buried to their haunches—if a field gun may be said to have haunches—in depressions gouged out by their own frequent recoils; otherwise they were without concealment of any sort. To reach them we rode a mile or two and then walked a quarter of a mile through a series of chalky bare gullies, and Von Theobald and Geibel made us stoop low and hurry fast wherever the path wound

up to the crest of the bank, lest our figures, being outlined against the sky, should betray our whereabouts and, what was more important, the whereabouts of the battery to the sharpshooters in the French rifle pits forward of the French infantry trenches and not exceeding a mile from us. We stopped first at an observation station cunningly hidden in a haw thicket on the brow of a steep and heavily wooded defile overlooking the right side of the river valley—the river, however, being entirely out of sight. Standing here we heard the guns speak apparently from almost beneath our feet, and three or four seconds thereafter we saw five little puffballs of white smoke uncurling above a line of trees across the valley. Somebody said this was our battery shelling the French and English in those woods yonder, but you could hardly be expected to believe that, since no reply came back and no French or English whatsoever showed themselves. Altogether it seemed a most impotent and impersonal proceeding; and when the novelty of waiting for the blast of sound and then watching for the smoke plumes to appear had worn off, which it very soon did, we visited the guns themselves.

They were not under our feet at all. They were some two hundred yards away, across a field where the telephone wires stretched over the old plow furrows and through the rank meadow grass, like springes to catch woodcock.

The Shelters of the Gun Crews

Here again the trick of taking a message off the telephone and shouting it forth from the mouth of a fox burrow was repeated. Whenever this procedure came to pass a sergeant who had strained his vocal cords from much giving of orders would swell out his chest and throw back his head and shriek hoarsely with what was left of his voice, which wasn't much. This meant a fury of noise resulting instantly and much white smoke to follow. For a while the guns were fired singly and then they were fired in salvos; and you might mark how the grass for fifty yards in front of the muzzles would lie on the earth quite flat and then stand erect, and how the guns, like shy bronchos, would leap backward upon their carriages and then slide forward again as the air in the air cushions took up the kick. Also we took note that the crews of the ten-centimeters had built for themselves dugouts to sleep in and to live in, and had covered the sod roofs over with straw and broken tree limbs. We judged they would be very glad indeed to crawl into those same shelters when night came, for they had been serving the guns all day and plainly were about as weary as men could be.

To burn powder hour after hour and day after day and week after week at a foe who never sees you and whom you never see; to go at this dreary, heavy trade of war with the sober, uninspired earnestness of convicts building a prison wall—the ghastly unreality of the procedure left me mentally numbed.

Howsoever, we arrived not long after that at a field hospital—namely, Field Hospital Number 36, and here was realism enough to satisfy the lexicographer who first coined the word. This field hospital was established in eight abandoned houses of the abandoned small French village of Colligis, and all eight houses were crowded with wounded men lying as closely as they could lie upon mattresses placed side by side on the floors, with just room to step between the mattresses. Be it remembered also that these were all men too seriously wounded to be moved even to a point as close as Laon; those more lightly injured than these were already carried back to the main hospitals. On the far mattress against the wall lay a little pale German with both his legs gone below the knees, who smiled upward at the ceiling and was quite chipper.

"A wonderful man, that little chap," said one of the surgeons to me. "When they first brought him here two weeks ago I said to him: 'It's hard on you that you should lose both your feet,' and he looked up at me and grinned and said: 'Herr Doctor, it might have been worse. It might have been my hands—and me a tailor by trade!'"

This surgeon told us he had an American wife, and he asked me to bear a message for him to his wife's people in the States. So if these lines should come to the notice of



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FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Luscious, selected dates, clean packed in individual cartons. Such are these Dromedary Dates. Their taste makes you eager for more.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. K, 375 Washington St. New York

Mrs. Rosamond Harris, who lives at Hinesburg, Vermont, she may know that her son-in-law, Doctor Schilling, was at last accounts very busy and very well, although coated with white dust—face, head and eyebrows—so that he reminded me of a clown in a pantomime, and dyed as to his hands with iodine to an extent that made his fingers look like pieces of well-cured meerschaum.

They were bringing in more men, newly wounded that day, as we came out of Doctor Schilling's improvised operating room in the little village schoolhouse, and one of the litter bearers was a smart-faced little London Cockney, a captured English ambulance-hand, who wore a German soldier's cap to save him from possible annoyance as he went about his work. Not very many wounded had arrived since the morning—it was a dull day for them, the surgeons said—but I took note that, when the Red Cross men put down a canvas stretcher upon the courtyard flags and shortly thereafter took it up again, it left a broad red smear where it rested against the flat stones. Also this stretcher and all the other stretchers had been so sagged by the weight of bodies that they threatened to rip from the frames, and so stained by that which had stained them that the canvas was as stiff as though it had been varnished and revarnished with many coats of brown shellac. But it wasn't abellac. There is just one fluid which leaves that brown, hard coating when it dries upon woven cloth.

As I recall now we had come through the gate of the schoolhouse to where the automobiles stood when a puff of wind, blowing to us from the left, which meant from across the battlefield, brought to our noses a certain smell which we all knew full well.

The Morning After

"You get it, I see," said the German officer who stood alongside me. "It comes from three miles off, but you can get it five miles distant when the wind is strong. That"—and he waved his left arm toward it as though the stretch had been a visible thing—"that explains why tobacco is so scarce with us among the staff back yonder in Laon. All the tobacco which can be spared is sent to the men in the front trenches. As long as they smoke and keep on smoking they can stand—that!"

"You see," he went on painstakingly, "the situation out there at Cerny is like this: The French and English, but mainly the English, held the ground first. We drove them back and they lost very heavily. In places their trenches were actually full of dead and dying men when we took those trenches."

"You could have buried them merely by filling up the trenches with earth. And that old beet-sugar factory which you saw this noon when we were at General von Zwehl's headquarters—it was crowded with badly wounded Englishmen."

"At once they rallied and forced us back, and now it was our turn to lose heavily. That was nearly three weeks ago, and since then the ground over which we fought has been debatable ground, lying between our lines and the enemy's lines—a stretch four miles long and half a mile wide that is literally carpeted with bodies of dead men. They weren't all dead at first. For two days and nights our men in the earthworks heard the cries of those who still lived, and the sound of them almost drove them mad. There was no reaching the wounded, though, either from our lines or from the Allies' lines. Those who tried to reach them were themselves killed. Now there are only dead out there—thousands of dead, I think. And they have been there twenty days. Once in a while a shell strikes that old sugar mill or falls into one of those trenches. Then—well, then, it is worse for those who serve in the front lines."

"But in the name of God, man," I said, "why don't they call a truce—both sides—and put that horror underground?"

He shrugged his shoulders.
"War is different now," he said. "Truces are not the fashion."

I stood there and I smelled that smell. And I thought of all those flies, and those blood-stiffened stretchers, and those little inch-long figures which I myself, looking through that telescope, had seen lying on the green hill, and those automobiles loaded with mangled men, and War de Luxe betrayed itself to me. Beneath its bogus glamour I saw war for what it is—the next morning of drunken glory.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

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Take it. I never started nothing in my life I couldn't see the finish to. Take it and forget it!"

He crammed the bill into her reluctant fingers, closed them over it and sealed her little fist with a grandiose pat.

"Forget it, Doll!"

But her lids fluttered and her confusion rose as if to choke her.

"I—honest, I—aw, what kind of a girl do you think I am?"

"I told you I think you're the sweetest, liveliest little queen I know."

"Aw!"

"Come on, little live wire. Put on your swell, hothouse-trimmed hat. I'm going to take you to a place farther up the street where there are two staircases and a fountain twice as big for you to puddle your little footsies in. Waiter—here—check—get a cab! Here, little Doll, quit your shivering and shaking and lemme help you on—lemme help you."

She was suddenly pale, but tense-lipped like a woman who struggles on the edge of a swoon.

"Jimmie, honest, I—I'm shaking with chills! Jimmie—I—I can't go in these duds neither. I—I gotta go home now. He'll be wakin' and I—I gotta go home now. I'm all shaking." In spite of herself her lips quivered and an ague shot through her body. "I—I gotta go home now, Jimmie—look at me shivering, all shivering!"

"Home now!"

His eyes retreated behind a network of calculating wrinkles and she paled as she sat.

"Home now? Say, Doll, I thought——"

"Honest, I wanna go to the other place, but I'm cold, Jimmie, and—wet through. I gotta keep well, Jimmie, and I—I oughtta go home."

"Pah!" he said, spluttering out the end of a bitten cigar. "If I'd a-known you was a puny Doll like that!"

"I ain't, Jimmie, I——"

"If I'd a-known you was that puny! It's like I been sayin', Doll, it ain't like you and me don't understand each other. I——"

"Sure we do, Jimmie. Honest, I—to-morrow night I—I can fix it so that—that the sky's my limit. I'll meet you at Hinkley's at eight, cross my heart on a wishbone, Jimmie."

"Cross it!"

"There!"

"To-night, Jimmie, I'm chilled—all in. Look at me in these duds, Jimmie. I'm cold. Oh, Jimmie, get me a cab quick, please; I'm co-ol!"

She relaxed frankly into a chill that rumbled through her and jarred her knees together. A little rivulet of water oozed from her hair, zigzagged down her cheek and seeped into her blouse, but her blue-lipped smile persisted.

"Ain't I a nut, though! But wait till you see me dolled up to-morrow night, Jimmie! Eight, at Hinkley's. I didn't have a hunch how cold—how cold that water was. Next time they gotta—heat it."

"Got to heat it is good, Doll! All I got to do is ask once, and my word's law round here. Here, take a swallow and warm up, hon. You don't need to go home if you warm up right."

But the glass tinkled against her teeth.

"I—I can't!"

"Gowann, kiddo!"

"I'll take some home with me to warm me up when I get in bed, Jimmie. I—— Not that kind, give it to me red like you did last Tuesday night, without the sparkles. That's the kind to warm me up. Order a bottle of red without the sparkles, Jimmie—without the sparkles. I—I can't stand no more bubbles to-night."

He helped her into her coat, and she leaned to him with a little movement of exhaustion that tightened his hold of her.

"Hurry a cab, waiter, the lady's sick!"

"Ain't I a nut, though!"

"Poor wet little Doll, I didn't think you was much more'n damp! You gotta make up for this to-morrow night, Doll. Eight sharp, Doll, and no funny business to-morrow night."

"Eight sharp!"

"Swell little sport you are, gettin' the chills! But we understand each other, don't we, Doll?"

"Sure, Jimmie!"

"Come on, hon. Shakin' like a leaf, ain't you? Wait till I get you out in the cab, I'll warm you up. You look just like a Christmas doll, all rigged up in that hat and that star and all—just like a Christmas doll."

"My grizzly, my brown grizzly! Gee, I nearly forgot my grizzly!"

And she packed the huge toy under her arm, along with the iridescent ball and the gewgaws of her plunder, and out into the cab, where an attendant tucked a bottle of the red warming wine between them.

"Ready, Doll?"

"Ready."

The silent storm had continued its silent work, weaving its blanket softer, deeper. The straggling pedestrians of early morning bent their heads into it and drove first paths through the immaculate mantle. The fronts of owl cars and cabs were coated with a sugary whiteness. Broadway lay in a white lethargy that is her nearest approach to sleep.

Snowplows were already abroad clearing tracks, dry snow dust spinning from under them. At Longacre Square the flakes blew upward in spiral surges, erratic, full of antics. The cab snorted, plunged, leaped forward. Mr. Fitzgibbons inclined toward the little huddle beside him.

"Sweetness, now I got you! You little sweetness you, now I got you, sweetness!"

"Jimmie! Quit! Quit! You—you old—you—you——"

The breath of a forgotten perfume and associations webby with age stir through the lethargy of years. Memories faded as flowers lift their heads. The frail scent of mignonette roused with the dust of letters half a century old, and eyes too dim and watery to show the glaze of tears turn backward fifty years upon the mignonette bowered scene of love's young dream. A steel drawing-room car rolling through the clean and heavy stench of cow pasture, and a steady-eyed, white-haired capitalist, rolling on his rolling stock, leans back against the upholstery and gazes with eyes tight closed upon a steady-eyed, brown-haired youngster herding in at eventide. The whiff of violets from a vander's tray, and a young man dreams above his ledger. The reek of a passing brewer's wagon, and white faces look after, suddenly famished.

When the familiar pungency of her boarding house flowed in and round Mrs. Violet Smith, she paused for a moment and could not push through the oppression. Then, with the associations of odor crowding in about her, she stripped herself of her gewgaws, as if here even the tarnished tinsel of pleasure could have no place, and tiptoed up the weary wind of three unlighted flights and through the thick staleness of unaired halls.

At the third landing a broom and a dirty tangled débris of scrub cloths lay on the topmost stair, as if an aching slave had not found the strength to remove them. They caught the heel of her shoe, pitching her forward so that she fell sharply against her own door. In the gloom she paused for a palpitating moment, her hands pressing her breast, listening; then deposited her laden hat, the little pile of tinsel and the woolen bear on the floor outside the door.

"Vi, Vi; that you, dear?"

She pulled at her strength and opened the door suddenly, blowing in like a gale.

"It's me, darlin'."

She was suddenly radiant as morning, and a figure on the bed in the far corner of the dim-lit room raised to greet her with vague, white-sleeved arms outstretched. She flew to their haven.

"Darlin', darlin', how you feelin'?"

"Vi, poor tired little girl!"

"Harry, how you feelin', darlin'? They worked the force all night—first time ever. How you feelin', darlin'—how?" And she must burrow kisses on the poor white face, and then deep into the tiny crib and back again into the vague white arms.

"Oh, my babies, both of you! How you feelin', darlin', so worried I've been. And the kid! Oh, God, darlin', I—I been so busy rightin' stock and all—all night they kept the force. How you feelin', darlin'? I got such news, darlin'. We should worry that it's snowing! Such news, darlin'! The kid, Harry—did Mrs. Quigley bring her milk on time? How you feelin', darlin'! You ain't coughed, have you?"

He kissed her damp hair and turned her face up like a flower, so that his deep-sunk eyes read into hers.

"I ain't coughed once since noon, darlin'. We should worry if it snows is right! A doctor's line of talk can't knock me out. I can buck up without going South. I ain't coughed once since noon, Vi, I——"

A strangling paroxysm shook him in mockery of his words, and she crouched low beside the bed, her face etched in the agony of bearing each rack and pain with him.

"Oh, my darlin'! Oh—oh——"



Xmas Cheer Every Day in the Year

ELECTRICITY is the servant that is always at command, and never shirks. It takes pay only for what it does.

Many of your friends use it for lighting but some may have missed the many other phases of household helpfulness which come from the employment of the various articles of

Westinghouse Electric Ware

At this holiday time you have an opportunity of making gifts to your friends that will open their eyes to new labor savers and will delight them every day in the year.

Progressive women consider electrical household appliances absolute necessities in every home. Electric vacuum cleaners have made cleaning an easy and healthful task. Electric washing machines have done away with one of the worst forms of household drudgery. The best makes of these appliances are driven by Westinghouse motors.

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All Westinghouse Electric Ware is designed especially for usefulness, durability, and economy in operation, and the very best materials are used in its construction.

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Electric Radiant Toaster, makes delicious toast. Warms plates. Heats coffee. Special, complete \$2.50.



Cooking Dish and Stove. Ready at turn of switch. Also for any light cooking. Complete \$10.00 to \$11.75. Stove only \$6.75.



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Standard Toaster-Stove. Makes perfect toast. Broils meat. Bakes griddle cakes. Complete with all attachments, \$6.00.



Electric Fryer's Iron, for light frying. Packs in small space. Will heat cooking iron. \$3.00.

WHEN the United States Government makes exhaustive and comparative tests of automatic pistols, you surely cannot do better than be guided by its selection.

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Could anything be more convincing? And for the protection of your home and family what are the two chief essentials required in a firearm? Safety plus quickness. In the Colt you have the positive kind of safety—automatic safety. The famous Grip Safety of the Colt not only protects you, but

Enables You to Fire the First Shot First

to "get there" before the other fellow in time of imminent danger. There is absolutely no danger to you, but certain danger to the intruder of your home if you own a Colt Automatic Pistol.

Write for free booklet, "How to Shoot," and Catalog 85. If you want a copy of the famous war picture, "Colts to the Front" (miniature shown here), size 20x22 inches, done in full colors, ready for framing, enclose 10c for postage, etc.

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AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
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Largest Manufacturers of Spectacles, Eyeglasses and Lenses in the World.

"It's—all right now, Vi! It's all right! It's all right!"

"Oh, my darlin', yes, yes, it's all right now! All right now!"

She ran her hands over his face, as if to reassure herself of his very features, nor would she let him read into her streaming eyes.

"Lay quiet, Harry darlin', it's all right! Oh, my darlin'!"

"S-s-s-h, Vi, dear, sure it's all right. S-s-s-h, don't cry, Vi!"

"I—I—oh—oh—"

"S-s-s-h, darlin', don't!"

"I—oh, I can't help it; but I ain't cryin', Harry, I ain't!"

"All worn out and cold and wet, that's what's a-hurtin' you. All worn out and hysterical and all! Poor little Vi-dee!"

"I—I ain't."

"It's all over now, Vi. See, I'm all right! Everything's all right! Just my luck to have the first one since noon right when you get home. It's all over now, Vi. Everything's over, Christmas rush and all. Don't you worry about the snow neither, darlin'. I knew it would scare you up, but it takes more than a doctor's line of talk to down-and-out me."

"I—I ain't worryin', darlin'."

"You're the one I been worryin' about, Vi. It's just like the kid was worried too—cried when Mrs. Quigley sung her to sleep."

"Oh, my baby; oh, my baby!"

"Don't worry, dear, she don't even know it's Christmas—a little thing like her. And anyways, look, Vi-dee, Mrs. Quigley brought her up that little stuffed lamb there. But she don't even know it's Christmas, dear; she don't even know. Poor tired little kiddo!"

"I ain't tired."

"I been layin' here all night, sweet, thinkin' and thinkin'—a little doll like you hustling and a big hulk like me layin' here."

"S-s-s-h! Honest, Harry, it's fun being back in the store again till you get well, honest!"

"I never ought to let you done it in the beginnin', darlin'. Remember that night, even when I was strong enough to move a ox team, I told you there was burn lungs way back somewhere in my family? I never ought to let you take a chance, Vi-dee, I never ought!"

"S-s-s-h! Didn't I say I'd marry you if you was playin' bookie from the graveyard? Wasn't that the answer I give you even when you was strong as a whole team?"

"I didn't have no right to you, baby—the sweetest little peach in the store! I—I didn't have no right to you! Vi-dee, what's the matter? You look like you got the horrors—the horrors, hon! Vi-dee!"

"Oh, don't, Harry, don't. I—I can't stand it, hon. I—I'm tired, darlin', but don't look like that, darlin', I—I got news—I got news."

"S-s-s-h, baby, you're all hysterical from overwork and all tired out from worry. There ain't no need to worry, baby. Quigley'll say it can go over another week. She ain't dunning for board, she ain't, baby."

"I—oh—I—"

"Shakin' all over, baby, just like you got the horrors! I bet you got scared when you seen the snow comin' and tackled Ingram to-day, and you're blue. What you got the horrors about, baby—Ingram?"

"No! No!"

"I told you not to ask the old skinflint. I told you they won't do nothing after twelve weeks. I ain't bluffin' off by no snow storm, Vi. I don't need South no more'n you do, I don't, baby. I ain't a dead one by a long shot yet! Vi, for God's sake, why you got the horrors?"

She tried to find words and to smile at him through the hot rain of her tears, and the deep-rooted sobs that racked her subsided and she snuggled closer and burrowed into his pillow.

"I—I can't keep it no longer, darlin'. I ain't cryin', I—I ain't got the horrors. I'm laffin'. I—I seen him, Harry—Ingram—I seen him just before closin', and—oh, Harry, you won't believe it, he said—he—I—I'm laffin' for joy, Harry!"

"What? What, Vi? What?"

She tumbled into the bosom of her blouse and slid a small folded square of yellowback bill into his hand.

"A cool hundred, darlin'. Ingram—the Aid Society, because it's Christmas, darlin'. They opened up—a cool hundred! We—we can light out to-morrow, darlin'. A cool hundred! Old Ingram, the old skinflint, he opened up like—a oyster. South, all of us to-morrow, darlin'; it ain't nothing for me to get a job South. When I seen it was snowin' I'd a killed somebody to

get it. I—I had to have it and we got it, darlin', we—we got it—a cool hundred!"

He lay back on the pillow, suddenly limp, the bill fluttering to the coverlet, and she slid her arm beneath his head.

"You could have knocked me down, too, darlin'. Easy, just like that he forked over."

"What's a Aid Society for?" he kept sayin'.

"What's a Aid Society for?"

"Vi, I—"

"Don't cry, darlin', don't cry, I just can't stand it!"

"I—"

"S-s-s-h! Easy, just like that he gimme it, darlin'."

"And me layin' here hatin' him for a skinflint and his store for a bloodsucker and the Aid Society for a fake."

"Yes, yes, darlin'."

"I feel new already, Vi. I can feel the sun already shining through me. If he was here, I—I could just kiss his hand; that's how it feels for a fellow to get his nerve back. I got my chance now, Vi, there ain't nothing can keep me down. Just like he says—I'll be a new man out there. Look, hon, just talking about it! Feel how I got some strength back already. An hour ago I couldn't hold you like this."

"Oh, my darlin'!"

He sat up suddenly in bed and drew her into his arms and she laid her cheek against his, and in the silence, from the trundle crib beside them, the breathing of a child rose softly, fell softly.

"I—I blew us to a real Christmas, darlin', us and the kid. I—I couldn't help it. I couldn't bear to have her wake up without it, Harry, her and you—and me."

"A real Christmas, baby!"

"Red wine for you, darlin', like I brought you last Tuesday night and warmed you up so nice. The kind the doctor says is so grand for you, darlin'—red wine without bubbles like he says you gotta have."

"Red wine!"

"Yeh, and black grapes like I brought you last Tuesday and like he says you oughta have—black grapes and swell fruit that's good for you, darlin'."

"A real blow-out, Vi-dee."

"A bear for the kid, Harry!"

"Vi!"

"Yeh, a real brown grizz, with the grin and all, like she cried for in the window that Sunday—a real big brown one with the grin and all."

"That cost a real bunch of money, sweet!"

"Yeh, I blew me like sixty for it, hon, but she cried for it that Sunday and she had to have a Christmas, didn't she, darlin', even if she is too little. It—it would a broke my heart to have her wake up to-morrow without one."

He regarded her through the glaze of tears.

"My little kiddo!"

"S-s-s-h!"

"It just don't seem fair for you to have to—"

"S-s-s-h! Everything's fair, darlin', in love and war. All the rules for the game of living ain't written down—the Eleventh Commandment and the Twelfth Commandment and the Nth Commandment."

"My little kiddo!"

"To-morrow, Harry, to-morrow, Harry, we're goin'! South, darlin', where he says the sun is going to warm you through and through. To-morrow, darlin'!"

"The next day, sweetness. You're all worn out and to-morrow's Christmas, and—"

But the shivering took hold of her again, and when she pressed her hand over his mouth he could feel it trembling.

"To-morrow, darlin', to-morrow before eight. Every day counts. Promise me, darlin'. I—I just can't live if you don't. To-morrow before eight. Promise me, darlin'! Oh, promise me, darlin'!"

"Poor tired little kiddo, to-morrow before eight then, to-morrow before eight we go."

Her head relaxed.

"You're tired out, darlin'. Get to bed, baby. We got a big day to-morrow. We got a big day to-morrow, darlin'! Get to bed, Vi-dee."

"I wanna spread out her Christmas first, Harry. I want her to see it when she wakes up. I couldn't stand her not seein' it."

She scurried to the hall and back again, and at the foot of the bed she spread her gaudy wares: An iridescent rubber ball glowing with six colors; a ribbon of gilt paper festooned to the crib; a gleaming Christmas star that dangled and gave out radiance; a huge brown bear standing upright, and with bead eyes and a grin.

A Public Service of Vital Importance to You!

This announces the advent of a public service of importance—the establishment of SAN-TOX Drug Stores nearly everywhere. This service provides uniform excellence and purity in Toilet and Household preparations.

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When you want a Toilet or Household preparation for any purpose whatever, step into your local SAN-TOX Drug Store—ask the druggist for a reliable Talcum, Lotion, Dentifrice or any other such article. He will unhesitatingly offer you a SAN-TOX preparation, because he can conscientiously give it his personal guarantee.

His rigid investigation proved that SAN-TOX is the line that will substantiate his personal guarantee—proved that there is absolutely no question about the quality of SAN-TOX preparations—that they are compounded of only the purest ingredients according to safe formulas.

San-Tox drug stores everywhere

There is one near you. You know the druggists in your town. Look up the local SAN-TOX Druggist—you'll find he's one of the best in town—you can depend upon his word. Remember, only druggists whose records are above reproach can sell SAN-TOX preparations.

Money refunded

Every claim made for SAN-TOX preparations is substantiated by a binding guarantee, authorizing your local SAN-TOX Drug Store to refund your money if you are not absolutely satisfied.

This is positive proof of the SAN-TOX aim to render a broad public service—to give you only Toilet and Household preparations of exceptional quality and merit.

The years of complete success and the constant increase in sales is ample evidence that SAN-TOX preparations fulfill every claim we make. We want you to prove to yourself the wisdom of buying SAN-TOX preparations, so we ask you to immediately

Make this test:

Ask your local SAN-TOX Druggist today for SAN-TOX Tooth Paste—note how delicious and refreshing it is—note how easily it cleanses and whitens your teeth.

If it doesn't delight you—if it doesn't prove the finest dentifrice you have ever used—the druggist will refund your money. This test will prove SAN-TOX merit—each preparation is of equal excellence. We are willing to have you judge the entire SAN-TOX line by any one of them.



The Sign
of the Nurse
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Look for the San-Tox Nurse

Her picture appears on every SAN-TOX preparation. She is symbolical of purity, quality and safety. She is your means of identifying the SAN-TOX Drug Stores in your town. Look for her picture on the show window. Wherever you see her you will receive fair treatment.

Try some SAN-TOX preparation today—a delight awaits you. If there is no SAN-TOX Drug Store near you, write us for elegant booklet of SAN-TOX preparations and let us tell you how to get them.

Important to dealers

There is some non-competitive territory still open. We want to prove to dealers, whose records meet with all our requirements, that SAN-TOX is one of the most successful lines—a rapid seller and constant repeater—that SAN-TOX customers recommend the SAN-TOX line to their friends because of absolute purity and extreme satisfaction. We invite correspondence with high class dealers.

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Detroit Electric

*"That's What
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This Christmas will be the happiest Christmas of all for many families because it brings to them a Detroit Electric. And surely no gift can better express the true Christmas spirit—for it perfectly combines beauty and utility.

It is a gift whose remembrance will last, for its daily use season after season will constantly call to mind the thoughtfulness and affection of the donor.

A Gift to the Entire Family

A gift of a Detroit Electric is really a present to your whole family. You, yourself, will derive as much pleasure and service from a Detroit as your wife. And so strongly is it built, so easy to handle, and so efficient are its automatic safety devices that the younger members of the family can drive it with safety and security.

If You Expect to Have Only One Car for the Family Buy a Detroit

For the family which does not care to maintain more than one car, the Detroit is the wisest choice.

It has all the power and speed you will ever need; starts and stops instantly at the will of the driver; takes hills easily, surely and resistlessly; and you never soil your hands or spoil your clothing with grease.

Men Now Realize That They Seldom Really Tour

In the past some men have thought most of their trips would be beyond the radius of a battery charge. Now they know that 98 per cent of all motoring trips are easily within the radius of the Detroit (60 to 70 miles at a speed of 20 to 25 miles per hour).



By ordering now you can have delivery
Christmas morning



Then, too, the freedom from tire trouble and repair expense and the satisfaction of having a low, definite monthly cost make an especially strong appeal for the Detroit to men and women who have experienced the much greater cost-of-keep of other types of automobiles.

Every Third Electric Sold is a Detroit

Its mechanical excellence, together with its beauty of design and luxurious upholstery and appointments, makes the Detroit the choice of one-third of all electric automobile buyers.

In the hillier cities, where the greater power and "pull" of the sturdy motor and larger battery of the Detroit are most appreciated, over 50 per cent of the electric cars in use are Detroits.

A Car of Unrivalled Mechanical Perfection

The Detroit develops from 15 per cent to 20 per cent greater power because of its larger battery and larger motor connected directly to the driving shaft. The worm driving gear runs continuously in a bath of oil. Friction is practically unknown, and wear on parts is at a minimum. The full aluminum body stays good for years. The deep Turkish upholstery is both luxurious and durable. Rain-vision front window gives you a clear view ahead at all times. The graceful oval crowned fenders of full aluminum add the last note of beauty and smartness.

We invite you to inspect the six 1915 body styles in their new and uniquely attractive color combinations—now at our dealers'.

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"And it didn't take me long to pick out just the most delightful gifts for everyone."

"I decided long ago that the things I like best would be the most likely to please all my friends."

"I really adore pretty lamps—the cozy, cheerful kind that give no trouble and are so comfortable to read by. So I simply bought gas portable table lamps for Mrs. Jones, Aunt Mary and the Smiths."

"As for the rest of my list, there was no trouble about finding suitable gifts of the handy gas sort. A gas iron for mother, a gas hot-water heater for George's folks, a gas heating stove for grandma—indeed, it would surprise you to know all the lovely, useful Christmas gifts that can be purchased at the gas office. A visit there will certainly repay you."

"The Story of Nancy Gay"

is a snappy, thoroughly delightful little book that will be mailed you on request, absolutely free. After you read it get in touch with your local gas company and learn what good gas service can do for you.

NATIONAL COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION
61 Broadway New York

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 23)

conscious that not all the glamour of those high-sounding names, the picturesque interest of those gorgeous uniforms, not the men themselves—magnificent in their way—were able to make the slightest appeal to her. She remembered some of her own bitter words when an alliance with one of them had been suggested to her. It was she then who had been the first to ignore the divine heritage of birth, who had spoken of their drinking habits, pointed to their life of idle luxury and worse than luxury.

The man who was at the present moment her suitor forced himself upon her recollection. She knew quite well that he represented a type. He and his kind were of the nobility, and they seemed to her in that one poignant but unwelcome moment hatefully degenerate, men no self-respecting girl could ever think of. Family influence, stern parental words, the call of her order, had half crushed these thoughts. They came back now, however, with persistent force.

"You see," Richard Lane went on, "it may not be much that I have to offer you, but in your heart I know you feel what it means to be offered the love of a man who doesn't want you just because you are of his order, or because you are the daughter of a personage, or for any other reason than because he cares for you as he has cared for no other woman on earth, and because without knowing it he has waited for you."

She moved restlessly in her chair. Their conversation was not going in the least along the lines she had intended. She suddenly remembered her own disquiet of the day before, her curious longing to steal off on some excuse to-day. A week ago she would have been content to dawdle away the afternoon in the grounds of the villa. Something different had come over her. From the moment she had entered the room, although she had never acknowledged it, she had been conscious, pleasantly conscious, of his presence. She was suddenly uneasy. "I am afraid," she murmured, "that you are quite hopeless."

"If you mean that I am without hope you are wrong," he answered sturdily. "From the moment I met you I have had but one thought, and until the last day of my life I shall have but one thought, and that thought is of you. There may be no end of difficulties, but I come of an obstinate race. I have patience as well as other things."

She was avoiding looking at him now. She looked instead at her clasped hands.

"I wish I could make you understand," she said in a low tone, "how impossible all this is. In England and America I know that it is different. There marriages of a certain sort are freely made between different classes. But in Russia these things are not thought of. Supposing that all you said were true. Supposing even that I had the slightest disposition to listen to you. Do you realize that there isn't one of my family who wouldn't cry out in horror at the thought of my marrying—forgive me—marrying a commoner of your rank in life?"

"They can cry themselves hoarse, as they'll have to some day," he replied cheerfully. "As for you, Miss Fedora—you don't mind my calling you Miss Fedora, do you?—you'll be glad some day that you were born at the beginning of the new era. You may be a pioneer in the new ways, but you may take my word for it that you won't be the last. Please have courage. Please try to be yourself, won't you?"

"But how do you know what I am?" she protested; "or even what I am like? We have spoken only a few words. Nothing has passed between us that could possibly have inspired you with such feelings as you speak of," she added, coloring slightly. "It is a fancy of yours, quite too absurd a fancy! Now that I find myself discussing it with you as though, indeed, we were talking of it seriously I am inclined to laugh. You are just a very foolish young man, Mr. Lane."

He shook his head. "Look here," he said, "I am very good at meaning things, but it's awfully hard for me to put thoughts into words. I can't explain how it's all come about. I don't know why among all the girls I've seen in my own country, or England, or Paris, or anywhere, there hasn't been one who could bring me the things you bring; who could fill my mind with the thoughts you fill it

THERMOS

The beautiful useful and inexpensive Christmas Gift

For Men

New model, separable type, full nickel, heavily corrugated seamless case, permitting insertion of refills in less than a minute. For home, office, store, factory or outdoor use.

No. 15, Pint, \$1.50
No. 15Q, Quart, \$2.50

Handsome triple nickel case, adjustable base; heavily nickel, highly polished; ornamental and useful in a hundred ways in and away from home.

No. 6, Pint, \$2.00
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Nickel finish Carafe for home, club or hotel use. Most acceptable as gift or prize—ideal in library, bedroom or den. Corrugated case with metal stopper.

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No. 55, Quart, \$4.00

Heavy plain nickel case with ground-glass silvered stopper and silvered chain. For dining or service table, for library or boudoir.

No. 55, Quart, \$5.00

THERMOS Carafe with Carrier and Tumbler Holder, triple nickel plated, splendid for serving drinks on porch or in summer garden. Has a hundred uses in the home.

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It Serves You Right

Hot or Cold, Food or Drink, When, Where and As You Like
Keeps Hot 24 Hours, Keeps Cold 3 Days

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Half Pint THERMOS Bottle, full nickel, heavily corrugated; wonderfully convenient and durable in nursery or children's bedroom.

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Pint THERMOS Jug for keeping Beef Tea, Hot or Cold Water or Cold Milk at the proper temperature until the Kiddies require them.

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Plain nickel THERMOS Bottle with new cup and attractive nickel handle which may be pressed back when not in use, combining container and drinking cup in one. A porcelain topped cork makes this article exceptional in appearance and utility.

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Beautiful Carafe, heavy plain nickel case with serving handle and metal stopper. An ideal gift for the aged or invalid.

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THERMOS Jug for Tea, Coffee or Chocolate; nickel case, corrugated centre with handle and metal stopper. Handy for afternoon teas; a delightful house gift.

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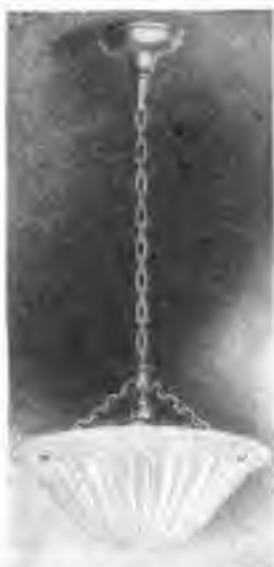
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with, who could make my days stand still and start again, who could upset the whole machinery of my life so that when you come I want to dance with happiness and when you go the day is over for me. I love you, Fedora, and I will be faithful to you all my life. You shall live where you choose, but you must be my wife. There isn't any other way out of it for either of us."

She sat quite still for several moments. They were a little behind the curtain and it chanced that there was no one in their immediate vicinity. She felt her fingers suddenly gripped. They were released again almost at once, but a queer sensation of something overmastering seemed to creep through her whole being at the touch of his hand. She rose to her feet.

"I am going away," she declared. "I haven't offended you?" he begged. "Please sit down. We haven't half talked things over yet."

"We have talked too much," she answered. "I don't know really what has come over me that I have let you—that I listen to you."

"It is because you feel the truth of what I say," he insisted. "Don't get up, Fedora. Don't go away, dear. Let us have at least these few minutes together. I'll do exactly as you tell me. I'll come to your father or I'll carry you off. I have a sister here. She'll be your friend—"

"Don't!" the girl stopped him. "Please don't!"

She sat down in her chair again.

"Have I been a brute?" he asked softly. "You must forgive me, Fedora. I am not much used to girls and I am sort of carried away myself, only I want you to believe that there's the real thing in my heart. I'll make you just as happy as a woman can be. Don't shake your head, dear. I want you to trust me and believe in me."

"I think you're a most extraordinary person," she said at last. "Do you know, I'm beginning to be really afraid of you."

"You're not," he insisted. "You're afraid of yourself. You can see nothing but trouble ahead just now, but I'll take you right away from that."

There was the rustle of skirts, a soft little laugh. Richard rose to his feet promptly. He had never in all his life been so pleased to welcome his sister.

"Flossie," he exclaimed, "I'm ever so glad you came along! I want to present Miss Grex to you. This is my sister, Miss Fedora—Lady Weybourne. I was just going to ask Miss Grex to have some tea with me," he went on, "but I am not sure that she would have considered it proper. Do come along and be chaperon."

Lady Weybourne laughed.

"I shall be delighted," she declared. "I have seen you here once or twice before, haven't I, Miss Grex, and some one told me that you were Russian. I suppose you are not in the least used to the free-and-easy ways of us Westerners, but you'll come and have some tea with us, won't you?" The girl hesitated. Fate was too strong for her.

"I shall be very pleased," she agreed.

They found a window table and Lane ordered tea. By degrees Fedora came back to earth and they had a very gay little tea party. At the end of it they strolled back into the rooms together. Fedora glanced at the watch upon her wrist and held out her hand to Lady Weybourne.

"I am sorry," she said, "but I must hurry away now. It is very kind of you to ask me to come and see you, Lady Weybourne. I shall be charmed."

"I am going to see you down to your car if I may," begged Richard.

They left the room together. She looked almost tremulously at him as they descended the stairs.

"This doesn't mean, you know," she said, "that I—that I agree to all you have been saying."

"It needn't mean anything at all, dear," he replied. "This is only the beginning. I don't expect you to realize all that I have realized quite so quickly, but I do want you to keep it in your mind that this thing has come and that it can't be got rid of. I won't do anything foolish. If it is necessary I will wait, but I am your lover now as I always must be."

He handed her into the car, the footman in his long white livery standing somberly on one side. As the car moved off she gave Richard her fingers, and he walked up the steps with the smile upon his lips that comes to a man only once or twice in his lifetime.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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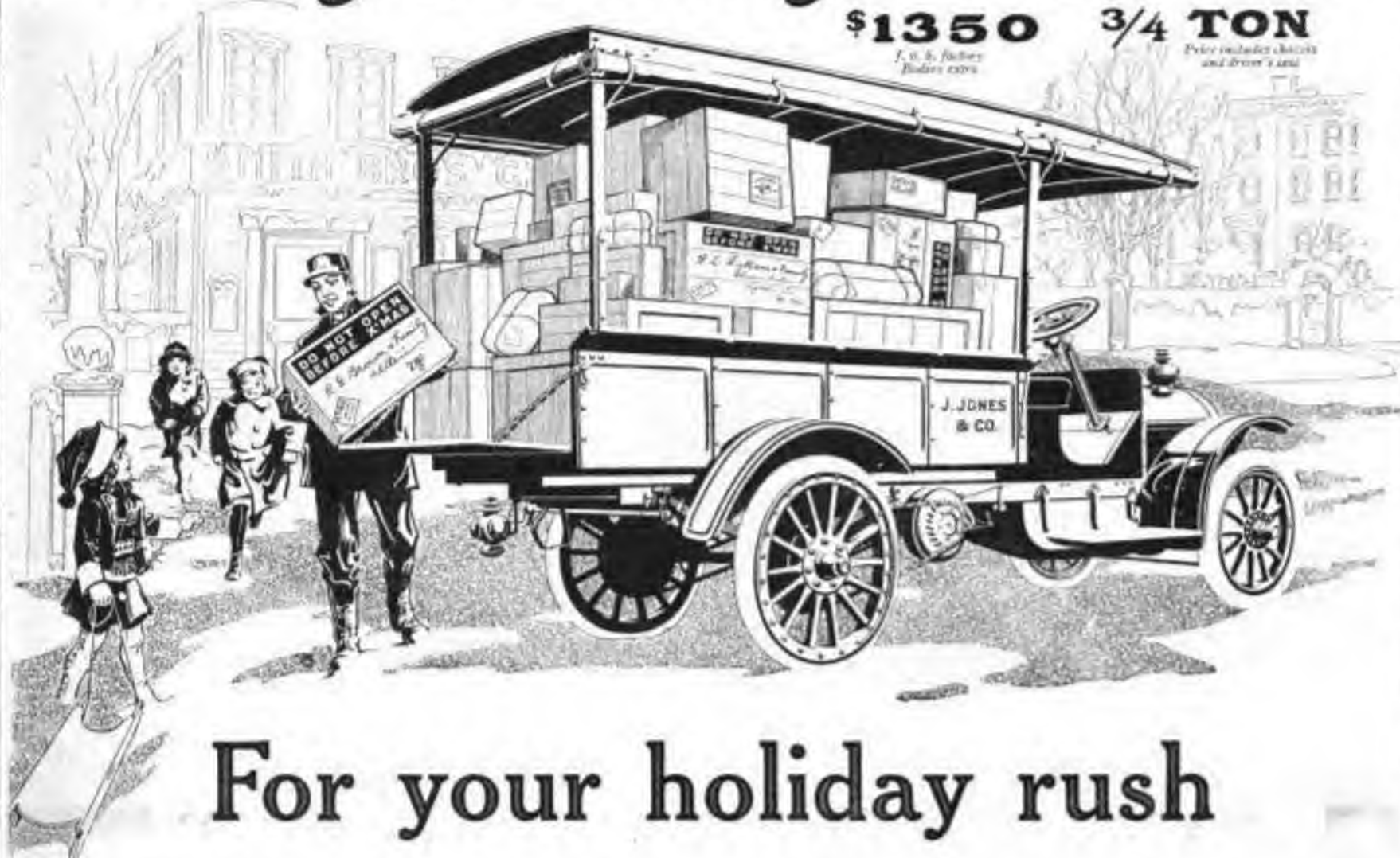
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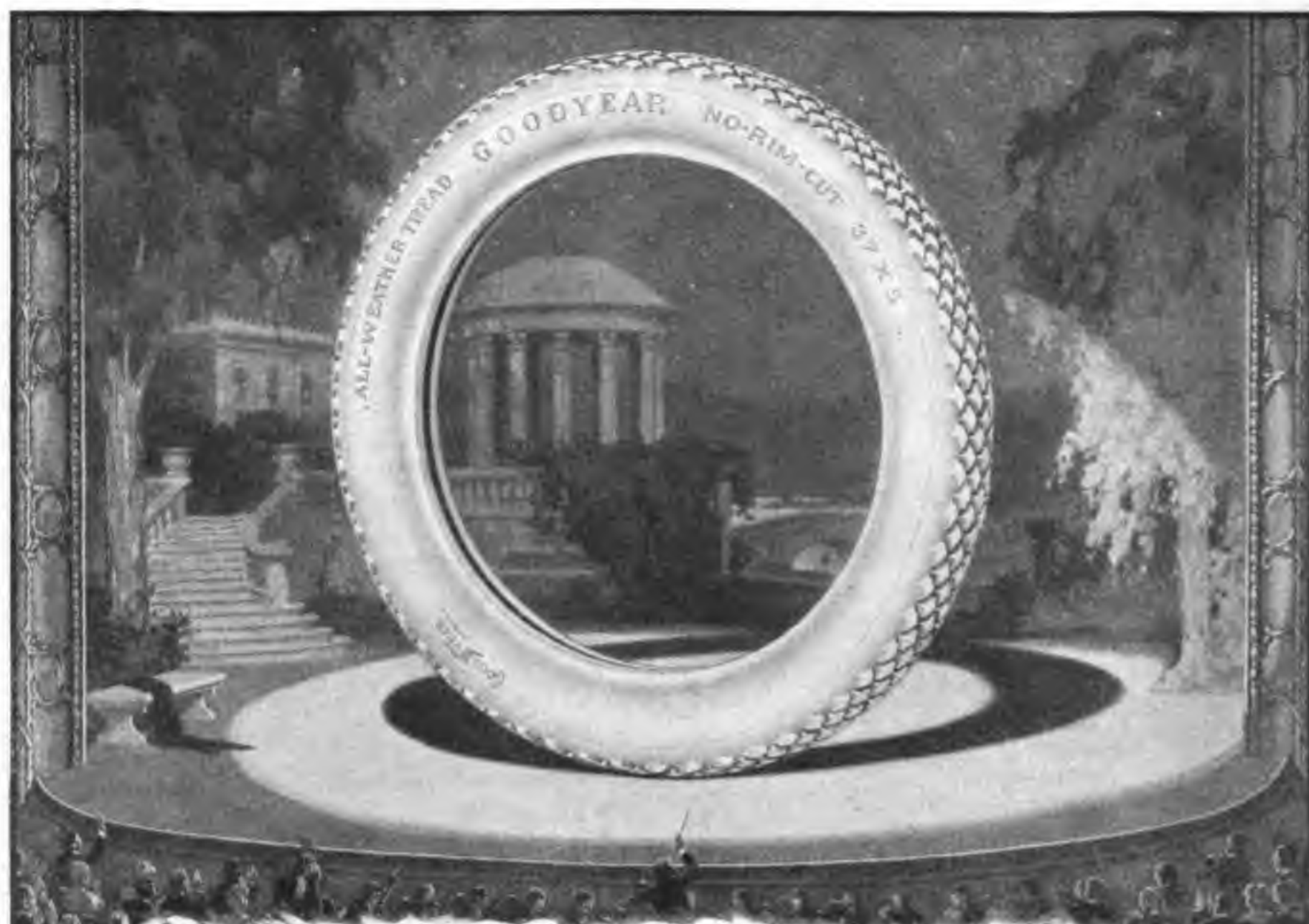
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BILLY FORTUNE AND THE TEN-CENT LIMIT

(Continued from Page 20)

day or they won't work. And they can't get it. Beef's too high to feed to huskies."

Red wasn't so far gone but he was givin' a kind of woozy attention.

"Aw!" he says. "There's plenty of beef. Ain't this a cow-country? I'd like to have the contract. I could furnish 'em. If I couldn't do no other way I could rustle a few strays. Nobody would ever miss 'em. I could find a way."

Nobody ought to have noticed what he was sayin' with him in that shape. If he'd been let alone it would have been nothin' but talk, and nobody would have remembered it. That was one time when Bat showed kinda poor judgment, it struck me. Maybe he'd had a couple or so too.

"Yes," he says, "a man that is a thief can mostly always find a way to thief if he's lookin' for it."

That's what he said, just that way. I backed away quick from where I was standin' in between 'em, so as not to get in the road. But I needn't have bothered. Anywhere between bein' sober and havin' only three or four, Red would have hopped him; but it's like I tell you—he changed dispositions as he went along. He didn't do a blessed thing but stand where he was, rockin' on his heels and grippin' the edge of the bar with a glaze comin' over his eyes.

"Hear that now!" he says with his voice goin' all flat with the drink. "Hear that now! Insultin' a gentleman, just because a gentleman's kid is a cripple. How can I help it? Ain't I done everything I could? Say now, Fletch, ain't I done everything I could?"

He forgot to wait for anybody to answer him because the weepin' come on him, and then I took him and steered him back up to the hotel and put him to bed with him moanin' and blubberin'. I wasn't listenin' any more to what he said. I didn't want to have the whole evenin' spoiled.

Well, that's the way it stood when we started back toward home next day. We wasn't any of us ready to start. You can't have a real pleasant whizzer in just one night. Nobody had near finished up by mornin'; but we had to light out just the same.

We hung together till we'd got up through Sunrise, in that rough mess of hills, and then we spread out. It's a bad piece of country to hunt strays in—all up and down and full of them crazy little draws and cañons and sloughs; and there wasn't any fences to speak of then, not till we'd get up on the Four-J ground. It was bound to be slow work.

It wasn't till the second evenin' that I saw any of the boys. I'd rode clear west to the river, crossin' backward and forward, but without gettin' very far north from Sunrise; and I was circlin' back to the trail to see what luck the rest had had when I run across Bat. He was settin' still in his saddle down between a couple of little hills. He was a little out of my course, but when he saw me he hollered to me.

"Come here, Billy!" he says. "Look at this."

It was a steer hide he was lookin' at. It had been stripped off and pushed back under a bunch of sagebrush, so as to kind of hide it. It was fresh; it must have been skinned since mornin', because if it had been there overnight the coyotes would sure have located it and worried it round. And there was other signs too.

"He worked alone," I says, "and he had an awful sharp knife, and he was in an awful hurry to get through. You can tell he worked alone because he had to cut the meat up in pieces to pack it off on horseback. Made several trips—didn't he?—by the way his trucks show. And his knife was so sharp he slit the hide ever so many places. He was in such a rush that he only cut the brand off the flank and overlooked the shoulder. That's our brand on the shoulder. It must have been one of the critters we got last spring from the Circle-Bar folks. Yes, sir, that man was rushed for time. He must have saw some of us round here and knew we was liable to run up on him if he didn't hurry. Cut that brand off the shoulder, Bat, and let's take it with us."

He was down on the ground, feelin' in his pocket behind; and then he felt through the rest.

"Shucks!" he says. "I ain't got my knife, Billy. What did I do with it? I ain't noticed havin' it, not this trip. I must have left it in the bunkhouse. Give me yours a minute."

He took the piece out and I put it in my saddle-pocket; and pretty soon I run across the Boss and I showed it to him. He was bothered considerable, the Boss was, though a body wouldn't hardly have thought so by the way he took it.

"Well!" he says. "Well!" He set and studied for a minute. "Huh!" he says. "Why, Billy, I thought we'd cured that kind of thing the last grand jury. There must be strangers round that hadn't heard about that yet."

And then Red McGee come up and took a look. He come from off toward the south of where I'd been.

"Would you look at that!" he says. "And that ain't all either. There's another one right over yonder a piece—down in that draw the other side of that scrub cedar. I seen it just a little bit ago. I'll show you!"

Well, there it was. And that wasn't the worst of it; because when the Boss got down and started to turn the hide over with his foot to see the other side, he stooped down quick and picked somethin' off the ground that had been layin' under the corner. He showed it to me pretty soon when just me and him were together. It was Bat's knife that he'd lost. It sent a quick little cold chill chasin' up and down my back to look at it, with that skull on the end of the handle grinnin' up at me. There just couldn't be any mistake about it.

"What do you think, Billy?" says the Boss.

There wasn't but one thing to think if a body was going to try to settle it by thinkin'. I stopped to consider, trying to match the notion up with my notion of Bat.

"I don't believe it!" I says.

"I wish I didn't," says the Boss. "What's the reason you don't?"

"There's several," I says. "In the first place it was him that showed me that first hide."

"Yes," says the Boss; "a smart man might do that."

"Oh!" I says. "Well, but if that's a reason for thinkin' he done it, it was Red that showed us the second hide."

"If Red was only a little smarter," says the Boss. "Besides, here's this knife."

"I don't care," I says; "I don't believe it. Why, say! Don't you remember the mornin' he come along huntin' a job, when you told him you was willin' to bet a stack of blues on him? Well, he wouldn't have played it this way on you, not after that. He couldn't."

"I'd like to think so," says the Boss. He waited a while then, turnin' the thing over and over in his mind; but I could see he wasn't arrivin' anywhere. He's real quick at makin' up his mind to like a man, but he's awful slow when it comes to judgin' a man the other way. He's so afraid he'll do somethin' unfair; but if he ever does work himself up to speakin' out I'd a heap rather it wouldn't be me he was talkin' to.

"Say," I says, "I wish you'd let me talk to Bat, instead of you—at first anyway. It can't do any hurt, can it? I'll bet a dollar I could find out. You let me!"

"Would you, Billy?" he says. "I wish you would. I certainly don't hanker to tackle it. Go ahead!"

I did, too, the very next mornin' when me and Bat started off together for the day's ridin'. I'd been figurin' it over durin' the night, patchin' different things together, till I'd kind of worked it out. I waited till we got to a spring after a bit where there was shade and a place to set.

"Let's get a drink," I says, "and take a little smoke and rest a minute." And then when we'd got our cigarettes goin' I picked up a little stick and pulled his knife out of my pocket and commenced whittlin'. The knife was just like we'd found it, all smeary and gummed up from the way it had been used, with a mess of the steer's red hairs stickin' to it. That's the way I wanted him to see it. He got his eye on it right away and reached out for it.

"Hello!" he says. "Why, there's my knife! Where'd you get it?" I held it out in the flat of my hand so he could see.

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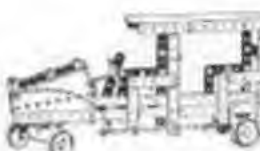
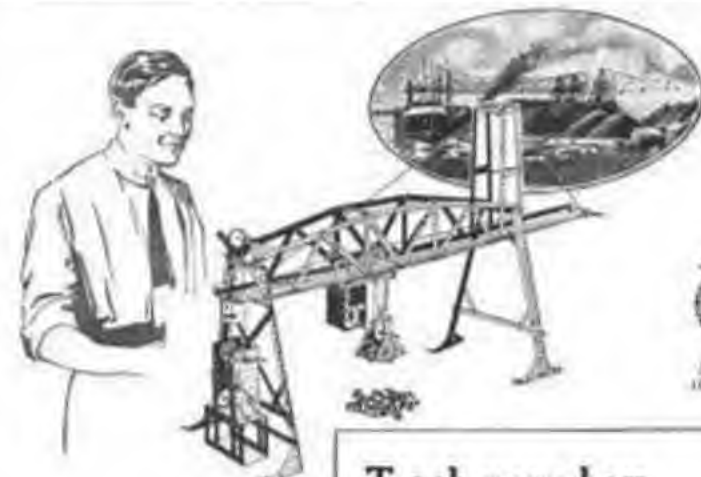
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"The Boss picked it up," I says. "Yesterday evenin'. Down there right beside that second hide we found."

He pulled his hand back, and I heard him draw his breath quick and hard through his teeth; but he didn't say a word. I wasn't lookin' at him; I was lookin' at my whit-tlin'. I reckon it was as much as a minute before I said the next thing.

"Listen, Bat," I says. "I always did hate to crab another man's game; but I certainly do wish you'd explain to me why you're playin' it this way."

"Billy!" he says. "You don't think—"

"Oh, sugar!" I says. "Don't start that now with me. I know you didn't. But there's proof you did. A cow-country jury, with everybody on it ownin' cattle and missin' a few every year, don't need such a great sight of proof. There'd be a plumb plenty to get you a couple years or so. But I know better. I know who done it and so do you. What are you goin' to do about it?"

He was lookin' at me straight with his eyes fair eatin' into me.

"How do you know?" he says.

I laughed at him. "I ain't no dumb," I says. "I got eyes; and my head works a little by spells. He took your money that time, didn't he—the couple you left for him to take? You thought I wasn't noticin'. He got drunk with some of one of 'em down there at Guernsey. I don't know what he done with the other one. Anyway he stole your money, didn't he? And he stole your knife, too, from the same place, right where you left it. And down there at Fletch's, when he had them drinks in him, was when he got the drunk notion of runnin' in some beef to them huskies. He wouldn't really have done it, mebbe, if he hadn't happened to run onto a lonesome critter in them lonesome hills, just when the notion was fresh in his mind and just when the drink was goin' stale. I don't know. Mebbe he figured it was just easy money; or mebbe he figured on sendin' it to his wife and kid. It don't matter. He done it and he got away with it so easy the first time, he come back and done it again. And he left your knife there. I expect he done that on purpose, didn't he? He wouldn't want the knife any more; and that was a good way to get rid of it, besides knowin' what the Boss would think when he found it. You can figure that out yourself just as good as I can."

"And if you're good at natin', mebbe you noticed a few little things about Red since he come in last night. His saddle, for instance. He wasn't ridin' the same saddle he started from the ranch with. He'd changed."

He quit tryin' to bluff it out with me then.

"Yes, Billy," he says. "I know it's so." "All right!" I says. "And what are you goin' to do about it?"

He didn't answer that straight, but just come back with another question:

"Billy, are you one of the kind that runs round tellin' things you know?"

"What?" I says. "Me?" It made me hot for a minute. But then I let that go. "No, I ain't," I says. "I ain't ever goin' to say a word. And neither will the huskies, because they knew the meat was stole when they bought it from him. They're used to that. They got it cheap and they keep still. They won't tell. But that ain't it. It's what you're goin' to do."

He picked up a handful of gravel and set there poppin' the pebbles into the spring with his thumb, slow and absent-minded, till by and by he'd thought it out.

"I made a mean little limit bet when I dropped that money for him to find," he says. "I oughtn't to have done that. I ought to have played human, with the limit off. I thought I'd learned! But it ain't too late yet, is it? I guess I'll just stay with it and bet my stack."

"Bat!" I says. "For pity's sake! You mean you're goin' to let it be like it is? You're goin' to take chances—"

He put out his hand and stopped me.

"Nary chance!" he says. "I'd be takin' chances the other way. How do I know what he done it for? If he's really got a wife and kid— Oh, well!" He broke off short with that and got up on his feet and made ready to climb back to his saddle. As he swung up he grinned over his shoulder at me. "I've certainly enjoyed meetin' you!" he says. "You keep my knife for me till we meet again, will you, Billy?" And with that he struck in his spurs and lit out.

His pony turned up after a while, but he never did. That was all of him. And I never said a word.



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JERMYN THE MUNIFICENT

(Continued from Page 8)

leave milk at this door every day; second, that the inhuman scoundrel who charged rent for such a shelter should be brought to task. And coincidentally with these resolutions came the ambulance.

They took him not ungentle—for they found three of his ribs were broken—to the hospital, and would have placed him in the psychopathic ward had not the letters in his pocket proved his identity as Jermyrn the millionaire.

The consternation of this discovery bordered closely on a riot among the internes and visiting surgeons, as a result of whose assiduous concern he was given several complimentary hypodermic injections of morphine and borne away in a sort of triumph, in the most commodious ambulance the hospital could provide, to his own residence.

Behind a closed door he lay for many days, sick and alone but not forgotten. Outside his closed door the old retainers of his wife's household kept a vulturelike vigil, speculating on his demise and the probabilities of pensions. They led fat lives, these future pensioners, notwithstanding their master was a cross-grained, crabbed old bear; for he would no more have discharged one of them than he would have sold his big, musty house, or his yacht, or his private exile, or anything that was his and pertained to his wife's estate and gave him a sense of the worthiness of riches.

Of the hushed circle beyond his door he knew nothing, but the concern of the great world, whose voice is the press, was set before him each morning in clear type—covetous speculations on the size of his fortune not unpleasing to his vanity, though a trifle bitter. It was plain enough that the world would love him the better for being dead—a not unusual misfortune of rich men to be so loved. But he only screwed up the corners of his mouth. They wanted his money; and it was the want of money that gave money its value—that was his side of the bargain and the basis of all sound business too—the rate on loans.

Let them want it—the more covetously, unchristianly, murderously, the better he liked it; it was good business. However, there remained a slight bitterness.

Jermyrn had never had a sick day before in his life; and, despite the severity of his present pain, he was suspiciously incredulous of the doctor's serious view of his condition, submitting to him only with the same closeness with which he would have transacted any piece of business.

"You shall have two weeks; not a day more!" he said, referring to the term of his submission, and refused to have a trained nurse, with a blunt: "The proposition does not interest me."

And so he lay there alone behind his closed door; and so, too, for the first time since his boyhood, he was given a moment's respite from financial affairs in which to commune with himself.

His reflections began with a comparison of his own virtue, his health and prosperity, with the sins of the multitude—the negligence, improvidence and dissipation that are the causes of sickness; for, of course, no one need be sick; sickness was a punishment, an excellent provision of Providence—except in the case of children.

He never could have explained the divine justice in permitting the worship of Moloch. He was inclined to differ with Providence on the matter of visiting the sins of the fathers on the children. He differed, but he did not interfere; that was the fault of charity. Indeed, he would rather have assisted Providence in the punishment of the fathers—especially those who clung willfully to poverty and ignorance, despising charity, hiding themselves away in such dark places as Number 1—1 Allen Street—places that should never be permitted to exist, much less made a source of shameful profit.

Thus Jermyrn's reflections brought him at once face to face with his two resolutions, both of which he proceeded to put into immediate effect. The first, that the best dairy company in the city should leave milk every day for Lola's baby brother, involved no difficulties beyond the question of quantity. Ten pints a day was doubtless excessive, but the decimal facilitated book-keeping; and as for the milk being wasted—well, it was almost a misfortune that the company had quoted its prices in pints instead of quarts.

The second resolution, that the scoundrel who charged rent for such a habitation as Number 1—1 Allen Street should be brought to repentance, offered, on the other hand, an insurmountable difficulty. Jermyrn's first step was to bring the house to the attention of the city's Board of Health. The honorable board sent an inspector at once, who took cognizance and rendered to Jermyrn a report in person. All the requirements of the law had been complied with in the matter of windows, sanitation and fire escapes.

Jermyrn looked up from the coal fire in the grate over which he was bending. Had the board no ears? Had the coughing escaped the inspector's notice? But the inspector smilingly denied the city's responsibility.

"Both the national and the city tuberculosis societies are private charities," he said—adding significantly, "and supported by private donations. If you would care to have me refer the matter to them—"

"No! No! No!" hastily returned Jermyrn. "I'm obliged to you."

His next step was to order his lawyers to bring suit against the owner of the tenement for bodily injuries received as the result of a stair-rail that was insufficient protection to life and limb. In compliance his lawyers served a summons on the rent collector, who passed it on to the agent, who passed it on to a certain trust company, who found it improperly drawn in respect to the word "owner" and returned it to the lawyers, who immediately sent it by the hand of one of their younger members to their injured client.

In a word, Number 1—1 Allen Street was part of an estate Jermyrn had once put in trust for his wife, and which had reverted to himself at her death.

"We shall let the matter rest," wheezed Jermyrn as he laid the document in the grate and prodded the coals vigorously with the poker.

So, indeed, he would have let the matter rest, could he have done so; but this particular business of bringing a scoundrel to repentance had given his self-communings a head start. He could not now escape from the reflections that the fevered brain of sickness brought crowding in on him.

One infinitesimal item out of all his virtuous prosperity burned into his conscience—the grain of evil that overbalanced the ton of righteousness—the rent he received from a piece of property held under an inviolate deed of trust. Nor did the matter rest until he had instructed his lawyers to buy the property out from under the trust and have it torn down, with a final injunction to let him hear no more of it.

And now Jermyrn's communings took a new course that skirted the subject of his philanthropy, yet without penetrating it. Here again were matters that would not rest. He became now the prey of a set of reflections centering about the visual recollection of a crazy old man rocking crazily in a crazy chair. Not, of course, because he was not prepared to cry Tut! Tut! to any idea that the picture was not genuine; and yet the words of the old man rang clear in his memory: "Eet will not be easy! Eet will not be easy!"

There was truth in that—a truth that the very vehemence of his Tut! Tut! admitted. He took out his wallet and read again the letters from the experts, and, replacing them deliberately in the pocket of his dressing gown, prodded the coals in the grate. Evidence enough!

Still he was troubled. He sent to his office for a certain tin box, a battered old tin box that was locked with a key that had tinkled for years on the end of his watch-chain. From the box he took first his newly drawn will and read the sentence: "The collection shall be known as The Jermyrn Collection for the Encouragement of Art." The philanthropist in him had smacked lips over that sentence, but now it had lost something of its flavor.

He took next from the box a bundle of policies insuring his paintings against fire, theft, mutilation; against a hundred specified forms of depreciation and loss. But one thing they did not insure—that they were genuine.

"It will not be easy!" There is a certain misery in doubting, to which even knowing the worst is a relief; but when it comes to doubting one's doubts, that is a wretched



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state of mind indeed! So it was with Jermym, who, even as he muttered Tut! Tut! put forth a trembling hand to the bell, rang and ordered the picture brought, uncovered and set up on a chair before him, that he might have a fresh look at it.

He could not have looked at it very carefully before, for now there seemed something crude—not to say grotesque—about it. He sought refuge from his doubts by recalling the words of the expert:

"The exquisite tones of color and the waxlike finish of the picture are a lost art that cannot be reproduced in these degenerate days."

Degenerate days? He compressed his thin lips while his mind's eye swept the horizon line of the great city he loved. Degenerate days, indeed! He recalled the city of his boyhood; his father's musty office, where he had begun business as a member of a small, refined circle of gentlemen known as the New York Stock Exchange. He recalled the stage coaches that ran up Broadway and on out into the country as far as Sixtieth Street. He recalled the change decade by decade—the rising torrent of population; the changed streets, on, below and above which metal wheels now ground incessantly on metal tracks; and the buildings aspiring at last above the very steeples, and still aspiring— aspiring ever far into the godless blue!

Degenerate days in art perhaps! But even here something in his pride rebelled against the term. Was it possible that these days were unable to reproduce the lines, much less the texture, of a painting—and yet were able to reproduce the sound of the human voice on a disk of iron, the sight of things in motion on a ribbon of celluloid; to reproduce the most delicate perfumes of flowers synthetically from tar, and the very light of day out of the invisible lines of magnetic force?

Jermym bent forward and laid his hand on the priceless surface of the picture. Was it priceless because it was inimitable? Or was it, in fact, an imitation and therefore valueless as a curio?

And now his hand strayed upward to the face of the Madonna and rested there with burning fingertips. Absurd, of course—the proof the old man had given him! It reminded him of the explorer who left the proofs that he had discovered the Pole at the Pole itself. Tut! Tut!

Yet, on the fifth day—a mere whim of humor—he sent the butler and chief pensioner as a secret envoy to the old man. What was on the canvas behind the face of the Madonna? And the envoy brought back word that the old man was dead.

Dead! What more satisfactory reply! Dead, and all his proofs with him! Who now would ever call the genuineness of the picture into question?

Who, indeed, but himself? The more he sought to put the matter from him the more tenaciously it clung. A week it preyed on his mind until at last one night, unable to sleep, he sat up in his old four-poster bed and faced his doubts. The flickering night light in its cup of oil cast restless shadows. It came on him suddenly, then, that his doubts involved something of greater significance than the genuineness of the picture. It was time that he ceased skirting his subject in futile circles. There is no faith so feeble as that which will not admit its doubts.

He would send for Franchot—Franchot, who had made the beauty of the picture the first proof of its genuineness. He would lay the matter openly before Franchot. No! Better than that, he would prove Franchot. The dry laugh that burst from his lips quite startled him. It was as though some echo of the old man's crazy mirth had sounded within himself. He sank back against his pillow with a sardonic sense of peace.

In the morning Jermym sent for Franchot, and Franchot came—an Alsatian, who betrayed his foreign birth less by his accent than by the careful correctness with which he spoke English. The door of the sick man's room received him; and Franchot, with the sly manner of a conspirator with which Nature had endowed him, closed it behind him. Jermym, from his chair by the grate, gave him good day in a wheezy whisper, holding out to him his letter.

"I have not paid you for this, sir," he said. "It is not what I require."

The expert put his hand to his thin beard. "Not what you require, Mr. Jermym? You wished me to make examination of the picture—not so? And do I not say that the picture is genuine?"

"Yes, yes!" wheezed the millionaire impatiently. "That's not what I want, at all. I have paid for that already—the man who made it; the agents?" He smiled sardoniously as his eyes sought the face of the expert. "You do not say anything about the exquisite tones of color, the lost art of finish."

He paused. The expert seemed to experience a difficulty in catching his breath.

"Ah—er—so!" he gasped. "So—yes—indeed! You have paid for that already, of course. You wish me to — But my opinions are always — But I never yet have —" He checked himself in confusion and tugged despairingly at his beard. "My reputation, you understand! My reputation!"

"Come, now," quoth Jermym; "you say the beauty of the picture attests its authenticity. Can you say nothing more particular concerning its beauty?"

"No, no!" cried the expert, wringing his hands. "I say no such thing. You misinterpret me! My reputation! My reputation!"

"How is this?" wheezed the sick man, unfolding the letter. "You write here: 'The beauty of the picture would be sufficient proof of its genuineness were it not otherwise positively attested by —'"

"You see how you misinterpret me," interrupted Franchot, snatching the letter almost wildly from the other's hand. "I say 'would be, were it not.' Mein Gott, do you think I do not know a clever imitation?"

A curious impulse set Jermym rocking himself backward and forward in his chair. "That is very funny!" he said.

"Is it to insult me that you have sent for me?" continued the expert excitedly, tearing the letter into bits. "You would have me sell my opinions, my honor—at the risk of my reputation too! You are not satisfied?" Here he cast the fragments of the letter into the grate. "You place too small a value on my silence. Suppose now I tell the truth?"

"Yes," replied Jermym; "suppose you tell the truth." And again he rocked himself. "Come, now—between you and me, now—has the picture no beauty?" The expert laughed derisively and snapped his fingers. "The exquisite tones of color, the lost art of finish —"

"Almost every day a spurious Old Master is brought to light. Worthless rubbish! Your Titian—yes, yes; between you and me —" He lowered his voice. "For so clever an imitation, however — But my reputation, you know!"

Jermym, however, cut short the interview with a final:

"It is not what I require. Good morning, sir."

Once more alone he was like a man who has received some terrible blow from Fate. He sat there trembling with a sort of spiritual fear. The mental life of a man is a slow vaporizing of faith into illusion. We may cling to the material residue of faith, but there is no holding the illusion; it darts from us like melon seeds, the quicker for being held tightly. Jermym had in the course of his business career been little troubled with illusions, having early learned the trick of mummifying them into imperishable principles. In other words he had no time to waste on them.

Business, it was enough to know, meant an ability to discover the needle of truth in the haystack of fraud. He had succeeded; but there had been times when this close policy of suspicion had oppressed him and he had sought a broader humanity in art. Art, he told himself, not without reason, must stand for the beautiful in life. Even while he had grossly trafficked in it he had felt that he was satisfying vicariously a lifelong craving for beauty, for something beyond the office and the counting house, the frauds and swindles of business and exchange.

And so he had evolved the Jermym Collection for the Encouragement of Art, which, indeed, stood for all that was beautiful in his dry existence; which was the end and justification of his life of virtuous industry, of every share that he had bought, of every coupon he had clipped, of every additional percentage of interest he had exacted, of every mortgage he had foreclosed. In sudden affright at the result of Franchot's visit he bent over the coals muttering: "Art! Art!"—and stifling his natural impulse to cry "Bunkum!"

He would send for Delahaye. Yes, yes; Delahaye would show up Franchot for a

(Continued on Page 61)



ARROW COLLARS

DUDLEY 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches high and NORMAN 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches high
Have tops and bands of the same width.
This insures a smart sitting collar that will
not rub or wear the shirt. **2 for 25¢**

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look when their wives
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Cigars
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"Smiles." The wives of these
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Family

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Remember that we make 10,000
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Footies—Men's dinner suit—plaid
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knee, belt, gusset back. Warm fabric
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yourself warm and feel warm. Ex-
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(Continued from Page 58)

lying impostor. The beauty of the picture would be sustained. The Jermym Collection for the Encouragement of Art would be vindicated. Hesitatingly he put forth his hand to the bell; but he did not ring, for at that moment there was a discreet knock on the door and the chief pensioner insinuated himself into the room with the apologetic announcement that a small beggar child by the name of Lola had come to the house, and he asked the necessary authority to send her away.

"Lola?" repeated Jermym gruffly, thrashing about in his memory. "Um—ah—yes; Lola!" She had probably come for another fifty-cent piece. How quickly the gift of money makes a beggar! The words "Send her away!" formed themselves on his lips; but by some slip of the tongue he said: "Send her to me!"

"Well, now, what is it you want? Another fifty-cent piece, eh?" he demanded severely as he heard the child's footsteps on the doorkill. "Don't stand behind me. Come round in front of me, where I can see you. Well, now, what is it?"

She stood before him in terror, shuffling one foot behind the other with the motions peculiar to a fly at his ablutions. She was only a ragged child of the street, notwithstanding her face had been scrubbed until it shone like new money; and she was not a particularly engaging personality as she stood there dumbly struggling against tears.

"Well, well! Have you nothing to say?" he scolded.

"My mother, she send me"—the child began, and paused as a child might do who has forgotten a carefully rehearsed message—"she send me — No; I don't say that. I walk all the way."

"Your mother brought you here to beg—is that it?"

"No; I come alone."

"Then how did you find the way?"

"The milkman he writed it on a piece of paper—the name." A tear ran slowly down her cheek.

"Yes. So you succeeded in finding the house. Good! Now what can I do for you?"

"I am to thank you for the milk. So—if you please—me and the baby say thank you."

"Plenty of it, I hope?" he said in a tone that implied that she had better not ask for more, which tone was due to a certain modesty in respect to his own generosity. Gratitude embarrassed him. "Has it helped the baby? Good! He should be given a chance. And now, my dear, since you have not asked for it, here is another bright silver fifty-cent piece for you."

As she received it something pleaded in her dark eyes; but she murmured only her thanks for the coin. Jermym, conscious of having offended against his principles, made up for it by gruffness:

"You must not expect more. I have no sympathy for beggars."

And having tinkled the bell he instructed the chief pensioner to give the child a bowl of soup, and so dismissed her.

Once more he turned his mind to the picture and the question of sending for Delahaye. Strangely had the matter lost importance; so vital but a moment before, now it failed to hold his attention. He was foolishly concerned with the thought of how many blocks the little girl had trudged to thank him. He could not help relishing the gratitude that had rewarded his generosity, though he told himself that charity was a plain duty deserving no reward.

Indeed, even at the ultimate heavenly reward he had been inclined to look askance, preferring skepticism to faith as a higher virtue; for the righteousness that looks to a reward is no more than a business bargain. Most charity was a wild sort of speculation on the part of heavenly bargain hunters that did much to upset the sound business of self-regeneration. However true this might be, no amount of stern renunciation could rid him of the pleasant thought of the child trudging all those blocks to thank him. But the picture—the picture—Should he send for Delahaye?

Jermym shuffled unsteadily across the room to where the picture stood against the wainscot. He uncovered it and stood back. For the first time he asked himself definitely whether he himself found the picture beautiful. He had never before placed any value on his own opinion, inasmuch as all Old Masters were to him more or less grotesque. Now, with surprise and a certain annoyance with himself for not having seen it before, he admitted that the picture was beautiful. It had taken on a sudden

vitality. The eyes of the Madonna—ah, that was it!—they were the eyes of the little girl, a racial likeness. The painting had acquired a new appeal.

For an instant he seemed to catch some gleam of the ancient painter's inspiration; then abruptly gleam, appeal and beauty were simultaneously snuffed out. He saw only a grotesque representation of a barn, an impossible perspective as a background, filled with anachronism and geographic absurdity; a naked infant, with the face of an adult that reminded him of a fat white grub; a shepherd immodestly clad, whose outstretched palms suggested less his adoration than his concern as to whether it were raining or not—a concern that, taking into consideration the purple robe of the Madonna and the alfresco condition of the stable, was not out of place. But the eyes of the Madonna, the expression of fated sorrow, the hopelessness—He covered the picture again with a curious reverence.

Jermym did not send for Delahaye; but it was of small consequence that he did not, for the great expert publicly expressed his opinion the next day in a very masterpiece of equivocation, which was the prelude to a controversy, featured in all the newspapers, between a dozen experts, all of whom claimed the honor of having exposed the picture as a fraud. Almost at once, artists and critics, dealers, connoisseurs and dilettantes, fell on the newly discovered Titian without mercy for its wonderful tones of color or its lost art of finish. The results were astonishing, to say the least—one might almost have said incredible, were it not a fact that such things have happened too often before.

Art—bunkum! Oh, the bitterness of lost illusions! The Jermym Collection for the Encouragement of Art had been knocked on the head. The justification of all those years of virtuous industry was gone. Suddenly he felt that Providence had swindled him. Indignantly he cast the morning's newspaper on the floor, raised himself stiffly out of his chair by the grate and donned his rustiest business suit. Very well, then, for Providence; he would continue to make money without justification. Providence should not force him into bankruptcy by thus removing the value of his money. Its value would be, still and ever, that other men prized it—which is precisely the value of many rare and useless things for which men waste their lives in contending.

Not until Jermym was in his limousine, on his way to his office, did he realize that it was the day before Christmas; but there was half a day's business, nevertheless. Once more, in the deep-worn rut, he regained a brief moment of confidence in his own philosophy of life, a confidence that was reflected in the terror on the faces of his clerks as he opened his office door.

"Didn't expect me, eh?" he commented with a critical smile. "Let me see what's been done and what's been left undone."

It was a credit to the discipline of the office that during his absence no clerk had relaxed in his duty. The books were correct to a penny, for which he congratulated himself. Miss Smith, the trusted stenographer, whose years of faithful and unrequited service had increased her responsibility out of all proportion to her salary, laid before him a pile of letters, all of which had received attention with the exception of a fair-sized bundle of petitions from charitable institutions, which he himself had the satisfaction of casting into the waste-paper basket.

How they all wanted his money! Even his clerks, those soulless automatons at their high desks—they wanted it. They were worrying, no doubt, about their customary Christmas gifts of five dollars each, which he would be forced to grudge them. Other offices gave fifty and a hundred; but it was not for him, Jermym, to encourage idleness by such reckless bounty.

The clerks in his office were certainly not encouraged to idleness. They were a half-starved lot with weary faces, who had learned to suppress the physical side of their beings until they seemed to exist without the encumbrance of constitutions at all. Not one of them was ever guilty of those dissatisfactions and negligences that were the only causes of illness.

As for overwork, Jermym had never suffered from overwork and could not see why anyone else should.

At the stroke of twelve, with a certain boldness of concerted action, they closed their books, put on their overcoats—those who had them—and wished him a Merry Christmas, as a discreet if not too subtle



Why worry about "what to give him" when there is one thing that all men welcome any time? Socks—just socks. Sure, they're an every-day sort of gift, but that's the kind men want . . . and done up in a dainty Xmas package, four pairs of handsome Iron Clads are as pleasing a present as he'd ever ask for. Choose one of these

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Four pairs of fine, medium weight; soft, seamless, comfortable wool hose; two black, one Olive, one grey.

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Four pairs pure thread silk hose with Iron Clad durability; one pair black, one tan, one blue, one grey.

One of these assortments is sure to suit the very man you have in mind. They are of Iron Clad quality throughout; with the soft, seamless comfort, fine finish and wonderful wear for which Iron Clads are famous.

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way of demanding a holiday. Their eagerness to be gone troubled him. For him Christmas offered no eagerness. Envy—he scoffed at the idea.

There was Jones, the most starved of them all, who carried a doll cheaply wrapped up under his threadbare arm. A fine example of improvidence! Tut! Tut! He had half a mind to reprove him; and, indeed, he would doubtless have done so in a fine moral manner had he not been inconvenienced at the moment by a lump in his throat.

"Little girl, eh?" he said.

"Yes—yes, a—sir," quavered the clerk.

"Humph!" quoth Jermym gruffly, which was the very odd expression of his desire to say "So have I."

The office of Eliphalet Jermym & Company was the darkest, dingiest set of rooms in the oldest building on the Street. It had a certain distinction in this respect amid the new marble and bronze offices of the private banking houses about it. The dingy woodwork, which in some remote ancestral period had been painted a dingy brown, as though to encourage dinginess; the cashier's desk in the counting room, worn away by the counting of countless coins; the dusty piles of financial records, old letters, deeds and business papers, accumulated through years—all these evidences of a past he had lived through, of past ambitions, past toils, past successes, failures, hopes, despair, were infinitely dear to him, down to the quaint old inkstand that had stood on his desk these forty years—he had always viewed them with pride.

Here in this office Jermym had justified his life—or had he not justified it? Had it all been to no purpose—futile virtue that was its own futile reward?

Many another Christmas Eve he had spent alone in this office in satisfied retrospection; but on this Christmas Eve a new spirit had entered into him. Here, where so closely he had garnered his harvests year by year, the voices of the past seemed suddenly to call out to him: "Waste!" Waste of happiness! Waste of love!

The old clock on the wall shook its pendulum angrily at him and clucked Waste! Waste! Waste!—which, by the way, may be taken as the literal translation of the ticktock of clock language that so few of us understand. How many clocks all over the world are preaching their warning, Cassandra-like, to unheeding ears!

Jermym rose from his desk, closed and locked it deliberately. He was not the man to listen to the preachings of his own office clock.

Unwelcome thoughts were like unwelcome business customers—to be denied audience if possible. One must maintain a certain dominance over one's thoughts; and this he expressed as he locked his desk.

Christmas Eve! How crowded were the streets through which his closed automobile bore him northward! Everybody was buying presents. From his glazed seclusion he peered forth and muttered: "Hypocrisy!" Hypocrisy, indeed, your Christmas spirit; a perfunctory spirit of barter and exchange that makes of the illusion of friendship a very *reductio ad absurdum*.

He saw it all from the excellently detached plane of friendliness, priding himself on his own well-filled pockets and the freedom from obligations that permitted others to pick them. Money—that was the only true friend. He sank back on the soft upholstery with a sense of luxurious and inviolate ease.

What prison wall is so close as that which we build about our own hearts? What solitary confinement so complete as in the dark dungeon of self? To Jermym the discovery of bunkum in art had been a last stone in the wall of his heart, shutting out the narrow beam of sunlight that had been so glorified with the dancing notes of illusion. He had not the miser's soul; his gold did not glitter for him in darkness. Of all the hypocrites who thronged the streets on this Christmas Eve there was no greater hypocrite than Jermym himself, as he lay back in the luxurious isolation of his automobile and repeated the word Money!

And what is more, Jermym himself knew it. He knew that something between sympathy and envy existed in his heart for Jones, his half-starved clerk, who had gone home with a doll under his threadbare arm. A moisture came into his eye, blurring his vision of the thronging hypocrites on the street. They had suddenly all become Joneses, carrying dolls. He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose loudly. He regretted that he had not reproved Jones.

"Little girl, eh?" he said aloud; and abruptly his sternness became a startled, incredulous chuckle: "Why—why, so have I!"

He rapped excitedly with his gold-headed cane on the window in front of him and shouted:

"Take me to the nearest toy store!"

The chauffeur relaxed his wooden features, as though the words "toy store" had by some magic turned him from an impassive automaton into a human being. Whether or not it was the nearest toy store at which the automobile presently drew up is conjectural, but it was certainly the largest.

A curious sense of his lost youth came over Jermym as he stood in the midst of the toys—toys that he had once coveted, especially the railroad trains on their tin tracks. He owned several railroads now; but—

"Yes; I am waiting for somebody to wait on me. I wish to purchase a doll!" The hard tone of his own voice surprised him. Nervously he regarded the vast assortment of dolls and added, with angry impatience: "The most expensive you've got."

It was a rather large box, but the feeling of it beneath his arm more than justified its bulkiness. Once more at the door of his automobile he paused as though he had forgotten an address; and then, taking from his pocket a wallet, he searched and found therein a certain postal card.

"Allen Street, Number 1—1!" he ordered.

All the long way to this new destination he was referring his thoughts back to the lost opportunity when he might have cried: "Little girl, eh? So have I! Just look in that box there!" And clutching the box the closer he considered that, without encouraging improvidence among clerks in general, he might raise Jones' salary on the first of the year; and he was not satisfied until he had entered the exact amount then and there in his notebook.

There was no hypocrisy in Allen Street. The sidewalks were not unduly thronged. No Christmas wares were exhibited on the costers' barrows. There was neither sufficient leisure to encourage a holiday nor sufficient bread to provide a festival. The slums are productive of life disproportionate to the means of sustaining it. What evidence there was of Christmas was on the part of those who held the birth of our Lord in no honor and who saw in this season of generosity and good will an occasion to put up prices.

The rich man, looking forth from his automobile, saw only the invariable façade of tenements. He sat clutching his paper box, lost in dreams of what might have been, curious dreams that glowed softly against the somber background of lonely years.

The automobile moved slowly, paused and, with much changing of gears, jolted in along the sidewalk and stopped. The chauffeur opened the door. Jermym pointed to the alleyway.

"Ask for Lola."

The chauffeur disappeared through the narrow passage leading to the rear tenement, only to return a minute later with the polite suggestion that his master had made some slight mistake. The rear tenement was in course of being demolished.

There flitted through Jermym's memory a vague recollection of the order he had given his lawyers. For once they had been prompt.

"Eh?—ah!" he wheezed. "Be so good as to make inquiries."

Inquiries, however, elicited nothing. "The milk company!" cried Jermym, still gripping his paper box. "They will doubtless be able to inform me."

The milk company was a long way up town. The billing clerk came out to the automobile.

"We have just mailed you a notification of the discontinuance of the service, awaiting further orders," he said. This was the sum total of his information.

Still carrying his paper box, Jermym returned to his gloomy old house in Gramercy Park. Only for a moment, as he rang his own front doorbell, did his reflections concerning Number 1—1 Allen Street trouble him. It was bitterly cold there on his doorstep, with a biting wind sweeping across the little open park of bare trees. He went directly to his room, donned his old quilted purple dressing gown and, having settled himself in his chair by the grate, partook of his midday broth.

Christmas Eve! What did it matter to him that it was Christmas Eve, or any

(Continued on Page 64)



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The new Cadillac with its V-type Eight-Cylinder Engine is proving an absorbing topic for engineers and experts as well as for the layman.

Technical arguments, vague and beclouded, can of course be advanced for and against any and every type of engine ever produced.

But theoretical speculations in this instance are very short-lived.

There is slight encouragement to argue the pros and cons of a principle when that principle, in the first performance, removes the last, lingering doubt.

That is exactly what occurs in the case of everyone who rides in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac.

All arguments end with the first ride—whether the observer be an engineer or a layman.

The man who rides in the Cadillac for the first time does not need to be told by a technical expert that its Eight-Cylinder Engine is an impressive success.

He knows without being told.

There is no need to consult blueprints or text books.

He has only to consult his own feelings and sensations.

He recognizes the difference just as clearly as he would recognize the difference, for instance, between riding over the ground and riding in the air.

And, compared with previous motor car experiences, riding in the Cadillac is very much like riding in the air.

It is not necessary to point out to him that the Cadillac Eight-Cylinder Engine exhibits a new degree of flexibility.

That is perfectly apparent, even to an amateur in motoring, in the extraordinary ease of acceleration and the astonishing extent to which the Cadillac travels without gear shifting.

He does not need to be told that the car is surpassingly smooth.

He *feels* it—precisely as he feels that hills seem to flatten out before this wonderful car.

The engineer can explain to the layman the why and the wherefore of these differences; but the layman can feel just as keenly as can the engineer that a ride in this car is not like any ride either of them has ever taken.

It is the business of the scientific mind to withhold judgment until a principle has been proven.

But Cadillac owners have a pleasant habit of expressing complete confidence in Cadillac promises.

They are chiefly concerned to know *how much* and *how far* the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac will surpass all that has been said of it in our announcements.

And they have demonstrated the faith that is in them by placing advance orders to an extent which far surpasses all previous records.

That fine spirit of expectation will not be disappointed.

We repeat—for expert and layman, all theorizing will end with the first ride in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac.

STYLES AND PRICES

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger car and Four passenger Salon, \$1975. Roadster, \$1975.
Landulet Coupé, \$2500. Five passenger Sedan, \$2800. Seven passenger
Limousine, \$3450. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.



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WALTHAM WATCH
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 19 Jewels — Adjusted

Waltham Riverside Watches have long been famous for their high quality, but for many years out of reach in price. By a new invention in case-making we are able to offer this remarkable movement in a solid gold case at the unprecedented price of \$50. Is there not some man whose Christmas you will make happy by this gift?

Your jeweler can also show you Waltham Watches in all fashionable styles for ladies, and what is more, with all Waltham reliability.

Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

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Nothing Done—Free Trial. No money down. If you want to keep it, send us \$4 a month. One month is worth waiting for because it will save you money. It's free. Typewriters Dist. Syndicate 144-247 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

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To introduce our Oriental goods, we will send, prepaid to any address, two large, pure-silk, initialed handkerchiefs, 21" x 31", with any hand-embroidered initial desired. An ideal gift—the great value will appreciate anything you. Send \$1.00 bill or money order. Delivery includes on each a beautiful—of silk. Money back if not satisfactory. **Oriental Silk Co., 703 Market St., San Francisco**

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A man's service to his home is his pride. Give him the gift that will make his home a better place. **FEDERAL Shaving Mirror \$3.50** Complete. Contains the lightest mirror in the world. Double or triple magnifying. Best French lens. Plate and mirror. It's the best. Strong white plate frame. Send complete to any address with your gift and enclosed money order. Ask for the best. All charges paid. **\$3.50**. **Federal Sign System (Electric), 205 Duquesne St., Chicago**

"I used to dread Christmas shopping, but for two years it has been a simple matter," writes a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

INSTEAD of rushing through crowded stores, hoping for inspiration as to what to send as gifts and emerging tired and dissatisfied, with a lot of presents most of which are not wanted, he does it all without leaving his desk.

He simply writes a list of those whom he wants to remember. For each he orders a subscription for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman*, writes a check, mails the letter and the thing is done. And the best thing about it is that the gifts are enthusiastically received.

If you want to be spared the burden of Christmas shopping do as this man does. On Christmas morning each recipient will receive the first copy and in the same mail a beautifully illuminated announcement of the gift bearing your name as the giver.

Send \$1.50 for each subscription (in Canada the price of *The Post* is \$1.75, *The Journal* \$2.00 and *The Country Gentleman* \$2.25, except in Toronto, where the price of *The Post* and *The Journal* is \$1.50 each).

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 62)

other eve? To let the world come too close was to sacrifice one's own comfort—a thing not to be thought of. It was only to involve oneself in a losing business. Look at that box, now! It represented eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents thrown away!

Jermym drew the box to him, opened it and took out the doll. The most expensive his money could buy—eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents! He turned it this way and that, with a whimsical smile at his own folly. The key of a child's heart! He laid it back in the box and took out several articles of the doll's wardrobe, very daintily made, with all the little buttons and frills of lace and ribbons that real children wore. He studied them curiously, with a little dreamy smile; and then suddenly, abruptly returned them to the box and cleared his throat noisily.

Some poignant sorrow took possession of him—the sorrow of the mother whose heart is in the coffin of her child and whose hands can fondle only the empty garments. But he had had no child, that he should sorrow. Moreover, he knew that children were a care and responsibility; they represented a large capital investment of love, the interest of which was generally in default; they were less a justification for a man's life than a source of ingratitude.

Yes, yes; he had seen that too often! Still, his sorrow clung to him, an impalpable regret. The opportunity of giving, of sacrifice, had been denied him, whether he would or not. Whether he would or not—that was the high-handedness of Fate. He cried "Tut! Tut!" to his annoyance. Had it been left to his choice—

He sent to the Tuberculosis Society. Perhaps they might know something of the child's whereabouts. A most diplomatic inquiry it was, that would not involve him in obligations. Nevertheless, the secretary of the society saw fit to give the matter his personal and immediate attention—that is to say, he called at once on his wealthy inquirer.

He was an intense young man, slightly aggressive in the matter of opportunities. He brought with him a card from a card catalogue:

"Case Number 11,436. Recommendation Board of Health. Broshi, Mrs. Antonia, Allen Street, 1—1. Advanced. Two children. Refused aid." The date was recent.

"I regret that this is our only record," said the secretary. "I fear that such cases reflect on the intentions of the society. Too often we are forced to enter the words, 'Refused aid.' I am glad, however, that you have called on us in this case, Mr. Jermym, as a proof of your interest in a charitable work that—"

"I am not interested," interrupted Jermym shortly. "Where there is no gratitude charity is sterile. I am not interested in forcing benefits on those who will not receive them. Tut! Tut! A fine charity! A legal broom is what is needed to sweep up the filth; and a legal broomstick for the heads of the makers of filth. Law and order—why not law and cleanliness, sir?"

"That, of course, is the ideal and impossible method of approaching the matter—the old helpless wailing of civic pride against municipal politics," replied the secretary, nettled. "One of our first needs is a simple statutory enactment permitting us to deal with refractory cases. I am glad you sympathize with us so far. But that is not our first need, sir. Gratitude, sir? What are the benefits we have to offer—benefits that would induce a dying mother to give up her children to the care of strangers? Indeed, what provision are we able to make for the tuberculous sick? Throughout this great country the provision is but one bed for eight cases. Whereas, in this city we cannot so much as concern ourselves at all with advanced cases. And where there are children it is a painful blessing that we confer when we separate parent and child; indeed, sir, one for which we can scarce expect to exact gratitude."

"Very good! Very good!" quoth Jermym. "I have, however, not asked your society to perform anything. I have asked only for word of this child. I am sorry to have troubled you, sir."

The expression on the secretary's face went through a series of transitions.

"There are a thousand-and-one other children that I can tell you about," he began.

"I am not interested."

The secretary took his hat, flushed, and laid it by again.

"Mr. Jermym," he said, "no man is interested in a thing he knows nothing about—unless it be art."

"Eh?"

"You are a collector of Old Masters, I believe?"

"I am."

"Does it ever occur to you, sir, what the price you pay for a few square feet of paint and canvas might represent in lives saved?"

"Tut! Tut!" cried Jermym. "Why save lives? Why encourage the unfit to survive?"

"And the children?" returned the secretary quietly, folding his arms. "Is this child, Lola, worth less than one—than all your canvases together?"

"Eh? Ah!" queried Jermym, with a pretense of not having caught the other's words exactly. "Are you asking me to subscribe?"

"I am asking you to look at the matter fairly, sir; it is your interest only that I ask."

"As a means to pick my pocket, sir. My interest—that is another way of saying my money." The lines of the rich man's face hardened. "I am taxed, am I not? Tut! Tut! The city forces me to provide for the improvident that the improvident may breed and multiply out of all number to the taxed. That is the charity of giving to darkness. Mine is the charity of light, of beauty. And pausing he gave a wheezy laugh. "You may hear of it some day—The Jermym Collection for the Encouragement of Art."

"Sickness is not a synonym for improvidence," came the secretary's thoughtful reply; "though their results may be equivalent. And as for improvidence, the poor we must have always with us so long as wealth remains a comparative state—as you will admit, sir, unless you are an advocate of communism, of course." His smile betrayed a certain sarcasm. "And then, your charity of light, of beauty! Your ideal shows you a Sunday populace flocking to the art galleries—yes; because there are no moving-picture shows on Sunday. Oh! I know all the cant and hypocrisy of collecting! It is only another form of souvenir hunting. Our American intelligence sometimes graduates from chipping monuments to collecting old pictures. Pah!" He seemed to spit out the ejaculation with disgust. "Of course these collections are eventually given to the city. Of what other earthly use are they? What a travesty of giving!"

"Eh?" murmured Jermym, looking up from the grate. "The city requires, perhaps, a new sewer? A more exigent requirement, perhaps?"

"I am still speaking of light and beauty," retorted the secretary almost fiercely—"your ideal and mine."

"Yours?"

The secretary paused again, with a sudden self-restraint; he cast his eyes ceiling-ward and crumpled his hat to his breast.

"Mine—yes. A thousand or more acres somewhere, not too far from the city—open, sunny fields of daisies, where children may romp and grow strong; and a great house on a hill that would be halfway to heaven for those who looked from its windows."

"Sanitarium, eh?"

"Not a poorhouse!"

"You have a utilitarian sense of beauty, sir," quoth Jermym, with a curious dreamy abstraction that ill fitted the remark. "How many acres did you say—a thousand, eh? Not too far from the city—good pasture land too—with a great house on a hill. Anything more, sir? You haven't forgotten anything? You wouldn't like a fence round it, now?"

The secretary seemed suddenly crushed.

"It would not be impossible to raise the sum if everybody contributed," he said at last, with a bitterness undisguised. "If it could be raised all at once—that is. Current expenses, however, devour everything. Discouraging, sir." He took a backward step toward the door. "You will pardon, I hope, my having spoken so—so strongly." He laid his hand on the doorknob. "Should we obtain any word of the child we will notify you at once. Good afternoon, sir."

The doctor noticed the change and shook his head in his best professional manner.

"You should have consulted me before going to your office. Let us hope it is no more than a cold on the chest."

To the chief pensioner he added many serious expressions of alarm:

"Overtaxed strength—very dangerous. We must keep him quiet—in bed, if possible."

Low pulse; possible nervous collapse. He shows unmistakable signs of—of going down."

Jermym betrayed no inclination to rise from his bed. He lay with lips compressed in a hard, uncompromising line. A fine old four-poster bed it was, that had been his wife's—a distinctive possession, he might have remembered. So tightly were the windows closed to keep out the frosty air that he could scarcely hear the Christmas bells. They sounded muffled and distant, more like memories than real bells. In this ghostly aspect they troubled him; but to have opened the window would have been to compromise. He was not afraid of the ghosts of the past.

And the half-darkened room was full of them—these ghosts of the past, whispering and complaining, and shivering with a sort of spiritual cold. But there was one ghost that sat apart from the rest, the ghost of a little child—of a little child who had never been born. It sat across the room on top of a big paper box, with its knees drawn up, quite as a child might have sat on the step of a stair. And there it sat and regarded him with the resigned and hopeless eyes of a child who had never been born, and who could never, therefore, have half a chance.

Against the ghosts of the past the rich man hardened his heart. What right had they to complain? Years of industrious husbandry and fat harvests—what claim had they to be admitted to sympathy? Indignantly he challenged them. But with the ghost of the child who had never been born it was a different matter. One can only regret, one can scarcely resent, that which has never been. All day its eyes regarded him pitifully; not pleading for sympathy, but rather with the infinite pathos of those who expect nothing, whose lives are resigned to hopelessness from the beginning, without vision or star—who have never had a chance.

And suddenly, even as the light of Christmas Day began to wane, it came over Jermym all at once—his industrious and lonely youth; the loveless illusion of his marriage; the barren righteousness of his advancing years—he, too, had never had a chance! And as suddenly as the thought had come to him he burst into tears and wept over himself, sobbing like a disappointed child. Indeed, they were the first tears he had shed since his childhood.

For some minutes he was as miserable as might be; but his practiced sternness in regard to his emotions speedily rescued him. He blew his nose loudly, got up out of bed and turned on the light.

"Nerves!" he was constrained to mutter, though the admission was contrary to his convictions on the existence of such things. They were what came of lying abed. Tut! Tut! Perhaps it had all been but a species of nightmare—*quasi nocturnus* the doctor would probably call it.

He threw open the window, letting in the sharp air and the noisy clamor of Christmas bells, ringing now for evensong. The air was like a scourge, giving strength to the spirit, driving the whispering ghosts of the past pell-mell from his brain.

He would dress and go to church. Had it not been for the doctor he would have attended the morning service. Jermym was a regular churchgoer, bending himself stiffly in his pew before his Maker. He had always held church attendance to be an excellent and commendable habit, consistent with the dignity and respect of a man of his own financial position. He felt that his presence there in his pew was not only an example to his weaker brother but a distinct compliment to the Almighty. He always came away strengthened.

Now he closed the window and went shivering about his dressing. He had proceeded in this to the very knotting of his necktie when it seemed that his strength gave out. A bit dizzy and short of breath he sank into his chair by the fire. He told himself that it would be well to rest a few minutes, otherwise he would be early for service; but when a few minutes had passed and he vainly endeavored to get on his feet again, he told himself that he was already too late for service. So he remained in his chair; and slowly once more the ghosts he had sought to escape came gibbering about him.

Christmas Night; a paper box as big as a child's coffin; an old man shivering alone by the grate; ghosts—this is the *mise en scène* on which now there broke in the excited voices of several persons behind the closed door, followed by the discreet knock

of the chief pensioner and the excited intrusion of the secretary of the Tuberculosis Society.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the secretary in the most jovial Christmas voice, "I found her; and here she is to wish you a Merry Christmas!" And, sure enough, there she was—Lola, clinging to the secretary's hand.

"I—I am obliged to you, sir," declared Jermym unsteadily. "I trust I have not put you to a great deal of trouble."

"Never mind about that. Here she is! Thought I'd never find her; but I did—not fifteen minutes ago."

"I am obliged to you," repeated Jermym. "Come here, my dear, and wish me a Merry Christmas."

She went to him, but stood mute. As though sensing a shyness in her attitude he put forth an encouraging hand toward her and received a shock, the like of which he had never received before in his life when she unhesitatingly laid hers in it. And there it lay trustingly while he drew her little ragged person close to his chair.

"Why, bless me, how cold your hand is! Why haven't you any mittens? Here, here; warm your hands at the fire."

She responded to this advice with a little cry of eagerness that seemed to embarrass him concerning the paper box which stood on the floor beside him, and with a quick, surreptitious motion of the poker he thrust the box behind his chair, out of sight.

"Sir," he said to the secretary in a troubled voice, "I remember now that there was another child—a crippled boy."

"There were many children in the building," replied the secretary grimly. "I couldn't say how many."

"Sit down, sir," said Jermym, nervously touching the bell on the table beside him. "Christmas Day, sir. You will take a glass of wine with me."

"It is very kind of you—" began the secretary, with evident embarrassment; and jerking out his watch he glanced toward the child. "It is because of Lola that I am here, and—the minutes are few. If you have anything to say to her—" He paused. "You will, perhaps, wonder at my haste. There is much to be done, now that we have found her. Her mother is in the hospital—a very sad privilege, sir." He paused again, with a second glance at the child, who crouched close to the fire. "You were eager to have word of her—for what reason I do not know. You are interested in the child, and so I have been at great pains to find her, in the hope that—" Here he broke off entirely, as though the fixing of his hopes were altogether beyond him.

"You refer to my obligation to you for having found the child," said Jermym, with a sudden hardness in his voice. "I am indeed obliged to you, sir. Will you take a glass of wine with me?"

The secretary flushed. "Thank you—er—thank you! Christmas Day—of course!"

Jermym nodded the order to the chief pensioner, who had answered his bell. "But you had some reason for wishing that I should find the child," pursued the secretary.

"Indeed, sir," quoth Jermym solemnly, "I should not have troubled you had I not desired that she should receive her proper share of this great city's charity."

The secretary's jaw fell open at these words and closed again with a snap.

"We shall endeavor to do by her justly, sir," he said. "I had hoped that you would see your own duty in this respect to charity as clearly as you have seen ours."

"Eh? My duty?"

"I had hoped, at least, that through this child I might touch your heart—if you have a heart."

"Come, now!" declared Jermym with righteous severity. "No hypocrisy, sir! You mean that you hoped to reach my pocket." He rubbed his dry palms together. "You hoped to catch my reason off guard in a moment of sentiment. Would it not have been more just and proper to have appealed to my better judgment?"

"Good God!" cried the secretary, taken aback by the strangeness of the charge. "I attempted that yesterday."

"Yesterday, sir, you attempted to deprive me of the one purpose and happiness in my life. Is there no charity toward the rich at Christmastide?"

All the impatience—not to say anger—faded suddenly from the secretary's face. It was as though he had a lightning insight into the rich man's soul, showing him infinitudes yet to be comprehended.



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FRANKLIN SIX-THIRTY

More Than Coincidence

It is more than coincidence that one car—the Franklin—should demonstrate its preëminence in the five most significant factors in automobile efficiency, namely, (1) 32.8 miles on one gallon of gasoline, (2) 100 miles on low gear, (3) 8000 miles average per set of tires, (4) 400 to 900 miles per gallon of oil, (5) 84.4% power delivered.

The Franklin is able to perform these feats, demonstrating unequalled economy and efficiency, because of certain features peculiar to Franklin design, which it combines exclusively.

The motor of the Franklin is more than a motor in the ordinary sense, because it comprises within itself a cooling system; no radiator or piping—simply a suction-fan flywheel and flanged cylinders. This direct-air-cooling system not only reduces car weight, but also explains much of the efficiency of the Franklin. The six cylinders are small— $3\frac{5}{8}$ " bore—and the valves in the head give small combustion chambers. Both of these features result in greater economy with great power.

High efficiency tires. 34 x $4\frac{1}{2}$ ". The Goodrich Silvertown Cord and Goodyear Power Saver Tires absorb a minimum of energy. Their great size in proportion to the car weight results in actual tire reliability.

Full elliptic springs are used both front and rear, giving the greatest riding comfort. They are of chrome silico-manganese steel, produced in electric furnaces—the purest, finest spring steel made.

The wood frame is of second-growth ash three ply—more costly than steel, but lighter and more resilient. It absorbs road shocks before they reach the body. It performs the same function for the automobile that the wood handle does for a hammer.

Aluminum body and parts are used throughout, to ensure light weight and avoid rust, at every point where stress and load will permit this material—engine base, hood, oil pan, carburetor, front gear case cover, hot-air jacket for carburetor supply, transmission case, transmission cover, rear axle housing, etc.

The rear axle is semi-floating type, strong and light—the lighter the axle the greater the tire economy and comfort. Nickel steel tubes are used on the rear axle with an aluminum central housing. The skew bevel gears of nickel steel make quiet operation. Roller bearings are used throughout the axle.

The starting system is a combined unit of both starting and lighting. You throw on the switch to start the engine and throw it off to stop it. There are no automatic relays, over-running clutches or sliding gears. Starting is accomplished without noise and the motor cannot stall.

The ignition is by Eisemann high-tension magneto, governor controlled. This system eliminates spark control on the steering post, and gives at all times that exact location of the spark which insures best operation.

The oiling system is of the re-circulating force feed type. Oil is forced through the main bearings, then through the hollow crank shaft, and sprayed on the cylinder walls and other parts. Oil adjustment control is on the dash.

The steering device has reversible action, which reduces road shocks and permits unusually easy control. The car adjusts itself to irregularities and takes direction after turning corners with little effort from the operator. Steering wheel at left side; center control.

The crank shaft is large and has seven long bearings, insuring smooth operation.

The driving system from clutch to rear axle is light and strong, of the best material and, where desirable, heat treated.

These features are:

1. Light weight, obtained by scientific design, direct-air-cooling, wood frame, aluminum body and parts.
2. Large tires, correctly proportioned for size to give reliability.
3. Flexibility, obtained by full elliptic springs, wood frame, absence of strut rods.
4. Direct-air-cooling—nothing to freeze or look after at any season.

Here are the specifications and details of construction.

The clutch, multiple disc phosphor bronze plates against steel, operating in oil.

The transmission. Three-speed forward and one reverse, selective type. The gears are of electric furnace nickel steel, glass hard and heat treated. They will never show wear.

The universal joints and Cardan shaft are of alloy steels, chrome vanadium and nickel, nearly all electric furnace material.

The wheels. Quick detachable rims are used to give lightness and simplicity. Wheelbase 120"; tread 56".

The body is of sheet aluminum. It is light weight and cannot rust. There are five body styles, three of the enclosed type. The latter have double ventilation control.

The top is a Golde one-man top of "Never-Leak" material, with curtains operated from the inside.

The glass front is two-piece, built permanently on the cowl of the body.

The sloping hood is of aluminum, which cannot rust.

The lighting is electric—reflector headlights, dimmers, tail light and extension trouble light.

The brakes include a powerful foot service brake, and rapid acting emergency brakes, both of the contracting type.

Equipment is full and complete. Electric horn, Warner Speedometer, Willard storage battery, Hartford power tire pump, and all tools.

The Significance of Franklin Design

Direct-air-cooling means no leakage, no radiator trouble, free operation in the coldest weather, on the hottest days, under the most severe conditions, without freezing or overheating. In the recent nation-wide demonstration, 116 stock Franklin cars ran 100 miles each, *all the way on low gear*, without stopping the engines, proving that direct-air-cooling is the superior system.

Franklin direct-air-cooling and light weight make possible the economy in the use of gasoline for which the car is noted. In the National Economy Test of May 1, 94 stock Franklin cars in 94 parts of the country averaged 32.8 miles each on one gallon of gasoline.

Franklin flexible construction and light weight, together with the large tires, result in freedom from continual tire trouble and tire expense. Records compiled from the experience of Franklin owners over a period of four years show an average of more than 8000 miles per set of tires.

A recent test at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute proved that the Franklin delivers in the form of motion 84.4% of the power generated by the engine, requiring only

15.6% to overcome friction in all driving parts and the tires. Most cars lose more than 15% in the friction in the tires alone.

The entire method of building the car—the use of aluminum, large tires, wood frame, the best ignition, and more particularly the flexibility of the car—resilient and not jarring—explains the long life of the Franklin and the minimum upkeep cost, to which every Franklin owner will testify.

It is therefore more than mere coincidence that today Franklin owners are more enthusiastic than ever, and that the Franklin sales are 88% more than last year, the previous high record.

Let the Franklin dealer give you a ride in the new Series Six.



Engine and Vehicle Patented July 2, 1908. Franklin Six-Thirty Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$2150.

Send for catalogue

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Touring Car,	2750 Pounds,	\$2150
Roadster,	2610 "	2150
Coupe,	2890 "	2600
Sedan,	3045 "	3000
Berlin,	3242 "	3200

Prices are f. o. b. Syracuse, N. Y.
Ask your dealer to weigh the car for you.

FRANKLIN Six-Thirty, 2750 lbs.; $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. tires; \$2150



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TRADE MARK

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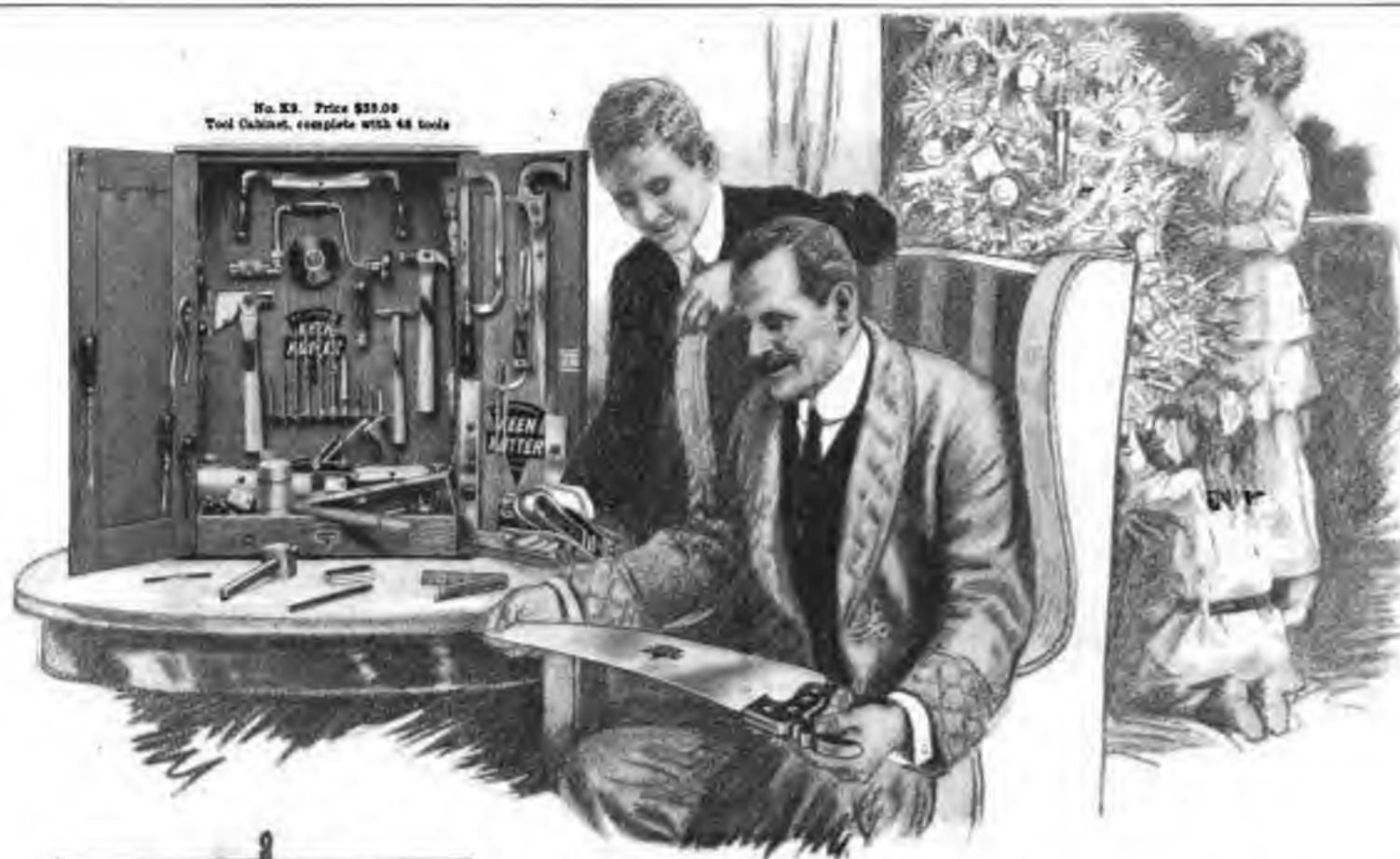
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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing
Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
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the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 12, 1914

Number 24

HOARDED GOLD

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

SINCE the beginning of the world mankind has painfully dug out from the bowels of the earth some fifteen billion dollars' worth of gold, and then carefully hidden away, lost or destroyed nearly a third of it. Hoarding money is one of the oldest, most universal and persistent of human instincts; but if it were allowed anything like free play under modern conditions the whole structure of industry and finance would tumble about our heads.

If the panic-stricken hoarders in their desperate scramble for money had gotten beyond control in this country early last August, we should have had a catastrophe the like of which was never seen. The world-old love for gold, which the first few days of every financial disturbance have always changed into a noxious and destructive mania, was as much a part of human nature in August, 1914, as it was in October, 1907, or in 1893. There was the same fear of what this intangible and mysterious but dreaded instinct might lead to. Swiftmess of action, however, checked the most incalculable of all financial dangers.

It must not be supposed there has been no hoarding in this country in the past few months. Early last August a well-known business man walked into the office of the president of one of New York's great banks and opened a small satchel. This man had important connections in four or five large Western cities, with bank accounts in all of them. He opened his satchel and took out one hundred thousand dollars in gold certificates.

"I want you to put this in a safe place for me," he said. "I don't want to take any chances. I drew all my money out of the banks."

"I never knew you were an ass," replied the banker, "but I know it now. I won't touch your gold."

"Do you mean you won't take it?" asked the startled man. "What shall I do with it?"

"Take it away from here!" shouted the banker.

It must have taken a lot of righteous indignation and bunches of self-control to refuse a hundred thousand dollars in gold, or gold certificates, which are the same thing, only more convenient; but the bank president told me the incident himself, and he is far too conspicuous a figure in international finance to invent such a tale. Besides, no intelligent banker could afford to encourage hoarding, even for his personal benefit, because widespread hoarding would smash every bank in the country.

Rich Gold Hogs Ashamed of Themselves

A WOMAN whose yearly income exceeds one million dollars drew eighty thousand dollars from a bank in the first few days of August last and locked it up in a safe-deposit vault. Then she boasted to her society friends of her exploit. Hoarding is always considered a sure sign of brutish ignorance among the less fortunate classes, but among the wealthy and intelligent it is the most despicable and cowardly of vices—the unpardonable sin of the modern industrial world.

I went to one of the leading bankers of Wall Street the other day and asked him whether the money hoarded in August was coming back to the banks.

"Yes, of course it is coming back," he responded; "but not to the same banks from which it was taken. The rich hoarders are ashamed to do that. They are putting their money somewhere else. However," he added significantly, "we know fairly well who some of them are."



Millions in Gold Piled Up in a Subterranean Treasure House

It has been thought that we Americans have become such an intelligent people, so accustomed to banking practices, to the use of checks, and to the downfall of witchcraft and other superstitions, that the day of hiding money in old stockings, stoves and cisterns had gone forever, except in the case of the more ignorant of our immigrants; but, curiously enough, the development of the safe-deposit business has made hoarding respectable and possible among the intelligent and well-to-do. To hide money in a stocking is a sign of ignorance, but to have a safe-deposit box in a fortified underground steel palace is considered by many the highest mark of shrewdness.

The modern safe-deposit vault has made it possible to hoard money with the utmost security, comfort and secrecy. These modern treasure houses defy man, time, fire and earthquakes. They could stand a siege far better than the forts of Paris. There is no way of knowing what may be hidden in their palatial yet steel-ribbed interiors; but one vault, at least, in the city of New York has held as much as three billion

dollars in cash and securities. Safe-deposit vaults alone withstood the San Francisco fire and earthquake. The contents of the great Mercantile Safe Deposit Company's vaults included everything that escaped the ravages of the fire that destroyed the Equitable Life Assurance Society's building in New York.

Hoarding Made Easy by Safe-Deposit Vaults

IN THE Wall Street district of New York there are twenty or more of these subterranean treasure houses containing literally tons of gold, silver, currency, jewels and securities. Because of their great weight, and also for safety, they are sunk two, three and four stories below the street level. Veritable arsenals, watched day and night by disciplined forces of armed riflemen, the actual armor-plate vaults themselves are surrounded by great steel cages as well as solid concrete and granite inclosures; and if a mob broke through all those obstacles it would be greeted by automatic jets of live steam or showers of scalding water.

In no European country have safe-deposit vaults reached this state of perfection. They are not only fireproof, earthquakeproof, bombproof and mobproof—they are supposed also to be proof against revolutions. Many are commodious as well as secure. The Rockefeller vault is said to be large enough to hold a dozen men and to have a passageway through the center thirty feet in length.

Safe-deposit vaults are used, it is true, for keeping stocks and bonds as well as gold and other money. Banks have added safe-deposit boxes to their equipment, partly with the idea that people who see how strong the vault is may get the idea that the bank is just as solid. It seems strange that bankers, who have most to lose from general hoarding, should offer facilities to make hoarding safe and comfortable. Perhaps the bank that owns stock in a safe-deposit company figures it will win either way—whether the money goes into the bank or into a five-dollar box in the vaults.

Bankers say it is impossible for many depositors to withdraw money from a bank and put it in the safe-deposit vault connected with that bank without the officers' discovering what is going on; but the miser and hoarder has from the beginning of time been a clever person at inventing excuses, and if his own bank will not accommodate him it is always possible to go where he is not known. Supreme selfishness outwits laws. Men have told some whopping lies about sick wives and notes coming due to persuade their banks to give them money, and then have rushed to the nearest safe-deposit box with it.



PHOTO BY GEORGE BENTLEY, NEW YORK CITY.
The Safe-Deposit Vaults in the Equitable Building Were All Intact After the Big Fire and Everything in Them Safe

There is no refuge so satisfactory to the hoarder as the safe-deposit box. In New York all citizens who are taxed swear an iron-bound oath as to the amount of cash they have on hand, in bank and in hiding; but there is no possible way by which the assessors can check up the statements made. With bonds and stocks there are methods of quietly unearthing the truth; but with gold and other forms of actual money there is none. Indeed, it may at least be surmised that the marvelous growth of the safe-deposit industry in this country is traceable in no small part to its usefulness as a refuge over the tax day. The discrepancy between the actual amount of money, jewels and securities in existence and the amount that is taxed is suspicious, to say the least.

It is sometimes said that the hoarder, as a type, is rare. The extent of hoarding is supposed to be a difficult thing to discover. It may be a disagreeable task to unearth instances of this low human quality, but anyone who wants to can do so. Certainly, in the aggregate, hoarding among all classes of people assumed a formidable total early last August before the banks had outmaneuvered those who attempted it.

The world improves, however. There is no case on record this year to equal the millionaire who, in 1907, drew three million dollars, mostly in gold, from his various banks, placed one million dollars in a safe-deposit vault, and sent two million dollars to what he thought was a safe hiding place in Europe. This man was worth forty million dollars, and made every cent of it in this country. Perhaps if Europe were not a more unsafe place now than America he might have tried to repeat the performance. After he had withdrawn his three million dollars from the banks, and before placing it in the vault, he related to the vice-president of a well-known trust company what he was about to do.

"You ought to be shot!" remarked the trust-company official; but even this pointed suggestion did not cure the Croesus of his low cunning.

The Grab for Gold in Panic Days

FINANCIAL ethics has moved a tremendous long way in the seven years since 1907. It is true that some bankers who charged a premium on gold for ten days during the panic of 1907 were put on a black list after that; but the damage had been done. Last summer there really existed a premium of two per cent on gold, but it could be cashed in only by engaging in exchange operations with Ottawa or other foreign cities. No banker dared to buy or sell gold. If a state institution had been guilty of it the State Banking Department would have run it out of business; and if a national institution had been so bold the Federal Reserve Board, with its splendid spirit of leadership, would have been heard from.

Banks simply will not recognize a premium on gold nowadays. In Civil War times, and later, too, the purchase and sale of gold at more than its face value was a recognized and respectable banking practice. How different conditions were in August of this year is shown by the fact that the head of one of the large banks was called on the telephone, and a voice on the other end of the wire explained

that the owner had fifty thousand dollars in gold notes in a safe-deposit vault and would like to sell them.

"What will you pay?" was the inquiry.

"One hundred cents on the dollar," replied the banker with a supreme effort to control his temper as he slapped the receiver on the hook.

Thus it was impossible for men to go to a savings bank on lower Wall Street, persuade the bank to let them have money on the strength of a hard-luck story about doctor's bills coming due, then take the money to a bullion broker a block farther up the street, sell it for one hundred and four per cent of its face value, receive a certified check on a big bank in payment, and then immediately return to the savings bank to deposit the certified check. This actually took place in 1907; and the astounding feature was that when the savings-bank authorities remonstrated the money ghouls were so obtusely callous that they failed to see wherein they had done wrong.

No longer does enlightened financial sentiment, not to mention the Treasury Department, permit such hoarding of gold as Russell Sage and Jay Gould used to indulge in. On Friday they would send trusted representatives quietly to withdraw five million dollars in gold from banks they controlled. Then, on Saturday morning, just before the Stock Exchange closed, the bank statements would show tremendous losses in cash, though all the known movements of money had indicated increases for the week. Stocks would fall with a thud; and the manipulators, having sold short a few days before, naturally reaped big profits. On Monday the gold quietly went back into the banks.

Russell Sage was a money lover, a believer in ready cash. At one time Wall Street credited him with having thirty million dollars of it. It has been said that Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, is fond of ready money. At least it is recalled that her son, Edward Howland Robinson Green, was once quoted in a newspaper interview as saying: "My mother always has plenty of money to lend on good collateral when currency is scarce."

Lurid Wall Street fiction has been written about the fanciful rumor that the country's richest man has brought about alternate periods of prosperity and depression by releasing or hoarding gold; but that is hardly to be taken seriously.

People are a little more reticent about displaying gold in times of trouble than they used to be—a little more ashamed of it. The figure, legendary but lifelike, of the old farmer who in the panic of 1873 stood in the middle of Wall Street with a carpetbag full of gold certificates and bought stocks at such prices as he himself named, from gutter brokers operating while the Stock Exchange was closed, is hardly possible now.

How many five-dollar safe-deposit boxes were rented in the last two or three days of July last, and during the first week of August, there is no way of prying loose from the members of the Clearing House Committee who investigated the subject; but I know the Clearing House authorities inferred, from their study of the number of five-dollar boxes rented in ten days only in the city of New York and vicinity during October, 1907, that fifty million dollars in money had been hoarded in that short period.

In two days, late in October, thirty-three safe-deposit companies in New York rented seven hundred and eighty-nine boxes, or six times the usual number. Nine of those companies rented two hundred and twenty-six boxes in the week ending October twenty-fourth, as compared with an average of about thirty-six a week for several preceding months. In San Francisco the hoarding became so serious that all the safe-deposit companies agreed, on November second, to rent no more boxes until the fourteenth of the month, and then only to persons who could show a legitimate use for them. An informal agreement of much the same nature was reached in St. Louis.

The largest single instance of hoarding last August was in a Western city, where one million dollars in gold coin was placed in a safe-deposit box; but gold is much more used in Pacific Coast cities than in the East or Middle West. A depositor in a Western bank recently withdrew in gold his entire deposit, went downstairs and rented a safe-deposit box, where he placed the money; and then actually had the nerve to go upstairs and ask the bank for a loan.

In 1907 retail stores picked out gold certificates from other money and sold them to money dealers at a premium of four per cent. Nothing of the kind has been known to happen this year. One international banking firm, with heavy gold payments to make abroad, asked three great department stores, with which it had affiliations, to sort out gold certificates from the general stock of money received over the counter and turn them over to the banking firm; but no premium was paid for the gold. The stores did it merely as a favor. I know a restaurant keeper who sorted out all the gold certificates he received from customers and kept them in hope of getting a premium on gold; but he was disappointed.

Very early in August, just before the banks had adopted the uniform policy of refusing to pay out gold, a business man went to the bank where he kept thirty-five thousand dollars. He had two boys with him, carrying bags, and he insisted on being paid thirty thousand dollars in gold coin. When the money had been tucked away in the bags the man said he intended to put the gold in a safe-deposit box and to leave five thousand dollars for a checking account.

"Here; take the five thousand!" shouted the angry cashier, pushing the money toward the former depositor. "You can't keep a cent in this bank."

Men with salaries of as much as six thousand dollars a year, who had formerly deposited their salary checks in the bank as soon as received, insisted on cashing them at once and placing the proceeds in safe-deposit boxes. A Wall Street newspaper man in daily touch with the operations of finance astonished me by saying that in the first week of August he had rented a five-dollar safe-deposit box and placed one hundred dollars in cash therein. Of this sum forty dollars was in gold coin and sixty in gold certificates.

"Why did you do such a fool thing?" I asked him.

"Oh, well," he replied, "I did it out of devilishness, you may say. Others were doing it—why not I?"

A Nation of Paper-Money Users

IN 1907 no one thought a panic was coming and banks continued to pay out money until they had none left. First they paid out paper money, then, when that was gone, they gave depositors gold, and then silver. Finally, when it was all gone, there was nothing left to pay out. The horse not only ran out at the door but he had run half a mile before the door was locked. Millions of dollars left the savings banks of the city of New York and found their way into hoarding in 1907 before any action was taken.

Fortunately the country had a billion dollars of emergency currency to fall back on then. For the first time there was something to fill the gap. In 1907 there was no currency to meet pay rolls. Now the emergency currency meets every need. Now and then a man goes to the bank and asks for gold.

"But you didn't deposit gold," says the cashier. "You only gave us a check, and we will give you lawful money—nothing more."

Whereupon the depositor is given emergency currency and forced to be content.

Gold practically disappeared from circulation in this country last summer. How many gold certificates have you seen in circulation recently? Take the money from your pocket, if you are fortunate enough to have any there, and see how much of it consists of gold certificates. None. In ordinary times they are about as common as bank notes.

There are no figures to show in what civilized country most gold is hoarded; but the American people, with the exception of those in California and the Rocky Mountain states, where gold is common for obvious reasons, are not accustomed to its sight. As a people we are used to paper money.

(Continued on Page 26)



PHOTO BY GEORGE BENTLEY, NEW YORK CITY.
Interior of Modern Safe-Deposit Vaults

THE HANDSHAKE AGREEMENT



They Headed Down the Lonely Stretches of Mesquite Valley, Winning Safely at Last to Deep Wells

LONG SHORTY FERGUSON and Dan Purdy, were in the desert vernacular, "pardners from sody to hock." In the matter of age, race, complexion, religion, morals, nature and condition of servitude, Messrs. Ferguson and Purdy ran the race of life to what the sporting fraternity would designate a dead heat.

Both were about fifty years; both were members of the Caucasian race; both were pagans and wholly unconvertible. They paid their bills and gave alms indiscriminately, generously, and in quantity totally disproportionate to their worldly wealth; they borrowed without hesitation or embarrassment, but had never begged. Long Shorty is authority for the statement that, though they had followed many a wild cat to its lair, he could remember but one occasion when they had starved to death!

To continue: They were gentle, kindly, humorous, until one ran foul of their unwritten laws, when he discovered two elderly gentlemen singularly incapable of dodging any issue, be that issue what it might. They were dyed-in-the-wool disciples of the doctrine of personal responsibility, which trait was perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of each. At any rate, it is the one the reader is cautioned to bear in mind, for without it there would be no story, and our heroes would degenerate into two ordinary old desert rats, in whose comings and goings nobody would have the slightest interest.

So much for the inward aspect. Outwardly Long Shorty and Dan were sizable men, with wrinkled, leathery necks and squint eyes; and by reason of a lifetime of journeying to far horizons they were burned a brickly brown. In a word, or two or three, they were prospectors, gypsies of the Land of Heat and Silence, distinguished from their branch of the genus Homo by nothing more striking than their inflexible doctrine of personal responsibility and the possession by Mr. Ferguson of a plural nickname of singular nature. Yet even this latter is readily accounted for.

Once in a certain boom camp, the name of which nobody now remembers, there dwelt three men surnamed Ferguson. One was long and spindly—that was Long Ferguson. Another was short and fat—that was Shorty Ferguson. One was designed by his Creator along conservative lines—and that was Long Shorty Ferguson. Since he had acquired this cognomen prior to his association with Dan Purdy, Mr. Purdy never called him anything else, except when drunk or profoundly excited. On such occasions he always addressed his partner by the latter's full Christian name, which was Charles Wilfred.

Somewhere back in the springtime of life Messrs. Ferguson and Purdy had foregathered, loaded their worldly effects on a common packsaddle on an extremely common burro yclept Gentle Annie, and gone prospecting. Later they acquired more burros; but, like all self-made men, they had a humble start. And—speaking of starts, let us commence our story.

Let us assume twenty years to have passed—twenty years of joyous, profitless, aimless, unrestricted wandering, during which the desert, which plays no favorites, wrought its mystic spell on Long Shorty Ferguson and Dan Purdy. If you do not know the type it is hard for us to describe exactly how, when or where the desert finally got Long Shorty and Dan. Suffice the fact, therefore, that get them it did; that the silence settled over them like a benediction; that the alchemy of time wrought its changes in character as in appearance,

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHUR

making of our heroes a curious combination of candor and reticence, wisdom and childlike simplicity, sinner and saint. They made some money from time to time and spent it in riotous living and the purchase of the bare necessities of life. They had never known luxury. Blessed mortals! They never missed it! And they had never really grown up. They had lived so long close to the great breast of Nature that their old hearts were clean and unsullied.

Yes, they sinned on those infrequent occasions when they returned to civilization; but what of that? There was nothing else to do, and civilization and sin are synonymous—at least, they were in the camps our heroes visited; and Dan and Long Shorty were the last two men in the world to throw cold water on a popular pastime. They had a vague notion that when they came to town a bout with the devil was eminently fitting and proper and no more than was expected of them. They never stayed very long, however. The noise and the chatter and the gilt and the glamor of camp life frayed their nerves more quickly than desert whisky. The waste was always calling.

They had tried hotels, but preferred a bed in the sand beside a little fire of mesquite wood. To be awakened by a seven-o'clock whistle or the ringing of a room telephone affrighted and annoyed them; they wanted the caress of the cold dawn wind rustling the sage; the shrill yip-yip-yip of a coyote on a distant butte voicing his age-old plaint of famine. And mostly they wanted peace. However—

Dan and Long Shorty had had a week's carouse in Goldfield. Red-eyed and repentant they sat in the Little Casino; and through the garish confines of that hall of Not-a-Chance they glimpsed, in their mind's eye, enchanting vistas of saw-toothed mountains of indigo hue, naked

white buttes and vast undulating stretches of burnt-umber desert; through the swinging doors, as the young engineer of the Boston Syndicate that owned the Johnny Mine entered, the wind carried a handful of sand and a tang of sage which, mingling with cigar smoke, stale air and the sickening odor of lemon peel, whisky and humanity, woke in the breasts of Dan and Long Shorty a poignant nostalgia.

Long Shorty glanced at Dan Purdy. He spoke no word, and yet he shrieked aloud:

"Dan! let's drift! Let's go away and be clean. Let's pack now and camp to-night at Silver Peak; and after supper we'll sit by the fire and spit tobacco juice into it, and watch the moon rise over the Panamints, and be still!"

Dan nodded a brief affirmation, rose, hitched his belt and started for the door. Long Shorty followed.

In twenty years that is what the desert had done to Dan and Long Shorty. It had brought peace and perfect understanding; it had substituted telepathy for speech; it had taught them that silence is golden.

The engineer of the Boston Syndicate blocked Dan and Long Shorty in their dash for freedom by grasping an arm of each.

"Where to?" he queried.

Dan waved his free arm dramatically.

"To hell out o' here!" growled Long Shorty, his disgust betraying him into speech.

"I'll furnish an outfit, grub and ammunition, and five dollars a day to each of you if you'll go down to the Johnny Mine, do the assessment work and guard the property until the first day of April. Some Mormons from over near the Utah line claim an adverse title. There might be some claim jumping."

Dan and Long Shorty shook their heads briefly. Not with them on the job! Hardly!

"You'll take the contract, then?" the engineer of the Boston Syndicate queried.

Dan and Long Shorty nodded and each extended his horny right hand. The Boston engineer shook each in turn; the bargain was concluded.

Now some may prefer, in a matter involving an outlay of cash and possibly blood, to have their attorneys draw up a memorandum of agreement, sign and seal the same before a notary public, and afterward file it for record with the county clerk. Not so the Dan Purdys and Long Shorty Fergusons of this world. They may look extremely wild and woolly, but they are wise enough to avoid entangling legal alliances, for they are well aware of the jokers in written agreements, the idiotic decisions of supreme courts, and the venality of men who wear white collars and have their trousers pressed. Consequently it was their custom to avoid expense and misunderstanding by shaking hands with the party of the second part; for in their primitive world and according to their primitive code woe unto him who repudiated a handshake agreement.

That was the unpardonable crime. Of a murderer Dan and Long Shorty might have said: "Wa-al, I dunno. Mebbe he just had to beef the feller." Of a thief they might have said: "Wa-al, mebbe the feller was hungry an' down on his luck." But of the

"Dan! This Fool
Gamblin' Has
Plumb Ruined
Our Lives!"



foul wretch who broke a handshake agreement they would have said: "The damned skunk! Served him right! I'd 'a' killed the varmint myself. Why, he shook hands with the man, an' then went an' deliberately did the opposite!"

The psychology of this philosophy lies in the principle that a murderer or a thief is merely a murderer or a thief; that such an individual has no honor is a matter of public knowledge. But when you shake hands with a man to clinch an understanding or agreement, the only reason you do so is because you believe him to be a man of honor; and by his acceptance of your hand he confirms this belief. Hence, if later he repudiates the handshake, all men know that he once did have honor but forfeited it for some material gain; and for such a man there is no closed season thereafter.

It required approximately thirty seconds to consummate the deal with all its whereases and wherefores. Their employer furnished a team of sturdy little white mules and a wide-tired light wagon, into which our heroes piled their equipment and the season's grub, two rifles and a quantity of cartridges. The four burros constituting a problem they were obliged to leave behind, the engineer for the Boston Syndicate gave them ten dollars each for three of them.

The fourth, Gentle Annie, now a sedate burro of twenty-eight years and too worthless to bring a price, was turned loose to wander wheresoever she listed. She listed to tag after Dan and Long Shorty, which was another trick on the part of the devil; but our heroes, who were reasonably fond of Gentle Annie, construed her voluntary pilgrimage as an evidence of a deathless affection. Consequently when she came sneaking into camp that night and nickered for her evening flapjack they made her welcome, and the following morning packed two kegs of water on her, tied her to the tail gate of their wagon and headed down through Palmetto Cañon into Inyo County, California; thence down the lonely arid stretches of Mesquite Valley, as the northern arm of Death Valley is sometimes called, winning safely at last to Deep Wells.

At Deep Wells the off mule sickened and died; wherefore Long Shorty and Dan remembered he had broken his hobbles one night in Mesquite Valley and had doubtless drunk deep of an arsenic spring. They thought it was tough luck, but forbore to blame the devil, notwithstanding the fact that they were in his country. Instead, they blessed Gentle Annie's thoughtfulness in tagging after them. They harnessed her with the surviving mule and continued blithely on their way down the west flank of the Funeral Range until they came to Furnace Creek.

The waters of Furnace Creek are meager, warm, and burdened with sufficient borax to make them soft and cleansing. Here our heroes rested and bathed for one week, while Gentle Annie and the white mule gorged themselves with alfalfa grown on the oasis known as Furnace Creek Ranch. Then they took the trail again, southeast through Furnace Creek Cañon, up and over the Funeral Range, down into the Valley of the Amargosa. In this weird valley one would expect to find a weird river, and he is not disappointed. The devil controls the Amargosa. A hellish zarzaro, he causes it to flow underground. Only at infrequent intervals does the bed of the river rise above its surface.

Across the Amargosa went Dan Purdy and Long Shorty Ferguson and Gentle Annie and the white mule, up into the Charleston Buttes, on the evening of the second day out from Furnace Creek Ranch. In the level rays of the sun, hanging on the serrated sky line behind them, the Buttes flared white where there was borax, red where the oxides cropped out, and black with iron pyrites. And there were ochres and browns and deep, velvety blues where the night shadows already hung in the cañons; and all about Long Shorty and Dan was the eternal peace that soothed and comforted them like the strains of distant music.

"Seems awful good after that toot in Goldfield—eh?" quoth Dan Purdy as he marked a distant yellow scar on a hillside for the Johnny Mine.

Long Shorty nodded.

"Looks like a good place to winter," he said finally, as though loath to break the silence. "We got a water hole right on the claim."

Dan made suitable comment on this evidence of the tenderness of his Creator, and they pressed onward through the buttes, arriving at the mine shortly after dark.

The succeeding six weeks dragged slowly by; and in that time Dan and Long Shorty did the required assessment work on the lode, lead or deposit of the Johnny Mine. This matter attended to, they had nothing to do save guard the property, whereupon they took to playing cooncan and staking nothing thereon, for the reason that they had no assets more tangible than the clothes on their backs, their firearms, jackknives and chewing tobacco; and inasmuch as these were all community property they could not be staked in a game of chance. Also, as everybody knows, a game of chance without something of definite, intrinsic value staked on the outcome, is the most puerile pleasure in which two old rascals like Dan and Long Shorty could possibly engage.

However, necessity is the mother of invention, and it is a cold day, even in the Valley of the Amargosa, when Satan cannot find some mischief for idle hands to do. What more natural, then, than that, with such fecund aid, Dan Purdy should presently father an answer to the problem.

"Long Shorty," said he, "tell you what we'll do to make this gamblin' interestin'. Now, me an' you're young yet, with the world before us; and in the nature o' things we just nacherly can't be kept down. We're bound to strike it rich some day."

"That's logic," Long Shorty assented interestedly.

"Then," said Mr. Purdy, "let's bet on futures!"

Why not, indeed? Such means of gleaming pleasure and profit have been practiced in stock exchanges the world over. Moreover, discounting the future was an old game with Dan and Long Shorty; so the proposition seemed reasonable.

"Spread your hand, Dan'l," Long Shorty invited his partner; and forthwith Mr. Purdy complied.

His scheme was absurdly simple. For purposes of expediency they were to assume their luck at mining to be running strong, all signs to the contrary notwithstanding; and that some time within the succeeding four years they would make the Big Strike for which they had been searching half their lives. This strike, according to Dan Purdy, would be worth not less than one million dollars; and Long Shorty gravely hazarded an opinion that it would be worth even more.

Very well! Within four years, then, they would each be worth, at the very least, half a million dollars. Therefore, since credit and time extensions constitute the real basis of capital, Daniel pointed out that he and Long Shorty were, to all intents and purposes, equipped

with sufficient capital to render their gambling operations of more interest than a game of cussino between two old mudds. On Long Shorty's hearty indorsement of these sentiments he suggested that the game continue at one dollar a point, each to keep an accurate record of the play until such time as they should cease playing; thereupon the loser should issue to the winner his promissory note in payment of his losses.

In the event of discovery of the Big Strike within four years from the date of that note, the same was to be paid by the signer in stock of the company.

On the other hand, if the Big Strike did not develop within the statutory period, then the holder of the note could whistle for payment; for there was to be no renewal of the obligation, and inasmuch as gambling debts are not collectible in law, their own sense of honor must decide the contest finally.

Long Shorty was delighted. He declared that this plan was the inspiration of genius; and forthwith the two friends shook hands on it.

It is not the purpose of the author to annoy the reader, who may know nothing of the intricacies of cooncan or know them all, with a recital of the details of this long gambling bee. Suffice it that in the beginning our heroes possessed but one deck of cards, of most inferior quality; and when, at length, the cards in Dan Purdy's hand were as readily recognizable to Long Shorty as the white mule or Gentle Annie, the winter was not half over, and of his original stake Long

Shorty had left but three hundred and eighty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-nine dollars.

It developed that Dan Purdy had begun to recognize the backs of Long Shorty's cards at least ten days earlier than Long Shorty had begun to recognize his; whereupon Dan had craftily suggested a raise in the stakes to five dollars a point. Later, when Long Shorty, confident of the correctness of his diagnosis of Dan Purdy's hands, declared for ten dollars a point, the spots had been shuffled off the cards and they were forced to discontinue playing through sheer lack of the necessary equipment.

It was a terrible situation. Mr. Purdy, flushed with victory, twitted Mr. Ferguson on the disastrous outcome and suggested that a game of Button-Button-Who's Got the Button? would doubtless be more in line with the latter's qualifications for indulging in a game of chance.

"Game o' chance," roared Long Shorty, "why, I'd as lief play poker with strippers or buck a faro layout with a sanded deck."

"That ain't neither here nor there, Long Shorty," Dan reminded him. "The fact remains that I've won a hundred an' seventeen thousand five forty-one from you; an' as there ain't a possible means o' continuin' this game on a fair basis, accordin' to the belch you just lets out, you might as well make out that there promissory note. However, just so we won't have to deal in odd numbers, I'll spit at a crack with you for two thousand four hundred an' fifty-nine dollars to make the note a hundred an' twenty thousand even."

Long Shorty silently extended his hand. Dan Purdy shook it; each rolled his cud and extracted a mouthful of juice. Then Dan Purdy drew a line in the dust with a stick, designated a sun crack in the collar set of the pifion windlass over the shaft, stepped back to the line, fired at ten feet—which with Mr. Purdy was point-blank range—and called on Long Shorty to bear witness that the charge had disappeared in its entirety. Examination revealed the fact that it had gone through the sun crack to the heart of the collar set.

"That's good, clean spittin'!" remarked Long Shorty, who was as fair a sport as ever spat at a crack. "But I guess I can tie the score." And he did.

Whereupon Dan challenged him to the best two heats out of three. At the third trial Long Shorty fired with his salivary glands at half cock, as it were; and Dan, the possessor of a slight orifice between his front teeth, which enabled him to operate powerfully and scientifically, won, as the saying is, under double wraps.



"Dan'l, I'm Beggin' 'n' to Lose a Whole Lot o' Them Regrets I Felt at First"



"An' He Comes B'llin' Out o' That Tent With His Gun an' Whangs Away at Me"

They returned to their tent and smoked. To them came presently Gentle Annie and the white mule, and it was plain that these two had had a disagreement. The white mule was pursuing the burro, biting her viciously and endeavoring to get into position to flank her and deliver a broadside. On her part, Gentle Annie, realizing that she was no match for the white mule, had fled for protection to Dan and Long Shorty.

"Whatever is the matter with that mu-el?" observed Long Shorty, starting up and reaching for a pick handle. "The critter acts like he's locoed. Whoa, there, you white devil! Lay off on Gentle Annie!" And he rushed out and threatened the mule with the pick handle, while Gentle Annie scurried back of him for protection.

The white mule, thus rebuked, turned his attention to Long Shorty. With a vicious bray he rushed the old prospector; and Long Shorty, noting the blazing eye and long, bared teeth, hurried the pick handle at the crazed animal and dodged nimbly to one side. The missile struck the white mule across the nose and diverted him for an instant, though it did not discourage him. He whirled after Long Shorty, reared on his hind legs, struck out with his front feet, and—

"Bet you twenty thousand he kills you!" yelled Dan Purdy jocosely; though for all that he sprang to his rifle, for it was apparent to him that the white mule was carnivorous.

"You're on!" Long Shorty shouted back; and on the instant he pulled his six-shooter and shot the mule through the head. It was an excellent shot and the animal was dead before his body struck the ground.

"You win!" said Dan Purdy complacently, setting back his rifle.

"I don't aim to be chawed up by no locoed mu-el, Dan'l. Wonder what got into the critter! He shore didn't act rational for a mu-el."

Dan Purdy elected to ignore this query. He was not interested in the psychology of white mules and would not presume to say to just what reasons might be attributed this sudden fury, for just at present he was thinking of something of far more importance. He walked out from the tent, sprayed the defunct mule liberally with tobacco juice, and remarked:

"Charles Wilfred, you oughtn't to have beefed that mule!"

"Uh-huh! I know, Dan. I ought to have let him chaw me an' tromp me in the cactus so you could win another bet—eh? I guess not! By slayin' this

here madeap mu-el I've reduced the principal on that there promissory note twenty thousand dollars; an' if you think I'm settin' any such value as that on any mu-el—an' a maniac white mu-el in particular——"

"Ain't no use repinin' and voicin' vain regrets," sighed Dan Purdy; "only there's sich a thing as bein' too quick on the trigger. You might 'a' had sense enough to entice this here mule out o' our front yard before killin' him. Now we got to bury the critter."

So they buried the white mule, and had scarcely finished before Long Shorty found time to remember that his gambling account with Daniel was one hundred thousand dollars on the wrong side of the ledger. Wherefore he longed for vengeance on Mr. Purdy, and cast about in his mind for a gambling device in which the element of skill should be eliminated and sheer chance alone decide the issue of the combat. On his part, Dan Purdy, flushed with success and with anxious eyes on the remainder of the Ferguson fortune, did likewise. What more natural, then, than that success should crown their dual efforts?

Mr. Purdy wandered abroad, found two desert terrapins of equal size and returned with them to camp. Then he and Mr. Ferguson stretched two thirty-foot horsehair reatas side by side and two feet apart on a gentle slope, sent

both turtles away to an even start, and waited five hours and twenty-seven minutes by Long Shorty's watch to get the returns of the race.

The terrapins would not cross the hairy confines of the course because the horsehair tickled them under their respective chins.

Eventually, however, Long Shorty's reptile found his way down the slope and free of the horsehair lane, thus winning the first prize of fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Purdy was so incensed at his terrapin that he blew it to smithereens with six well-directed shots of his revolver; and Long Shorty hooted with delight.

For two days the gambling fever boiled and bubbled in their blood, seeking an outlet, though both were resolved to race no more desert terrapins. Eventually, however, Long Shorty solved the problem of procuring quick action by taking a smooth, bright board from the top of a case of tomatoes. In the center of this board he set an empty baking-powder can and, with a pencil, drew a circle round the base of the can. Next he stripped from the back of Gentle Annie two wood ticks of approximately the same age, agility and displacement, but differing slightly in color, placed them in the geometric center of this circle and covered them with the inverted baking-powder can; after which he bet Dan Purdy five thousand dollars that at the end of five minutes the dark blue tick would be found, when the can should be lifted, closer to the circumference of the circle than the pearl-gray tick.



A Broad Standing Jump of Six Feet Would Save Him

Daniel promptly accepted and lost exactly one thousand dollars a minute for the succeeding five minutes. Luck was against him; and, notwithstanding the fact that he shifted the burden of his hopes to the dark blue tick when Long Shorty gave odds of two to one on the pearl-gray, and the further fact that he demanded and personally sought a change of ticks, the sun set with Daniel Purdy sixty-two thousand dollars loser.

Two days later, when the leisurely perambulations of Gentle Annie's ticks threatened to set their respective reasons tottering on their respective thrones, Dan Purdy again sought the faithful beast for a new contribution, and discovered that Gentle Annie's days were numbered. A wound on her aged neck where the locoed white mule had bitten her had become infected; and poor Gentle Annie, faithful companion for twenty years, had lockjaw. Long Shorty reverently led her from camp as far as her stiffening muscles would carry her, and slew her with his forty-four-caliber revolver.

The source of ticks—at least ticks of racing size—being now eliminated, gambling languished for a day or two. Then Dan Purdy had a new idea. A lone coyote appeared in the vicinity, attracted no doubt by Gentle Annie; and Dan bet Long Shorty ten thousand dollars he could lift that

coyote with his rifle while the creature was on the run. The distance being at least five hundred yards, Long Shorty accepted; whereupon Daniel started the coyote with a trial shot and killed it with the next. Nothing daunted, Long Shorty immediately offered odds of five to one that it was a she coyote. Dan promptly wagered the ten thousand just won at the prevailing odds that it was a he—and walked back from the carcass as rich as when he had first observed the animal.

On the morning following the adventure of the coyote Dan Purdy rolled out of his blankets and sought the water hole for his matutinal ablutions. While standing here combing his hair with his fingers, he happened to glance high up the face of a steep hill back of their camp and beheld a mountain sheep.

Now in California it is a felony to kill a mountain sheep, and Dan and Long Shorty were well aware of this; but, since the prospects of meeting a game warden in that silent land were, to say the least, not bright, and since they had not tasted fresh meat in two months, Dan Purdy went into the tent for his rifle and to break the news of the sheep's presence to Long Shorty, who came out *en deshabille* and took a look.

"He's on the west slope of the hill," commented Long Shorty, "an' if we leave this here water hole for a couple o' hours he'll work down lower to get a drink. You slip round to the north slope, Dan; I'll take the south slope, and we'll work uphill, gradually convergin' toward the west. If

we work it that way we ought to get him."

"We!" sneered Mr. Purdy. "I! Bet you twenty thousand dollars I get that sheep!"

"You're on," declared Long Shorty.

Five minutes later he was dressed and sneaking round to the southern base of the hill, preparatory to ascending and flanking the unsuspecting sheep.

It was a fair-sized hill—of about nine hundred or a thousand feet elevation, with a forty-five-degree slope, covered with talus and a sparse growth of sage. Long Shorty climbed swiftly until he reached the crest of the hill and discovered a plateau of several acres plentifully strewn with smooth white granite boulders which, in his excitement, he at first mistook for a drove of sheep. He worked across this plateau to the western brow of the hill and peered cautiously over. Far below him Dan Purdy's rifle cracked half a dozen times

in smart succession, and presently the harassed sheep came bounding up the slope unhurt. As the animal reached the plateau Long Shorty bowled him over at fifty feet, bled him, dressed him, draped the carcass over a rock, and sat down to draw his breath.

Here he awaited the arrival of Dan Purdy and had a fresh chew; and while working it up to the proper consistency he gazed out contentedly across the Valley of the Amargosa. The Funeral Range rose just across the way, while beyond the Funerals, Telescope Peak thrust its thin blue spire out of the Panamints on the other side of Death Valley. It was a pleasant prospect, viewed from that cool height; and now that the shimmering curtain of summer heat had given way to the clear, steel-blue winter atmosphere, Long Shorty thought it was as fair a country as human eye had ever gazed on. He was still lost in admiration of his chosen land when Daniel, badly winded, gained the plateau.

Long Shorty said nothing. He merely grinned and twitched his gnarly trigger finger six times to indicate the six shots Mr. Purdy had fired in vain at the sheep. The latter pretended not to notice this; after an indifferent glance at Long Shorty and the dead sheep his gaze wandered out across the boulder-strewn mesa, for Mr. Purdy

was a prospector. He observed that the mesa at its eastern end converged to a cañon, which in turn sloped gently upward to the snow-clad peaks above.

Dan Purdy observed that this cañon was the natural escape for erosion from the upper heights. For untold centuries cloudbursts rushing down this cañon had been exposing granite boulders, which would lie in the cañon until an avalanche of snow, following the same course, swept them out on to the mesa. As a consequence of his scrutiny, Dan Purdy's first thought was: "If there are any gold deposits farther up in that range, where nobody has ever been, there'll be plenty of float down on this mesa to indicate it. I'll take some of this eroded soil down to the water hole and sample it."

He turned to Long Shorty to suggest the advisability of a little prospecting before they descended the hill, when he observed in his partner's eye the sudden maniac gleam which proclaimed all too truly that Long Shorty had hit on a new gambling device. He got up, glared wildly round, nodded, and turned to Dan Purdy; and Mr. Purdy, having lived with Long Shorty twenty years, knew instantly that Long Shorty thought not of such futile and inconsequential atoms as gold dust and nuggets, but of rocks—great, smooth, round, white granite boulders, that strewed the mesa by hundreds. Being a human being himself Dan Purdy realized that within Long Shorty's being there surged a sudden, fierce, juvenile longing to roll one of those rocks down the hill and time it, to see just how long it would take to reach the desert, far below.

"Dan'l," said Long Shorty, "you owe me eighty-seven thousand dollars. I'll roll you the rocks for one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars or nothin'."

"Damn my wicked soul!" murmured Mr. Purdy in a kind of holy ecstasy. "I'll go you!"

He drove his horny digits deep into the soil round the base of a hundred-pound boulder. Long Shorty stooped to assist him; and with many a grunt and labored gasp the boulder was presently uprooted from its bed and rolled across the mesa to the northern slope of the hill, where they held it poised.

"Which side do you choose—clean or dirty?" demanded Long Shorty.

Dan named his preference, Long Shorty divested himself of a joyous and abandoned whoop, tipped the boulder with his foot and rolled it over the grade.

Long Shorty's shout as the boulder got under way was the typical shout of the man of wide, unkenneled horizons. It was pronounced Ya-hoo! with plenty of yip and bark to it, testifying to his pleasure as the stone commenced its mad flight; for of all simple outdoorsports it is doubtful whether there is one quite so fascinating as rolling a huge boulder down a long, steep hill. How frantically it leaps into the air, with ever lengthening leaps, as with the speed of a comet it approaches the base of the hill and shoots far out into the flat below! There is nothing, we trow, that can quite equal it, unless it be the delight of dropping a stone down an eighty-foot well and waiting for the heavy plunk from the invisible deep.

Dan and Long Shorty craned their necks as the boulder swept down the hill, scattering the talus in its path, and marked where it came to a final resting place three hundred yards out in the desert; then they turned and went back to the carcass of the sheep, prepared the animal for transportation and returned to camp. They strolled over in the open and examined the boulder. It lay soiled side up, and Dan Purdy was Long Shorty's debtor to the tune of one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars.

"That," said Long Shorty, "leaves you with a bank roll o' three hundred an' twenty-six thousand dollars, and my luck's runnin' so strong I got a hunch I can break you with one more rock. Dan'l, I'll roll you the biggest boulder we can handle to-morrow for the balance o' your fortune."



Mr. Purdy Was So Incensed at His Terrapin That He Blew It to Smithereens

Daniel readily assented, and bright and early the following morning they again toiled to the stone-strewn mesa. They carried a light crowbar with them, for they planned to roll a stone weighing several hundred pounds, as the heavier the stone the more speed it would attain, and consequently the greater the delight of watching its flight.

For two hours they worked like beavers, and finally the stone was poised on the brow of the hill, ready for the start. Long Shorty spoke:

"This ends our gamblin', Dan'l. We'll make or break on this boulder and quit. This is too much like hard work and the pleasure's over too quick."

Dan agreed with him and extended his hand.

"May the best man win!" he declared melodramatically. "And remember, we're playin' for keeps."

Long Shorty accepted his partner's proffered hand and chose the weather-beaten side of the boulder to carry his money.

"As a friend an' pardner," he supplemented Dan's statement, "you're entitled to the last swig o' water in my canteen; but when it comes to gamblin' I'd take the shirt off yore back, Dan'l. I'm shore gamblin' for keeps. Let 'er go!"

They shoved the boulder off—and at that precise instant the devil decided to take a hand in the game himself. In the valley far below them an automobile came rapidly into view round the toe of the hill and directly in the course of the granite juggernaut bearing down on it with the speed of a comet. Even as Dan and Long Shorty, pop-eyed with horror and speechless with fright, saw the impending

tragedy, the automobile stopped and a man jumped down and stooped over to lift the hood.

With a superhuman effort Long Shorty emitted his Ya-hoo! with more yip and bark than had ever characterized it previously, and the warning reached the man at the car about five seconds before the boulder. He looked up. The boulder was headed straight for the hood of the car, behind which he stood, and a broad standing jump of six feet would save him.

He jumped, with a second to spare; but, as we have previously remarked, the devil was behind that boulder, with a power greater than Newton's law of gravitation. Ten feet from the car a stone projecting from the floor of the desert diverted the boulder, causing it to miss the car by three feet and overtake the driver. As Dan Purdy remarked, the only comforting thing about the incident lay in the fact that the man never knew he had lost!

Dan Purdy and Long Shorty Ferguson called in agony and unison on their Maker and started at top speed down the slope. When at length they reached the ultimate result of their deal in futures Mr. Purdy turned away and was very sick, while Mr. Ferguson, consumed with horror, despair and the travail of conscience, commenced to weep!

"Coons an' catamounts!" he moaned in a weak, small voice. "Dan'l, this is plumb awful!"

From the tonneau of the car came a shrill feminine shriek. At the sound our heroes sprang straight into the air and lit with every hair standing on end, while they stared at the automobile. There was no survivor in sight; however, the voice, proceeding from the floor space in the tonneau, seemed to indicate that the dead man's companion lay cowering there in fear and trembling.

Like a man walking on eggs Dan Purdy cautiously approached the car and peered into the tonneau. The next instant he had backed away, crooked a horny forefinger at his partner and was fleeing from the wrath of a widow—and possibly an orphan. It was the first time on record he had ever dodged an issue, but he salved his conscience with the reflection that this was not an issue, but a judgment come to Daniel. Though Mr. Purdy was by nature and training as harmless as a pet fox, he was, nevertheless, under stress, possessed of ample courage to kill a man; but when it came to facing his victim's widow he was quite willing to check the bet up to somebody else.

They had almost reached their camp by the water hole before Long Shorty, having completed his own investigation of the tonneau, caught up with his partner. Together they sought sanctuary in the tent, threw themselves on their blankets, groaned and gritted their teeth, and swore scandalously and with feeling. Five minutes of this and then Long Shorty sat up.

"Dan'l," he said in a sepulchral voice, "we gotta do somethin'."

"I wish I was in hell!" cried Dan—a perfectly unnecessary remark, by the way, in view of the fact that he was already up to his eyebrows in that interesting suburb.

Consider for a moment their predicament: For and in consideration of certain cash moneys on account, to them in hand paid by the representative of the Boston Syndicate in Goldfield, and in further consideration of additional emolument at the conclusion of their contract, they had bound themselves by their word of honor, represented in a handshake apiece with the syndicate representative, to proceed to the Johnny Mine, do the assessment work and guard the property until the first of April, when the syndicate would send down men to work the property.

Until they could be relieved of their trust, therefore, they must stay; and here they were with a widow and an infernal automobile on their hands—of all things in Nature and out of it the very two of which they knew absolutely nothing! All of this on the fifteenth day of January, in the Valley of the Amargosa, with civilization a hundred miles distant across hell and no hope in sight until the first day of April!

(Continued on Page 30)



As the Crow Flies He Had Approximately Eighty Miles to Travel

A RESERVED SEAT

SHE was anchored to earth in a good-sized field. Woods horizoned the field on three of its edges and a sunken road bounded it on the fourth. She measured, I should say at an offhand guess, seventy-five feet from tip to tip lengthwise, and was perhaps twenty feet in diameter through her middle. She was a bright yellow in color—a varnished, oily-looking yellow—and in shape suggestive of a Frankfurter.

At the end of her near the ground and on the side that was underneath—for she swung, you understand, at an angle—a swollen protuberance showed, as though an air bubble had got under the skin of the sausage during the packing and had made a big blister. She drooped weakly amidships, bending and swaying this way and that; and, as we came under her and looked up, we saw that the skin of the belly kept shrinking in and wrinkling up, in the unmistakable pangs of acute cramp colic.

She had a sickly, depleted aspect elsewhere. Altogether she was most flabby and unreliable looking; yet this, as I learned subsequently, was her normal appearance. Being in the business of spying she practiced deceit, with the deliberate intent of seeming to be what, emphatically, she was not. She counterfeited chronic invalidism and performed competently.

She was an observation balloon of the pattern privily chosen by the German General Staff, before the beginning of the war, for the use of the German Signal Corps. On this particular date and occasion she operated at a point of the highest strategic importance, that point being the center of the German battle lines along a certain river, the name of which has within the last three months become familiar to every newspaper reader in the world. I am speaking of the River Aisne.

She had been stationed here now for more than a week—that is to say, ever since her predecessor was destroyed in a ball of flaming fumes as a result of having a bomb flung through the flimsy cloth envelope by a coursing and accurate aviator of the enemy. No doubt she would continue to be stationed here until some such mischance befell her too.

On observation balloons, in time of war, no casualty insurance is available at any rate of premium. I believe those who ride in them are also regarded as unsuitable risks. All of which was highly interesting to hear and, for our journalistic purposes, very valuable to know; but, speaking personally, I may say that the thing which most nearly concerned me for the moment was this: I had just been invited to take a trip aloft in this wabby great wienerwurst, with its painted silk cuticle and its gaseous vitals—and had, on impulse, accepted.

I was informed at the time, and have since been reinforced more than once, that I am probably the only civilian spectator who has enjoyed such a privilege during the present European war. Assuredly, to date and to the best of my knowledge and belief, I am the only civilian who has been so favored by the Germans.

Battles Best Seen From the Rear

WELL, I trust I am not hoggish. Possessing, as it does, this air of uniqueness, the distinction is worth much to me personally. I would not take anything for the experience; but I do not think I shall take it again, even if the chance should come my way, which very probably it will not.

It was mid-afternoon; and all day, since early breakfast, we had been working our way in automobiles toward this destination. As I have stated in a previous article of this series, we had in turn visited the field telephone exchange, the field wireless station, the field hospitals, the field defenses, the field kitchens and the field batteries of the entrenched army of Field Marshal von Heeringen, commanding the German center before Laon.

Already my brain chambered more impressions, all jumbled together in a mass, than I could possibly hope to get sorted out and graded up and classified in a month of trying. Yet, in a way, the day had been disappointing; for, as I may have set forth before, the nearer we came to the actual fighting, the closer in touch we got with the battle itself, the less we seemed to see of it.

I take it this is true of nearly all battles fought under modern military principles. Ten miles in the rear, or even



German Military Balloon Just Ascending Over Battle Lines at Laon Bearing Mr. Cobb and a Military Aviator

By IRVIN S. COBB

twenty miles, is really a better place to be if you are seeking to fix in your mind a reasonably full picture of the scope and effect and consequences of the hideous thing called war. Back there you see the new troops going in, girding themselves for the grapple as they go; you see the reinforcements coming up; you see the supplies hurrying forward, and the spare guns and the extra equipment, and all the rest of it; you see, and can, after a dim fashion, grasp mentally, the thrusting, onward movement of this highly scientific and unromantic industry which half the world is practicing to-day.

Finally, you see the finished product of the trade coming back; and by that I mean the dribbling streams of the wounded and, in the fields and woods through which you pass, the dead, lying in windrows where they fell. At the front you see only, for the main part, men engaged in the most tedious, the most exacting, and seemingly the most futile form of day labor—toiling in filth and foulness and a desperate driven haste, on a job that many of them will never live to see finished—if it is ever finished; working under taskmasters who spare them not—neither do they spare themselves; putting through a dreary contract, whereof the chief reward is weariness and the common coinage of payment is death outright or death lingering. That is a battle in these days; that is war.

So twistwise was our route, and so rapidly did we pursue it after we left the place where we took lunch, at General von Zwehl's staff-mess, that I confess I lost all sense of direction. It seemed to me our general course was eastward; I discovered afterward it was southwesterly.

At any rate we eventually found ourselves in a road that wound between high grassy banks along a great natural terrace just below the level of the plateau in front of Laon. We saw a few farmhouses, all desolated by shell-fire and all deserted, and a succession of empty fields and patches of woodland.

None of the natives were in sight. Through fear of prying hostile eyes, the Germans had seen fit to clear them out of this immediate vicinity. Anyhow, a majority of them doubtlessly ran away when fighting first started here, three weeks earlier; the Germans had got rid of those who remained. Likewise of troops there were very few to be seen. We did meet one squad of Red Cross men, marching afoot through the dust. They were all fully armed, as is the way with the German field-hospital helpers; and, for all I know to the contrary, that may be the way with the field-hospital helpers of the Allies too.

Though I have often seen it, the Cross on the sleeve-band of a man who bears a revolver in his belt, or a rifle on his arm, has always struck me as a most incongruous thing. The noncommissioned officer in charge of the squad—chief orderly I suppose you might call him—held by leashes four Red Cross dogs.

In Belgium, back in August, I had seen so-called dog batteries. Going into Louvain on the day the Belgian Army, or what was left of it, fell back into Brussels, I passed a valley where many dogs were hitched to small machine

guns; and I could not help wondering what would happen to the artillery formation, and what to the discipline of the pack, if a rabbit should choose that moment for darting across the battle front.

These, however, were the first dogs I had found engaged in hospital-corps employment. They were big, wolfish-looking hounds, shaggy and sharp-nosed; and each of the four wore a collar of bells on his neck, and a cloth harness on his shoulders, with the red Maltese cross displayed on its top and sides. Their business was to go to the place where fighting had taken place and search out the fallen.

At this business they were reputed to be highly efficient. The Germans had found them especially useful; for the German field uniform, which has the merit of merging into the natural background at a short distance, becomes, through that very protective coloration, a disadvantage when its wearer drops wounded and unconscious on the open field. In a poor light the litter bearers might search within a few rods of him and never see him; but where the faulty eyesight fails the nose of the dog sniffs the

human taint in the air, and the dog makes the work of rescue thorough and complete. At least we were told so.

Presently our automobile rounded a bend in the road, and the observation balloon, which until that moment we had been unable to glimpse, by reason of an intervening formation of ridges, revealed itself before us. The suddenness of its appearance was startling. We did not see it until we were within a hundred yards of it. At once we realized how perfect an abiding place this was for a thing which offered so fine and looming a target.

Moreover, the balloon was most effectively guarded against attack at close range. We became aware of that fact when we dismounted from the automobile and were clambering up the steep bank alongside. Soldiers materialized from everywhere, like dusty specters, but fell back, saluting, when they saw that officers accompanied us. On advice we had already thrown away our lighted cigars; but two noncommissioned officers felt it to be their bounden duty to warn us against striking matches in that neighborhood. You dare not take chances with a woven bag that is packed with many hundred cubic feet of gas.

The Clothesbasket and Its Equipment

AT THE moment of our arrival the balloon was drawn down so near the earth that its distorted bottommost extremity dipped and twisted slackly within fifty or sixty feet of the grass. The upper end, reaching much farther into the air, underwent convulsive writhings and contortions as an intermittent breeze came over the sheltering treetops and buffeted it in puffs. Almost beneath the balloon six big draft horses stood, hitched in pairs to a stout wagon frame on which a huge wooden drum was mounted.

Round this drum a wire cable was coiled, and a length of the cable stretched like a snake across the field to where it ended in a swivel, made fast to the bottom of the riding car. It was not, strictly speaking, a riding car. It was a straight-up-and-down basket of tough, light wicker, no larger and very little deeper than an ordinarily fair-sized hamper for soiled linen. Indeed, that was what it reminded one of—a clothesbasket.

Grouped about the team and the wagon were soldiers to the number of perhaps half a company. Half a dozen of them stood about the basket holding it steady—or trying to. Heavy sandbags were hung pendentwise about the upper rim of the basket, looking very much like so many canvased hams; but, even with these drags on it and in spite of the grips of the men on the guy ropes of its rigging, it bumped and bounded uneasily to the continual rocking of the gas bag above it. Every moment or two it would lift itself a foot or so and tilt and jerk, and then come back again with a thump that made it shiver.

Of furnishings the interior of the car contained nothing except a telephone, fixed against one side of it; a pair of field glasses, swung in a sort of harness; and a strip of tough canvas, looped across halfway down in it. The operator, when wearied by standing, might sit astride this canvas saddle, with his legs cramped under him, while he spied out the land with his eyes, which would then be just above the top of his wicker nest, and while he spoke over the telephone.

The wires of the telephone escaped through a hole under his feet and ran to a concealed station at the far side of the field which in turn communicated with the main exchange in the Laon Prefecture, three miles away; which in its turn radiated other wires to all quarters of the battle front. Now the wires were neatly coiled on the ground beside the basket. A sergeant stood over them to prevent any careless foot from stepping on the precious strands. He guarded them as jealously as a hen guards her brood.

The magazine containing retorts of specially prepared gas, for recharging the envelope when evaporation and leakage had reduced the volume below the lifting and floating point, was nowhere in sight. It must have been somewhere near by, but we saw no signs of it. Nor did our guides for the day offer to show us its whereabouts. However, knowing what I do of the German system of doing things, I will venture the assertion that it was snugly hidden and stoutly protected.

These details I had time to take in, when there came across the field to join us a tall young officer with a three weeks' growth of stubby black beard on his face. A genial and captivating gentleman was Lieutenant Brinkner und Meiningen, and I enjoyed my meeting with him; and often since that day in my thoughts I have wished him well. However, I doubt whether he will be living by the time these lines see publication.

Shoehorned Into the Clothesbasket

IT IS an exciting life a balloon operator in the German Army lives, but it is not, as a rule, a long one. Lieutenant Meiningen was successor to a man who was burned to death in mid-air a week before; and on the day before a French airman had dropped a bomb from the clouds that missed this same balloon by a margin of less than a hundred yards—close marksmanship, considering that the airman in question was seven or eight thousand feet aloft, and moving at the rate of a mile or so a minute when he made his cast.

It was the Herr Lieutenant who said he had authority to take one of our number up with him, and it was myself who chanced to be nearest to the balloon when he extended the invitation. Some one—a friend—removed from between my teeth the unlighted cigar I held there, for fear I might forget and try to light it; and somebody else—a stranger to me—suggested that perhaps I was too heavy for a passenger.

By that time, however, a kindly corporal had boosted me up over the rim of the basket and helped me to squeeze through the thick netting of guy lines; and there I was, standing inside that overgrown clotheshamper, which came up breast high on me—and Brinkner und Meiningen was swinging himself nimbly in beside me.

That basket was meant to hold but one man. It made a wondrously snug fit for two; and both of us were full-sized adults at that. We stood back to back; and to address the other each must needs speak over his shoulder. The canvas saddle was between us, dangling against the calves of our legs; and the telephone was in front of the lieutenant, where he could reach the transmitter with his lips by stooping a little.

The soldiers began unhooking the sandbags; the sergeant who guarded the telephone wire took up a strand of it and held it loosely in his hands, ready to pay it out. Under me I felt the basket heave gently. Looking up I saw that the balloon was no longer a crooked sausage. She had become a big, soft, yellow summer squash, with an attenuated neck. The flaccid abdomen flinched in and puffed out, and the snout wobbled to and fro.

The lieutenant began telling me things in badly broken but painstaking English—such things, for example, as that the baglike protuberance just above our heads, at the bottom end of the envelope, contained air, which, being heavier than gas, served as a balance to hold her head up in the wind and keep her from folding in on herself; also, that it was his duty to remain aloft, at the end of his seven-hundred-foot tether, as long as he could, meantime studying the effect of the German shell-fire on the enemy's position and telephoning down instructions for the better aiming of the guns—a job wherein the aeroplane scouts ably reinforced him, since they could range at will, whereas his position was comparatively fixed and stationary.

Also I remember his saying, with a tinge of polite regret in his tone, that he was sorry I had not put on a uniform overcoat with shoulder straps on it, before boarding the car; because, as he took pains to explain, in the event of our cable parting and of our drifting over the Allies' lines and then descending, he might possibly escape, but I should most likely be shot on the spot as a spy before I had a chance to explain.

"However," he added consolingly, "those are possibilities most remote. The rope is not likely to break; and if it did we both should probably be dead before we ever reached the earth."

That last statement sank deep into my consciousness; but I fear I did not hearken so attentively as I ought to the continuation of the lieutenant's conversation, because, right in the middle of his remarks, something had begun to happen.

Captain von Theobald had stepped up alongside to tell me that very shortly I should undoubtedly be quite seasick—or, rather, skysick—because of the pitching about of the basket when the balloon reached the end of the cable; and I was trying to listen to him with one ear and to my prospective traveling companion with the other when I suddenly realized that Von Theobald's face was no longer on a level with mine. It was several feet below mine. No; it was not—it was several yards below mine.

Now he was looking up toward us, shouting out his words, with his hands funneled about his mouth for a speaking trumpet. And at every word he uttered he shrank into himself, growing shorter and shorter.

It was not that we seemed to be moving. We seemed to be standing perfectly still, without any motion of any sort except a tiny teetering motion of the hamper-basket, while the earth and what was on it fell rapidly away from beneath us. Instantly all sense of perspective became distorted.

When on the roof of a tall building this distortion had never seemed to me so great. I imagine this is because the building remains stationary and a balloon moves. Almost directly below us was one of our party, wearing a soft hat with a flattish brim. It appeared to me that almost instantly his shoulders and body and legs vanished. Nothing remained of him but his hat, which looked exactly like a thumb tack driven into a slightly tilted drawing board, the tilted drawing board being the field. The field seemed sloped now, instead of flat.

Across the sunken road was another field. Its owner, I presume, had started to turn it up for fall planting, when the armies came along and chased him away; so there remained a wide plowed strip, and on each side of it a narrower strip of unplowed earth. Even as I peered downward at it, this field was transformed into a width of brown corduroy trimmed with green velvet.

For a rudder we carried a long, flapping clothesline arrangement, like the tail of a kite, to the lower end of which were threaded seven yellow-silk devices suggesting inverted sunshades without handles. These things must have been spaced on the tail at equal distances apart, but as they rose from the earth and followed after us, whipping in the wind, the uppermost one became a big umbrella turned inside out; the second was half of a pumpkin; the third was a yellow soup plate; the fourth was a poppy bloom; and the remaining three were just amber beads of diminishing sizes.

Probably it took longer, but if you asked me I should say that not more than two or three minutes had passed before the earth stopped slipping away and we fetched up with a profound and disconcerting jerk. The balloon had reached the tip of her hitch line.

She rocked and twisted and bent half double in the pangs of a fearful tummy-ache, and at every paroxysm on her part the car lurched in sympathy, only to be brought up short by the pull of the taut cable; so that we two, wedged in together as we were, nevertheless jostled each other violently. I am a poor sailor, both by instinct and training. By rights and by precedents I should have been violently ill on the instant; but I did not have time to be ill.

My fellow traveler all this while was pointing out this thing and that to me—showing how the telephone operated; how his field glasses poised just before his eyes, being swung and balanced on a delicately adjusted suspended pivot; telling me how on a perfectly clear day—this October day was slightly hazy—we could see the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and the

Cathedral at Rheims; gyrating his hands to explain the manner in which the horses, trotting away from us as we climbed upward, had given to the drum on the wagon a reverse motion, so that the cable was payed out evenly and regularly. But I am afraid I did not listen closely. My eyes were so busy that my ears loafed on the job.

For once in my life—and doubtless only once—I saw now understandingly a battle front. It was spread before me—lines and dots and dashes on a big green and brown and yellow map. Why, the whole thing was as plain as a chart. I had a reserved seat for the biggest show on earth.

To be sure it was a gallery seat, for the terrace from which we started stood fully five hundred feet above the bottom of the valley, and we had ascended approximately seven hundred feet above that, giving us an altitude of, say, twelve hundred feet in all above the level of the river; but a gallery seat suited me.

It suited me perfectly. The great plateau, stretching from the Hill of Laon, behind us, to the river, in front of us, portrayed itself, when viewed from aloft, as a shallow bowl, alternately grooved by small depressions and corrugated by small ridges. Here and there were thin woodlands, looking exactly like scrubby clothesbrushes. The fields were checkered squares and oblongs, and a ruined village in the distance seemed a jumbled handful of children's gray and red blocks.

The German batteries appeared now to be directly beneath us—some of them, though in reality I imagine the nearest one must have been nearly a mile away in a bee line. They formed an irregular horseshoe, with the open end of it toward us. There was a gap in the horseshoe where the caulk should have been.

A Bird's-Eye View of the Battle Front

THE German trenches, for the most part, lay inside the encircling lines of batteries. In shape they rather suggested a Roman V turned upside down; yet it was hard to ascribe to them any real shape, since they zigzagged so crazily. I could tell, though, there was sanity in this seeming madness, for nearly every trench was joined at an acute angle with its neighbor; so that a man, or a body of men, starting at the rear, out of danger, might move to the very front of the fighting zone and all the time be well sheltered.

So far as I could make out there were but few breaks in the sequence of communications. One of these breaks was almost directly in front of me as I stood facing the south.

The batteries of the Allies and their infantry trenches, being so much farther away, were less visible. I could discern their location without being able to grasp their general arrangement. Between the nearer infantry trenches of the two opposing forces were tiny dots in the ground, each defined by an infinitesimal hillock of yellow earth heaped before it—observation pits these, where certain picked men, who do not expect to live very long anyhow, hide themselves away to keep tally on the effect of the shells, which go singing past just over their heads to fall among the enemy, who may be only a few hundred feet or a few hundred yards away from the observers.

It was an excessively busy afternoon among the guns. They spoke continually—now this battery going, now that; now two or three or a dozen together—and the sound of them came up to us in claps and roars like summer thunder. Sometimes, when a battery close by let go, I could watch the thin, shreddy trail of fine smoke that marked the arched flight of a shrapnel bomb, almost from the very mouth of the gun clear to where it burst out into a fluffy white powder puff inside the enemy's position.

(Continued on Page 31)



War Balloon Ascending With Correspondent and Operator



War Balloon Descending Hurriedly at Approach of French Flyer

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE

By Corra Harris

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

AFTER much consideration I concluded that unless one could muster a million men it was safer to enter France without the doubtful protection of only one man courier. So I started for Paris with a very gentle lady whose manners were the only arms we carried. We left Folkestone on the sixteenth of October, in the same hour that brought twelve thousand Belgian refugees to that port. The landing of these people was one of those scenes incident to this war which belong far back in a time when the Greek poets stripped the earth of all its fairness and laid upon its barren peaks and desolate shores the scenes of their awful tragedies.

The English Channel was the River Styx, dividing life from death, mysterious, shrouded in fog. Out of this mist floated a ghastly fleet composed of every imaginable craft laden with misery. One great shape loomed up out of the gray gloom more terrible than the rest. This was a black collier, dripping wet as if she had been drowned, reeking with filth, with clouds of coal dust rising still from her decks like smoke. We saw a thousand haggard faces through this gloom, grimed with soot, as if by some miracle these shades had escaped from everlasting darkness with the smears of night sticking to them.

There was not a sound save the washing of the waves as this horrid ship drew in to the pier, only those anguished faces appearing and disappearing upon her decks, and the forms of men and women moving like a dark mass with a thousand despairing hands lifted out of her. Then suddenly as they caught sight of the green and peaceful land a cry went up. We heard the hoarse voices of men, the sobs of women and the feeble wailing of babes and children. They poured in a stream across the bridge. They rose like a black tide from the hold of the collier. For two days and nights they had been without food. They had had no beds. They had endured frightful cold with no covering save the mantle of sea fog and coal dust.

Yet when I left London two hours earlier the same day I heard everywhere: "The Germans are checked. They will never take Ostend."

This sorrow-folk fleet laden with thousands of half-dead people was the message Germany sent in reply. And the Germans occupied Ostend before the end of that day.

Five hours later we landed at Dieppe, a gray and silent city standing in the twilight upon the shores of France. Instead of the gay crowds that usually meet the English boat there were only a few bent old men, a few old women with shawls over their heads, moving like deeper shadows along the pier. No lights, no noise, no crying of newspapers, no friends to welcome friends. France is like a house where guests are not expected. Her doors are closed; her shutters are down. She is burning tapers within for her dead, and preparing the mysteries of death for her enemies. She is not at home to strangers. One feels that at every turn, as if to come here at all is an intrusion.

The Great Boulevards Like Village Streets

WE HURRIED to the train, which was not the luxurious affair that usually meets the tourist boats, but a poor crawling worm of a train made up of odds and ends of coaches. I ventured to ask the guard if there would be a restaurant car. "The restaurant cars, Madame, are now used for hospitals," he replied, in a tone and with a look that made me ashamed to have thought at all of petting our bodies with food.

For hours we seemed to move deeper and deeper into the night of France. All the stations were dark and deserted. Once a military train passed us with a roar, a long, swift flash of light in the blackness. At last we reached Paris. It was like coming into a larger, more personal silence. The porters at the station had aged and aged until they seemed to be the doddering grandfathers of the porters we remember. The cabs were driven by old men and drawn by skeleton horses with sprung knees. It was barely ten o'clock in the evening, but the streets were deserted. One felt that this was not a sleeping city, but an empty city. One missed the nearness of life behind these silent walls.

The next morning confirmed this impression. Paris is here, but the people who are the tongue of Paris to the world are not here. All of her spaces are empty. Her avenues stretch out of sight like bars of songs that are not being sung, nor measured by the rhythm of feet. Only the people who are the people remain—the common folk, who must live or die with her without fear, like the soul of a man. And, like the soul of a man, they do not make much show. It was the useless people who gave Paris her



appearance and her reputation, as clothes denote the man. They were the fashion of Paris; now they are gone. They fled like chaff upon the windy gust of war. The effect is tremendous.

I was here for six weeks three years ago, but I never saw Paris before. I had only momentary glimpses of her through the throngs of people, always distracted by the noise they made and by the roar of her traffic. Now people who show are gone, and those who remain are so nearly a part of her that they do not detract from her. They belong. They are not the mode of Paris; they are the blood flowing deep through her, scarcely seen at all. There is no roar of traffic, there are no shrill cries, no rumblings of omnibuses. The Avenue de l'Opéra is like a village street, widened, to be sure, but as quiet as that and as empty.

The grass in the garden of the Tuilleries stands ankle-high. It has not been cut since the first of August; but all the borders are bright with flowers. They languish like forgotten ladies of the old grand days of kings and courtiers. They kiss the feet of ancient statues; they make love to the grass. They have their will and their way, trailing their blossoms out upon the walks and pavements, without fear of the tread of a throng that is gone. Even the Bois de Boulogne, that tidy imitation of a forest, is marvelously changed. It is a great pasture where herds of cattle and flocks of sheep graze, so that milkmaids walk where fine ladies rode, and lambs skip where children played. In short, Paris the beautiful is beautiful beyond words. She has accomplished herself with a comeliness and simplicity which no one could believe who has not seen her thus, shriven of her follies, cleansed of her volatile life, practicing only her virtues with Spartan pride. She does not appear sad or forsaken, but like a treasure magnificently guarded. She is the soul of France, made holy by the blood which a whole nation is shedding for her.

It is not a comfortable sensation to go abroad in a city above which fly those awful dove-shaped aircraft, dropping eggs that hatch fire and death and destruction the moment they touch the earth. Paris is in constant danger of these bombs. Scarcely a day passes that we do not see the French airships suddenly rise above the city, roaring alarm to the people below. When they do this we know that the *Taubes* are near. Still no one is alarmed. That is to say the Parisians are not. As for me, I find myself of an exceedingly retiring disposition upon these occasions. My head was not made to withstand bombs and I am not sufficiently curious to watch where they will fall.

Yesterday, as I was coming in a cab through the Place Vendôme, drawn by what was undoubtedly a retired cavalry horse, the heavens above were suddenly illustrated

by moving pictures of French airships. The roar was terrific. Everybody rushed into the place to see what was going on. My cabby looked up, shrugged his shoulders, and did not even urge the emaciated beast to go faster. I endeavored to attract his attention. Finally I was reduced to plucking at his coat tails. "We are in danger. Drive faster or let me get out," I exclaimed, feeling the need of a more solid roof over my head.

He grinned back at me and went on at a snail's pace. He could not drive faster and he would not lose his fare by permitting me to get out. Later we learned that several *Taubes* approached Paris from Compiègne at that hour. We were saved from their bombs only by the vigilance of the French airmen.

Many Americans will recall the barking dogs in the wagons and carts of Paris. The dogs are still here, but their masters have evidently gone to the front. They have nothing to guard, no horses to urge by snapping at their tails, so they do not bark. They sit about the streets like sentries off duty. They keep a keen eye upon the people who go by. And when some man approaches in whose opinion they appear to have confidence, they get up and meet him like a comrade, with a sidewise confidential lift of one ear. So they ask a question, always the same: "Any news? My master has enlisted. I have not heard from him. By the way, in case you need a dog I shall be very glad to serve you." Something like that. There is a very small white-and-tan fox terrier that hangs about my hotel with his collar always lying beside him on the ground. The buckle is broken. He belonged to a British officer who is now with the army, but who usually stops here when he is in Paris. This dog is like a little boy who has torn his breeches. He is embarrassed to be naked of his collar. Every time a British-looking person wearing a uniform passes he rises, seizes his collar and advances with the request that it be adjusted. A dozen times every day he informs some one that he does not wish his master to come home and find him with his only accoutrement in disorder.

The Blanket Famine in Paris

THESE whimsical touches of life seen everywhere redeem Paris from dreariness. In a subdued way she is still voluble. The cafés that remain open have a few guests, attended by very fat or very lean old waiters. And always the old garçon stands beside the guest's chair, offering him the news of the day as a part of the menu, proclaiming the glory and courage of France.

Many of the famous shops are closed, and upon the iron shutters there are little placards like this: "The sons of this house are serving under the flag;" or, "M. René Rumpelmeyer, Captain of Artillery, with his regiment on the frontier." Some of these notices are significant, as, for example: "J. Kuhn, French Alsatian. Born French. Serving with the Army of France." The story is that, at the beginning, when a Frenchman had a name so unmistakably German as Kuhn his safety and the safety of his house depended upon his hastening to enlist. Still the Frenchman who is French and nothing else could not resist publishing his courage upon the door of his shop, by way of leaving an eloquent obituary behind him in case of accident.

There is a law against luxury in Paris, which does not really affect the menu, except that we have only plain bread, which is still the best bread in the world. But it does affect the sense of economy wherever the comfort of the soldiers is concerned, as, for example, in the matter of blankets. These are needed by the men, I suppose, for certainly there are not enough left in Paris to keep people warm. When I complained to the maid of the cold she said: "We do not feel it." "It is very cold; you must feel it," I argued. "But no, Madame, we think of the soldiers who are so much colder, and so we are never cold here."

And they are never cheerless. With not a single theater open, nor any place of amusement except one or two moving-picture places, they surpass the London populace in cheerfulness, where all the theaters are open and where sports are in full swing. In short, the effects of war, its horrors and distress, are not nearly so apparent as they appear to be from a distance. America has more sense of that than England has, who is next door to the struggle, but England is more sorrowful than France. It is all here, the frightful harvest of war, widows and orphans. There are scenes of suffering, but there is no sorrow. The whole land is enveloped and illumined by the spirit and valor even of the humble. So these scenes do not seem horrible. They are beautiful; not sad, but inspiring. They are the majestic

features of a brave nation that seems to yield yet to grief. "We make haste to laugh lest we weep," said one of the great ladies of France. And they do laugh, these women of France, who are also shedding their dearest blood in the blood of their sons.

The courage of these women seems to me one of the most remarkable forces that sustain France in this crisis. At the outbreak of the war they urged their men to enlist; and when the men left, weeping for the fate of their wives and children, the women withheld their tears. This whole city is still intoxicated with a kind of Amazon chivalry. Recently I saw in a company of women one old lady to whom all paid special deference. She smiled and talked gayly, now and then brushing the tears from her cheeks. Never once was a word of sympathy or anxiety spoken to her. Never once did she intimate her suspense. Fear was far from her. Only her tears, which no one dared see, told the tale. Afterward I learned that she had three sons in a certain regiment that she knew was engaged in battle that day. These are the women one sees everywhere doing the best work and doing it well.

Madame L. is the wife of a general. They have four sons in the army. One day last week, just as the general was about to go into battle with his division, his youngest son was shot down by his side. The father could not delay for a moment. Without so much as a look at the dying boy he rushed forward with his men. The next morning, before the names of the dead were known in Paris, Madame L. went as usual to mass. As she was about to receive the sacrament she saw the priest's hand tremble. She looked up and whispered: "Which one?"

There is a very poor woman connected with one of the *ouvroirs* here. She has just lost three of her eight sons. When a friend ventured to console her she smiled through her tears and said: "I have always wanted to do something for France. But I was too poor. Now I have given my sons to her, and I am rich."

Another mother here had eight sons in the army. Five were killed, two lay desperately wounded. This is the letter which the sister sent to the one who remained in the trenches: "Mamma is crying. She bids you avenge the death of your brothers. She says your chief cannot refuse you a place in the front ranks now to avenge their death."

The old men who remain here with the women are not less brave. This is the letter one of them showed me, written by his son twenty minutes before he died in battle: "The weather is fine. The shells are falling like apples. We are doing good work."

Those Who Bear the Heaviest Burdens

NOT all of the women have been brave. Among those who fled from Paris during the terrible days when the Germans were within a few miles of her fortifications was the wife of an official. She took her son with her, a delicate boy of seventeen, and went to Bordeaux. The boy tried to enlist, but was refused on account of his delicacy. But one does not need so much strength to be an interpreter with the English troops, though this is a far more dangerous service. So the boy was accepted for this post. The mother did what she could to save him; then she wired the father to prevent him from enlisting. The old man was furious. He was ashamed of his wife and sent his blessings to the boy.

I do not know if I am correct, but it seems to me that the women who have lost their husbands show less of this intoxication of courage. They at least have arrived at the terrific sanity of sorrow. One day I talked half the morning with the poor women who sell vegetables and fruit from pushcarts. They all had men at the front, usually sons, because the sacrifice of the young first is the law of war. But I found that those women who had lost their husbands had less to say and far less hope in the future. One young wife stood shivering in her black dress beside a dingy cart. "But I cannot care now what happens. They have killed my husband," she said as she handed me the grapes I had purchased of her.

"There is still France," I answered, pressing the universal note.

"The Germans cannot destroy France; but they have killed my husband. They have destroyed me. So I cannot think any more. I have that peace—nothing can matter to me now."

The burden falls heaviest, after all, upon the mothers of sons; and considering how much we have heard about the depopulation of France, it is astonishing to meet day after day women in the highest walks of life with from two to eight sons in the army. But I have not seen one who complains of the sacrifice. We feel a certain horror of their unconscious medievalism. It is not natural or even sane for women to believe in an order of things that inflicts death upon their own children. I do not know if this is the intoxication of the moment brought on by a war which was unavoidable, or if it is a characteristic of the French women. This is not the time to judge them but to admire their courage. They are the reservists of France whom no invading foe can reach, but who are exceedingly active in sustaining the men of their own nation. And they will still be doing that when the war is over. And one would like to see them share more equally the rewards of courage. For this is the truth—a man is a soldier only in times of war, for the purpose of inflicting death upon his enemies; but every woman who marries becomes a soldier of fortune in the battle of life, for life, not death. They are good soldiers who are never promoted for gallantry if they survive, who never receive even honorable mention for slipping into the breach one at a time. They go down to the gates of death, millions of them, bringing back the newborn nation, which is squandered by governments and war offices at times like this. And I say one wonders how they can bear it, not only without protest but with approval, for the sake of the country.

But it is impossible to be in France now without understanding better the instinct of patriotism. It is an instinct stronger than blood ties, because it is the foundation of all ties.

There is not a word heard here about the loss of fortunes or the destruction of business, for the simple reason that unless one has a country in which to live there can be no business. Unless the people have land and homes and a government to protect them, what is the good of having children?

One does not bear sons and daughters to have them become the slaves of another nation. This is the definition of patriotism in France which the people are giving with guns and swords, and it is a good one.

The wealth of England, along with certain John Bull characteristics in the men, resulted in an idle and neurasthenic condition of the women of one class and aroused dissatisfaction among the lower classes. This caused the more or less hysterical reaction which we have seen there in the agitation for the franchise. They began to think about and to resent their state of highly civilized bondage and to demand better conditions. This agitation, in turn, has developed many latent capacities in the women, especially for organized effort toward whatever end they have in view. I was informed, and my observation confirmed the information, that every branch of relief work in London which is effectively and wisely conducted has enough suffragists in it to hold the organization together.

This is a new feature, so far as the women are concerned. They do not work well together as a rule, but according to a certain ratio of antagonism, the one faction against the other.

The women in Paris illustrate this latter more primitive method of service with all the charm, charity and emotion of elemental women. The destitution here is far greater than in London, and the women are doing what they can to relieve it as individuals, without any semblance of an organized effort. The poor who attract their attention and enlist their sympathies are the genteel poor—dressmakers, clerks, stenographers, waitresses and lady's maids. And one can scarcely walk three blocks in Paris without seeing an *ouvroir*—a workshop—where these women are making garments, chiefly for the soldiers, but also for the absolutely destitute, like the Belgian and native refugees. There is no thought of union wages or of an economic system. The women receive less than sweatshop wages, for the reason

that these people are up against a far more serious proposition, that of actual starvation. They are glad to work from one o'clock until six for one franc and fifty centimes, or even less.

The *directrice* of an *ouvroir* is a lady who conducts it at the expense of her patron—usually a rich man or a committee of rich men—who furnishes the money to buy materials and pay the workers. None of these workshops is self-supporting. They vary in size from one where ten women are employed to others where there are two or three hundred. But they are all charities. The price paid for the garments, even when they can be sold, does not nearly meet the expense of material and wages.

I saw one at a famous dressmaking establishment in Paris where American women formerly purchased fashionable gowns. Two hundred and fifty women are employed there. The *directrice* of this workroom is a woman whose books have been published in America. She gives a lunch to her workers every day for fifty centimes which would cost a dollar anywhere in America. She has a day nursery, as we would call it, for the children of the workers. These children are clothed and fed also at her expense, and she conducts the whole thing at a loss of one thousand francs a month. This is the deficit paid by "Monsieur," a modest gentleman who does not give his name.

How the Sewing Circles are Made Cheerful

THE largest *ouvroir* I have seen is in the famous Ledoyen restaurant opposite the Petit Palais. This restaurant was closed at the beginning of the war. And now Ledoyen gives three thousand free soups every day to the poor women of Paris. The women work in one of the great halls under the direction of Daniel Lesueur, another famous author whom most people suppose to be a man. She is really one of the tenderest, most eloquent and charming women in France. Her very near and affectionate relation to the women was apparent when we entered the *ouvroir* together. The women clapped their hands, shouted salutations, covered her with a rainbow of smiles.

She has managed to give the place the air of a queer drawing room, not in its appointments, which are chairs, work tables and sewing machines, but in its atmosphere of social freedom. In nearly every group of women there were one or two convalescent soldiers, all of whom gathered about the famous author on crutches, or with their arms in slings, or leaning upon their sticks. And she could not have received them with more courtesy if they had been the generals of the French Army. I doubt if anywhere else such a scene of charm and cheerfulness could have been accomplished under conditions so little conducive to happiness. The French have a lightness, a sense of joy, that they must mix even with their sadness. These gentle dames go even farther in their efforts. They do not forget the hunger of these forlorn women for amusements. So once a week they invite some of the most famous actors of Paris to entertain them. Men like Mounet-Sully agree to come.

These French ladies have a genius for sentimentality in their relations to the poor. They never miss the italics of emotional service. There is a workroom here where forty-five women are employed at the usual wages of one franc; but, in addition to that, they are permitted to give away the socks and jackets and other garments they make to any person who applies to them for help. This is the first time I have ever seen paupers exercising the privileges of philanthropy.

In short, the effort the women are making here to relieve suffering is ephemeral, without system, and without any wisdom except that of love and sentimentality. It will last as long as they can collect funds for their extravagant charities and until they are personally weary of the task of conducting them. After that we must wonder what will happen. France makes very little provision for the wives and children and widows of her soldiers. Her resources are taxed to the limit. Most of the industries that support the working population of Paris are closed. The men will find food if not shelter in the army this winter. But no barracks are provided for the women and children.

(Continued on Page 34)



LUCKY NUMBERS *By Montague Glass*

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

NOBODY'S got to go nowhere, Mawruss, if he don't want to go,"

Abe Potash declared one morning in July. "D'you think it's a pleasure for me to go to a place like Short Beach and watch every evening a lot of lunatics dancing?" Morris demanded. "Might you would like such things, Abe, but me I am built differently."

"Then what do you go for?" Abe asked. "I tell you," Morris replied angrily, "if me and Minnie wouldn't go down there her Uncle Max would never forgive me." "The worst that happens me should be that my wife's relations would never forgive me!" Abe ejaculated.

"If I would have your wife's relations, Abe, then I'll give you right," Morris retorted; "but if your Rosie would get a childless uncle, which only last year his wife dies on him, y'understand, so rich like Max Margonin, y'understand, I bet you would go and spend the winter with him in Souther California, rather as make him brogus at you. D'you think I want that sucker he should go to work and leave his money to charity?"

"Gott soll hüten!" Abe said. "Then what are you talking nonsense?" Morris continued. "So me and Minnie would go down and join Uncle Max at Short Beach to-morrow, and you could depend on it I would leave there every morning on the first train after breakfast and go home on the first train before dinner. Believe me, Abe, the less I see of that medecina the better it suits me."

Abe grew somewhat mollified toward his partner.

"You should anyhow quit here early enough to get a sea bath, Mawruss," he urged.

"Sea baths don't agree with me, Abe," Morris said. "I'd sooner that Max Margonin takes 'em, Abe. The undertow is something terrible at Short Beach, and besides, Abe, the five-fifty-eight train is early enough. Last night when I went down there to see about a room I counted on that five-fifty-eight three resident buyers and Henry Lesengeld of the Lesengeld & Kammer Dry Goods Company of Cincinnati. He's also staying at the Victoria—him and his wife, his wife's sister and three children. I bet you it costs him fifty dollars a day there at the very least."

Abe shrugged.

"I guess he could stand it, Mawruss," Abe commented. "Them Lesengeld-Kammer people is an A-number-one concern. They're rated from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand, credit fair. I looked 'em up only yesterday."

"You looked 'em up, Abe!" Morris exclaimed. "What good does that do? Looking up concerns you don't sell merchandise to is like smelling the cooking which other people is going to eat. All the good it does is to make you hungrier."

"Well, if you would only get hungry enough for Lesengeld's account, Mawruss, might you would be able to cop it out maybe."

"Don't worry about that part," Morris declared. "If you ain't satisfied with what I'm going to do to them Short Beach bluffers this summer, Abe, I hope Max Margonin should live to be a hundred yet."

"He'll either do that or get married again, Mawruss," Abe said encouragingly. "Especially now, Mawruss, you want to look after him pretty careful, because widowers is like babies, Mawruss, the most dangerous time is the second summer."

"That's the least of my troubles," Morris declared. "A quiet old fellow like Max Margonin ain't lookin' to get married again. You should see the mourning he's in. Actually he's wearing a black silk shirt, Abe."

"Laundry ain't so cheap at Short Beach neither; but anyhow, Mawruss, I hope you'll enjoy it down there."

"I told you before, Abe, I don't go to enjoy," Morris replied. "I'll be perfectly satisfied if I only get decent sleeping and eating at the Victoria Hotel."

Even these modest expectations were not realized, however, and two days after the conversation above recorded Morris entered his place of business at eleven o'clock in the morning, hearing every appearance of annoyance and disgust.

"Na, Mawruss," Abe cried, "I thought you would get the first train out of Short Beach after breakfast. Seemingly they serve a combination breakfast and lunch at Short Beach."

No Blanks and Everybody Satisfied



"Look! That Shows if I'm a Liar or Not"

"A man must got to get a little sleep some time, Abe," Morris retorted, "and if he couldn't get it in the night he's got to take it in the morning. I give you my word we didn't go to bed till half past three."

"That shows what a fool you are," Abe commented. "Who the devil sits up till three o'clock in the morning, I'd like to know!"

Morris glowered at his partner.

"Leon Sammet for one," he replied after a pause. "Sol Klinger for another, Mozart Rabiner also. Even B. Gans wouldn't go to bed so long as Lesengeld sticks it out, and what for a fool do you think I am that I should go to bed and leave a prospective account like Lesengeld & Kammer in the hands of them sharks, Abe?"

"Still that makes six of you," Abe said. "How could you play pinochle six handed, which is not including your wife's Uncle Max Margonin?"

Morris snapped his fingers.

"I forgot all about that old snoozer," he exclaimed. "Minnie told me to see him the first thing this morning and apologize for leaving him alone all evening."

"Was Minnie in the game too?" Abe asked.

"What do you mean—game?" Morris cried impatiently. "There wasn't no game. They danced there till half past three, and I'll bet yer the old gentleman didn't get a wink of sleep all that time."

Abe's head became palsied with amazement and disgust. "So!" he said. "You danced till half past three! And then you come down here and expect to do business, hey?"

"I expect to do business just so much as Leon Sammet and all them other roshoyim, Abe, because all I did was to sit round while Leon Sammet danced with Mrs. Lesengeld till he looked like he'd been in bathing with his Tuxedo on. No, Abe, I didn't dance last night because I don't know how to, but you can bet your sweet life I will be dancing next week."

"You will be dancing next week!" Abe said.

"Sure I will," Morris replied. "I've got an appointment with the professional to take a lesson this afternoon at five o'clock."

Abe sat down and glared indignantly at his partner.

"You ain't going to do no such thing," he said. "You got an appointment right here in the store every day from eight until half past five. Either you would do business or you would do pleasure, but you can't do both."

"Do you think it's a pleasure that I am getting some one to learn me dancing?" Morris expostulated. "Ten dollars an hour that professional charges us. I tell you, Abe, nowadays, when you figure cost prices, labor and material is nix. It's the overhead which makes prices high."

"Overhead!" Abe exclaimed. "Do you mean you are going to charge up these here dancing lessons to the expense account?"

"Why not?" Morris asked.

"Why not!" Abe said. "What do you think—I am going to pay half your dancing lessons for you?"

"All right," Morris said, "then you take dancing lessons too."

A satirical smile spread itself over Abe's face and it was apparent that he was about to launch a particularly telling rejoinder.

"No, Mawruss," he said, "you could go in for dancing if you want to, but me, I am going up to the art needlework department at Appenweler & Murray's and taken a few lessons in embroidery. H'afterward we would let Minnie and Rosie come down here and attend to business, y'understand, while you and me would stay uptown and do the cooking and house-keeping."

"Let us act like men, Mawruss, not ladies. If we got to dance to sell goods, Mawruss," he declared, "we might just so well run a cabaretel show to entertain our customers with and be done with it. We are going to do business in a business way, Mawruss, or otherwise not at all. So I don't want to hear no more about this dancing business and that's all there is to it."

Nevertheless, when Abe and Rosie journeyed to Short Beach on the following Sunday and observed, during that afternoon and evening, the age and sound financial standing of the men who circled the dancing floor in the grillroom at the Victoria Hotel, Abe began to think that his condemnation of dancing had been slightly ill-judged. To be sure, Max Margonin was more than outspoken in the expression of his disgust at the spectacle.

"Look at them cows," he said to his niece Minnie, who with Morris was entertaining Abe and Rosie at a table abutting on the dancing floor. "I bet you eighty per cent of them is grandmothers and they dance yet."

He snorted contemptuously.

"And their partners call themselves business men," he added. "If I would be a credit man and I seen one of my concern's customers dancing in a public dance hall like this, I wouldn't sleep till I got him to assign enough accounts to me to cover his bill."

Abe nodded, but without enthusiasm, for among the throng of dancers he discerned B. Gans, Henry Lesengeld, and a dozen other manufacturers and retailers whose credit was unimpeachable by the most meticulous of credit men.

"Oh, I don't know, Uncle Max," Morris protested. "It stands in the Haphtorah already that there was dancing even in them old times yet."

"Not the one-step oder the hesitation," Max retorted. "Maybe the Krakariak oder the Gasotzki they danced it, and then only by weddings or something special. But morning, noon and night, to see them meshugoyim dancing like they would be wound up already, it is honestly sickening."

Abe was about to nod again, but his head remained stationary at the spectacle of Leon Sammet ducking and turning with Mrs. Lesengeld clasped in his arms.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Margonin," he said huskily, "a business man has got to get a little exercise the same like anybody else."

"That ain't exercise, Potash, that's meiers, which in former times people would get sent away to a sanitarium or a lunatic asylum for."

Here Abe saw B. Gans smiling into the upturned face of Mrs. Lesengeld's sister, Miss Pauline Kammer, as they trod the mazes—as to speak—of the fox trot, and he began to think that even if Max Margonin was the wealthy uncle of his partner's wife, he could not in all self-respect sit and listen to an old fogey dogmatize in such an out-of-date fashion.

"Them is back-number ideas you got, Mr. Margonin," he said. "Dancing is not only good for the health, y'understand, but also it don't cost nothing. Might you think that all them fellers would be better off supposing they was pickling themselves with smoke, y'understand, and going back on four hundred in spades, fifty cents a hundred, twice double double, while their wives is working their fingers to the bone trying to make a last season's cape effect look like a basque. Some folks has got funny ideas, Mr. Margonin, I must say."

Abe punctuated his indignation with a righteous snort, while Morris grew pale with apprehension as he observed the effect upon his wife's uncle.

"Well," Margonin said, scraping back the chair, "if that's the case that I got funny ideas, Potash, all I got to say is that I don't got to stay here and get insulted."

"What do you mean—insulted, Uncle Max?" Morris cried in anguished tones. He laid a restraining hand on Max's arm, but he was shaken off abruptly as the old man rose from his seat.

"He didn't mean anything by it," Mrs. Perlmutter said. "Did you, Abe?"

"I didn't mean to insult nobody," Abe corrected. "And if anyone gets insulted by such remarks, why, all that I can tell him is——"

"Well, now that he's apologized, Uncle Max," Morris interrupted with a venomous glance at Abe Potash, "sit down and drink a little glass of Schnaps with us."

"I never drink Schnaps at no time," said the puritanical Max Margonin; "and I guess I could go up to my room if I wanted to, couldn't I?"

"Sure, sure," Morris agreed, and he smiled with such forced amiability upon his uncle by marriage that no one—not even the recording angel—could have been deceived as to the underlying profanity.

They watched Margonin's progress to the hotel lobby and then Minnie Perlmutter heaved a long-restrained sigh.

"Come on, Mawruss," she said, "let's try this fox trot before it's over."

Morris blushed and looked guiltily toward his partner, but Abe only smiled his encouragement.

"Don't be ashamed, Mawruss," he said; "believe me, Rosie and me would do it too if we wasn't too old."

Mrs. Potash bridled and frowned.

"What do you mean—too old?" she said.

II

WITH Miss Pauline Kammer's family endeavor had survived hope in the matter of providing her with a husband, and while outwardly Mr. and Mrs. Lesengeld still put forth an occasional effort, inwardly they were resigned. With Miss Kammer herself, however, there was no note of despair, in either her wardrobe or deportment, for she dressed and danced as though, instead of forty-two, she were only twenty-two—or eighteen for that matter. Consequently she came in for Max Margonin's especial condemnation.

"Did you ever see anything to equal it?" he declared on Monday evening. "A woman her age dancing!"

He sat with Leon Sammet at a table in the grillroom not ten feet from where Mr. and Mrs. Lesengeld were taking their after-dinner coffee.

"Not so loud, Margonin, for heaven's sake!" Leon said.

"Am I saying anything out of the way?" Margonin demanded with undiminished forcefulness. "At her age, Sammet, a woman should be either a grandmother or a hopeless invalid. Because a lady who could still dance at fifty ain't got no excuse why she shouldn't have got married at twenty."

"Gee wh!" Leon whispered. "She's only forty-two."

"She's good preserved, I admit," Margonin said as he gazed with grudging admiration on the gyrating Miss Kammer. "She don't look over forty-two, but with widders and old maids, Sammet, you should always add ten years to their looks and even then you're likely to underestimate."

"Maybe you would and maybe you wouldn't," Leon retorted; "but all the same, Margonin, you couldn't underestimate the capital she's got invested with the Lesengeld & Kammer Company. I bet you if she's got a cent invested in that business she's got fifty thousand dollars."

"Well," Margonin commented, "you're a single man, Sammet, ain't it?"

"That's my business," Sammet said with what—if he had been a nobleman in a novel instead of a garment manufacturer in a summer hotel—could with justice have been described as a touch of hauteur.

"Sure, it's your business," Max replied as Sammet started to leave. "It ain't my business, Sammet, because even when I was in business, Sammet, I was in the retail clothing business and not the garment business. Aber, if I would be in the garment business, y'understand, a hint is as good as a kick any time."

Sammet flipped the fingers of his right hand.

"Schmoos," he said and moved on to the Lesengeld table.

Margonin smiled maliciously and glanced at his watch. He had

postponed his coffee and liqueur until the arrival of Morris and Minnie, so that when the time should come to settle the bill Morris might insist—against Margonin's protest of course—that, having ordered the coffee and liquors, he, Morris, must pay for them. More than ten minutes elapsed, however, and just when Max had determined to risk drinking at his own expense Morris and Minnie appeared in the doorway of the grillroom followed by Abe and Rosie Potash.

"Nu!" Max exclaimed. "You must like it down here—coming two days in succession."

"We do," Abe replied, and Rosie beamed her assent.

"In fact, we come down here for the summer, Mr. Margonin," she said.

"Every day you and Morris are both coming down here?" Max asked.

"Sure; why not?" Abe said.

And in response Max Margonin sniffed, whereat it appeared to his auditors that Max had delivered himself of a long condemnatory speech, in which he had dealt severely with the folly and iniquity of two partners both leaving their business to run itself into the ground at half past five every afternoon. Abe, therefore, glared angrily at Uncle Max, while Morris endeavored to smooth things over, first by nudging Abe and second by contorting his face into what he believed to be a conciliatory smile.

"We did considered one of us coming down only for week ends, Uncle Max," he said, "but we couldn't decide which of us should ought to be the week-end feller."

"Now don't begin that again," Minnie pleaded with a despairing glance at Rosie. "We've had it all through dinner."

"Say," Abe said, "if Mawruss and me wants to come down here every day, Minnie, what is it skin off that old—off of anybody's nose?"

He was so determined at all hazards to be calm toward Uncle Max that the veins stood out on his forehead and his eyes grew bloodshot.

As for Uncle Max, he had determined to take offense at nothing Abe might say, and to create this amiable impression he smiled at Abe in a manner calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

Therefore Morris hurriedly called a waiter, and in a few minutes Abe and Max Margonin temporarily forgot their differences in the noisy inhalation of black coffee. They were thus occupied when there appeared on the dancing floor a slender young man whose hair seemed to have been applied to his head in three coats by an expert carriage painter, and whose dinner coat and trousers were constructed of white flannel. Immediately there fell upon the assemblage what might be termed a hush, save for Max Margonin's second cup of coffee, and when the slender young man said "Ladies and gentlemen," Abe raised his



The Professional Conveyed the News That There Would be a One-Step and a Hesitation Contest

eyebrows inquiringly at Morris.

"That's the professional," Morris explained, and before Abe could ask any further questions the professional made an announcement which, to those guests who were familiar with his style of delivery, conveyed the news that there would be a one-step and a hesitation contest, to be followed by a lucky-number contest, and that all the guests of the hotel were eligible to compete for three handsome prizes. The remaining guests, to whom the professional's announcement sounded as though he had got out beyond his depth and was coming up for the third time, immediately asked: "What did he say?" And in the uproar of explanation that followed Max Margonin rose.

"Where are you going, Uncle Max?" Minnie inquired.

"For a walk," Max replied. "Maybe some people enjoy seeing it a pack of *chamorim* dancing themselves blue in the face to win for twenty-five cents an imitation gun-metal cigarette case oder a fifty-cents pocketbook. Aber me I am built differently. Are you coming, Potash?"

"Wait a minute," Abe cried. "What is all this here about?"

"Didn't you hear what the fellow announced it?" Morris asked.

"I ain't acquainted with Hungarian," Abe replied. "So if some one wants to dance themselves blue in the face for a twenty-five-cents cigarette case I want to see what it is."

"It's a dancing contest," Max said, reseating himself. "Judges gets appointed and the *leute* dances for 'em, and which couples the judges says wins, they win."

"Aber, who is the judges?" Abe cried.

"Anyone the professional asks," Max answered.

Whereupon Abe wanted to know what a professional was, and being informed that he was employed by the hotel management to take charge of the dancing, Abe wagged his head from side to side.

"And for this he gets paid?" he asked.

"I should say he gets paid," Max Margonin replied. "He gives it also lessons on the side. Why, some lunatics here even pays for such lessons ten dollars an hour."

"Oh, that's the fellow, is it?" Abe cried. "He's the one that makes the overhead high, Mawruss, ain't it?"

Morris displayed great presence of mind and remarkable dual control of his muscles, for with one impetus he kicked his partner beneath the table and rapped on top of the table for a waiter.

"More coffee," he said.

"Not for me," Max declared, once more rising to his feet. "I would got a tough enough time sleeping as it is with all the racket here, without I should drink too much coffee besides. So if you and your partner wants to sit here, Morris, go ahead. Aber me, I am going for a walk."



"You Should Leave it to Me and the Feller With the White Tuxedo and Pants"

Abe winked solemnly at Minnie as Max walked away. "That fellow knows how to enjoy life," he said, "like a sweatshop worker."

Morris only scowled in reply. "What are you trying to do, Abe," he demanded: "put me in bad?"

"What do you mean—put you in bad?"

"You hear what Uncle Max thinks from fellers dancing, and you want to give me away yet," Morris exclaimed.

"What is the difference?" Abe asked. "He's bound to find it out sooner or later."

"No, he ain't, unless some one tells him," Minnie said.

"You wouldn't be able to keep it from him," Abe said, "after you win them prizes, Mawruss."

"Me win prizes!" Morris cried. "Why, I'm only just a new beginner."

"That's neither here nor there," Abe retorted, "because you are going to dance in these here contests mit Mrs. Lesengeld's sister and a couple other good prospects, Mawruss, and you're going to win too."

Morris laughed raucously.

"And how about the judges?" he asked.

"Ten dollars an hour on the side is slow money for such a short season as they got it here," Abe said; "so you should leave it to me and the feller with the white Tuxedo and pants."

III

HAROLD MENDELBERG never perspired, even in the warmest weather. Adding to this qualification a firm resolve to avoid the restrictions of a regular job and a real enthusiasm for dancing, it was inevitable that Harold should become a professional dancer. In this capacity he proved a general favorite with the young ladies of the Victoria Hotel, and with such of the older ladies as were not the parents of the young ladies in question, and hence ran no risk of acquiring him for a son-in-law. Consequently Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lesengeld, who neither hoped nor feared for Miss Pauline Kammer, were outspoken in their praise of Harold.

"Such an elegant behaved young fellow," Lesengeld said to Max Margonin the following morning as they sat on the veranda of the Victoria Hotel. "And comes from good people too. His father used to be Mendelberg, Reis & Company in Milwaukee."

"I knew him for years already," Uncle Max said. "Everything went against him in business and now he's got a son which is a dancer yet. *Es fehlt nur noch!*"

"What do you mean—*es fehlt nur noch?*" Lesengeld asked. "Harold is a decent, respectable young feller."

"As a stranger, yes," Max replied; "but a professional dancer is no kind of business for a relation to be in, Mr. Lesengeld. For my part, even a gambler is better, because a gambler must anyhow got to got some business ability, while with a dancer, what is it? Am I right or wrong?"

He was distinctly wrong, for at that very moment, in the office of Potash & Perlmutter, Harold was demonstrating the possession of the business ability which Max declared he lacked by accepting from Abe a check for fifty dollars.

"The idea is this," Abe explained: "if I would get a good strong opening with a concern which is staying at the Victoria, I could sell 'em goods, certain sure."

Harold nodded.

"And the way it is with my experience," Abe continued, "you could entertain a merchant at a theater and restaurants, but when it comes right straight down to it, Mendelberg, I see more goods sold quick by kissing a baby oder patting a little boy on the head in the presence of the father and mother than from all the theaters and restaurants on Broadway put together. Ain't it?"

Harold nodded again.

"And it stands to reason that the older is the children, the more pride the parents has in 'em," Abe went on. "So you take, for example, Miss Herzberg, which her father is Herzberg's Arcade, Bridgetown, oder Miss Schoen, a daughter from Schoen Brothers & Company, Toledo, y'understand, and if Mawruss dances with them in a couple contests, understand me, and you would fix it so I am one of the judges and you are another—and any other *schlemiel* can be the third, y'understand—and we give 'em the prize, y'understand, why, then, old man Herzberg is tickled to pieces, and Adolph Schoen also. In that way I could get there a good strong opening."

"But that would be a pretty raw deal," Harold protested, "considering that Mr. Perlmutter is your partner and you

are acting as judge—especially as Mr. Perlmutter don't handle his legs right even for a beginner. Everybody would get wise."

"So long as Herzberg and Schoen got wise I wouldn't worry at all," Abe said.

"But I would," Harold said; "I've got my job to look out for. How would it be if I got you and Mr. Perlmutter to act with me as judges? Then you could both give the prize to Miss Schoen and Miss Herzberg?"

"Sure, I know!" Abe said. "And the girls' partners would be some of these here garment salesmen who are sticking round here and they would get the credit for it and not us. No, Mendelberg, I ain't wasting my time and money getting orders for my competitors."

"Leave that to me," Harold assured him. "I'll introduce the young ladies to their partners, and I'll pick out a couple of guys in the real-estate business or some other line outside of the garment trade."

"Aber, how about Miss Kammer?" Abe said. "It ain't so easy to get a partner for her outside the garment trade, Mendelberg. Because, unless some one would be acquainted with the rating of a concern like Lesengeld & Kammer, he ain't going to take no chances dancing with a lady like Miss Kammer."

"She don't come in the class you mention," Harold said. "Her father and mother ain't staying at the hotel, Mr. Potash."

"They're dead schon twenty years ago already," Abe said. "But her sister and brother-in-law take just so much interest in her. Believe me, Mendelberg, any little kindness we could show to Miss Kammer wouldn't be thrown away neither. In fact, Mendelberg, if me and my partner would be a single man, we would go to work and get Lesengeld & Kammer's trade for the rest of our lives."

"Why, she must be fifty," Harold said, "and she couldn't dance for sour apples."

"She could be seventy and on crutches even," Abe said, "and with the money she's got invested in Lesengeld & Kammer's business, it's worth our while we should give her a prize anyhow."

"All right," Harold said. "Mr. Perlmutter can dance with her in the lucky-number contest. I'll give each couple a number, and when I draw the numbers out of a bag—see! the last number I draw wins the prize. Mr. Perlmutter's number I put a pinhole in—see? And every time I feel the pinhole I don't draw it out until all the others is drawn out."

"But I don't want to do nothing crooked, Mendelberg," Abe expostulated.

"What's there crooked about it," Mendelberg said, "so long as the hotel management don't have to pay for the prize?"

Abe looked at Harold for more than a minute.

"I get the idee," he said. "And I'll buy them prizes this afternoon yet—a five-dollar pocketbook for Miss Kammer and for Mawruss I'll get an elegant fountain pen. I've been needing one of them things for six months already."

IV

LEON SAMMET'S views of matrimony were not those of the confirmed misogynist, even though he was fast approaching fifty-five. He merely took the attitude that as a business man with a flourishing business—a trifle

under-capitalized—he ought not to touch this last source of monetary accommodation until the occasion warranted it. Thus in 1907, when even gilt-edge paper was unmarketable, and again in 1910, when two large failures coming simultaneously had temporarily embarrassed him, he yearned for those domestic amenities which could be provided only by a good wife and a father-in-law rated at one hundred to a hundred and twenty-five thousand, credit fair.

He was not entirely mercenary, however, for neither in 1907 nor in 1910 had he contemplated a bride of more than half his age, and until the conversation with Margonin above set forth he had bestowed upon Miss Pauline Kammer only the customary attentions of the manufacturer toward the family of a prosperous retailer. Indeed, all the rest of that day he continued this correct attitude, and his feelings toward Miss Kammer underwent no change. Nor was it until the following morning, when he visited his bank and was asked temporarily to clean up his loans, that the seeds of romance implanted by Max Margonin began to germinate. That afternoon he bought a new pair of white flannel trousers and allowed the barber to sing his hair. Moreover, he performed the remainder of his toilet so carefully that the entire grillroom had concluded its after-dinner coffee before he finally appeared at the border of the dancing floor, and Harold Mendelberg, who was sitting at the Lesengeld table with Mrs. Lesengeld and Miss Kammer, could not conceal his admiration.

"What have you been doing to yourself, Mr. Sammet?" he said; "you look like a young fellow."

"What do you mean—look like a young fellow?" Sammet demanded angrily.

"He means you anyhow act like one," Lesengeld suggested; and Sammet was about to retort that he didn't act so young as some people acted, but he thought better of it.

"Well," he said, "it's an old saying and a true one—a woman is only so old as she looks and a man as he acts. You know we can't all be kids, Mendelberg."

He glanced quizzically at Miss Kammer, but there was nothing in her manner to denote sympathy, for while she looked straight at his shirt front, her eyes were focused upon a point miles beyond.

"What time does the contest begin, Mr. Mendelberg?" she said.

"In five minutes," Sammet replied. "Could I have the pleasure with you, Miss Kammer?"

"You're too late, Sammet," said a voice at his elbow. "A popular young lady like Miss Kammer you should ought to ask the night before."

Leon turned in time to see Abe Potash engulf his stubby mustache between his nose and his upper lip in a smile of mingled triumph and malice. As for Miss Kammer she blushed so vividly at the compliment that for the first time Leon admitted to himself the possibility of a real attachment, leaving altogether out of consideration the matter of banking conditions.

"I didn't know you was taking up dancing at your age, Potash," he said tartly.

Abe raised his eyebrows and made a deprecatory gesture with one hand.

"At my age! Say," he protested, "when it comes right down to ages, Sammet, I leave my partner, Mawruss Perlmutter, he should do the dancing, y'understand, because I could assure you, Sammet, it's no pleasure for Miss Kammer that she should dance with a couple of old timers like you and me, Sammet."

Abe sat down and further enlisted the sympathy of his audience with cigars for Lesengeld and Harold Mendelberg, while Leon retreated to the hotel veranda, where in a secluded corner he composed himself to formulate a telling revenge on Abe and Morris as well as a campaign for his courtship of Miss Kammer. Hardly had he seated himself in one of the porch rockers, however, when he was interrupted by Max Margonin, who was trudging along the piazza in search of a comfortable corner for his evening nap. At his first sight of the white flannel trousers Max immediately reopened all Leon's wounds.

"Nu, Sammet," he said, "you look like a young feller to-night. What's the *simcha*?"

Leon waved both hands in the air. "It's all right, Margonin," he shouted; "I admit it, I'm fifty-five."

"Did I say you weren't?" Max asked.

(Continued on Page 46)



"She Could Be Seventy and on Crutches, and With the Money She's Got It's Worth Our While"

MADE IN AMERICA

What Uncle Sam Offers to Europe's Tourist Trade

By Emerson Hough



The Punctured Mule Is Strictly Nonshid; His Spark Plugs Never Get Too Much Carbon on Them

HOW much Americans spend annually in Europe it is difficult to say. As long ago as 1907 a good authority gave the annual income of France from tourists as five hundred million dollars; that of Italy as one hundred million dollars; that of England as twenty-five million dollars. It is pretty well established that since then Switzerland has taken from tourists in a single year one hundred and fifty million dollars. Footed up this comes to seven hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year—a sum almost unbelievable, yet fairly accurate. The very lowest figure allowed as American tourist expenditure in 1910 was estimated by another authority at three hundred and fifty million dollars.

As to the numbers of Americans who visit or formerly visited Europe annually, they came back home this summer by the thousand a week, as fast as they could. Then we began to see how vast is our European travel. Neither this year nor last year did many of these tourists bring much back with them, except a grouch and some clothes that were out of style by the time they got home.

Some years ago, in a quiet room in a Mayfair club, I was talking with an Englishman who did not in the least dress, talk or act like an Englishman—because he was a real one; and he found occasion to comment on this tendency of Americans to come across, in both senses of the phrase.

"I don't understand it," said he; "because you have so many things to see in your own country. Take the Grand Cañon, for instance, and the Yosemite—I have always wanted to see them myself. Of course you've seen them."

You will observe that he called Yosemite "Yosemigt." I have heard a score of Americans do the same thing. There are not lacking many thousands of Americans who believe that the Grand Cañon of the Colorado is located in Colorado. They know more about Biskra than they do about our Painted Desert. It has long been our habit, our fashion, to be ignorant of our own attractions, and to spend at least half a billion dollars abroad annually, seeing crowns, clothes and cafés.

A thousand things conspire to-day in favor of America's national parks. The war in Europe is too terrible an affair to allow the weighing of any good it may bring to anyone; but, without doubt or question, fewer tourists will go to Europe next year and the year thereafter, and more tourists will turn toward the attractions of America. From now on we shall know more and hear more of the Grand Cañon, of the Yosemite, of Sequoia Park, and Rainier Park, and Glacier Park, and the Yellowstone, and others—any one of



Without the North American Mule the Cañon Would Not be Feasible

them an attraction not rivaled in any quarter of the world. Many thousands who go to the Panama Expositions on the Pacific Coast next year will also visit some of the Western parks.

It happily chances, further, that at Washington, in the official family, there is now a large, calm and wholly adequate gentleman holding down the chair of the Secretary of the Interior—to wit, one Franklin K. Lane, quite able to stand certain comparisons with other members of the family were it necessary to make them.

We did not all of us help elect Mr. Lane to his chair, but we should all rejoice that he is seated therein, for his tenure of office marks a pronounced change in the attitude of the Government at Washington toward the national parks of this country. To care for these and to develop them is—perhaps we may be so bold as to say—Secretary Lane's hobby. So much the better for us. Business administration, development, publicity—which is all that has been needed for them.

We have sixteen national parks, embracing almost four million and a half acres of land—to be exact, 4,436,904.25 acres. Of these sixteen parks, large and small, there are some of which you never heard—you could not possibly parse all our parks if you tried. Also, we have twenty-odd national monuments, which you could not name to save your life. Perhaps we may for once in a way go into certain scrapbook statistics, *pro bono publico*.



Thousands or Hundreds of Thousands of Women Have Made the Trip Safely Down the Trails



There is Nothing Like the Grand Cañon in All the World for Subduing Human Egotism

The national parks are: Yellowstone, in Wyoming; Montana and Idaho; Yosemite, in California; Sequoia, in California; General Grant, in California; Mount Rainier, in Washington; Crater Lake, in Oregon; Wind Cave, in South Dakota; Sullys Hill, in North Dakota; Platt, in Oklahoma; Mesa Verde, in Colorado; Hot Springs Reservation, in Arkansas; Glacier, in Montana; Casa Grande Ruin, Arizona; Potomac Park, D. C.; Rock Creek Park, D. C.; and National Zoological Park, D. C.

The national monuments administered by the Interior Department are: Devil's Tower, Montezuma Castle, El Moro, Chaco Cañon, Muir Woods, Pinnacles, Tumacacori, Mukuntuweap, Shoshone Cavern, Natural Bridges, Gran Quivira, Sitka, Rainbow Bridge, Lewis and Clark Cavern, Colorado, Petrified Forest, Navajo.

Those monuments administered by the Department of Agriculture are: Cinder Cone, Lassen Peak, Gila Cliff Dwellings, Tonto, Grand Cañon, Jewel Cave, Wheeler, Oregon Caves, Devil's Post Pile, Mount Olympus. There are only two national monuments administered by the War Department: Big Hole Battlefield and Cabrillo.

It will be news to the average American to discover that the administration of the national show grounds of this republic is a sort of happy-go-lucky, chuck-and-chance-it affair. Just why the Grand Cañon of the Colorado should not be a national park is difficult to say; and just why the Department of Agriculture should handle it rather than that the Department of the Interior should is another question which cannot be answered. Should the House bill of April 20, 1911, eventually pass Congress the Grand Cañon will be made into a park. Certain scientific bodies recommended the name Powell National Park, which hardly will prevail. It is not easy to say why it has not long ago been called the Grand Cañon National Park. A lot of things are not easy to understand about our national parks. For instance, neither is it easy to say why the War Department should have, all for its own, as much as six acres of ground to look after, whereas in one capacity or another the War Department is so largely concerned in the practical administration of the large parks.

In short, if the truth be told—and it ought to be told and ought to be remembered—the whole business of running these splendid national parks of ours is nothing but a dignified Washington muddle, which is a disgrace to this great and rich republic.

It has long been felt that the administration of these parks ought to be under a bureau or a commission, or a

department of its own. In his message of February 2, 1912, President Taft earnestly recommended the establishment of a Bureau of National Parks. However, like a good many other things President Taft "earnestly recommended," it did not come through.

Three years ago Senator Smoot, of Utah—or is he from Vermont?—introduced a bill in Congress looking to the establishment of a Park Bureau. The said bill, amended so its mother would not know it, reposes in a well-guarded pigeonhole at Washington, to the regret of the Civic Association of America, which fostered it.

It was at this stage of affairs that, during the past spring, Secretary Lane, with or without good authority—certainly without precedent—did something large, definite and practical.

He appointed a general superintendent of national parks—selecting for this work Mr. Mark Daniels, a landscape engineer of San Francisco, a young man of the live-wire class, to whom he gave little more instruction than to go out and do things.

At this writing, after extended association in the field with the new incumbent of the new office, it certainly looks as though at last things were going to be done in our parks, and done with some plan and some system, unless the curse of politics shall kill or alter plans as fast as made. One good director may be better than a bureau. He could not be if removed every four years or oftener.

We may as well, in view of irrefutable figures, admit that Americans are shamefully ignorant as to America's national parks. I recall, for instance, a chance talk in a railroad train with a young business man of Billings, Montana. He was just coming back from New York and was full of sturdy Western Americanism.

"All they think of down there," said he, "is running over to Europe. Lot of snobbery about that; nothing to it but a fashion—that's all. Why don't people see their own country?"

I nodded gravely.

"Now there's the new Glacier Park, up near your country," said I. "Of course you've been all over that?"

He colored a trifle, and I saw I had made a *faux pas*.

"Well, no; I haven't," said he.

"But you've seen the Yellowstone, of course?"

Faux pas number two. He had to admit that he had never as yet been in Yellowstone Park.

The Grand Cañon

"AND there's the Grand Cañon, too," said he ruefully. "A fellow ought to go and see that—I'm going to see them all sometime. Of course you've seen the Grand Cañon?"

A *faux pas* for him! I never had done so, though my calling has for years taken me pretty much all over this continent.

It was then and there that each of us made certain resolves. In view of that resolve I started last spring, heavily disguised as a tourist, to stroll all through our national parks. I thought it would take about six weeks. It took three months, and it was only a beginning. You have to see this country systematically to know how big it is.

All our national parks are in wilderness country, which means that they are all in the western part of the United States—a region never admitted to exist by Senator Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; Senator Thomas Benton, of Missouri; or Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts—or is it

Vermont? That means a long journey from the more thickly settled portions of the East. Most of the parks lie west of Senator Benton's once famous statue of a "fabled god Terminus," which he located on top of the Rockies. Yet it is a journey not so long as that required to visit any foreign land, and one which can be made in absolute comfort.

Thus in visiting the Grand Cañon of the Colorado there is choice of two transcontinental trains the like of which has yet to be found anywhere else in the world. Without danger of seasickness, without the terrors of war or famine or pestilence, and at an astonishingly small cost, the American citizen can be set down at the gate of the Grand Cañon after a journey that has not been a hardship but a delight. Our train had a chef, a stenographer, a barber, a valet, a manicure—and an official chaperon, the latter paid by the company to take care of unescorted ladies! It had comfort, room, privacy, a place to eat and a place to sleep. Europe never had such a train on wheels.

And traditions—history? You do not need to go to Europe for such things. You could lie awake at night and



At the Bottom You Will Find a Resthouse, to Which All the Water and Food is Brought Down on the Backs of Mules or Burros

work still goes on; but surely at the Cañon you can sit in a comfortable dining room and have an Imperial Valley cantaloupe gently and efficiently placed before you, and meantime look out over one of the world's most wonderful spectacles. It costs money and genius to furnish cantaloupes, girls and sunsets in combination under conditions so difficult. The Government has never attempted it. To some extent we shall always be obliged to rely on the transcontinental railroads to develop and maintain our national parks; and part of the problem will always be to give each corporation its proper place in the picture, and no more.

As for the Grand Cañon, the visit to it is a revelation for the most hardened traveler in the world. It is the one thing that passes all expectations and forces any traveler to forget all his earlier experiences.

"Awfully Cute"

THE conventions of the world fall like a loose garment from the shoulders of the visitor. It may be days before he recalls that he has forgotten to dress for dinner. Gradually he realizes that there is no ragtime music to ruin his comfort at table—and he thanks God for that. There is no tango or turkey trot by night—and he thanks God for that. Surely there is a poet, a man with imagination, in the manager's chair. Continually, silently, it is suggested that the music of the spheres is far better than all the lascivious pleatings of the union-hours lute.

There is nothing like the Grand Cañon in all the world for subduing human egotism. The hotel manager tells you he never hears a kick—never a grouch; and few other hotel managers can say as much. "The Cañon takes all that out of them," he says. It carries no elation. Silence is its best and its usual tribute. It is impossible to withhold from it awe, reverence, at first a feeling of dread and terror, and then of solemnity and reverence. The attitude of the Cañon itself is one of absolute indifference to all things human. You cannot make friends with it. It does not know a jest. There, indeed, you see royalty. Yonder is our crown.

All the painters and all the writers of the world to whom the opportunity has come have endeavored to take an artistic full out of the Grand Cañon, and have failed. If you have not written an appreciation of the Grand Cañon you cannot be received into the selectest circles of American literature. The Cañon still seems untroubled, though its walls are littered with *disjecta membra* of parts of speech—jagged and fractured adjectives; exclamation points by the liberal peck. Try it if you like and get a reputation.

All description of the Grand Cañon is the merest piffle—as inadequate as the dinner-table talk you may hear. One lady with glasses thought the Cañon very "meticulous"; and another found it "awfully cute"—as good a description as most. But I sat for some time on the same bench with a solid citizen, who looked out over the mighty scene for a long time in silence. At last he knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the arm of the seat.

"She's got the punch!" said he, sighing. I am not sure but that is the best comment I ever heard regarding the Cañon.

Nothing much really has happened in the Cañon for some years; yet geologists call the great earth-rent relatively young—not more than twenty-seven million years of age. Out in California once on a time, according to the



The Cañon is the Greatest Sermon Ever Written in the World

look out over the wheat fields of Kansas—bearing the greatest crop ever known in the history of that state, a crop great when the need of the world was great—and see passing in the moonlight over the wheat, knee-deep as they rode, the steel-clad band of Coronado's soldiers, dead and gone years ago.

It is no special credit to the Government at Washington that one may thus comfortably reach and enjoy the world's greatest wonder. That it is accessible and comfortable to-day is not due to government enterprise but to American commercialism. The Grand Cañon, as it offers itself to the average tourist, was discovered and is now made available and enjoyable by reason of two agencies—a great frontier railroad and a great frontier catering company; and they represent pretty much the Law and the Prophets in its practical administration.

Time was when this railroad's hotel service was the greatest matrimonial agency of all the West. It imported waitresses patiently, laboriously and rapidly, only to have them married off and absorbed in the growing Western lands. Ten thousand happy homes, first families of Kansas, were founded thus. Mayhap the good



There are Not Lacking Many Thousands of Americans Who Believe That the Grand Cañon of the Colorado is Located in Colorado

story, a landslide carried away the residence of a certain citizen of Italian extraction. He went to a lawyer for redress, but was told he had no remedy—that his house had been carried away simply by the force of gravity.

"Gravity!" said the irate sufferer. "He take-a my house away? Then I sue that fellow Gravity—I show heem something!"

Commonly it is thought that the Cañon in some occult fashion was carved by gravity, or water, or erosion—or something of the sort. Geologists say otherwise. Sir James Murray, one of the most famous scientists who have visited the Cañon, figures that this was once a vast plateau, fifty by one hundred and fifty miles, itself the bottom of a sea from seven to nine thousand feet above what is our sea level to-day, yet acting as a sort of dam to the great inland sea that covered what is now Utah, Colorado, and so on.

Now came a series of volcanic eruptions and slow uplifts under this plateau. You can see the evidence of this forty or fifty miles on each side of the Cañon's course in extinct volcanic peaks, none of which is near the Cañon proper. This slow uplift stretched the earth's surface, and under the strain at last it slipped apart unevenly, the north side being from seven to fifteen hundred feet higher than the south side.

Now through this fissure ran the pent-up inland waters. Thus the Colorado River was made, thus Lower California was built up, and thus the Imperial Valley; so that we got both Cañon and cantaloupe. Water and weather began to elaborate the great plan of Nature, who blocked out the Cañon by ripping open a chasm clear across the ancient sea level, leaving fishbones four thousand feet above the river.

The rim of the Cañon does not slope toward the Cañon but away from it, the water running back from the rim and not into the Cañon. Bright Angel Creek and Indian Creek, which are living streams, both rise within the Cañon walls and do not drain from without.

The only approach to the Cañon to-day is from the south side, but the north side is in many ways more interesting. The south rim, for reasons that may be read in the foregoing crude geological description, is dry. The hotel is obliged to haul all its water a hundred and fifty-five miles, and to filter it, heat and ice it, and pump it—mere details to the public, yet meaning problems.

The Grand Cañon reserve, or national monument, is only three miles by forty along the brink, and the public sees only a small fraction of that. Some day we shall have a Grand Cañon National Park, fifty by one hundred and fifty miles in extent, every mile of it full of grandeur and wonder. The region in which it will lie is less known to-day than any part of Africa. Scarcely twenty miles of the Cañon may be said to be used by the average tourist to-day—half of that is more usually the case—yet the Grand Cañon itself is over a hundred and fifty miles long, and it has side cañons almost as wonderful.

Motoring Across the Painted Desert

THE official photographers come back and say that the color effects in some of these—for instance, Cataract Cañon—are not equaled by any of the better-known portions of the Grand Cañon itself.

You can travel now, if you like, at fifty miles an hour by auto across the Painted Desert. There ought to be a hundred and fifty miles more of automobile road on that side of the Cañon. It would develop a region with which tourists are not in the least acquainted. Not even Major Powell, giant of exploration, saw it all; nor the lesser though hardy adventurers who have followed him.

Perhaps chief among these latter may be called the Kolb boys, of the Bright Angel Trail, who not only have made the full run of the Colorado River from Green River,



As a Tourist Attraction the Grand Cañon is an All-the-Year-Round Proposition

Wyoming, to Needles, California—a drop of six thousand feet, including over three hundred bad rapids—but also have pulled off many daring explorations in the side cañons, Cataract Creek, the Little Colorado, and so on, and have made all sorts of photographs in all sorts of places. In this risky work the brothers have saved each the other's life so often they have lost the count, and it rather bores them to save each other's life, or lives, any more. It is a poor day when Ellsworth does not save the life of Emery, or Emery save the life of Ellsworth. They wake up in the morning and yawn before they get out of bed. "Well, whose turn is it to-day?" one asks the other; and it goes hard if there is not some life-saving done before breakfast.

Once Emery Kolb ran down the Bright Angel Trail to the river, climbed up the wall of the inner gorge, ran along it some distance, and climbed down again—all in about fifty-five minutes—merely to save the life of Ellsworth, who once more had gone astray and hung his boat up on a rock in midstream, subsequently losing his boat and remaining on the rock himself. The boys are modest about these risks, however, and perhaps they have done enough now to leave the partnership unbroken in the future.

Seeing the sun rise on Mont Blanc is a fashionable thing to do. How about the sunrise from Desert View, at the brink of the Grand Cañon? Why do we not have a resort there, and why are there not available automobile roads there, so that the public may enjoy the unapproachable atmospheric effects of that extraordinary region? As yet but few get even thus far out of the restricted and stereotyped grooves of travel.

It is true, state and county appropriations are slowly extending the road on the southern rim, but there ought to be a road on each side of the Grand Cañon. Can little Italy build better roads at Sorrento and Amalfi than our own engineers? Biskra, Mont Blanc, the Alps, the Desert—the best of all the world's great landscapes—they do not compare with what lies in this far southwestern region of our own, of which we know little even now.

Who first thought of setting aside the Grand Cañon for the general use of the public? That is difficult to tell. The first definite step in that direction was taken by Charles A. Brant, a hotelkeeper, a man of genius, a lover of beauty, and a poet. He did not like to see the destruction of game in that part of the world—already opened by a keen-scented railroad—and appealed to President Roosevelt to set apart a large district there as a game refuge—inside the forest reserve that already existed. That was done on June 29, 1906. Two years later—June 11, 1908—the refuge was erected into a national monument. When President Roosevelt visited the Cañon he said to Mr. Brant: "Well, we got her, didn't we?" And the bird-loving hotelkeeper was happy.

The story of the Cañon's earlier human occupancy is a curious and interesting one, which you cannot find in any of the guidebooks. Exploration here went on as it did all through the wilderness world. There was water below, and the game of the desert knew it and got down to it. First came the deer and the antelope, zigzagging up and down, round projecting shoulders and buttes, and getting down after some fashion. Then the Indians followed the game trails, as they have all through the Sierras and all through the Rockies—as you yourself often have seen in the high passes if you are a hunter in the mountain regions.

Breaking Out Bright Angel Trail

AFTER the Indians came the cowmen, looking for water; then miners; then tourists; and then the railroad, scenting tourist money. It was this latter factor that led to the development of the Cañon so far as it has yet been developed. Little was done until long after Powell's thrilling story of the voyage through the Cañon was made public. It was a wilderness; and the general public cannot use a raw wilderness very much.

There is an ancient frontiersman yet to be seen about the Cañon—old Cap Hance, who claims that he did the first work ever done on a Cañon trail, some twenty-eight years ago. Hance and his companion, Bill Ashurst, prospected along the floor or plateau of the Cañon proper, and Hance came up to the rim on what is now the Bright Angel Trail. He saw footprints in that trail then; for, though it was not yet developed, it had long been known.

The first cowmen took down about sixty-five head of cattle at or near that point, it being their intention to winter them far below, where the temperature is thirty degrees warmer than it is on the rim, and where water and grass were sufficiently abundant. Undoubtedly these cowmen used a trail partly developed by the Indians, leading down to what is known as the Indian Gardens, one of the stopping points on the Bright Angel Trail of to-day; but the Indians never got horses down that trail, and perhaps not even burros, until white miners made the trail feasible by blasting and leveling—as they did every one of the trails that later were used by tourists.

At different places over one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, however, Indians did live on the floor of the Cañon, where they found grass and water. The Havasupais have a village now fifty miles west of the railroad entrance point; and others of the Supais lived near the Indian Gardens water hole, free from molestation and able to get on in comfort. Big Jim, a Supai of to-day, alleges

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This is the Grand Cañon Scenery That the Gushing Lady Described as "Awfully Cute"



It is the One Thing That Passes All Expectations and Forces Any Traveler to Forget All His Earlier Experiences

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

XXVII

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFFÉ

VIOLET glanced at her watch with an exclamation of dismayed annoyance. She leaned appealingly toward the croupier. "But one coup more, monsieur," she pleaded. "Indeed your clock is fast."

The croupier shook his head. He was a man of gallantry, so far as his profession permitted, and he was a great admirer of the beautiful Englishwoman; but the rules were strict.

"Madam," he pointed out, "it is already five minutes past eight. It is absolutely prohibited that we start another coup after eight o'clock. If madam will return at ten o'clock the good fortune will without doubt be hers."

She looked up at Draconmeyer, who was standing at her elbow.

"Did you ever know anything more hatefully provoking!" she complained. "For two hours the luck has been dead against me. But for a few of my *carrés* turning up I don't know what would have happened. And now at last my numbers arrive. I win *en plein* and with all the *carrés* and *chevaux*. This time it was twenty-seven. I win two *carrés* and I move to twenty, and he will not go on."

"It is the rule," Draconmeyer reminded her. "It is bad fortune though. I have been watching the run of the table. Things have been coming more your way all the time. I think that the end of your ill luck has arrived. Tell me, are you hungry?"

"Not in the least," she answered pettishly. "I hate the very thought of dinner."

"Then why do we not go on to the Casino?" Draconmeyer suggested. "We can have a sandwich and a glass of wine there and you can continue your vein."

She rose to her feet with alacrity. Her face was beaming.

"My friend," she exclaimed, "you are inspired! It is a brilliant idea. I know that it will bring me fortune. To the Cercle Privé, by all means! I am so glad that you are one of those men who are not dependent upon dinner. But what about Linda?"

"She is not expecting me, as it happens," Draconmeyer lied smoothly. "I told her that I might be dining at the Villa Mimosa. I have to be there later on."

Violet gathered up her money, stuffed it into her gold bag and hurried off for her cloak. She reappeared in a few moments and smiled very graciously at Draconmeyer.

"It is quite a wonderful idea of yours, this," she declared. "I am looking forward immensely to my next few coups. I feel in a winning vein. Very soon," she added as they stepped out on to the pavement and she gathered up her skirts—"very soon I am quite sure that I shall be asking you for my checks back again."

He laughed as though she had been a child speaking of playthings.

"I am not sure that I shall wish you luck," he said. "I think that I like to feel that you are a little, just a very little, in my debt. Do you think that I should be a severe creditor?"

Something in his voice disturbed her vaguely, but she brushed this feeling aside. Of course he admired her, but then every woman must have admirers. It remained for her to be clever enough to keep him at arm's length. She had no fear for herself.

"I haven't thought about the matter at all," she answered carelessly; "but to me all creditors would be the same, whether they were kind or unkind. I hate the feeling of owing anything."

"It is a question," he observed, "how far one can be said to owe anything to those who are really friends—a husband, for instance. One can't keep a ledger account with him."

"A husband is a different matter altogether," she asserted coldly. "Now I wonder whether we shall find my favorite table full. Anyway, I am going to play at the one nearest the entrance on the right-hand side. There is a little croupier there whom I like."

They passed up through the entrance and across the floor of the first suite of rooms to the Cercle Privé. Violet looked eagerly toward the table of which she had spoken. To her joy there was plenty of room.

"My favorite seat is empty!" she exclaimed. "I know that I am going to be lucky."

"I think that I myself shall play for a change," Draconmeyer announced, producing a great roll of notes.

"Whenever you feel that you would like to go down and have something, don't mind me, will you?" she begged.



"I Have Lost It All—All, You Understand—the Four Thousand Pounds and Every Penny I Have of My Own"

"You can come back and talk to me at any time. I am not in the least hungry yet."

"Very well," he agreed. "Good luck to you!"

They played at opposite sides of the table. For an hour she won and he lost. Once she called him over to her side.

"I scarcely dare to tell you," she whispered, her eyes gleaming, "but I have won back the first thousand pounds. I shall give it to you to-night. Here, take it now."

He shook his head and waved the money away.

"I haven't the checks with me," he protested. "Besides, it is bad luck to part with any of your winnings while you are still playing."

He watched her for a minute or two. She still won.

"Take my advice," he said earnestly, "and play higher. You have had a most unusual run of bad luck. The tide has turned. Make the most of it. I have lost ten thousand francs. I am going to have a try on your side of the table."

He found a vacant chair a few places lower down and commenced playing in maximums. From the moment of his arrival he began to win and simultaneously Violet began to lose. Her good fortune deserted her absolutely and for the first time she showed signs of losing her self-control. She gave vent to little exclamations of disgust as stake after stake was swept away. Her eyes were much too bright; there was a spot of color in her cheeks. She spoke angrily to a croupier who delayed handing her some change. Draconmeyer, although he knew perfectly well what was happening, never seemed to glance in her direction. He played with absolute recklessness for half an hour. When at last he rose from his seat and rejoined her his hands were full of notes. He smiled ever so faintly as he saw the covetous gleam in her eyes.

"I've lost nearly everything!" she gasped. "Leave off playing, please, for a little time. You've changed my luck."

He obeyed, standing behind her chair. Three more coups she played and lost. Then she thrust her hand into her bag and drew it out empty. She was suddenly pale.

"I have lost my last louis," she declared. "I don't understand it. It seemed as though I must win here."

"So you will in time," he assured her confidently. "How much will you have—ten thousand francs or twenty?"

She shrank back, but the sight of the notes in his hand fascinated her. She glanced up at him. His pallor was unchanged; there was no sign of exultation in his face. Only his eyes seemed a little brighter than usual beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"No, give me ten," she said.

She took them from his hand and changed them quickly into plaques. Her first coup was partially successful. He leaned closer over her.

"Remember," he pointed out, "that you need to win only once in a dozen times and you do well. Don't be in such a hurry."

"Of course," she murmured. "Of course. One forgets that. It is all a matter of capital."

He strolled away to another table. When he came back she was sitting idly in her place, restless and excited but still full of confidence.

"I am a little to the good," she told him, "but I have left off for a few minutes. The very low numbers are turning up and they are of no use to me."

"Come and have that sandwich," he begged. "You really ought to take something."

"The place shall be kept for madam," the croupier whispered. "I shall be here for another two hours."

She nodded and rose. They made their way out of the rooms and down into the restaurant on the ground floor. They found a little table near the wall and he ordered some sandwiches and champagne. While they waited she counted up her money, making calculations on a slip of paper. Draconmeyer leaned back in his chair watching her. His back was toward the door and they were sitting at the end table. He permitted himself the luxury of looking at her almost greedily; of dropping for a few moments the mask he placed always upon his features in her presence.

In his way the man was an artist, a great collector of pictures and bronzes, a real lover and seeker after perfection. Yet the man's personality clashed often with his artistic pretensions. He scarcely ever found himself among his belongings without realizing the existence of a curious feeling wholly removed from the pure artistic pleasure of their contemplation. It was the sense of ownership that thrilled him. Something of the same sensation

was upon him now. She was the sort of woman he had craved always—slim, elegant, and, what to him counted for so much, she was modish, reflecting in her presence, her dress and carriage, her speech even, the best type of the prevailing fashion. She excited comment wherever she appeared. People, he knew very well, even now were envying him his companion. And beneath it all she, the woman, was there. All his life he had fought for the big things—political power, immense wealth, the confidence of his great master. All these had come to him easily. And yet at this moment they seemed to him mere baubles.

She looked up at last and there was a slight frown upon her forehead.

"I am still a little down, starting from where I had the ten thousand francs," she sighed. "I thought —"

She stopped short. There was a curious change in her face. Her eyes were fixed upon some person approaching. Draconmeyer turned quickly in his chair. Almost as he did so Hunterleys paused before their table. Violet looked up at him with quivering lips. For a moment it seemed as though she were stepping out of her sordid surroundings.

"Henry!" she exclaimed. "Did you come to look for me? Did you know that we were here?"

"How should I?" he answered calmly. "I was strolling round with David Briston. We are at the Opera."

"At the Opera?" she repeated.

"My little protégée, Felicia Roche, is singing," he went on, "in *Aida*. If she does as well in the next act as she has done in this one her future is made."

He was on the point of adding the news of Felicia's engagement to the young man who had momentarily deserted him. Some evil chance changed his intention.

"Why do you call her your little protégée?" she demanded.

"It isn't quite correct, is it?" he answered a little absently. "There are three or four of us who are doing what we can to look after her. Her father was a prominent member of the Wigwam Club. The girl won the musical scholarship we have there. She has more than repaid us for our trouble, I am glad to say."

"I have no doubt that she has," Violet replied, lifting her eyes.

There was a moment's silence. The significance of her words was entirely lost upon Hunterleys.

"Isn't this rather a new departure of yours?" he asked, glancing distastefully toward Draconmeyer. "I thought that you so much preferred to play at the club."

"So I do," she assented. "I was just beginning to win when the club closed at eight o'clock, and so we came on here."

"Your good fortune continues, I hope?"

"It varies," she answered hurriedly, "but it will come, I am sure. I have been very near a big win more than once."

He seemed on the point of departure. She leaned a little forward.

"You had my note, Henry?"

Her tone was almost beseeching. Draconmeyer, who was listening with stony face, shivered imperceptibly.

"Thank you, yes," Hunterleys replied, frowning slightly. "I am sorry, but I am not at liberty to do what you suggest just at present. I wish you good fortune."

He turned round and walked back to the other end of the room, where Briston was standing at the bar. She looked after him for a moment as though she failed to understand his words. Then her face hardened. Draconmeyer leaned toward her.

"Shall we go?" he suggested.

She rose with alacrity. Side by side they strolled through the room toward the Cercle Privé.

"I am sorry," Draconmeyer said regretfully, "but I am forced to leave you now. I will take you back to your place and after that I must go to the hotel and change. I have a reception to attend. I wish you would take the rest of my winnings and see what you can do with them."

She shook her head vigorously.

"No, thank you!" she declared. "I have enough."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I have twenty-five thousand francs here in my pocket," he continued, "besides some smaller change. I don't think it is quite fair to leave so much money about in one's room or to carry it out into the country. Keep it for me. You won't need to play with it—I can see that your luck is in; but it always gives one confidence to feel that one has a reserve stock, something to fall back upon if necessary."

He drew the notes from his pocket and held them toward her. Her eyes were fixed upon them covetously. The thought of all that money actually in her possession was wildly exhilarating.

"I will take care of them for you, if you like," she said. "I shall not play with them though. I owe you quite enough already and my losing days are over."

He stuffed the notes carelessly into her bag.

"Twenty-five thousand francs," he told her. "Remember my advice. If the luck stays with you stake maximums. Go for the big things."

She looked at him curiously as she closed her gold bag with a snap.

"After all," she declared with a little laugh, "I am not sure that you are not the greater gambler of the two to trust me with all this money!"

XXVIII

WITH feet that seemed to touch nothing more substantial than air, her eyes brilliant, a wonderful color in her cheeks, Violet passed through the heavy, dingy rooms and out through the motley crowd into the portico of the Casino. She was right! She knew that she had been right! How wise she had been to borrow that money from Mr. Draconmeyer instead of sitting down and confessing herself vanquished! The last few hours had been hours of ecstatic happiness. With calm confidence she had sat in her place and watched her numbers coming up with marvelous persistence. It was the most wonderful thing in the world, this. She had had no time to count her winnings, but at least she knew that she could pay back every penny she owed. Her little gold satchel was



"Money Never Counts Here. We Shall Save Him if It Is Possible"

stuffed with notes and plaques. She felt suddenly younger, curiously light-hearted; hungry, too, and thirsty. She was, in short, experiencing almost a delirium of pleasure. And just then, on the steps of the Casino, she came face to face with her husband.

"Henry!" she called out. "Henry!"

He turned abruptly round. He was looking troubled and in his hand were the fragments of a crushed-up note.

"Come across to the hotel with me," she begged, forgetful of everything except her own immense relief. "Come and help me count. I have been winning. I have won back everything."

He accepted the information with only a polite show of interest. After all, as she reflected afterward, he had no idea upon what scale she had been gambling.

"I am delighted to hear it," he answered. "I'll see you across the road, if I may, but I have only a few minutes to spare. I have an appointment."

She was acutely disappointed; unreasonably, furiously angry.

"An appointment!" she exclaimed. "At half past eleven o'clock at night! Are you waiting for Felicia Roche?"

"Is there any reason why I should not?" he asked her gravely.

She bit her lips hard. They were crossing the road now. After all it was only a few months since she had bidden him go his own way and leave her to regulate her own friendships.

"No reason at all," she admitted, "only I cannot see why you choose to advertise yourself with an opera singer—you, an ambitious politician who moves with his head in the clouds and to whom women are no more than a pastime. Why have you waited all these years to commence a flirtation under my very nose?"

He looked at her sternly.

"I think that you are a little excited, Violet," he said. "You surely don't realize what you are saying."

"Excited! Tell me once more—you got my note, the one I wrote this evening?"

"Certainly."

His brief reply was convincing. She remembered the few impulsive lines she had written from her heart in that moment of glad relief. There was no sign in his face that he had been touched. Even at that moment he had drawn out his watch and was looking at it.

"Thank you for bringing me here," she said as they stood upon the steps of the hotel. "Don't let me keep you."

"After all," he decided, "I think that I shall go up to my room for a minute. Good night!"

She looked after him, a little amazed. She was conscious of a feeling of slow anger. His aloofness repelled her, was utterly inexplicable. For once it was she who was being badly treated. Her moment of exhilaration had passed. She sat down in the lounge; her satchel, filled with thousand-franc notes, lay upon her lap unheeded. She sat there thinking, seeing nothing of the crowds of fashionably dressed women and men passing in and out of the hotel; of the gayly lighted square outside, the cool green of the gardens, the café opposite, the brilliantly lighted Casino. She was back again for a moment in England. The strain of all this life, whipped into an artificial froth of pleasure by the constant excitement of the one accepted vice of the world, had suddenly lost its hold upon her. The inevitable question had presented itself. She was counting values and realizing.

When at last she rose wearily to her feet Hunterleys was passing through the hall of the hotel on his way out. She looked at him with aching heart, but she made no effort to stop him. He had changed his clothes for a dark suit and he was also wearing a long traveling coat and a tweed cap. She watched him wistfully until he had disappeared. Then she turned away, summoned the lift and went up to her rooms. She rang at once for her maid. She would take a bath, she decided, and go to bed early. In the morning she would see Henry once more. Deep in her heart there still lingered some faint shadow of doubt as to Draconmeyer and his attitude toward her. It was scarcely possible that he could have interfered in any way, and yet—She would talk to her husband face to face; she would tell him the things that were in her heart.

She rang the bell for the second time. Only the *femme de chambre* answered the summons. Madame's maid was not to be found. Madame had not once retired so early. It was possible that Susanne had gone out. Could the *femme de chambre* be of any service? Violet looked at her and hesitated. The woman was clumsy fingered and none too tidy. Violet shook her head and sent her away. For a moment she thought of undressing unassisted. Then instead she opened her satchel and counted the notes. Her breath came more quickly as she looked at the shower of gold and counted the many oblong



"And All This Success, Her Wonderful Recovery, Had Been Done So Easily!"

strips of paper with their magic lettering. At last she had it all in heaps. There were the twenty-five thousand francs she had left with her, and the seventy-five thousand francs she had borrowed from him. Then toward her own losses there was another thousand francs, and a matter of five hundred francs in gold. And all this success, her wonderful recovery, had been done so easily! It was just because she had had the pluck to go on, because she had followed her vein.

She looked at the money and walked to the window. Somewhere a band was playing in the distance. Little parties of men and women in evening dress were strolling by on their way to the club. A woman was laughing as she clung to her escort on the opposite side of the road, by the gardens. Across at the Café de Paris the people were going in to supper. The spirit of enjoyment seemed to be in the air—the light-hearted, fascinating, devil-may-care atmosphere she knew so well. Violet looked back into the bedroom and she no longer had the impulse to sleep. Her face had hardened a little. Every one was so happy and she was so lonely. She stuffed the notes and gold back into her bag, looked at her hat in the glass, and touched her face for a moment with a powder-puff. Then she left the room, rang for the lift and descended.

"I shall be at the club for an hour or so in case I am wanted," she told the *concierge* as she passed out.

Hunterleys, on leaving the hotel, walked rapidly across the square and found David waiting for him.

"Felicia will be late," the latter explained. "She has to get all that beastly black stuff off her face. She is horribly nervous about Sidney and she doesn't want you to wait. I think perhaps she is right too. She told me to tell you that Monsieur Lafont himself came to her room after the curtain had gone down and congratulated her. She is almost hysterical between happiness and anxiety about Sidney. Where's your man?"

"I asked him to wait a little higher up," Hunterleys replied. "There he is."

They walked a few steps up the hill and found Richard Lane on the lookout for them in his car. The long gray racer seemed almost like some submarine monster, with its flaring headlights and torpedo-shaped body that scarcely cleared the ground.

"Ready for orders, sir," the young man announced, touching his cap.

"Is there room for three of us in case of an emergency?" Hunterleys asked.

"The third man has to sit on the floor," Richard pointed out, "but it isn't so uncomfortable as it looks."

Hunterleys clambered in and took the vacant place. David Briston lingered by a little wistfully.

"I feel like rather a quitter," he grumbled. "I don't see why I shouldn't come along."

Hunterleys shook his head.

"There isn't the slightest need for it," he declared firmly. "You go back and look after Felicia. Tell her we'll get Sidney out of this all right. Now get away with you, Lane."

"Where to?"

"To the Villa Mimosa!"

Richard whistled as he thrust in his clutch.

"So that's the game, is it?" he murmured as they glided off. Hunterleys leaned toward him.

"Lane," he said, "don't forget that I warned you there might be a little trouble about to-night. If you feel the slightest hesitation about involving yourself—"

Richard interrupted him. "Whatever trouble you're ready to face, I'm all for it too," he said. "Darned queer thing that we should be going to the Villa Mimosa though! I am not exactly a popular person with Mr. Grex, I think."

Hunterleys smiled. "I saw your sister this afternoon," he remarked. "You are rather a wonderful young man."

"I knew it was all up with me," Richard replied simply, "when I first saw that girl. Now look here, Hunterleys, we are almost there. Tell me exactly what it is you want me to do?"

"I want you," Hunterleys explained, "to risk a smash, if you don't mind. I want you to run up to the boundaries of the villa gardens, head your car back for Monte Carlo, and while you are waiting there turn out all your lights."

"That's easy enough," Richard assented. "I'll turn out the searchlight altogether, and my others are electric and worked by a button. Is this an elopement act or what?"

"There's a meeting going on in that villa," Hunterleys told him, "between prominent politicians of three countries. You don't have to bother much about secret service over in the States, although there's more goes on than you know of in that direction. But over here we have to make regular use of secret-service men—spies, if you like to call them so. The meeting to-night is inimical to England. It is part of a conspiracy against which I am working. Sidney Roche—Felicia Roche's brother—who lives here as a newspaper correspondent, is in reality one of our best secret-service men. He is taking terrible chances to-night to learn a little more about the plans these fellows are discussing. We are here in case he needs our help to get away. We've cleared the shrubs away close to the spot at which I am going to ask you to wait and have taken the spikes off the fence. There's just a chance that if he's hard pressed for it and heads this way they may think that they have him in a trap and take it quietly. That is to say, they may wait to capture him instead of shooting."

"Say, you don't mean this seriously?" Richard exclaimed. "They surely can't do more than arrest him as a trespasser or something of that sort?"

Hunterleys laughed grimly. "These men wouldn't stick at much," he told his companion. "They're hand in glove with the authorities here. Anything they did would be hushed up in the name of the law. Such things are never allowed to come out. It doesn't do anyone any good to have them gossiped about. If these people caught Sidney and shot him we should never make a protest."

"This business is all part of the game, you know. Now that is the spot I want you to stop at—exactly where the mimosa tree leans over the path. But first of all I'd turn out your headlight."

They slowed down and stopped. Richard extinguished the acetylenelamp and mounted again to his place. Then he swung the car round and crawled back upon the reverse until he reached the spot to which Hunterleys had pointed.

"You're a good fellow, Richard," Hunterleys said softly. "We may have to wait an hour or two and it may be that nothing will happen; but it's giving the fellow a chance, and it gives him confidence, too, to know that friends are at hand."

"I'm in the game for all it's worth anyway," Lane declared heartily.

He touched a button and the lights faded away. The two men sat in silence, both turned a little in their seats toward the villa.

XXIX

THE minutes glided by as the two men sat together in the perfumed, shadowy darkness. From their feet the glittering canopy of lights swept upward to the mountain sides, even to the stars; but a chain of slowly drifting black clouds hung down in front of the moon, and until their eyes became accustomed to the surroundings it seemed to both of them as though they were sitting in a very pit of darkness.

"It is possible," Hunterleys whispered after some time, "that we may have to wait for another hour yet."

Richard was suddenly tense. He sat up and his foot reached for the self-starter.

"I don't think you will," he muttered. "Listen!"

Almost immediately they were conscious of some commotion in the direction of the villa, followed by a shot and then a cry.

"Start the engine," Hunterleys directed hoarsely, standing up in his place. "I'm afraid they've got him."

There were two more shots, but no further cry. Then they heard the sound of excited voices, and immediately afterward rapidly approaching footsteps. A man came crashing through the shrubbery, but when he reached the fence, over which for a moment his white face gleamed, he sank down as though powerless to climb. Hunterleys leaped to the ground and rushed to the fence.

"Hold up, Sidney, old fellow," he called softly. "We're here all right. Hold up for a moment and let me lift you."

Roche struggled to his feet. His face was ghastly white; the sweat stood out upon his forehead; his lips moved but no words came. Hunterleys got him by the arms, set his teeth and lifted. The task would have been too much for him, but Richard, springing from the car, came to his help. With an effort they hoisted him over the fence. Almost as they did so there was the sound of footsteps dashing through the shrubs and then a shot, the bullet of which tore the bark from the trunk of a tree close at hand. The car leaped forward, Sidney supported in Hunterleys' arms. A loud shout from behind brought Richard's foot down upon the accelerator.

"Stoop low!" he cried to Hunterleys. "Get your legs in if you can."

A bullet struck the back of the car and another whistled over their heads. Then they dashed round the corner, and Richard, turning on the lights, jammed down his accelerator.

"Gee whiz, that's a bloodthirsty crew!" the young man exclaimed, his eyes fixed upon the road. "Is he hurt?"

Roche was lying back on the seat. Hunterleys was on his knees, holding on to the framework of the car.



There Was a Momentary Commotion in the Club

"They've got me all right, Hunterleys," Roche faltered. "Listen! Everything went well with me at first. I could hear—nearly everything. The Frenchman kept his mouth shut tight as wax. Grex did most of the talking. Russia sees nothing in the *entente*—England has nothing to offer her. She'd rather keep friendly with Germany. Russia wants to move eastward—all Persia—India. She's only lukewarm anyway about the French alliance as things stand at present, and dead off any truck with England. There's talk of Constantinople, and Germany to march three army corps through a weak French resistance to Calais. They talked of France putting her recruits in the front, taking a slight defeat, making a peace on her own account with Alsace and Lorraine restored. She can pay. Germany wants—"

The words died away in a little groan. The wounded man's head fell back. Hunterleys passed his arm round the limp figure.

"Take the first turn to the right and second to the left, Richard," he directed. "We'll drive straight to the hospital. I made friends with the English doctor last night. He promised to be there till three. I paid him a fee on purpose."

"First to the right," Richard muttered, swinging round. "Second to the left, eh?"

Hunterleys was holding his brandy flask to Roche's lips as they swung through the white gates and pulled up outside the hospital. The doctor was faithful to his promise, and Roche, who was now unconscious, was carried in. In the hall he was laid upon a stretcher and borne off by two attendants. Hunterleys and Lane sat down to wait in the hall. After what seemed to them an interminable half hour the doctor reappeared. He came over to them at once.

"Your friend may live," he announced, "but in any case he will be unconscious for the next twenty-four hours. There is no need for you to stay for the present or for you to fetch the young lady you spoke of. If he dies he will die unconscious. I can tell you nothing more until the afternoon."

Hunterleys rose slowly to his feet.

"You'll do everything you can, doctor?" he begged. "Money doesn't count."

"Money never counts here," the doctor replied gravely. "We shall save him if it is possible. You've nothing to tell me, I suppose, as to how he met with his wound."

"Nothing."

Hunterleys and Richard walked out together into the night. The bank of clouds had drifted away now and the moon was shining. Below them, barely a quarter of a mile away, they could see the flare of lights from the Casino. Through the open windows of a house on the other side of the way they could hear a woman laughing hysterically. Some one was playing a violin in a café at the corner of the street.

"Richard," Hunterleys said, "will you see me through? I have to get to Cannes as fast as I can to send a cable. I daren't send it from here, even in code."

"I'll drive you to Cannes like a shot," Richard assented heartily.

They stopped at the Café de Paris and left the car under the trees. Both men took a drink and Richard filled his pocket with cigarettes. Then they reentered the car, lighted up and glided off on the road for Cannes. Richard had become more serious. His boyish manner and appearance had temporarily gone. He drove with even less than his usual recklessness.

"That was a fine fellow," he remarked enthusiastically after a long pause—"that fellow Roche!"

"And we've many more like him," Hunterleys declared. "We've men in every part of the world doing what seems like dirty work—ill-paid work, too—doing it partly, perhaps, because the excitement grows on them and they love it; but always they have to start in cold blood. The papers don't always tell the truth, you know. There's many a death in foreign cities you read of as a suicide, or as the result of an accident, when it's really the sacrifice of a hero for his country. It's great work, Richard!"

"Makes me feel kind of ashamed," Richard muttered. "I've never done anything but play round all my life. Anyway, such things don't come to us in our country. America's too powerful and too isolated to need help of that description. We shouldn't have any use for politicians of your class or for secret-service men."

"If you're in earnest," Hunterleys advised, "you go to Washington and ask them about it some day. The time's coming, if it hasn't already arrived, when your country will have to develop a different class of politicians. You see, whether she wants it or not, she is coming into touch, through Asia and South America, with European interests, and she'll have to adopt their methods more or less. Poor old Roche! There was something more he wanted to say, and if it's what I've been expecting your country was in it."

"I guess I'll take Fedora over for our honeymoon," Richard decided softly. "Don't see why I shouldn't land in one of the embassies, in time."

Hunterleys laughed quietly. "My young friend," he said, "aren't you taking your marriage prospects a little for granted? May I be there when you ask Augustus Nicholas Ivan Peter, Grand Duke of Vassura, Prince of Melinkoff, cousin of His Imperial Majesty the Czar, for the hand of his daughter in marriage?"

"So that's it, is it?" Lane murmured. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

Hunterleys shook his head. He gazed steadfastly along the road in front of him.

"It wasn't to my interests to have it known too generally," he said, "and I am afraid your little love affair didn't strike me as being of much importance by the side of the other things. But you've earned the truth, if it's any use to you."

(Continued on Page 52)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



MR. G. H. LORIMER

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

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By Subscription \$1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription \$1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.50).
Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, \$3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 12, 1914

War Prophets

INTELLIGENT men are usually chary about predicting what is going to happen further ahead than day after to-morrow. Now that the most unusual condition of history has developed, you can hardly turn round without brushing against a prophet. The reason, no doubt, is that this unusual condition gives a certain license to the imagination.

Commonly it is extra-hazardous to predict that anything is going to happen next year that will be very different from what happened last year—so extra-hazardous that it lays one open to a suspicion of lack of mental balance. Now that about half of civilized society is trying to destroy itself, one may feel free to imagine the most fundamental and momentous changes.

The milder war prophets, for example, foresee England or Germany reduced to a third-rate and impoverished Power, whose weight in the world will about equal that of Turkey. Darker previsions see a Europe utterly bankrupt, with wholesale repudiation of financial obligations, public and private, and a general welter of economic ruin, out of which the belligerents can hardly dig themselves in two generations. Still gloomier prophecy proclaims a collapse of civilization and a return to the Dark Ages.

Prophets have always inclined powerfully to the most pessimistic views—that seems to be a result of the deep emotional agitation which inspires one to prophecy; but probably the war will have decidedly less profound and extensive effects on human society than most of the prophets imagine.

Probably after the treaties are signed taxes will be staggering, bankruptcies plentiful; there will be great gaps in the European population. But probably, on the whole, the world will take up the same work in the same way, with nothing different except a heavier burden all round.

Thus the war will stand as a monstrous futility. And that, taking it by and large, is probably the gloomiest prophecy of all.

Everybody's War

SUPERFICIALLY the war in Europe is a great simplifier of life. It abruptly releases millions of men from all responsibility and all doubt. For them there are no longer perplexing choices among several possible lines of conduct. They do not have to worry about the effect—to-morrow or next week or next year—of what they do to-day.

Only one line of conduct is open to them, and that is of the simplest possible pattern. They are to do whatever the lieutenant tells them to do. Implicit obedience to persons with certain insignia on their coatsleeves comprises for them the whole problem of existence. They are reduced to one dimension. They can act only in one way, and that way is chosen for them.

To many of them, no doubt, this condition is welcome enough. Struggling with one's environment is a harassing occupation. The ruthless decree to struggle, and struggle intelligently or succumb, is exactly what makes life so difficult. It seems easier to give it all up and just take orders

from the first person who wears a shoulder strap, or from the first lazy or vicious prompting in our own minds.

In the United States, for example, a million soldiers march into saloons every day—just so many automata, giving up self-direction, shunting off responsibility and taking the first order that comes along.

An Organized Business

NORMALLY the trade in securities amounts to several hundred million dollars a month, and several hundred thousand persons participate in it to some extent during a year. The outbreak of war foreshadowed a great rush to sell securities and a great demoralization of prices. To prevent that, almost the whole trade in securities was cut off at a stroke by a few men who were hastily called together to deal with the crisis.

Committees then fixed arbitrary prices, below which stocks and bonds should not be sold. For four months, to this writing, dealers in securities—with a few unimportant exceptions—have adhered to the rules laid down by the committees.

One man might want to sell and another might want to buy at a price below that arbitrarily fixed. The proposed transaction might be submitted to a committee, which would consider its probable effect on the whole security situation, and then approve or forbid it. Unsolicited trading was fairly negligible in volume. Brokers refused to quote prices so made. Journals that specialize in security business refused to print them.

In England substantially the same condition prevailed. It would be difficult to find a more striking case of a great trade submitting itself for a long period to committees that were supposed to be acting for the best interests of the trade as a whole. The security trade, of course, is highly organized, centering in exchanges that, in any circumstances, are able to act promptly and effectively for the whole membership.

True, this organization is a necessary condition of the trade's existence. Without a thorough organization this war crisis, for example, would have ruined the trade; but businesses in which the need of organization is not so pressing might find it useful.

A Lesson They All Know

AT THIS writing little has been heard of Turkish military operations. As to the seven other armies—German, Austrian, French, Russian, Belgian, English and Serbian—each of them, man for man, seems to fight well, to be well equipped and ably led.

For years each of these belligerents has been devoting no inconsiderable part of its best intelligence to preparation for war. Germany invented the biggest gun, and that seems to be the only decided advantage that any one of them has scored over any other.

In peaceful respects there are great inequalities among these nations. Compare France's total contributions to civilization with Serbia's, or Germany's with Russia's; but when it comes to fighting, one of them can do it substantially as well as any other, and we shall be surprised if Turkey, on the field, is not about as effective, in proportion to her numerical strength, as any of them.

The last twenty years of feverish military competition in Europe seems to have schooled the whole Continent about equally in warfare.

Making Taxdodgers

THEY have just had a brisk little inning at baiting taxdodgers in Illinois, where—as in various other states—that is one of the standard forms of amusement. Appropriately enough, they usually take it up at the close of the baseball season.

Illinois has one of the silliest revenue systems in the Union—which is saying a great deal. It is not enforced. It cannot be enforced. There is not even a serious pretense of enforcing it. Everybody knows that. Yet year after year the legislature neglects to replace it by a rational and workable system. The owner of bonds or of the stock of a corporation organized in another state who pays the taxes the law prescribes simply submits his income from such a source to confiscation.

This revenue law makes taxdodgers as certainly as though that purpose were declared in the title of the act. We must assume the state wants taxdodging, for it deliberately decrees that it shall exist. This statement is true of a regrettably large number of other states. Every attempt to tax money and credits, including investments, on the same basis as tangible property has been a failure.

Buying Home Goods

WE HAVE an interesting pamphlet from the Toronto Board of Trade. It states that thousands of Canadian workmen are unemployed, while Canadians are buying millions of dollars' worth of imported articles that might be made at home. "If the people of this country," it adds,

"would buy Canadian-made goods exclusively the Dominion would be millions of dollars richer and all the workmen would be back at work."

That sounds plausible from the Canadian point of view; but the pamphlet gives a long list of foreign articles that were sold in Canada last year, and the greater part of those articles came from the United States. Obviously if the Dominion is going to stop buying four hundred million dollars' worth of our goods annually—mostly manufactures—in order to substitute homemade goods, business here will be worse than it is now, and a still greater number of our workmen will be forced into unemployment. So, from our point of view, the Board of Trade's argument has no attractions.

On the other hand, if we are going to buy none but goods made in the United States, it is absurd to suppose we can go on indefinitely selling two and a half billion dollars' worth of goods to other countries, because, in the long run, whatever we sell to other countries we must take out in trade.

In the present extraordinary circumstances we ought to buy as few foreign goods as possible, because the greatest customers for our goods will buy from us just as little as possible; and it is no time to have a balance of trade against us. As a permanent condition, however, it is impossible to buy nothing from other nations while continuing to sell to them.

Making it Easy

THE South has some millions of bales of cotton that cannot be marketed this year, because war has closed European mills. To carry this cotton over for a year was beyond the resources of the cotton states; yet it must be carried over to prevent a calamity that would react on the whole country. So, after much consideration, it was proposed that banks all over the country should subscribe to a fund that should be loaned for a year on the surplus cotton.

That seemed a sensible arrangement; but no sooner was it launched than harrowing doubts arose as to whether the banks, in subscribing to this fund, would not be violating the antitrust law. This question was earnestly and widely debated. The Attorney-General of the United States gave an official opinion on it, and so did various other distinguished lawyers.

The best legal opinion was that subscription to the fund did not constitute a violation of the antitrust law and did not lay the subscriber open to a term in prison; but some prospective subscribers still entertained doubts about it—which, in view of the dubious maze that surrounds the subject, could hardly be called unjustified.

We need push the antitrust propaganda only one short step further to create a condition under which two grocers will not dare to run down the same street for the purpose of putting out a fire in a third grocer's store without first getting a legal opinion as to whether the act is an undue and criminal restraint of competition.

Militaristic Ingratitude

ONE Gavrio Prinzip is ill used. Last June he shot the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand. For that, Austria demanded that Serbia humble herself, declaring war when the submission was not sufficiently prompt and abject. Russia went to the assistance of Serbia, Germany to the assistance of Austria; and most of Europe, for four months and a half, has been embroiled in the greatest war of history.

Amid the vast destruction that flowed from Prinzip's act, he was—incidentally as a mere drop in the sea—put on trial, convicted and sentenced to twenty years in prison. That is about the same sentence he would have received if, in an altercation over the change for a glass of beer, he had killed a bartender. Having furnished the spark that fired half the world, he is shunted off to a common jail like any vulgar homicide.

So far as we gather from brief newspaper reports of the trial, not one of the great armament manufacturers, for whom he provided profitable trade opportunities beyond their utmost dreams, sent so much as a fifty-cent nosegay in recognition of appreciation.

The royal and noble youths of several lands, who were hoping for war as a bigger, more exhilarating game than hunting, seem to have utterly neglected the humble instrument who finally provided the desired amusement. All the professional militarists, who were impatiently awaiting the chance for pay and glory that war affords them, callously left him to a straw pallet and prison fare. If there is anything in the militarist cult, Gavrio Prinzip should surely have been given an ample pension and made a count at least.

There may be a reason for this ingratitude. The militarists and armament makers may regard both Gavrio Prinzip and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand as inconsequential accidents, believing that, as the nations continued to arm, to talk war and think war, it was only a question of time until some pretext for fighting appeared.

AN OFF YEAR THAT WAS ON

By Samuel G. Blythe

WE STRIVE to Please" was the motto of a country store up in Western New York when I was a boy in those parts, and apparently the American people adopted that cordial sentiment for their very own in the election just past. Since the morning after that momentous day the political air has been joyously vocal with the cries of the Democrats and of the Republicans proclaiming that the triumph of each of these more or less grand old parties, on the occasion of the balloting, was completely and satisfactorily triumphant. We have the word of the Democratic leaders that there is nothing but sunshine in the situation, and that though the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives was, as it turned out, divisible, the Republican victory in dividing it is invisible. Likewise we learn from the Republican leaders that the result is a tremendous, not to say epochal, rebuke to the party in power and signifies significantly forthcoming events of much signification.

Even William Sulzer finds exceeding balm for his perturbed soul; the Socialists are happy; the Prohibitionists point with pride; the Suffragists claim striking advance, and the only mourners at the bench appear to be the Progressives, who, like the crab, seem to have progressed backwardly.

In the face of such universal—if the Progressives be barred—complacency over the results the past remains secure and the future has every evidence of being a cinch. Nationally we continue in a political status quo. Locally, from East to West, the voters, as Jack Slaght once put it, seem to have "run an exciting muck." The results from Boston to San Francisco are crazy quilt, but the people who made the quilt were not crazy when they made it. Positively they were not! In each instance what they did bears witness to the fact that they knew what they were doing.

First off, they cut down the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives from a great many more than a hundred to a few more than twenty. This goes two ways as a victory: It shows that the people have a well-defined grievance over existing conditions; and it shows that they stopped before they made that grievance too personal. No citizen, no matter how Jeffersonian his principles may be, can do other than smile indulgently at the clarified glee of the Republicans; and no citizen, no matter how protectionist, but can admit that a majority of twenty controls a legislative body—and it may be more than that and undoubtedly will be, for there are contests to come and we all know those committees on elections—as securely, if not as easily, as a majority of a hundred and a good many odd.

Senate Gains

ALSO stick a pin in this: In addition to retaining the House the Democrats increased their majority in the Senate until it will be fifteen or sixteen after March fourth next. Whatever happens in 1916, there is little doubt, after looking at the geographical and political statistics of the thirty-three Senators who will go before the people for election in 1916, that the Democratic control of the Senate will exist until 1919, and maybe for a year or two later.

Hence nationally nothing happened that will change the general trend of legislation for the two years beginning on March 4, 1915; but a good many things happened that will give pause to the directors of that trend. One, and the most important of these things, is the clear-cut consequence that if the Democratic Party wins in 1916, and retains the Presidency, it must win of its own and not with the aid of a divided opposition. That is the big fact shown by these elections.

Mr. Wilson is a minority President. That is to say, his

total vote in 1912 did not exceed the total vote of his opponents. Hence, by all political precedents, Mr. Wilson's party was a minority party, shoved into a majority position by the aid of the schism in the Republican Party. If the Progressive vote had maintained itself even at three-quarters of its 1912 strength Mr. Wilson's party would have continued in its majority position, for instead of a few more than a score the Democratic preponderance in the House would have been nearer one hundred. The Progressive vote was not maintained. Indeed, if the election this fall had been a presidential election—you know a wise man once said he could put Paris in a bottle by virtue of an if—but if it had been, then the Democrats would have lost, counting electoral votes by states according as they were Republican or Democratic this time.

Something may happen during the two years between now and the election of 1916 to bring back the Progressive Party to its former strength, or to something approximating it. Anything is possible in politics. But taking the situation as it developed in the voting this year, there does not seem to be much hope of that Progressive recrudescence. Wherefore, what the Democrats have to do during these coming two years is to get into such shape as is possible to meet a political enemy that for years had the upper hand in the voting, and will still have that upper hand if the results this year indicate a continued solidarity until 1916, which is what all the Republican prophets claim they do indicate.

The Democrats had an easy time two years ago. All they had to do was to sit steady and vote the ticket. The split between the Republicans and the former-Republicans who went with Roosevelt made the election of Wilson as certain as it is certain that he was elected. If that condition had continued the reelection of Mr. Wilson would have been equally certain. This condition, as it appears, has not continued. Large numbers of the Progressives have returned to their former affiliations. The Democrats apparently have no more strength than they had two years ago, probably less, owing to economic influences. Now, then,

given a Republican opposition two years from now as effective as it was this year, and the Democrats will be put to it to win.

Both sides said that this election was a stand-by-Wilson affair, but it was so only in a modified degree. Rather it offered a fine chance for the American people to take their voting shillalabs and thump some heads here and there, and they thumped them. And if they did think to thump the head of the President, that head is still unbowed, for the President maintains a clear and efficient majority in the House and has increased his majority in the Senate. A political rebuke that continues a man in a position to do what he wants to do is not so much a rebuke as a topic of conversation for his opponents. Still, it has its merits. It is likely to superinduce caution and a certain conservatism of action.

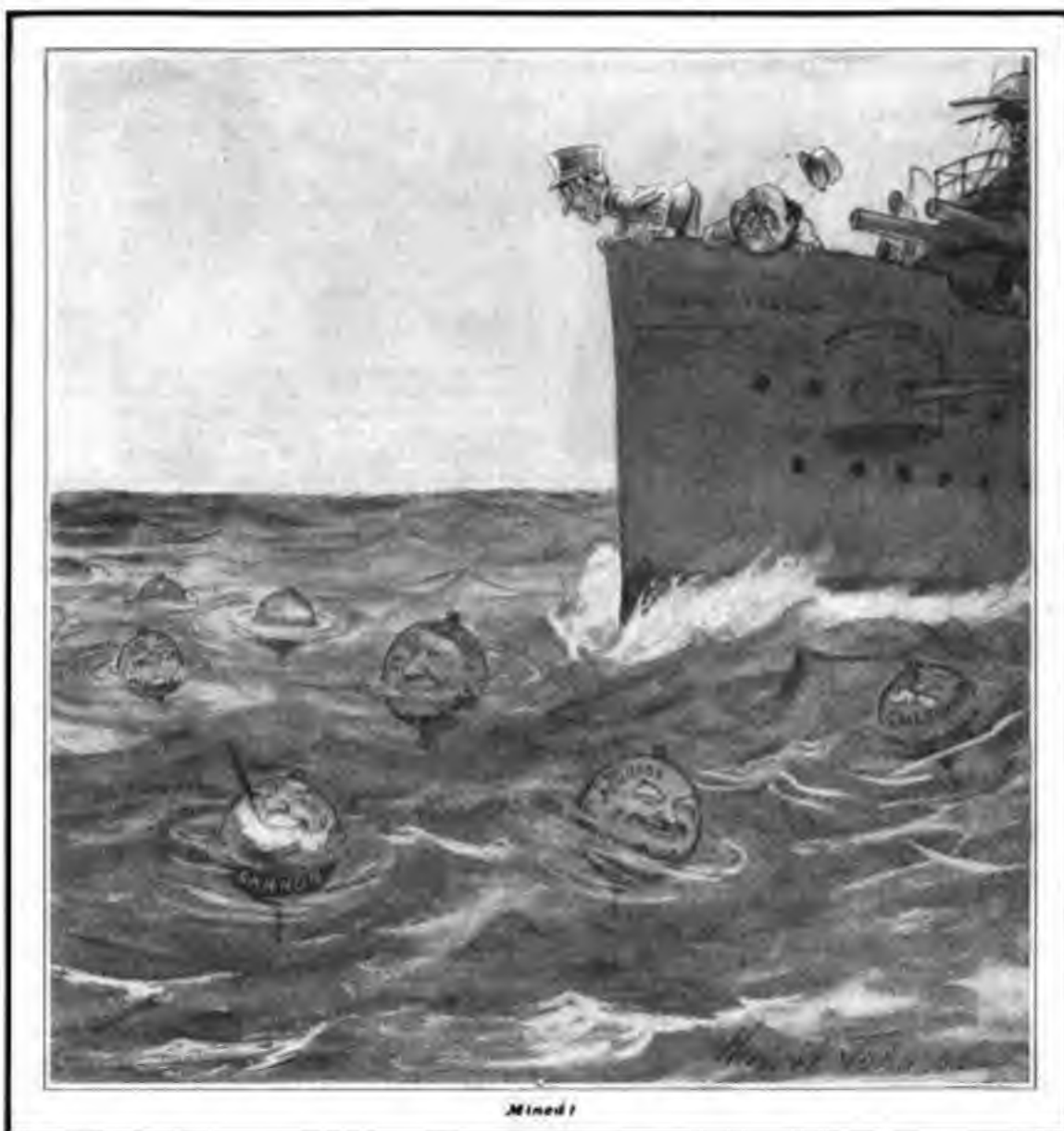
It isn't probable that the people thought of that. Nor would it have done any good if they had thought of it. Such things cannot be regulated, and how they are coming out is never known beforehand. This one came out fortunately, considered in the broad light. It revived a strong opposition, and no government can thrive without a strong opposition; but it did not deprive that government of initiative. Thus at the end of the next two years this Administration will be able to go before the people on a clean-cut basis, and not with a scrambled list of performances, so scrambled because there was no control of the lower House. This Administration will be able to say: "We have been in power four years. Here is our record. Accept it or reject it"; instead of: "We were in power two years and in half power for two years more. Here is what we did and what we tried to do. Judge us for our intentions as well as for our performances, necessarily limited owing to circumstances over which we had no control."

Loud Cries of "The Tariff Done It!"

IT IS a good thing that this is so. Take the tariff, for example. Instantly after the voting was over at the recent elections and the swing was seen, every high protectionist in the country began to yell: "The tariff done it!" From all parts of the country there came hoarse cries from those who were emerging from the high grass to the effect that this election shows conclusively that the people demand high protection—because, of course, the men from the high grass demand it themselves. The day has gone by in this country when any man or any group of men can be spokesman or spokesmen for the whole people.

Admitting that the revision of the tariff by the Democrats had a large part to play in the results of the elections, then what? Apparently it did not have enough of an effect to elect a legislative body that would take steps to revise it. The Democrats hold the House and the Senate. Republicans may have gained a lot of governors and state officials, but governors and state officials do not make tariff laws. The fact is that even if this was a tariff protest, it was a half-baked tariff protest; and the further fact is that it is a good thing for all concerned to allow this present tariff law to continue in operation until after the national election in 1916. By that time it will be a proved success or a proved failure, and judgment can be rendered on it accordingly. There can be matured and intelligent consideration of it before that time, and will be. There is no doubt as to what will happen in 1916, in a political way, if the present tariff fails to make good.

Legislative and executive means will be provided by the people for a revision to start promptly on March 4, 1917, at noon.



For Christmas Send Whitman's

Good candy will carry the message and the spirit of Christmas greetings. At those stores, in almost every neighborhood in the land, where Whitman's candies are displayed, direct from the makers, you can select gifts that will delight anyone on your list.

From seventy sorts of sweets in sealed packages we suggest seven. You can buy a Whitman package to suit any taste and any purse.

The Newest Whitman Package

An irresistible assortment—13 kinds of nuts, with coverings of exquisite super-extra chocolate. Substantially packed in an elaborate two-tray box. \$1.00 the package in pound size.*



Nuts, Chocolate Covered

A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks

Designed especially for those who do not care for cream centers. A selected assortment—nut and hard centers. In one-half, one, two, three and five pound boxes, at \$1.00 the pound.*



Fussy Package

The Sampler Package

The box itself is a reproduction of an old-fashioned sampler. Contains an assortment from ten of the Whitman packages. In pound and two pound packages at \$1.00 the pound.*



Sampler Package

The Super-Extra Package

An enticing assortment of chocolates and confections—some hard, some soft, but each bite is a real delight. In pound to five-pound packages at 80c the pound.*



Super-Extra Package

Old Time Favorites

An assortment of old-fashioned sweets—caramels, mints, taffies, molasses candy, gum drops, etc. A quaint box holding 20 ounces at 60c the package.*



Old Time Favorites

Chocolate Covered Fruits and Nuts

Here is a favorite of the growing Whitman family. Contains a toothsome collection of exquisite nut and fruit centers heavily coated with super-extra chocolate. A 19-ounce package at \$1.25 the box.*



Fruit and Nut Package

The Art Round Package

Super-Extra Chocolates or Confections in elaborate packages of three sizes, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the box.* The decorated covers of these art packages are different types of beautiful women.



Art Round Package

The packages illustrated here, as well as other Whitman assortments, can be seen now in wide variety at our nearest agent. These agencies guarantee the freshness and quality of every package sold. If no agent is near, we will ship anywhere on receipt of price.

Write for Booklet

Inquire of our nearest agency for a sheet of Whitman's Paper Stamps—quaint and artistic—or send a two-cent stamp to

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

*More in extreme West and Canada.

A political rebuke is one thing and a political licking is another. A president can look with somewhat of complacency on a rebuke if he continues to retain the legislative goods in his control. A rebuke isn't fatal, however disconcerting it may be. It is quite true that the results of this election probably gave Mr. Wilson no particular cheer. He set off no fireworks. However, he still retains his grasp, and that is the main point. The Republicans will have to do just as much hustling as the Democrats between now and 1916, and more. If the Grand Old Party thinks it is safe in 1916 because it got out of the coffin in 1914 and danced a jig on the lid, the Grand Old Party deludes itself. One off-year swing-back doesn't necessarily mean that all creation is subdued for all time.

The devitalization of the Progressive Party is what caused the revitalization of the Republican Party. Apparently the people in large measure forsook the Bull-Moose propaganda because it seemed an opportune moment to get in effective line for such protest as the various conditions were held to demand. A political protest is a heterogeneous thing. They protest in Massachusetts against one thing and in Iowa against another and in Colorado against a third; but they must have a reasonably similar medium for registering the protests. This year the Republican Party, owing to the fact that most Progressives were formerly Republicans, seemed to offer the medium, and it was chosen, just as the Democratic Party was chosen in 1910 for the protest against the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and against Mr. Taft for signing and defending that measure. Everybody knew, because of the experience of 1912, that there is no political sense in making two bites of a political protest. So they took the old and familiar medium, the Republican Party, and they used it.

Here is where the element of 1916 uncertainty comes in. Will the men who recanted from the Bull-Moose doctrine this year, and went back to the old party, stay there? If they do, then what will happen in 1916 will be fully as interesting as what happened in 1912, for it will prove two major and many minor things. Should the Republicans win in 1916, the first major proposition that this victory will prove will be that a political party that has approached disintegration can rehabilitate itself in the good will and for the support of the people. The second major proposition will be that, even in the most favorable circumstances, the Democratic Party in this country is the minority party, and not of sufficient strength to maintain itself in power on its merits.

Eliminating the rebuke and protest and back-to-the-old-home features of the recent most interesting and instructive elections, we find that in a broad sense the people voted for men and not so much for or on account of measures. As they were running an exciting muck they did it thoroughly. In Massachusetts they elected the Democrat who ran for governor, but except him they elected all Republicans on the state ticket, or practically all. In New York, for Tammany or other reasons, they defeated Glynn, for governor, most decisively; and they gave Gerard, who is more of a Tammany man than Glynn ever was, a much greater vote for the senatorship than they gave Glynn. Moreover, a hundred and twenty thousand New Yorkers voted for William Sulzer for governor, the man who not long ago was impeached and removed from that office. And they let Davenport, the personal candidate of Colonel Roosevelt, run far behind Sulzer.

When Some One Blew Out the Gas

In Pennsylvania they reflected Penrose, the type of the old-time Republican boss, by an overwhelming vote, and in the next state to the west, Ohio, they turned out Cox, the Democrat, who won so handily two years ago. In Indiana they stood by the Democracy very sturdily, but in Illinois they almost put in another typical boss, Sullivan, only he is a Democrat and not a Republican as Penrose is. In Minnesota, usually Republican, they elected a Democratic governor, and defeated Fred Stevens, one of the strongest Republicans in the House of Representatives. All through the West this touch-and-go voting was done. In Utah, the home of the Mormons, Reed Smoot, himself an apostle of the Mormon Church, had a narrow squeeze, and in Kansas, Charles Curtis, the patet of Republican standpatters, was sent to the Senate—in

progressive Kansas! In Oregon, Chamberlain, the Democrat, was returned to the Senate by a large plurality, and the Republican candidate for governor elected by an even larger one.

Out in California, Hiram Johnson won tremendously; but Francis J. Heney, also a Progressive, fell far behind. And so it went all over the country.

The Republicans who stood by in the dark days from 1910 until the present time are entitled to their joy and their claims of rejuvenation. The Republican Party seemed a moribund institution after the elections in 1910, when the Democrats took the House of Representatives after sixteen years of Republican control; and after the elections in 1912, when Mr. Taft carried only Utah and Vermont, there seemed no hope of resurrection. As viewed impartially the case was one of suicide. The old oligarchy blew out the gas. Now those that are left of this oligarchy would have it appear that former associates for the time strayed away, came back to the old headquarters where the gas was escaping, broke in the door, opened the windows, applied the pulmotor and restored vitality.

Very well. No one can object to that. The history of the Republican Party is a patriotic history, and it was a great and useful force in the upbuilding of this country. The fault has never been with the party *per se*, but with certain of the men who led the party. If it has been vitalized by the elections this fall, as its present leaders claim it has, it will have ample opportunity for being useful and patriotic again. And that brings up the question: "Is it vitalized?"

The Walls of the Old Guard

To judge from the loud cries of the old guard, emerging from retirement, it isn't. One and all of them—Cannon, Penrose, Hill, Curtis, Sulloway, McKinley, Rodenberg, and a score or so more—who were retired two years ago or who were fearful of being retired this time, are shouting for the same kind of Republican Party that was so emphatically defeated in 1910 and in 1912. They never seem to change, those politicians, and they never appreciate change. They are thinking the same sort of thoughts they thought way back in the McKinley days, and they are planning for the same kind of political action based on the same sort of political motive.

But that does not matter. The truth of it is that if the Republican Party, having had the breath of life blown into its nostrils by the people who almost strangled it two years ago by deserting it and joining with the propaganda that promised a new deal, does go back to its old procedure it will soon discover that this 1914 stimulus is not enduring, and it will drop back into the morgue, this time for keeps. Still, there is not much chance. It is well enough to allow Uncle Joe to caper and converse, and well enough to allow sundry other moss-grown patriots, exuberant in their reluctance to public life, to say their joyous say. What these ancients proclaim is mere conversation. They fancy themselves once more to the breach heroes, whereas they are largely supernumerary, or at least supererfluous.

The Republican Party that was given a new lease of life on election day was not the old Republican Party—not at all. It was a promised new Republican Party. It was the party that met in Washington last spring and showed evidences of contrition, and evidences of reform, and evidences of progress. It was the Republican Party that confessed its faults and seemed to be contrite. If, now that it seems freshened, those professions and those sentiments and those promises of reform are not lived up to, then the next time the people take a smash at the Republican Party that smash will do the work for good and all.

There are signs in plenty that the really strong men in the Republican Party—not the dug-outs of this election—know these facts and the truth of them. There are plenty of indications that when the Republican Party comes to appeal nationally and presidentially to the country, that appeal will be no such old-guard appeal as was made in 1912, but an appeal based on a quickened sense of what the people demand of a political party and on an intelligent appreciation of the needs of the hour. It may be impossible to debourbonize a Bourbon; but there are some people in the Republican Party who are not Bourbons, and a modicum of political sense still

remains, astonishing as that may seem when you consider the party's history for the past ten years. They made a small start by revising Southern representation in their conventions, and it will be found that this small start will work gradually into a full acceptance of many of the doctrines that were, to a large degree, the actuating motives for the desertion that was so effective in 1912.

The Republican Party, if it desires to keep alive now that it has its second time on earth, will become a progressive party and not remain a reactionary party. The whole aim and end of politics in this country is not government, but the power to govern. It took a lot of hammering to get into the intelligences of the Republican old-guardsters the simple fact that there had been a change in this country, that old political methods and old political principles were neither venerated for their age nor respected for their associations. Now that the lesson has been learned, and learned painfully, the old guard as well as the newer guardsmen want to return to power as always. The ends will be made to justify the means. You will find that this new or renewed Republican Party, notwithstanding what the dug-outs may shout, will be a fairly progressive party—as to promises anyhow. It will be reasonably radical.

Wherefore the attitude and the actions of the Democrats will be of vital importance, both in relation to their own future and in relation to the future of the Republicans. The Democrats have two full years for the shaking down and the proof of their new legislation—the tariff, the currency scheme, the anti-trust statutes, the trades commission, the conservation laws, and thus and so. It is quite fortunate for the country that these laws are already on the statute books and that there is no adverse majority for the next two years, for they deserve a fair trial and the uncertainties as to what they will provide are over. To be sure, the uncertainty of what they will do remains, but that is a hazard of the game, and no good sportsman will begrudge the President this opportunity of proving his case after he has presented it in so forceful a manner.

And it is equally fortunate that the majority in the House has been lessened, for a shrunk majority always tends toward a certain conservatism of action. Any man can read any lesson into these recent election returns that he cares to read into them, but the wise man will unerringly put his finger on the sore spot, which is a depressed economic situation developed by a variety of causes, one of which was entirely beyond our preventing, and one of which is politically held to be the direct effect of the accomplished legislation and the outlined legislative program of the party in power.

The President's Program

We clamor for change, but we shrink from correction. In 1912 some four millions out of a total of fifteen millions of our voters went gayly for Roosevelt, because they wanted a change and felt that he was the apostle of mutation. Thus they left the road clear for Mr. Wilson, who is somewhat of an artist in alteration himself.

Then, after the changes came, the bulk of these four millions scampered back to the party they left because the innovations they demanded were made with the knife instead of with the soothing application of salve.

That does not alter the fact that the innovations are in force and will be in force for two years, and there should be a clarity of issue in 1916 that will bring about a decisive and probably beneficial result. As things now stand, and are most likely to stand in 1916, Mr. Wilson will be renominated by the Democrats. Personally Mr. Wilson does not care a snap of his finger whether he is renominated or not. Politically he may care a great deal, and patriotically. He had a certain program. He was sincere about it. Despite many adverse circumstances and conditions he has had the great good fortune to be left in a position, so far as legislative aid goes, to watch his program work out, to supplement it if necessary, or to amend it. He must have every hope that by the end of the next Congress his policies will be in such shape that their acceptance or rejection will be unmistakably indicated, and that will be a satisfactory conclusion, because if they are successful they will be indorsed, and if they are not successful Mr. Wilson will be the first man to welcome their overthrow.

In conversation we are a radical people. We talk a great deal. Many and many a man who yelled his head off for tariff revision and for new currency laws and for various other reforms registered his solemn ballot protest last November against the very reforms he had yammered about. The talk of these people never jibes with their actions. What the bankers and the captains of finance call caution and uncertainty really is timidity. As a voting people we do not stand the gaff.

For these reasons it is well enough not to take too seriously all this talk of protest and rebuke. In 1910 we rebuked the Republicans, and again in 1912. Now in 1914, to hear the former rebuked tell it, we have rebuked the Democrats, and in 1916 we may rebuke somebody else. We are a volatile and a versatile people. We can recant as easily as we can rebuke, and we do. Once politically partisan, we are now politically peripatetic. We move from affiliation to affiliation with ease and grace, with little effort and with less thought. The vital cause of to-day becomes the unimportant cause of to-morrow. Hence what happened on November 3, 1914, though interesting and in a way significant, is no more definitive than what happened in 1912. They will be beating a new sort of tom-tom by 1916.

Taking future solidarity for granted, the Republicans are already planning for candidates, campaigns and conquest. The crop of eligibles always is greatest the day after election. At that time their triumphs are freshest in our minds, and we canvass them, not on a basis of what they may do, but on the basis of what the people have done for them.

Hard Times for Political Prophets

Ten years ago political prophecy was a recognized institution. It was fairly easy to tell what would happen in a political way in any forthcoming eighteen months. Now political prophecy is the most barren of intellectual recreations. In the old days the rules of the game were fixed, and the game was played according to those rules. Now the people who play the game make up new rules as they go along. In 1900, if a thing had previously happened politically, that was a good reason for expecting it to happen again, provided conditions remained somewhat stable. To-day the fact that a thing has happened politically is the very reason why the odds are ten to one against its happening again.

Thus any consideration of Republican candidates at this time must be complimentary and not conclusive. If that party can hold together; if no new crusader comes along to draw away those four million eager souls who saw the light ahead in 1912; if some sense is used in the work of regeneration and reconstruction; if the Republicans turn their faces to the morning instead of against the wall—it may be worth while to be the Republican candidate. In that case there will be no lack of patriots who will aspire to the honor and willingly accept the responsibilities. Until we see what happens nothing will happen. A whole lot of proving up must be done.

That is not the case with President Wilson. If he continues to be successful, as Champ Clark wisely remarked, nobody else can get the nomination; and if he fails no one else will want it. He has a clear field. Likewise he has two years for demonstration, and that is where his prospects and the prospects of his party are held. The main fact of it all is that, notwithstanding Republican gains and Republican enthusiasms, the Democrats remain in control of the Government—in a smaller measure in the House, in larger measure in the Senate, and in the White House. The situation continues to be up to them.

The results of the elections this year prove, precisely as they did in 1910 and in 1912, that a certain stage of independent voting has been reached, and that is the greatest advance we have made in a political way. The fluctuations indicated by the election returns are not all the result of independent thought and action. Some of them come from pique, some from fear, some from protest, some from local causes, some from individual hard luck, some from deeper causes and beliefs. Still, a good deal of this sort of voting is backed by real independence. If that independence is fostered and developed it will be the medium for giving to the people of the United States a government for themselves instead of a government for power, politics and politicians.



"Sure! Mother always used it."

And he might add that "Mother" is a sensible and thoroughly practical housewife. She has the best of reasons for favoring

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HOARDED GOLD

(Continued from Page 4)

Despite the much-vaunted superiority of the European banking system, we use credit in personal finances far more than even the Englishmen. Fully nine-tenths of the total payments made in this country are brought about by other means than actual money—mostly by bank checks. Even the rich Englishman often fails to use a bank account for his personal needs. One has to travel only a little while abroad to see what gold is as money. No wonder the recent immigrant cannot learn to use banks when even the upper classes of his own country use them so little. Englishmen never speak of changing a bank note the way we do. They talk of cashing a bank note. Unlike Americans they do not look on bank notes as real money.

The newspapers have told how, when the present war began, small money of all kinds was swept out of circulation in Europe as though by a tidal wave. No doubt later on, when the war is over and all the European nations are forced to put out big bond issues, the hoarded money will come out and be patriotically employed; but, for the present, there is no question as to the universal extent of European hoarding, and the Bank of England attempted to make up the deficiency by issuing one-pound notes and ten-shilling notes.

The truth is, financial authorities in all civilized countries have recognized for some time that gold is wasted in general circulation. Gold should be concentrated in the reserves of the banks—more particularly the government banks—and paper money put in circulation. Especially since the Balkan War, European banks have adopted a policy of keeping all the gold that comes in and paying out none.

The average Englishman, Frenchman or German, however, hates to use paper. It will take the governments a long time to force it down their throats. Shortly after the present war began a prominent American tried to change a five-pound Bank of England note at several of the great London banks.

Everywhere he was politely told that only the Bank of England would give him change—or, as they call it, cash.

The American stood in line and when his turn came asked for smaller notes for his five-pound note.

"But," said the clerk in startled surprise as he stared at the strange American, "I can give you gold. Besides, we are out of small notes."

"Well, all right," replied the American; "but I had just as lief have the new ten-shilling notes. I wish to see what they are like."

"You are the first man, sir, who has asked for anything but gold to-day," replied the clerk as he continued to stare.

Three Hundred Salted Millions

We Americans are accustomed to paper money and bank checks. It is an inheritance from Colonial and Revolutionary days, and many other periods of our history, when shipmasters and other paper substitutes for gold had to satisfy our grandfathers.

This country is one of the world's greatest producers of gold, and the stock of yellow metal here is the largest in the world; but the free use of so many other kinds of money and of bank checks has made gold relatively so scarce in circulation that even the immigrant boarder in the East and Middle West rarely has actual coin in his treasure.

What the total hoardings of the rich and well-to-do amount to is a subject for the wildest guesswork; but as to the amount hidden away by the newer immigrants there is something like knowledge. Several authorities agree that three hundred million dollars is not an exaggeration. State Labor Bureaus have often given the subject attention and from their reports a pretty accurate idea may be had.

The Chief of the Department of Mines of a Western state points out that when an Italian, Hungarian, Slav or Pole is injured, a large sum of money, ranging from fifty dollars to five hundred or one thousand, is almost always found on his person. A prominent Italian banker says that the average Italian workman saves two hundred dollars a year, and that there are enough Italian workmen alone in this country, without considering other nationalities, to account for three hundred million dollars of hoarded money. In two and a

half years immigrants have sent back to Europe about two hundred and fifty million dollars in savings.

No other agency has so overcome the tendency of the immigrant to hoard as the Postal Savings Bank. Foreigners have implicit faith in a government bank, whatever may be their distrust or ignorance of others. Postal Banks will not take from any one person more than one hundred dollars in one month, and no one is permitted to have a total balance to his credit at one time of more than five hundred dollars exclusive of accumulated interest; but, even when firmly told that such are the rules, foreigners will hang round for half an hour and beg the clerk in charge to take the money and put it in the safe without paying interest. Many Hungarian and Austrian reservists tried in vain to leave sums ranging from four thousand to ten thousand dollars in cash with the Postal Banks before they left for the front.

A woman went into one of the branches in New York and shyly asked the superintendent to step outside, where she could speak to him alone. Then she haltingly told him that she had two thousand dollars sewed up in her clothing. She and her husband had kept a candy store in Brooklyn; but they had lost thirty-one hundred dollars in a get-rich-quick investment, and then her husband had died. Discouraged, she had determined to go back to her native land and wanted a safe place to leave two thousand dollars of what she had kept from the wreck. Being unwilling to place her money in any bank except of the government variety, she decided, on the superintendent's advice, to rent a safe-deposit box; but in half an hour she came back and said she had been unable to get the money out of her clothes without completely undressing, and so had decided not to rent a box.

The Value of Postal Banks

In one case in a Western town twenty thousand dollars was offered in canvas sacks containing tarnished and long-unused coins; but practically no gold is ever offered in Eastern cities. It is nearly all dirty and crumpled paper money, evidently taken from the homely hiding places of timid people unfamiliar with business and financial institutions. In the poorer Jewish quarters of the larger cities much of the money is black with coal dust, for it comes from the tiny coal cellars where baskets rather than truckloads of coal are bought and sold.

In the last month or two literally hundreds of persons desiring to deposit more than the hundred-dollar limit have been turned away daily from one branch postoffice alone in New York.

In another branch the superintendent told me that relatively few persons offered less than the hundred-dollar limit, though a glance at the waiting line of depositors, then more than a block long, revealed only shabbily dressed, poor-looking men and women.

So fast has the money been coming in that at times it has been difficult to find bank depositories ready with the required collateral security. At one time the New York postmaster had one hundred and thirty thousand dollars idle in the Subtreasury waiting for the convenience of banks to take it over.

It is a strange factor in the psychology of the ignorant that they throw themselves with blind confidence on government institutions for protection, few of them knowing that every cent they place with the Government is redeposited with ordinary commercial banks.

Before the system was started, bankers feared they would lose deposits, even though the Postal Banks pay only two per cent as compared with from three to four per cent in other classes of savings institutions; but most of the fifty million dollars that has gone into the Postal Banks is money which would not have gone into other banks at all. In other words, it has been hoarded money, restored by this means to the channels of trade.

In August and September as much money was deposited with the Postal Savings Banks in New York as had been placed there in the preceding three years. At Station B, on Grand Street, in the Jewish section of the East Side, a line forms early in



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the morning and steadily increases throughout the day until eight o'clock at night, when the office closes; by which time the line often extends outside the building along two city blocks.

The great savings banks of New York, with a billion and three-quarters dollars on deposit, had lost only ten million dollars from August first to November first. Considering that they have millions of ignorant depositors, the showing is remarkable; but the banks required depositors to give sixty days' notice of withdrawal. When the two months expired only a relatively small part of those who had given notice took their money out.

The savings banks calmed the fears of depositors by their readiness and promptness in paying out money when the owner actually needed it for illness or to meet debts. At nine o'clock one morning the president of a bank entered his building and saw three Italian workmen standing across the street in earnest gesticulation and conversation. Fearing an incipient run, he walked into the paying teller's cage the moment the bank opened for business and pushed the clerk aside. In a few moments one of the Italians came across the street and appeared in front of the cage.

"I want my mun," he firmly announced.

"How much?" asked the president.

"What you give?" the Italian questioned.

"All you want," replied the president as he quickly paid out six hundred dollars, the entire amount to the credit of the workman.

As soon as the laborer had crossed the street and rejoined his countrymen, another came across and withdrew his deposit of seventeen hundred dollars. Then the third man came over and took all his money out.

"And I was sorry to see him coming," the bank president told me, "because he had nearly three thousand dollars in the bank."

Finally the three of them gathered across the street; and, after much comparing of notes and further gesticulation, they returned in a body and redeposited every cent.

Confidence is the great thing among the more ignorant bank depositors, as it is throughout the banking world. A Jewish couple on the East Side of New York had fifteen thousand dollars in a weak private bank. Becoming suspicious of all private banks, they withdrew the money and hid it in an old stove in their flat; but the fear of thieves preyed on their minds incessantly and finally the wife devised a scheme.

"Shush, Mendel," she said, "you ask it round and find out which is the best two savings banks in New York. Then put a thousand dollars in both of them. Comes next day, you go to both banks and ask it for the money. Well, what's t' use to argue? The one as gives it to you we will put it in all the money."

Mendel did just as he was told, and his attempt to remove a thousand dollars from the great institution where he had placed it the day before brought his story to light.

Losses of Hidden Money

Another man deposited a large sum and returned a few days later to take it out. His wife had fallen ill, he said, and a mortgage had been unexpectedly called. His hard-luck story was so heartrending that he was given the money at once, whereupon he promptly offered it for deposit again, saying he had taken up a fifty-dollar bet of a friend that he could not get his money out, and he had withdrawn it only to win the bet.

In a large way hoarding money defeats its own ends. When bank depositors become frightened they invent all manner of ingenious romances to induce bank officials to give them their money. They stand in line for hours and are vastly relieved as they near the window. At first the jingle of gold in their pockets or the feel of wads of bills affords keen delight. They feel as though they had saved their money from total loss; but as the days go by, and the responsibility of carrying it about or hiding it weighs more and more on them, there is apt to be a rush back to the bank.

Hoarding is a doubly vicious financial vice. Every dollar hidden away means about ten dollars' less loaning power for the banks. If the three hundred million dollars that immigrants are believed to hoard were turned over to the banks there would be nearly three billion dollars' more credit, which the banks could extend in the form of loans.

That is not the worst of it, however. Hoarded money is usually hidden money,

and hidden money is pretty sure, in the long run, to be lost, stolen or destroyed. Even if this does not happen, the owner gets no return on his property; and he usually loses in the end, because the bank from which he has taken it does not fail. This is the history of nearly all hoarding.

One becomes accustomed to reading of the destruction or theft of money hidden behind pictures, in coal hods, old stoves, under floors and in stockings.

A flour merchant lost faith in banks and put all his money in a tin box, which he hid in a barrel; but the barrel was sold by mistake, and it cost him two hundred dollars to trace and recover it. In the panic of 1907 a farmer withdrew his money from the bank and, after pumping out an old well, dug a tunnel from the bottom of the well and at right angles to it. He placed the money in a box at the farthest end of the tunnel, walled up the entrance with cement, placed an old trunk at the bottom of the well proper to deceive robbers, and then filled the well with water.

Hoarding takes strange and gruesome forms. Men have been known to rent lots in cemeteries and use them solely to hide money. Sometimes an empty coffin containing a false bottom, where money was placed, has actually been lowered into a grave.

In Colonial and Revolutionary days money was hidden in secret compartments of furniture, and a general burying of gold took place during the War of 1812. No one can estimate the wealth hidden in Civil War times. Down mountain slopes, across the great plantations and along the streets of cities of the South are the trails of lost-fortune hunters. On the Mississippi River the shanty-boaters tell tales of kettles filled with gold coin and other money which were buried in the canebrakes or revealed in the caving banks of the Mississippi by a cascade of coin rushing down the crumbling slope into the flood. Now and then some sharp darky appears with a handful of old gold.

Too Much Pocket Money

A mathematician might estimate the quantity of nugget gold hidden by the placer miners, the loggers, tinkers, tramps, soldiers—all kinds of fortunes that are tucked away in useless and wasteful neglect in all parts of the country—in stockings, mattresses, old clothes, garrets, cellars, hollow trees, hotels, mansions, and caches of desperadoes. Some one took the trouble to average up twenty-four typical reports of the finding of hoarded gold, and the average figure was eighty-two hundred and eighty-three dollars.

Who can estimate the odd gold coins that are set aside as pocket pieces, watch charms, lucky pieces, or as curiosities? Many people carry far more pocket money than they need. Even persons who use a checking account in a bank carry more money than they can possibly use. I asked the cashier of one of the largest banks in the country how much hoarding he thought was going on.

"I can't answer your question," he replied; "but I know that everybody hoards too much. Here, look at what I have in my pocket—sixty-four dollars. All I need for spare cash in a month is about fifteen dollars, because I pay all large bills by check; but here I am carrying sixty-four dollars, and fifty dollars of that ought to go into the bank. That is the way with every one."

George von L. Meyer, Postmaster-General under President Roosevelt, once estimated that half a billion dollars is normally hoarded in this country. There is eighteen hundred million dollars in the hands of the people which the banks never get hold of. Of course it is impossible to say how much of this is legitimately used in the normal course of trade; but it must be remembered that money taken in by railroads, street cars, restaurants, hotels and merchants of every description mostly finds its way into the banks and is accounted for by the regularly reported holdings of the banks. Thus, of the eighteen hundred million dollars in the hands of the people a very considerable sum must be hidden away or lost.

Hoarding is growing relatively less common, even in the backward countries of Asia and Africa, for the younger generations to whom the treasures descend are more inclined to put them to use; and the tendency in all countries is to use banks more than formerly.



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"Name of the company? Why—er—blessed if I know! Left that to the agent."

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THE HANDSHAKE AGREEMENT

(Continued from Page 8)

"Who!" cried the agonized Purdy, realizing all these things and burying his head in his blankets. He lay there shuddering until presently Long Shorty rose and shook him by the shoulder.

"Dan'l," he said solemnly, "pull yourself together an' face the music."

Mr. Purdy, thus adjured, realized his responsibility and pulled himself together.

"Wa-al," he queried in a broken voice, "what've you got to suggest?"

"I suggest," replied Long Shorty, "that there's a highsterical female, the victim o' two o' the worst old fools that ever saw sagebrush, a-kickin' an' a-squawlin' in the box o' that otter-mo-bile; an' it's up to me an' you to face the music. We can't run away from it, Dan'l, even if Gentle Annie was alive an' well to pack our kit an' enough water to get out o' the country. It's up to us to excuse ourselves for widderin' this woman and give the remainders Christian burial. Climb into a clean shirt and overalls, Dan'l, and let's try to look respectable even if we ain't."

Dan shook his head and bit his lips; nevertheless, he accepted Long Shorty's advice and changed his clothes.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," said Long Shorty philosophically.

"Don't make much difference after a man's damned," answered Mr. Purdy, choking back a sob.

As they dressed, Long Shorty outlined the course of action.

"We'll just be strollin' along, easy an' casual, like we was out prospectin', an' happen on to the scene accidental-like. Mebbe she didn't see us on top o' the hill and we know she didn't see us at the otter-mo-bile! In that case mebbe she won't know we killed her old man an' that'll make her a heap easier to handle."

"I hope so," mourned Dan. "There ain't no use tellin' everything we know."

"You said something that time, pardner. We'll have to get her over to camp, where she can lie down with her sorrier."

He broke off suddenly, reached into his war bag and brought forth a bottle of the proprietary medicine without which no true desert rat ever travels—a quart of whisky, with a flash test of eighty-five degrees.

"A snort o' this'll put some heart in her," he declared confidently; and together they took their courage in hand and sauntered carelessly along the trail to the scene of the tragedy.

The woman was still crouched in the tonneau, but they could hear her wails though they were a considerable distance off. Long Shorty and Dan realized what she was hiding from and did not blame her.

When they had approached within fifty yards of the stranded automobile Long Shorty, simulating profound excitement, yelled at the top of his voice:

"Oh, Dan! Hurry up! There's something happened here. I hear a lady cryin'."

"What's the matter?" shouted Mr. Purdy dutifully.

"An otter-mo-bile, an' buzzards, an' a lady cryin'!" yelled Long Shorty. "Some-thin's shore happened to somebody." And away he raced through the low sage, with the unhappy Purdy following.

"Man dead here," he called a moment later. "Rock rolled down off the mounting an' flattened him out like a postage stamp."

Out of the tail of his eye the diabolical Long Shorty was aware of a woman's face peering at him over the back of the front seat. Dan Purdy was also subconsciously aware of the same apparition; but since he was following Long Shorty's lead he elected to ignore it until a shrill, quavering cry of "Help!" forced him to turn his attention from the "remainders."

Long Shorty did likewise and the widow stood up in the tonneau and held out her arms appealingly. Our heroes hastened to her aid. Dan Purdy unfastened the tonneau door, and with loud lamentations and shiverings of woe the distressed female fluttered into his arms like a light Monday morning wash down a laundry chute.

"Ma-ma-ma—" stuttered Dan helplessly.

"Ma-ma'am, whatever's the matter of you?" Daniel finally managed to blurt out.

Continued and hysterical "Oh-oh-oh's!" were his sole reply, however, while the widow, her arms clenched tightly round his neck, to his great embarrassment, sobbed out her woe on Mr. Purdy's bosom—the

latter's attitude during this distressing scene resembling somewhat that of a man fighting a ghost or making love to a crocodile. Long Shorty relieved the situation.

"Here, now, ma'am," he said soothingly; "this is shore tough luck, and me an' old Dan certainly feels for you in yore sorrier an' affliction; but what can't be cured must be endoored. As the Good Book says: 'The Lord gave, an' the Lord hath taken away'; an' yore husband's appinted time had come. Take a jolt o' this hooch, ma'am, an' it'll put some heart in ye." And despite her vigorous protests he forced the bottle to her lips and emptied down her throat a firing charge for a six-cylinder motor. "Thar!" he continued. "Ye feel better right off, don't ye?"

The victim of this desert hospitality gasped, blinked, coughed, and in various other ways demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that for the present, at least, her mind was off her recent bereavement. She finally faints.

"Ye tarnation jackass!" roared Mr. Purdy. "Ye went an' poured that lick down her Sunday throat." Apprehensive, frightened, his voice rose to a shrill scream. "Whatever will I do with her? I do believe she's died on my hands."

"Lay her down flat an' let the blood run to her head," Long Shorty commanded.

He replaced the bottle and, with both feet, quickly scooped a depression in the sand, thereby forming a slight incline to accelerate the flow of blood to the head. Mr. Purdy gladly dropped his burden into the receptacle thus provided and the two stood looking down at her.

"She ain't used to lickin'," Dan complained. "In givin' lickin' to females in a emergency like this it ought ter have a little water an' sugar in it."

"I ain't no doctor or trained nuss, nor yet no barkeeper!" Long Shorty retorted fiercely; "but I'm layin' you three to one it ain't in the book that lickin's to be diluted at a time like this. It ain't in Natur'!"

"Don't you bet no more with me!" shrilled Dan passionately. "This is what comes o' that fool gamblin' sperrit. It's like to disrupt our partnership, and it's killed a innocent stranger an' left us with the widder on our hands. As the feller says: 'Be good an' you will be happy.' Whatever," he demanded frantically, "are we a-goin' to do with this widder? She's a frail old fawn, an' if somebody don't come and git her she's shore a-goin' to die on our hands."

"Why so?" demanded Long Shorty.

"Die o' what?"

"Starvation, you born dummy! She can't eat our grub an' thrive on it. Pers'nally, Charles Wilfred, I ain't aimin' to start no private cemet'ry association."

Long Shorty scratched his ear.

"Whatever was she a-doin' out here, I'd like to know?" he demanded. He pulled off his battered sombrero and commenced to fan the widow. "An' where'd she come from? Dan'l, I'm beginnin' to lose a whole lot o' them regrets I felt at first about killin' her husband. Serves him right for a-bringin' of a woman into this country."

He continued to fan the widow, while Dan stepped off to one side, like a farmer viewing the blood-sweating behemoth at a circus, and made an interested appraisal of the automobile. He was not familiar with such contraptions, being of the opinion that they resembled considerably a forgotten shot in a shaft and were liable to explode when least expected.

However, what with Long Shorty's fanning and the fire of the Desert Dew coursing through her veins, their patient presently opened her eyes, gave a little shuddering gasp and a long sigh and, after the fashion of her kind, demanded in a thin, far-away voice to know where she was. Long Shorty solemnly assured her that she was with friends.

She sat up, smiled wanly on them and held out a hand to each. They accepted and lifted her to her feet, whereupon she promptly swayed into Long Shorty's arms and hung there. With difficulty he pried her loose, after which he and Dan formed a seat with their horny, clasped hands, and placed her therein; then, with an arm round the neck of each deliverer, the unwelcome guest was borne to the camp by the water hole.

While Long Shorty supported her at the tent entrance, Dan hastened inside to shake out their bedding and dialodge a couple of



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dozen lizards from its folds. Then Long Shorty steered the widow inside and he and Dan retreated to the automobile, leaving her alone with her grief.

Presently they returned with two wicker suitcases, a hamper basket and a light camping outfit, which they deposited outside the tent, and once more withdrew to the scene of the disaster. This time they carried a pick and shovel and the canvas with which formerly they had been wont to cover the

pack on Gentle Annie. And when the grave was ready they gathered up their victim, removed from his pockets a jackknife, four dollars and ten cents in silver, a folding pocket comb and a plug of chewing tobacco, wrapped him in the canvas and laid him in the grave.

Then Long Shorty went back to the camp and knocked on the tent pole.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A RESERVED SEAT

(Continued from Page 10)

Contrariwise, I could see how shells from the enemy crossed those shells in the air and curved downward to scatter their loads among the Germans. In the midst of all this would come a sharp, spattering sound, as though hail in the midst of the thunder shower had fallen on a tin roof; and that, I learned, meant infantry firing in a trench somewhere.

For a while I watched some German soldiers moving forward through a criss-cross of trenches; I took them to be fresh men going in to relieve other men who had seen a period of service under fire. At first they suggested moles crawling through plow furrows; then, as they progressed onward, they shrank to the smallness of gray grubworms, advancing one behind another.

My eye strayed beyond them a fair distance and fell on a row of tiny scarlet dots, like cochineal bugs, showing minutely but clearly against the green-yellow face of a ridgy field well inside the forward batteries of the French and English.

At that same instant the lieutenant must have seen the crawling red line too. He pointed to it.

"Frenchmen," he said; "French infantrymen's trousers. One cannot make out their coats, but their red trousers show as they wriggle forward on their faces."

Better than ever before I realized the idiosyncrasy of sending men to fight in garments that make vivid targets of them.

My companion may have come up for pleasure, but if business obtruded itself on him he did not neglect it. He bent to his telephone and spoke briskly into it. He used German, but, after a fashion, I made out what he said. He was directing the attention of somebody to the activities of those red trousers.

I intended to see what would follow on this, but at this precise moment a sufficiently interesting occurrence came to pass at a place within much clearer eyerange.

The gray grubworms had shoved ahead until they were gray ants; and now all the ants concentrated into a swarm and, leaving the trenches, began to move in a slanting direction toward a patch of woods far over to our left. Some of them, I think, got there, some of them did not. Certain puffs of white smoke, and one big smudge of black smoke, which last signified a bomb of high explosives, broke over them and among them, hiding all from sight for a space of seconds. Dust clouds succeeded the smoke; then the dust lifted slowly. Those ants were not to be seen. They had altogether vanished. It was as though an anteater had come forth invisibly and eaten them all up.

Back to Earth Again

Marveling at this phenomenon and unable to convince myself that I had seen men destroyed, and not insects, I turned my head south again to watch the red ladybugs in the field. Lo! They were gone too! Either they had reached shelter or a painful thing had befallen them.

The telephone spoke a brisk warning. I think it made a clicking sound. I am sure it did not ring; but in any event it called attention to itself. The other man clapped his ear to the receiver and took the word that came up the dangling wire, and snapped back an answer.

"I think we should return at once," he said to me over his shoulder. "Are you sufficiently wearied?"

"I was not sufficiently wearied—I wasn't wearied at all—but he was the captain of the ship and I was not even paying for my passage."

The car jerked beneath our unsteady feet and heeled over, and I had the sensation of being in an elevator that has started downward suddenly, and at an angle to boot. The balloon resisted the pressure from below. It curled up its tail like a fat bum-blebee trying to sting, and the guy ropes, to

which I held with both hands, snapped in imitation of the rigging of a sailboat in a fair breeze.

Plainly the balloon wished to remain where it was or go farther; but the pull of the cable was steady and hard, and the world began to rise up to meet us. Nearing the earth it struck me that we were making a remarkably speedy return. I craned my neck to get a view of what was directly beneath.

The six-horse team was advancing toward us at a brisk canter and the drum turned fast, taking up the slack of the tether; but, as though not satisfied with this rate of progress, several soldiers were running back and jumping up to haul in the rope. The sergeant who took care of the telephone was hard put to it to coil down the twin wires. He skittered about over the grass with the liveliness of a cricket.

Chased by a French Flyer

Many soiled hands grasped the floor of our hamper and eased the jar of its contact with the earth. Those same hands had redraped the rim with sandbags, and had helped us to clamber out from between the stay ropes, when up came the young captain who spelled the lieutenant as an aerial spy. He came at a run. Between the two of them ensued a sharp interchange of short German sentences. I gathered the sense of what passed.

"I don't see it now," said, in effect, my late traveling mate, staring skyward and turning his head.

"Nor do I," answered the captain. "I thought it was yonder." He flung a thumb backward and upward over his shoulder.

"Are you sure you saw it?"

"No, not sure," said the captain. "I called you down at the first alarm, and right after that it disappeared, I think; but I shall make sure."

He snapped an order to the soldiers and vaulted nimbly into the basket. The horses turned about and moved off and the balloon rose. As for the lieutenant, he spun round and ran toward the edge of the field, fumbling at his belt for his private field glasses as he ran. Wondering what all this pother was about—though I had a vague idea regarding its meaning—I watched the ascent.

I should say the bag had reached a height of five hundred feet when, behind me, a hundred yards or so away, a soldier shrieked out excitedly. Farther along another voice took up the outcry. From every side of the field came shouts. The field was ringed with clamor. It dawned on me that this spot was even more efficiently guarded than I had conceived it to be.

The driver of the wagon swung his lumbering team about with all the strength of his arms, and back again came the six horses, galloping now. So thickly massed were the men who snatched at the cable, and so eagerly did they grab for it, that the smile of a hot handball scrimmage flashed into my thoughts. I will venture that balloon never did a faster homing job than it did then.

Fifty men were pointing aloft now, all of them crying out as they pointed:

"Flyer! French flyer!"

I saw it. It was a monoplane. It had, I judged, just emerged from a cloudbank to the southward. It was heading directly toward our field. It was high up—so high up that I felt momentarily amazed that all those Germans could distinguish it as a French flyer rather than as an English flyer at that distance.

As I looked, and as all of us looked, the balloon basket hit the earth and was made fast; and in that same instant a cannon boomed somewhere well over to the right. Even as Captain von Theobald sung out to us that this was the balloon cannon in the German aviation field back of the town

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opening up, a tiny ball of smoke appeared against the sky, seemingly quite close to the darting flyer, and blossomed out with downy, dainty white petals, like a flower.

The monoplane veered, wheeled and began to drive in a wriggling, twisting course. The balloon cannon spoke again. Four miles away, to the eastward, its fellow in another aviation camp let go, and the sound of its discharge came to us faintly but distinctly. Another smoke flower unfolded in the heavens, somewhat below the darting airship.

Both guns were in action now. Each fired at six-second intervals. All about the flitting target the smokeballs burst—above it, below it, to this side of it and to that. They polka-dotted the heavens in the area through which the Frenchman scudded. They looked like a bed of white water lilies and he like a black dragonfly skimming among the lilies. It was a pretty sight and as thrilling as I have ever seen.

I cannot analyze my emotions as I viewed the spectacle, let alone try to set them down on paper. Alongside of this, big-game hunting was a commonplace thing, for this was big-game hunting of a magnificent kind, new to the world—revolving cannon, with a range of from seven to eight thousand feet, trying to bring down a human being out of the very clouds.

He ran for his life. Once I thought they had him. A shell burst seemingly quite close to him, and his machine dipped far to one side and dropped through space at that angle for some hundreds of feet apparently.

A yell of exultation rose from the watching Germans, who knew that an explosion close to an aeroplane is often sufficient, through the force of air concussion alone, to crumple the flimsy wings and bring it down, even though none of the flying shrapnel from the bursting bomb actually touch the operator or the machine.

However, they whooped their joy too soon. The flyer righted, rose, darted confusingly to the right, then to the left, and then bored straight into a woolly white cloudrack and was gone. The moment it disappeared the two balloon cannon ceased firing; and I, taking stock of my own sensations, found myself quivering all over and quite hoarse.

Ambushed in a Cloud

I must have done some yelling myself; but whether I rooted for the flyer to get away safely or for the cannon to hit him, I cannot for the life of me say. I can only trust that I preserved my neutrality and rooted for both.

Subsequently I decided in my own mind that from within the Allies' lines the Frenchman saw us—meaning the lieutenant and myself—in the air, and came forth with intent to bombard us from on high; that, seeing us descend, he hid in a cloud ambush, venturing out once more, with his purpose renewed, when the balloon reascended, bearing the captain. I liked to entertain that idea, because it gave me a feeling of having shared to some degree in a big adventure.

As for the captain and the lieutenant, they advanced no theories whatever. The thing was all in the day's work to them. It had happened before. I have no doubt it has happened many times since.

After that, what followed was in the nature of an anticlimax—was bound to be anticlimactic. And yet the remainder of the afternoon was not without action. Not an hour later, as we stood in a battery of ten-centimeter guns—guns I had seen in operation from my lofty gallery seat—another flyer, or possibly the same one again, appeared in the sky, coming now in a long, swinging sweep from the southwest, and making apparently for the very spot where our party had stationed itself to watch the trim little ten-centimeters perform.

It had already dropped some form of deadly souvenir we judged, as we saw a jet of black smoke go geysering up from a woodland where a German corps commander had his headquarters, just after the airship passed over that particular patch of timber. As it swirled down the wind in our direction the vigilant balloon guns again got its range, and, to the throbbing tune of their twin boomings, it ducked and dodged away, executing irregular and hurried upward spirals until the cloudfleece swallowed it up.

The driver of that monoplane was a persistent chap. I am inclined to believe

he was the selfsame aviator who ventured well inside the German lines the following morning. While at breakfast in the prefecture at Laon we heard the cannoner-sharpshooters when they opened on him; and as we ran to the windows—we Americans, I mean, the German officers breakfasting with us remaining to finish their coffee—we saw a colonel, whom we had met the night before, sitting on a bench in the old prefecture flower garden and looking up into the skies through the glasses that every German officer, of whatsoever degree, carries with him at all times.

He looked and looked; then he lowered his glasses and put them back into their case, and took up the book he had been reading.

"He got away again," said the colonel regretfully, seeing us at the window. "Plucky fellow, that! I hope we kill him soon. The airman say he is a Frenchman, but my guess is that he is English." And then he went on reading.

Getting back to the afternoon before, I must add that it was not a bomb which the flying man threw into the edge of the woods. He had a surprise for his German adversaries that day.

Deadly Darts From on High

Soon after we left the stand of ten-centimeter guns a civilian Red Cross man halted our machines to show us a new device for killing men. It was a steel dart, of the length and thickness of a fountain pen, and of much the same aspect. It was pointed like a needle at one end, and at the other was fashioned into a tidy rudder arrangement, the purpose of this being to hold it upright—point downward—as it descended. It was an innocent-looking device—that dart; but it was deadlier than it seemed.

"That flyer at whom our guns were firing a while ago dropped this," explained the civilian. "He pitched out a bomb that must have contained hundreds of these darts; and the bomb was timed to explode a thousand or more feet above the earth and scatter the darts. Some of them fell into a cavalry troop on the road leading to La Fère.

"Hurt anyone? Ach, but yes! Hurt many and killed several—both men and horses. One dart hit a trooper on top of his head. It went through his helmet, through his skull, his brain, his neck, his body, his leg—all the way through him lengthwise it went. It came out of his leg, split open his horse's flank, and stuck in the hard road.

"I myself saw the man afterward. He died so quickly that his hand still held his bridle rein after he fell from the saddle; and the horse dragged him—his corpse, rather—many feet before the fingers relaxed."

The officers who were with us were tremendously interested—not interested, mind you, in the death of that trooper, spitted from the heavens by a steel pencil, but interested in the thing that had done the work. It was the first dart they had seen. Indeed, I think until then this weapon had not been used against the Germans in this particular area of the western theater of war. These officers passed it about, fingering it in turn, and commenting on the design of it and the possibilities of its use.

"Typically French," the senior of them said at length, handing it back to its owner, the Red Cross man—"a very clever idea too; but it might be bettered, I think." He pondered a moment, then added, with the racial complacency that belongs to a German military man when he considers military matters: "No doubt we shall adopt the notion; but we'll improve on the pattern and the method of discharging it. The French usually lead the way in serial inventions, but the Germans invariably perfect them."

That day wound up and rounded out most fittingly with a trip eastward along the lines to the German siege investments in front of Rheims. We ran for a while through damaged French hamlets, each with its soldier garrison to make up for the inhabitants who had fled; and then, a little later, through a less well-populated district.

In the fields, for long stretches, nothing stirred except pheasants, feeding on the neglected grain, and big, noisy magpies. The roads were empty, too, except that there were wrecked shells of automobiles and bloated carcasses of dead troop horses.

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strip it of its tires, draw off the precious gasoline, pour oil over it and touch a match to it. What remains offers no salvage to friend, or enemy either.

The horses rot where they drop unless the country people choose to put the bodies underground. We counted the charred cadavers of fifteen automobiles and twice as many dead horses during that ride. The smell of horseflesh spoiled the good air. When passing through a wood the smell was always heavier. We hoped it was only dead horses we smelled there.

Where there has been fighting in France or Belgium, almost any thicket will give up hideously grisly secrets to the man who goes searching there. Men sorely wounded in the open share one trait at least with the lower animals. The stricken creature—either man or beast—dreads to lie and die in the naked field. It drags itself in among the trees if it has the strength.

I believe every woodland in Northern France is a poison place, and will be so until the freezing of winter seals up its abominations under ice and frost.

Nearing Rheims we turned into a splendid straight highway bordered by trees, where the late afternoon sunlight filtered through the dead leaves, which still hung from the boughs and dappled the yellow road with black patches, until it made you think of jaguar pelts.

Midway of our course here we met troops moving toward us in force. First, as usual, came scouts on bicycles and motorcycles. One young chap had woven sheaves of dahlias and red peonies into the frame of his wheel, and through the clump of quivering blossoms the barrel of his rifle showed, like a blacksnake in a bouquet. He told us that troops were coming behind, going to the extreme right wing—a good many thousands of troops, he thought.

Ordinarily uhlan would have followed behind the bicycle men, but this time a regiment of Brunswick Hussars formed the advance guard, riding four abreast and making a fine show, what with their laced gray jackets and their lanes of nodding lances, and their tall woolly buskies, each with its grinning brass death's-head set into the front of it.

The Plight of the Hungry Hussar

There was a blithe young officer who insisted on wheeling out of the line and halting us, and passing the time of day with us. I imagine he wanted to exercise his small stock of English words. Well, it needed the exercise. The skull-and-bones poison label on his cap made a wondrous contrast with the smiling eyes and the long, humorous, wrinkled-up nose below it.

"A miserable country," he said, with a sweep of his arm which comprehended all Northwestern Europe, from the German border to the sea—"so little there is to eat! My belly—she is mostly empty always. But on the yesterday I have the much great fortune. I buy me a swine—what you call him?—a pork? Ah, yes; a pig. I buy me a pig. He is a living pig; very noisy, as you say—very loud. I bring him twenty meters in an automobile, and all the time he struggle to be free; and he cry out all the time. It is very droll—not?—me and the living pig, which ride, both together, twenty meters!"

We took some letters from him to his mother and sweetheart, to be mailed when we got back on German soil; and he spurred on, beaming back at us and waving his free hand over his head.

For half an hour or so we, traveling rapidly, passed the column, which was made up of cavalry, artillery and baggage trains. I suppose the infantry was going by another road. The dragoons sang German marching songs as they rode by, but the artillerymen were a dour and silent lot for the most part. Repeatedly I have noticed that the men who work the big German guns are rarely so cheerful as the men who belong to the other wings of the service; certainly it was true in this instance.

We halted two miles north of Rheims in the front line of the German works. Here was a little shattered village; its name, I believe, was Brimont. And here, also, commanding the road, stood a ruined fortress of an obsolete last-century pattern. Shell-fire had battered it into a gruel of shattered red masonry; but German officers were camped within its more habitable portions, and light guns were mounted in the moat.

The trees thereabout had been mowed down by the French artillery from within



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the city, so that the highway was littered with their tops. Also, the explosives had dug big gouges in the earth. Wherever you looked you saw that the soil was full of small, ragged craters. Shrapnel was dropping intermittently in the vicinity; therefore we left our cars behind the shelter of the ancient fort and proceeded cautiously afoot until we reached the frontmost trenches.

Evidently the Germans counted on staying there a good while. The men had dug out caves in the walls of the trenches, bedding them with straw and fitting them with doors taken from the wreckage of the houses of the village.

We inspected one of these shelters. It had earthen walls and a sod roof, fairly water-tight, and a green window shutter to rest against the entrance for a windbreak. Six men slept here, and the way of the squad had taken chalk and lettered the words "Kaiserhof Café" on the shutter.

The trenches were from seven to eight feet deep; but by climbing up into the little scarps of the sharpshooters and resting our elbows in niches in the earth, meantime keeping our heads down to escape the attentions of certain Frenchmen who were reported to be in a wood half a mile away, we could, with the aid of our glasses, make out the buildings in Rheims, some of which were then on fire—particularly the great Cathedral.

Viewed from that distance it did not appear to be badly damaged.

Already during that week, from many sources, we had heard the Germans' version of the shelling of Rheims Cathedral, their claim being that they purposely spared the pile from the bombardment until they found the defenders had signal men in the towers; that twice they sent officers, under flags of truce, to urge the French to withdraw their signalers; and only fired on the building when both these warnings had been disregarded, ceasing to fire as soon as they had driven the enemy from the towers.

I do not vouch for this story; but we heard it very frequently. Now, from one of the young officers who had escorted us into the trench, we were hearing it all over again, with elaborations, when a shrapnel shell from the town dropped and burst not

far behind us, and rifle bullets began to plump into the earthen bank a little to the right of us; so we straightway came away from there.

We were noncombatants and nowise concerned in the existing controversy; but we remembered the plaintive words of the Chinese Minister at Brussels when he called on our Minister—Brand Whitlock—to ascertain what Whitlock would advise doing in case the advancing Germans fired on the city. Whitlock suggested to his Oriental brother that he retire to his official residence and hoist the flag of his country over it, thereby making it neutral and protected territory.

"But, Mister Whitlock," murmured the puzzled Chinaman, "the cannon—he has no eyes!"

We rode back to Laon through the falling dusk. The western sky was all a deep saffron pink—the color of a salmon's flesh—and we could hear the constant blaspheming of the big siege guns, taking up the evening cannonade along the center.

Pretty soon we caught up with the column that was headed for the right wing. At that hour it was still in motion, which probably meant forced marching for an indefinite time. Viewed against the sunset yellow, the figures of the dragoons stood up black and clean, as conventionalized and regular as though they had all been stenciled on that background.

Seeing next the round, spiked helmets of the cannoneers outlined in that weird half-light, I knew of what those bobbing heads reminded me. They were like pictures of Roman centurions.

Within a few minutes the afterglow had lost its yellowish tone and burned as a deep red flare. As we turned off into a side road the columns were headed right into that redness. It was as though they marched into a fiery furnace, treading the crimson paths of glory—which are not glorious and probably never were, but which lead most unerringly to the grave.

A week later, when we learned what had happened on the right wing, and of how the Germans had fared there under the battering of the Allies, the thought of that open furnace door came back to me. I think of it yet—often.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE

(Continued from Page 12)

This is not the whole story of the situation. There are no *sueroirs* in the poorest districts of Paris. The women there are not trained to the politer trade of dress-making. There are no clerks nor lady's maids among them. They are the women who adopt the profession of ragpicking in times of peace. My impression is that the Dickens will be to pay later on in these more wretched sections if the war lasts even a few months longer. The women who go about these streets now with whiskers already growing on their chins, and babies wrapped in their shawls, are the same women who in times past stormed the palace of a king.

One side of the women's part in every war is their service at the bedside of the wounded soldiers. Paris is now a city of hospitals, and every hospital is filled with women ministering to wounded men. In the afternoon, between the hours of two and four, every hospital in Paris is visited by a procession of women carrying fruits, cigarettes and flowers to the soldiers.

There is an old mansion in the Rue de la Chaise, built in the reign of Louis XIV by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the last French Governor of Canada. Long afterward it became the home of Napoleon's sister, Elise Bonaparte. Then it was a convent. Fifteen years ago the Dominicans added a chapel. In recent years it has been a private hospital, and since this war began it has been the Canadian hospital supported by the readers of a Montreal newspaper.

It was in this place that I came face to face for the first time with the red crime of war. We entered the chapel, one evening just at nightfall, where fifty men lay in a double row of cots—Frenchmen, Turco-French, Arabs and English, all desperately wounded. Most of them wore the clothes they had fought in. Some had lost a leg, others an arm. Some had terrible wounds in their bodies.

So they lay, watching the white-turbaned nurses moving back and forth. Not a groan, only here and there a livid face drawn with pain. One had lain, with his leg

nearly off, five days upon the battlefield without food before he managed to attract the attention of a wandering sheep dog. The dog took in the situation and ran back to his master, who brought the man in. Near the middle of the ward an Arab lay with closed eyes. He was a Mohammedan who must eat the food of Christians. He could not understand a word that was said to him nor convey a single wish except by signs. The point was that he was past wishing. As we bent over his bed he looked at us as from an infinite distance, through centuries of pain and silence. What had he to do with all this? He did not know. Yet he also was about to die for France.

It is incredible that one should stand in such a place, surrounded by mutilated men in the prime of their youth and strength, without realizing that war is a ferocious form of insanity. Nothing can justify it. But such ideas are abhorrent to France in her present mood. I suppose they would be to any nation, even to the women of it. Certainly I did not hear a single woman in that place express regret or pity, but only admiration and praise, as we moved about between the beds distributing gifts. And these soldiers did deserve all praise. But I doubt if the world will ever again approve a system of settlement that lays men low like this.

The thing that has impressed me most as I have gone from one hospital to another is the patience of these victims; the absence of all weakness and complaints. They are still soldiers with incredible endurance. A man with no legs will look up cheerfully at you and say with smiling satisfaction: "The pain is almost gone out of my feet to-day." Not a shadow on his face to indicate that he has gazed into the crystal of the awful years to come.

Yesterday as I was distributing fruit to the soldiers in the British Hospital—which was the fashionable Astoria Hotel—I saw a shape lying upon a bed on the opposite side of the ward, an object resembling the head and face of a man upon the pillow, wrapped

(Continued on Page 36)

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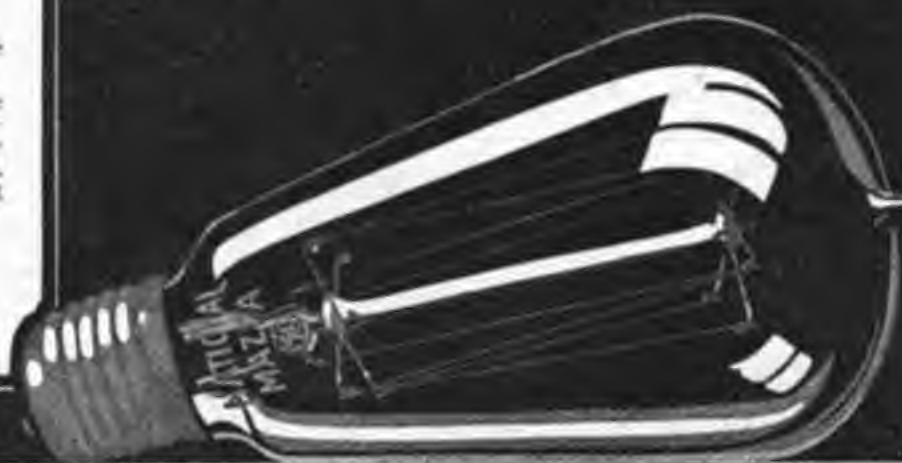
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(Continued from Page 34)

in cotton, with only holes for the eyes, nose and mouth. The thing moved. It lifted a hand swathed in bandages and stained with blood. But there was no mistaking the awful signal it made, imperative and reinforced by hoarse sounds resembling the remains of a voice. I obeyed. And as I drew near I saw two large blue eyes, clear summer skies, regarding me from beneath the cotton.

"Have you got a banana?" came the same voice through lips that could not move, burned beyond recognition as a human mouth.

I hesitated. I did indeed have some bananas, which I had been going to give the convalescents, but the idea of letting a man eat such an indigestible fruit, who had practically lost all of his face except his wonderful eyes, seemed doubtful.

"If you've got one do give it to him," said an orderly behind me. "He's been begging for bananas for a week."

I made haste to feed him, for he could not feed himself. I peeled the banana and poked it an inch at a time through the hole in the cotton above his mouth. The business was finished in about half a minute. Nothing was said between us, except that I promised to bring a bagful for him next time. This man had all the skin burned from his face, breast and hands by the explosion of a shell in a kettle of water he was boiling to make tea. It is needless to add that he was an Englishman. The only thing he had complained of was that the women never brought bananas when they came to visit the hospital.

These wards have their comedies connected with their frightful tragedies. A young lad, not quite seventeen years old, lies in the bed next to the man with the burned face. He lost one leg in the battle of the Aisne. When the pain left him he felt the need of diversion. He was very weak, sadly depressed, and being a French boy he could not long endure that. One day he begged the nurse to give him a little wine. Being very sorry for him she granted the request. A few minutes later another nurse came in. The same plea, with the same success. He had a third glass of wine—and so on with each nurse who came by, not one of them knowing that he had already been refreshed.

A Naughty Young Cherub

When the sixth one entered she was amazed to hear him shout with joy. He had reached the proper altitude of spirit. He had the legs of a centipede.

"What on earth is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"I'm happy, gloriously happy!" shouted the boy.

"You are intoxicated, and the Cardinal of Paris is just coming to visit the ward," she answered in despair.

"Hang the Cardinal of Paris!" giggled the boy.

At this moment the Cardinal did enter. The boy lay back upon his pillow, radiantly flushed, watching the great man as he walked down between the rows of beds. Presently the Cardinal caught sight of the young wine-glorified hero.

"What a beautiful boy! He looks like a cherub," he whispered to the outraged nurse.

Then he came across, bent low, kissed the boy's brow and took particular pains to bless him, while the ward held its breath, and the young rogue, suddenly sobered, received the benediction like a good Catholic.

In one of the upper rooms of this hospital I came upon an Irishman who must be a descendant of Sterne's famous Tristram Shandy. He was lying upon his cot, fully clothed in his khaki uniform. When I offered him some grapes he became confidential. He held up his metal cigarette case, which, he told me, he always carried in his breeches pocket. There was a hole through it, made by the bullet which also went through the Irishman.

"Wanter see where she came out of me?" he asked.

Before I could make up my mind about that he elevated himself to his knees, flitted over on his face, reached one hand back and poked a grimy finger into a hole in his trousers.

"And then," he exclaimed as he reversed himself, "she went through my water bottle. I was glad of that, for I knew she was out of me."

"Must have been a busy bullet," was all I could think of to say.

The Women's Hospital is in the Claridge Hotel, a magnificent building which was to have been opened to American tourists this fall. This hospital has a unique history. The head of it is Dr. Flora Murray, an ardent militant suffragist who was formerly physician to the "mice" when the militants were imprisoned and forcibly fed in England. At the beginning of hostilities she wisely avoided the British War Office and offered her services directly to the French Government. She has equipped one of the best hospitals in Paris. The surgeons, nurses and even the orderlies are all women. Only two or three men are employed, in menial positions. The work has been accomplished with such notable success as finally to win the approval of the British authorities. A feature of this hospital is a mortuary chapel.

"The mortality, you know, is very great," said Doctor Murray as she conducted me to the chapel. The room was flooded with subdued light and filled with flowers, and before the altar a flag-covered platform stood ready to receive the dead.

We hear much less in Paris than in London about German atrocities. But in one of the hospitals in the Champs Elysees there are three women and a little girl lying at the point of death, mangled by German shells. One has lost a leg, one an arm, one has a shattered spine, and the girl has half of her right foot torn off. This happened in a village near Rheims where many women and children were killed.

We heard in London that there has been a renaissance of religious faith in France since the beginning of the war. This was interesting, if true.

High Mass at the Madeleine

Still, a nation may have one soul in times of peace and quite another soul in times of war. For it is very difficult to preserve one's salvation with the most eloquent rationalism when cannons are blowing the breath of death across the land. Therefore, I went to high mass at the Madeleine on Sunday, where the scenes of the Christian faith are set with splendor.

As we approached the church I heard a roar in the heavens above—a queer sound, not of wings, but of a powerful motor. Instantly every face was lifted, and we saw the wide white flat wings of an aeroplane circling above the green roof of the Madeleine. On Sundays the Germans send their Taubes to drop bombs in Paris. This was one of three or four French airships which flew all day above the city to guard it from these fierce doves of the Kaiser's War God.

The church was crowded with old men and with women of every age. They were the fathers and mothers and wives of the French soldiers. Hundreds of candles burned before altars on both sides—the little short tapers of the poor and the very tall tapers placed there by the rich who could afford to spend more. But those tiny candles, many of them not more than two or three inches in height, they must have seemed more eloquent to the prayer-lifting angels.

Censers swung, the air was filled with smoking incense as the mass went on, the evidence of a piety deeply rooted in the hearts of these poor parents, these forlorn young wives and maidens, who could not save but could only pray for their sons and lovers. Still, one could see at a glance that these people did not represent the strength of France, but her weakness. They were the helpless ones, protected by men who were not praying but fighting and dying for France. So above the chanting of the priests and the sweet high tenor of the choir boys and the deep organ Amens I imagined that I could hear the whir and roar of that motor-bodied thing flying to and fro above the church. Instead of the ancient Angel of the Covenant this airship kept watch over that place. And I think after all this winged gun is more typical of the real faith of France at this moment than the priests and candles and kneeling people before the altars in the church below.

God is God and He is the maker of peace, not of war. I doubt if He has anything to do with this carnage, except to end it. And the laws of Nature and health which He has provided are already at work in that direction. One cannot drop shells upon cholera, or tetanus, or typhoid. These agents are busy in the trenches of both armies; and no science of war is equal to them. Give them time and they will conquer both armies.

However, there is no way to avoid faith. To believe in men is not so far from believing

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in God. It is a kind of limited but strong anthropomorphic faith in Him. And these people, especially the women, do believe in their men. One is impressed with the difference in the quality of their patriotism and the patriotism of the English women in this crisis. The latter do indeed believe in the courage of their soldiers. But over and above that they have a fanatical faith to the effect that England is inviolate, that no enemy can invade her whose sacred shores have not felt the tread of a foe since the days of William the Conqueror.

On the other hand, the French women know that forty-odd years ago this same enemy laid low the lilies of France. Yet with a valor scarcely less heroic than that of their men in the trenches they are confident of victory, and they are ready to endure the terrific losses which are the price paid for such victories. This is their piety. It has all the features of a great creed—sacrifice, charity, courage and faith.

The Highest of All Arts

Religion is the art of the soul. It is the power of illusion through which men lift themselves to behold the substance of things unseen, the evidence of things hoped for. The French people interpret this war in the terms of their own temperament, which is emotional and artistic—that is to say, religious. But their conceit is to avoid the vocabulary of piety and to translate their emotions in the more familiar one of art. Hanotaux, the famous French historian, calls war "the highest of all arts," meaning that the material used in it is the finest, most delicate and inspiring of all materials—man. To mold a million men into an invincible force is the highest expression of art.

However, it is the immaterial part, this material. It is the spirit, not the flesh and blood, of these soldiers which neither shot nor shell of the Germans can conquer, which lives with ever-increasing strength in spite of the terrors of death.

The one absolute certainty is that this "highest art" is the most destructive of all. It beggars every other art, burns cathedrals, makes stables of universities, reaps the manhood of a nation like grass, insures disease and desolation in exchange for peace and plenty. That which remains of it at the end of a century is a history, a few monuments, a generation impoverished and stunted in mind and body by the blood that was lost.

That is one of the reasonable arguments against this "highest art"; but I doubt if the people of a neutral nation like ours can withstand the convincing eloquence of an address given by René Doumic at the opening of the Institute on October the twenty-sixth. It is the first epic I have seen worthy of the hour in France. He calls it "The Soldier of 1914," and amongst other things says:

"War exalts the soul, widens it, purifies it. At the approach of a battlefield a sacred intoxication, a joy of saints, seizes hold of those to whom has been reserved the supreme joy of braving death for the country."

It is said that a million people fled from Paris during those fearful days when the Germans were so near that the thunder of their guns was heard here. When I wrote the first paragraphs of this story they were still absent. One night we heard an uproar in the streets. The next morning the streets were crowded with people. I will not go so far as to say that they all came home in the same hour, but certainly the change within twenty-four hours has been miraculous. The boulevards are filled with such dense throngs that it is difficult to move backward or forward in them. The cabs and taxis are in a violent commotion. Cafés that have been closed since the first days of August are opened, and the old garçons no longer have the leisure to stand by each guest and discourse upon the glories of France. The shops are crowded, the only difference being that no one can buy very fine things in them, for the things displayed are very drear, mostly black—cheap black frocks and woeful black hats with long veils. There is none of the "smart mourning" which we associate with the widows of Paris, and more particularly with the widows in America.

I heard one woman say: "It is strange not to be thinking of what we shall wear this winter."

They know. It will be either their last winter's frocks altered, or these cheap black clothes.

The daughter of the famous French scientist, Pasteur, is directing the overroir just opened in connection with the Institute. This will probably be the fashionable dress-making establishment in Paris this winter, for we shall have no Aphrodite-rising-from-the-sea fashions in Paris this year.

The people have indeed come home, but they are changed, as if they had been converted. They still have their ears to the ground, listening. The Germans are checked, but they are still on the soil of France. Their bombs are still falling on the city of Rheims.

This is no time to be gay, and they are serious, going in all directions, looking at everything, not with the eyes of tourists, but like a great family that has come home after a terrible experience and wishes to behold with the sense of possession the churches and altars, the arches and towers and galleries and monuments of its beloved city.

If it is a mood, it is at least a mood becoming to a people that has suffered much and barely escaped the worst.

We hear that the military governor of Paris is very much displeased because so many people have returned. This is the only intimation we have of what is going on. There is literally no news here of the war, only the most meager details of what happens at the front, and not even that until it is three days old.

The most significant thing I have heard was from a physician at the head of one of the hospitals. I remarked upon the few patients in a place which could accommodate hundreds.

"Yes," was the answer, "the wounded we have are going out rapidly now as convalescents; but we have been warned to prepare for as many as we can take within ten days."

The fighting is now on the coast, too far away for the wounded to be brought here. But in ten days! That must mean that the scenes are to be shifted nearer, and the women of Paris must be ready to receive their dead and wounded here.

Making Gas Safe

HOW to render gasoline fumes practically harmless is one of the great problems to-day, when gasoline cars and engines for all kinds of uses are spitting out vast quantities of exhaust gas. There is good reason to hope that a practical remedy will be found before long. Already one partial cure has been discovered.

In blasting out the great Mount Royal Tunnel, at Montreal, the railroad engineers thought they had found a remedy for gasoline fumes that would make possible the use of gasoline engines for hauling out rock as the tunnel heading advanced. The deadly feature of gasoline exhaust fumes is carbon-monoxide gas. A very little of this is dangerous. One cubic foot of carbon-monoxide gas in a thousand cubic feet of air is very serious.

The exhaust contains a considerable proportion of this deadly gas. The exhaust also has a large percentage of carbon-dioxide gas, which is comparatively harmless. The most dangerous thing about carbon-dioxide gas is that its presence in unduly large quantities means that the air is low in oxygen and so may not have sufficient for safety.

Accordingly the engineers of the tunnel tried to turn the carbon-monoxide gas into the comparatively safe carbon-dioxide gas by passing the exhaust over lime. Their scheme was sound theoretically, but did not work completely. Part of the harmful gas was made harmless, but part still remained in its natural condition.

As a result the engineers gave up the use of gasoline engines in such close quarters. Nevertheless, their idea is being studied; and there is hope that by some method along this line success may be obtained.

Experiments by the United States Bureau of Mines have recently shown that it is possible to figure out exactly the conditions under which a gasoline engine may be operated safely in a confined space, such as a mine.

A system has been discovered by which any engineer can tell how much carbon monoxide any particular engine is likely to puff out under bad conditions; and then, by figuring the amount of air in the confined space and the amount of fresh air coming in, the engineer can determine whether a given gasoline engine can be operated with safety.



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MADE IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 18)

that he was born near there; but, as a commentary sagely remarks, Big Jim does not look as though he was born anywhere close to water—nor do many of the Navajo adults or infants who are on the pay roll at the big hotel, or even the young girl, Naspah, who knows just enough English to say "Nothing doing!" if you want to photograph her and do not produce a good United States quarter.

The commonest trip of the park is down the Bright Angel Trail and back again the same day. The next most popular journey is the Loop, down the Hermit Trail and back the next day, up the Cañon on the Tonto or plateau trail, and the Bright Angel Trail. If one has time a wagon journey to one or more of the independent trails and resorts may be and should be made. One can cross by ferry at the foot of the Bass Trail and get into an untracked world.

There are many who believe that the view obtainable from the rim during a carriage drive along the handsomely built roads laid by the railroad company is sufficient to give one a perfect acquaintance with the Cañon. The average stop of thirty-three thousand tourists who visited the Cañon in 1913 was only one and three-quarters days a head. The average expenditure by each tourist was only nine dollars.

The business of seeing the easily seen parts of the Cañon when you get there may be brief, if you like to be brief in such an undertaking, or if you are obliged to be; but that is not seeing the Grand Cañon. It was in the undertaking to add greater flexibility to the Cañon program that the railroad and hotel company built the Hermit Trail, which was only opened for business last year. Perhaps fifteen thousand dollars were spent on this. It was intended to spend about twenty-eight thousand dollars in carrying the trail from the rim down to the water's edge. The last nine hundred feet of the drop and the last mile and a half or so of the distance did not end at the Colorado River, as was planned. On the contrary, it ended in an injunction suit.

Some might think that the last place in the world to find an injunction suit would be at the bottom of the Grand Cañon; but any such would be ignorant of the possibilities of the American character and the United States land laws. Not long after the old Indian and horse-thief and cattle and mining days an enterprising citizen, by the name of Mr. Ralph Cameron, began to see the possibilities of the American west-bound civilization.

Once on a time Coconino County had an auction of the effects of a certain mining company, including one more or less feasible trail of checkered history—to wit, the Bright Angel. At auction Mr. Cameron bid in this trail, for a promise of one-fifth of the trail's revenue, it sometimes is alleged. The said revenue he later purposed to secure by charging a toll of one dollar a head for every animal going down or up the trail. And that county toll of one dollar a head you, as a tourist, pay for your mule, whether you pay it direct to Mr. Cameron's collectors or to the hotel company for transmission.

More Trails Needed

The questions of more trails, more accommodation for the public and a wider extension of roads into adjacent regions are certain to come forward with swiftness in the near future. The United States Government has as yet really spent very little money in Grand Cañon development. The road along the rim cost the railroad company about thirty thousand dollars; yet the Government does not allow the running of an auto truck for the carrying of water, even at midnight, when there is no horse traffic on the road. In short, the management of this, the prime attraction of all our scenic wonders, seems to be made up of a mixture of popular ignorance and governmental narrowness.

As a tourist attraction the Grand Cañon is an all-the-year-round proposition. There is no month in the year when it cannot be visited with pleasure. Ice and snow are there at times, but rarely or never in such quantity as to be unpleasant. May, September and October are perhaps the most admirable months; but one can go in March and get down into the Cañon safely, and there is not a day in any month when the

Cañon will not afford a thrill for any observer. It is generally supposed that it can best be seen in fair weather, but it takes a storm to show the Cañon at its best. Then, indeed, you do get color of which you never dreamed, light effects almost unbelievable. When the clouds lift and the mists roll up and the tips of the countless pillars are revealed under the shafts of the sun—then you see the Cañon in better mood than when it lies under a glare of burning white. And when you see the Cañon in winter you are sure that is the only time.

From the usual viewpoints, on the south side of the Cañon, the sunset is better than the sunrise. The most inveterate late riser is very apt to get up to see the sun rise. You look from your window at daybreak and you do not see the Cañon at all. What was the Cañon is now filled level full with a deep, blue mist that seems almost a solid. It melts and breaks away in long streams of varicolored vapors, until, finally, slowly the entire interior is lighted and lies disclosed in its myriad hues of orange, pink—all the colors of the palette that men have tried to put on canvas.

These wonderful atmospheric effects are due to the great depth of the Cañon, due to the extreme dryness and clearness of the desert air, and to the color effects of the Cañon's walls themselves. Here you have the greatest geological exposition to be seen anywhere in the world; the deepest secrets of the past lie frankly before you. The trail makers and geologists have written down some facts for us, just as one may write down in sequence the colors of a sunset, the one meaning no more than the other.

On the Floor of the Cañon

At the rim lies the limestone, white, easily disintegrated—Kaibab limestone, they call it, after a part of that desert land. There is seven hundred feet of this, and the trail makers would be happy if only it would last, for they get down through that part of the Cañon wall easily. Then comes the great stratum you see strongly banding the walls, miles and miles in extent, three hundred feet deep—a light sandstone, broken and bad and difficult. Then you reach eleven hundred feet of red sandstone, not put in with the express purpose of trail building either. Below this you get five hundred and fifty feet of what is known as blue sandstone, though really it is red sandstone stained blue with leachings from the lime above.

So far you have been building your trail through the Carboniferous Age. You ought now to find the Devonian and Silurian Ages before you, according to the books; but the Cañon seems not to have been laid out by the rule. It drops seven hundred feet through green shale, with occasionally some more limestone for a sandwich. Then you get two hundred and fifty feet of buff sandstone, grading down in long talus heaps to the foot of the wall cliffs.

You are now at the floor of the Cañon, on the great Plateau, but not at the bed of the river. To reach that you must pass through thirteen hundred feet of the old and hard granite of the Inner Gorge. This granite is what makes the Devil's Corkscrew at the foot of Bright Angel Trail so difficult. The Hermit Trail hits the Cameronian Injunction Age before it gets to the Laurentian granite, but it shows seven and a half miles of fine trail building. You will always remember the Cathedral Stairs, as well as Hell's Half Acre, which lies on the Tonto Trail between the rim trails.

Garden Creek and Bright Angel Creek lie in faults, or broken-edged upheavals; and the giant walls themselves along the rim also are faults, the elevation rising about one hundred feet to the mile from south to north. Just what magic wrought all this only the Great Alchemist can say; but, at least, here lie the elements of that tremendous color scheme which has made Grand Cañon the prime wonder of all the world. The overshadowing presence of the great Cañon, as it is, dominates all things past and present.

At any rate, here is your Cañon. It is yours, mind you—not the property of any corporation or of any individual, but the property of this country—your property, to have and to hold; to enjoy and to appreciate; to love, honor and cherish.

The question is often asked whether or not the trails into the Cañon are dangerous

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for the traveler to take. "Doesn't it make one dizzy?" a timid tourist will inquire. Certainly it makes some people dizzy, but the dizziness is what you pay for. Thousands or hundreds of thousands of women have made the trip safely down the Bright Angel or the other trails; and, so far as known, there has never been an accident.

Without the North American mule the Cañon would not be feasible. One bold soul suggested building a funicular railroad down one of the side cañons; but happily this project was abandoned. Hence we have the funicular mule. He is strictly nonakid; his spark plugs never get too much carbon on them, and his carburetor always works. He approaches each turn after a fashion of his own, totally indifferent to the dizziness of the height. His neck, which to you will seem at least twenty feet long, goes out into space. Perhaps he untelescopes it another twenty feet to get hold of a bunch of leaves over the brink.

You are sure you are going to fall some five thousand feet in a straight drop; but the mule thinks otherwise. He values his precious neck far more than he does yours, and really is taking no chances at all. He is only waiting for his hind feet to catch up with his fore feet, for he cannot turn round until they do. This once effected, he groans deeply, turns about, and sets forth at forty-five degrees of angle and perhaps twenty-five per cent of drop—and at the next corner does it all over again. Many of the mules have made the ascent and descent scores and hundreds of times; and how they do it is also one of the wonders of the world, for some tourists do sit passing heavy on a saddletree.

"I'm bow-legged from helpin' 'em down," said one guide. "First thing they do is to grab the hitchin' rack an' say: 'Thank God, I'm saved!' Sometimes pore Mister Guide then has to carry them from the hitchin' rack into the dinin' room!"

A good mountain man can take these trails up or down on foot; but ninety-five per cent of those who think they can do it are by no means mountain men. One chap, to save mule hire, tried it, and gave out halfway up. It cost him eight dollars extra for a rescue party. One woman tried it, and was in the Cañon until past midnight, desperately frightened.

Alcibiades and Mr. Slim

However, into as well as along the Cañon you certainly should go, and certainly you should spend at least one night at the bottom—a night you never will forget. Then you will learn what stars can be and what silence is. With the tremendous calm all about you, you will look into your own mirror and see yourself perhaps as you really are—not very large. Get up at two o'clock in the morning, if need be, and see the moon hanging far above you over Pima Point, the latter three-quarters of a mile straight up, like the wall of a well. The sight will remain with you always. It is the Cañon in yet another mood—yet, as always, entirely indifferent to you; careless and ignorant of your existence.

At the bottom of the Cañon you will find a resthouse, to which all the water and food is brought down on the backs of mules or burros. Perhaps here you will make the acquaintance of Alcibiades, the donkey who regularly carries two hundred pounds of water; and of his master, Slim, the cook, condemned sometimes to live by himself at the bottom of the Cañon, for in three months only about two hundred and fifty tourists take the Hermit loop trip.

"They come down here," says Slim—"all sorts of 'em; an' they would drive me to drink if there was anything to drink—which there ain't. Now last week there come a Englishwoman here. She was travelin' all by herself, seein' this country, an' she allowed to do the Grand Cañon proper. She wore a man's hat an' a single-barreled eyeglass screwed into her eye, an' there wasn't nothin' on earth could shake that eyeglass out. Neither was there anything could jar the Englishwoman—she took it all just the way it come. She shore could eat and drink—it hustled me an' Alcibiades plenty to keep her goin'. Then she come to me an' said she had to have a bawth.

"Bawth, ma'am!" said I. "We can't run no bawth down here. That's the last thing we kin do. It's all Alcibiades kin do to git the water for your tea." But that didn't make no difference. She had to have a bawth. So finally I thinks of that clean hole us fellows has scraped out in the

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Hermit Creek down below about a quarter of a mile, an' I leads the Englishwoman, single-barreled eyeglass an' all, down to that place, and come on back to the camp. About fifteen minutes afterward she come to me on a keen jump—eyeglass still stickin' in her eye.

"My word!" says she, "there's somethin' down there! I think it was a bear. Come an' see," says she. "I really cawn't take a bawth where there's a bear about, you know!"

"I declined to go back—told her I was scared in the dark; but the next mornin' I went down there, an' blamed if there wasn't a bullfrog settin' there, long as my hand! It was a petrified frog. Now where he come from I don't know. Of course there ain't no bear. Like enough she heard that frog make some sort o' petrified noise, an' natchelly it scared her."

"They come here from everywhere," continued Slim. "Masons an' Shriners, they get their new members up on Pima Point or Yavapai Point or somewhere where the lookin' down is good, an' they take 'em through the third degree—what? An' not long ago there was three hundred Methodist preachers started in a quarterly meetin' right up there on one of the rim points. Twelve cow-punchers was in from the range, an' they set in. I asked one of 'em what was the text, an' he says to me: 'What the preacher preached on? Why, I'll tell you. He says, says he: "Say, boys, don't this beat hell?"'

"I lowed they didn't any Methodist preacher in the world ever say anything like that at all. An', havin' nothin' to do down here by myself three or four days at a stretch, I found a place in the Good Book where it says: 'The works of the Lord are great!' I reckon that's what the preacher was tryin' to translate."

"The other morning forty schoolma'ams come down here—I like schoolma'ams an' stenographers special—an' one of 'em says to me: 'Mr. Slim, don't you never get lonesome down here?' They all ask that. I says: 'No, ma'am, I ain't lonesome—none to-day anyways.' An' I don't reckon any of 'em would be if they had to cook for forty folks all in a bunch, an' only Alei-blades to fetch the water."

Usually one guide will be the brave leader of anywhere from five to fifteen or twenty ladies—they outnumber the men three or four to one. After a season or two of this work a guide's face has a look of settled melancholy.

Little Henry and the Lion's Den

There is a cave, well known as the Lion's Den, not far from Bright Angel Trail; and this is nearly always used by the guides to get the attention of timid tourists fixed on something besides the dizziness of the trail. The lion saga has many variants; and there are other stories also. Once, last summer, some small animal had perished near the trail and left olfactory evidence of that fact. This was seized on by one of the guides, Little Henry by name, as an opportunity for revenge on an especially pernicious tourist.

"Ma'am," said Little Henry, "you ask me what makes that, and I will tell you, though I don't like to. The truth is that about two weeks ago a tourist lady and her mule both fell off the trail right over yonder and was killed. We've been trying ever since to get their bodies, especially that of the mule; but we can't, no how. I oughtn't to tell you this. Don't let 'em know up to the hotel that I have, for it's as much as my job is worth—you see, we ain't allowed to tell about these accidents."

Any of the guides will give you a prompt answer to any question you ask, and each knows the names of all the features of interest—or is supposed to know them. That were a task for any master in mnemonics, for of all the disjointed nomenclature ever inflicted on any country that investing the topography of the Grand Cañon carries away the banner. Just who bestowed these names it is difficult to say, though one suspects the geologists of Washington.

You will find Thor's Hammer and Wotan's Throne over against Krishna Shrine and Rama Shrine and Vishnu's Temple. Apollo and Jupiter and Juno have one good temple each. Malgosa Crest—Spanish—is near the Quagmire Butte, which does not seem so Spanish. Escalante Butte effects a rapprochement with Moran's Point, which seems Irish, though famous. There is a Valhalla Plateau and an Ottoman Amphitheater; and far out you will see points

named Isis and Horus and Osiris—which most guides innocently call Bucyrus.

Then you come to Confucius, but do not remain Chinese, and pass on to Siva and the Cheops Pyramid. Zoroaster has a temple, and Pollux and Brahma—over against Walapai Point, which is plain Indian. And you have, also, a Point Huitzil and Montezuma Point, and other things Aztec and Toltec; as well as plenty of Scandinavian and Greek and Bostonian.

Mr. Hance left his name on the map, as did Bucky O'Neil and Mr. Bass. Bucky O'Neil had a point named after him—one which hung out handsomely over the sheer drop of the Cañon—but that has been changed. Colonel Chemebueva and Mr. Drummond and Mr. Geikie are all on the map—you suspect the latter of being honored by our Geological Survey as well as that of Canada. And then there are King Arthur and Guinevere; but somehow Lancelot is nix.

The focus of human events at the Cañon—most of the peace and bliss of sherry and sunset, as well as the storm center of affairs—now lies at the head of Bright Angel Trail. At the foot of that trail you may, if you like, take a journey across to the other side of the Cañon and go lion hunting in a very wild region, after outfitting at Rust's Camp, as did Colonel Roosevelt. There is a cable and cage offering transport. You may pull yourself over in a boatwain's chair, if you like, and crank your cage back. There is no danger, unless you fall out; but the water looks rather sickening below you, with its savage boils and eddies.

The Bright Angel's Promise

Once across, if you like, you may try the swing bridge of hay wire and cedar poles across Bright Angel Creek. Carry a case of condensed milk over that bridge if you want a sensation even larger than Rye or Rastus or Major, or other good mule and true, has given you on the trail. If you like a calmer problem for contemplation, figure on the siphoning of Bright Angel Creek across this mighty cañon and lifting it by a series of electric pumps up to the southern rim. That, too, is on the cards.

The question is often asked where the Bright Angel Trail got its name. How much advertising value attaches to that lucky title no one can tell. It is in something of the same class with Almost-a-Dog Mountain in Glacier Park, or Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, which, it always seemed to me, is the best name carried by any mountain in all the world. Tradition has it that Major Powell gave this name to the Bright Angel Creek, being overjoyed to see some fresh water after many days of the Colorado's turgid and alkaline flood.

Little Henry, one of the guides, will tell a tourist that the name was given by two Spaniards who many years ago were descending the Colorado River in skin boats—please note the skin boats. In the night one of them had a dream and saw the figure of a bright angel beckoning to him. The said bright angel promised the two hardy Spaniards they should find fresh water the next day—and so they did.

This tale savoring somewhat of Powell, I told Little Henry that it was a good story and asked him where he got it.

"Well," he said, "I made it up partways. You have to be ready to answer all sorts of questions in this business."

The great drawback to the general development of the Grand Cañon is, of course, the lack of water. If you had a government concession for a hotel anywhere along the southern rim of the Cañon, what would you do with it? You are in the dry Southwest, where there are more cows and less milk, more rivers and less water, than anywhere else in the world. "You can look farther here and see less than anywhere on earth," one dissatisfied rancher used to say; "but what do you expect of a country where you dig in the ground for wood, climb a tree for water, and spell hickory with a j? And they got so much land here, they had to stack it." A hotel concession in such a country is not all velvet. The most important hotel company has no monopoly of the Cañon proper. The Government gave it a deed to only twenty-one acres.

At one time Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Sage and George Gould were all there at once. The manager of the hotel gravely suggested to Mr. Carnegie that it would be good business to kidnap him and hold him for a ransom. It tickled the Scotch laird immensely.

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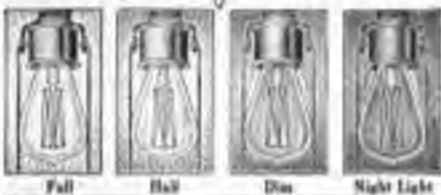


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"No," said he; "try that on Gould over there. They'd pay more for him!"

Visitors come from all over the world. Of these seventy-five per cent or more are women. The Cañon is fashionable, yes; but its main support comes from the every-day folks of the country—the best of all support.

What is the cost of a trip to the Grand Cañon? From most of the states of the Middle West, or pretty well to the East, you can buy a round trip across the continent and back, by two different transcontinental lines of railroad, for less than one hundred and fifty dollars. At the Cañon itself, if you wish to travel on a liberal basis, you can get room and bath, with meals, for six dollars a day at the leading hotel. America has nothing better—Europe nothing so good—for the sightseer. Your mules and guides and carriage drives, if you "do yourself well," will run your total bill up to ten or twelve dollars a day. For fifteen dollars a day at the Cañon you have about all there is to purchase and may rank yourself with the *haute noblesse*.

If you wish to travel simply and with equal self-respect, you can go to one of the outlying camps or to the cottage camp maintained near the station by the big hotel, and get a room alone for a dollar a day. Two women, for instance, can get a room for a dollar and a half a day. On this basis, with meals *à la carte*, as they can be had, a traveler can get along on two dollars, two dollars and a quarter or two dollars and a half a day, staying on foot. This is cheaper than doing an ordinary tour in Europe. The divers independent camps are also reasonable.

An average adequate daily expense at the Cañon might be about seven dollars and a half a day. This does not include bows and arrows, paintings by Thomas Moran or others, postal cards, or portraits of Indian chieftains pyrographically inflicted on a suffering sheepskin.

All who come to the Grand Cañon—ignorant or educated, laity or clergy—feel the note preeminently its own. There is something about it that compels reverence. It is the greatest sermon ever written in the world.

"The peace . . . which passeth all understanding"—that's what it says to me when I see it in the sunlight," said one who lives there the year round.

"I look into the Cañon," he went on, "all the time, and I never weary of it; and it always gives me shame. What do you see in it? You see yourself—your standards that you didn't keep; your failures; your littleness; your worthlessness, stacked up against your own early standards—that's what you see. How small it leaves one feeling!"

"Once a preacher came here," went on the same man, "and wanted to build a church; and he came to me expecting a good-sized donation. I said to him: 'Church? How much will I give you to build a church? Not a damned cent for your church will I give you! We've got the greatest church in all the world already. It would be a desecration to build any other near it. And music? A grand pipe organ, perhaps; no other will I have here.'"

You yourself must go there sometime to get your reckoning with yourself and your reckoning with the great things of life. Perhaps you may say that your great hour was precisely at that spot.

War Searchlights

NEW searchlights that form exceedingly difficult targets for an enemy's shots are now used in the European war, having been perfected just before it commenced. Ordinary searchlights are, of course, good marks for an enemy, though not so good as might be expected. Their use on a battle line has many restrictions because of the aim they afford.

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LUCKY NUMBERS

(Continued from Page 15)

"What do you all want me to do?" Leon demanded. "Grow a beard and wear an alpaca caftan?"

"For my part you could wear a Buster Brown suit," said Max. "What are you so sore about?"

"I ain't sore about nothing," Leon declared. "But when Abe Potash goes to work and in a whole room full of people says I am a back number, y'understand, and that I am too old to dance, Margonin, I got a right to be sore."

"No, you ain't got right, Sammet," said Max. "Potash has got right. You are too old to dance. Any business man is too old to dance. Only a lunatic wants to dance, Sammet."

"Is that so?" Leon retorted. "Well, I suppose Mawruss Perlmutter is a lunatic?"

"He would be if he danced, Sammet; but he don't," Max replied.

"Don't he?" Sammet said.

"He's got too much sense, Sammet," Margonin said. "Morris Perlmutter is my niece's husband, Sammet, and I'm happy to say that I got every confidence in that feller, which you can imagine, Sammet, it's a great satisfaction to me."

"But, Margonin—" Sammet began.

"Because nowadays, Sammet," Max continued, disregarding the interruption, "relations is such loafers, what with oiter-mobiles and dancing, y'understand, that a feller is practically forced he should leave his money to charity, which before I would see my money go that way, Sammet, I would get married again with a large family of children to worry me that I should never get a peaceful moment again so long as I live."

"But just now," Sammet began again, "Abe Potash says to me —"

"Never mind about Abe Potash," Margonin went on. "Even if I wouldn't get much use for that feller, Sammet, you got to admit he's a good business man, and with a partner like Morris Perlmutter to hold him down, he would —"

"Hold him down!" Sammet exclaimed. "What are you talking nonsense? If any one of them loafers does the holding down it's Potash, Margonin. Because when it comes to sporting round, y'understand, it don't make no difference if it is dancing, pinochle, oiter-mobiles or going on theaters, Margonin, Mawruss Perlmutter is right there every time."

Max shrugged his shoulders and began quietly enough.

"Admitting you are a business man," he said, "why should you knock Morris Perlmutter to me? I'm not his customer, Sammet; I'm his wife's uncle."

"That's your misfortune," Sammet said. But Margonin only recognized the interruption by a slight crescendo.

"Which even though I am willing to believe anything bad about a relation by marriage, Sammet," he continued, gaining force as he proceeded, "coming from a competitor I know it's all lies, and especially the dancing part, Sammet, which I have sat night after night with Mawruss, Sammet, and for all he knows about how to dance, Sammet, he might of got locomotive attacks you in the legs, and that's what for a liar you are, Sammet."

Under the circumstances Sammet exhibited great moderation.

"If you would pass such a remark with some loafers," he said, "they would quick make for you a blue eye. But it ain't necessary for me to get mad at all, Margonin, because I can prove what I say."

"You, you can prove what you say!" Margonin jeered.

"Allright," Sammet retorted; "I wouldn't argue with you, Margonin. Just come along with me, that's all."

He seized Max by the elbow and walked him round the corner of the veranda until they reached the windows of the grillroom. With one hand he held Margonin's sleeve policeman-fashion, while with the other he pointed to a table at which sat Miss Kammer with Mrs. Lesengeld.

"Keep your eye on that table, Margonin," he said.

"Leggo my arm!" said Margonin, but before he could struggle to free himself Leon released his hold.

"Look!" he cried. "That shows if I'm a liar or not."

Max gasped as he saw Morris Perlmutter approach Miss Kammer, who rose smiling from the table and placed her hand on

his nephew-in-law's shoulder. A moment later Morris grasped her round the waist and they stumped away to the strains of the latest fox trot.

"So I'm a liar, am I?" Leon demanded. But Max made no reply. Indeed, throughout the entire course of that lucky-number contest he remained silently gazing while couple after couple were eliminated by Harold Mendelberg, who stood on a chair in the middle of the dancing floor. As for Leon, he could not restrain his satisfaction, and every time Morris and Miss Kammer came within Margonin's field of vision he nudged Max and demanded anew, with a rising note of triumph, "So I'm a liar, am I?" until Max could stand it no longer.

"Yes, Sammet," he said; "you're a liar, and Perlmutter is a liar and everybody is a liar."

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"I'm a liar too, Sammet," he went on, "because I said I wouldn't do it, but I will."

"Do what?" Leon inquired.

"Get married again," Max replied, and started to walk back to his secluded corner. He had proceeded about a dozen feet when Leon caught up with him.

"Excuse me, Margonin," he said anxiously, "but might I ask if you've got any particular lady in mind?"

Max looked at Sammet and for the first time he comprehended the true significance of Leon's attire. He felt himself growing suddenly red in the face, and to cover his confusion he glared ferociously at Leon, to whom Margonin's answer seemed to possess a familiar ring.

"That's my business," Margonin said, and he strode rapidly toward the grillroom entrance.

"WELL, Mawruss," Abe cried the following morning, after they had removed their hats and coats, "what did I told you? When you and me give the decision last night to Miss Schoen and that young archytek in the one-step contest, y'understand, I smiled at Adolph Schoen and he smiled at me. This morning I nailed him on the train, Mawruss, and he's going to give a look in here this afternoon."

Morris beamed with satisfaction. "The archytek was a good dancer, Abe," he said.

"Abe, the other judge was right, Mawruss," Abe said. "That young lady in the garment which looked like our style 3950, excepting the belt wasn't stitched on the front, Mawruss, danced a whole lot better as Miss Schoen. I don't blame him he wanted to give the prize to her."

"Sure, I don't blame him," Morris retorted. "That's a daughter from Max Lemberg, the Arctic Fur Company, Detroit. You should have seen to it that instead of a manufacturing furrier, the other judges was in a line like cloth sponging, oder coat pads, which don't sell goods to retailers."

"But I told him that Schoen is going to put in a fur department next fall," Abe said. "Is he?" Morris asked.

"How should I know?" Abe replied. "Do you think Adolph Schoen consults me about such matters?"

"Well, that judge acted all right in the hesitation contest," Morris said. "He didn't kick at all that we give the prize to Miss Herzberg. He said she was way the best dancer in the room."

Abe flipped his fingers impatiently.

"Say, when it comes right down to it, Mawruss, there was other good dancers too," he said. "But he told me in the strictest confidence that he's been selling for ten years Herzberg's Arcade's fur department and he was scared stiff we would give the prize to somebody else. Mawruss, and if we did done so, Mawruss, Max Herzberg would never of forgave him."

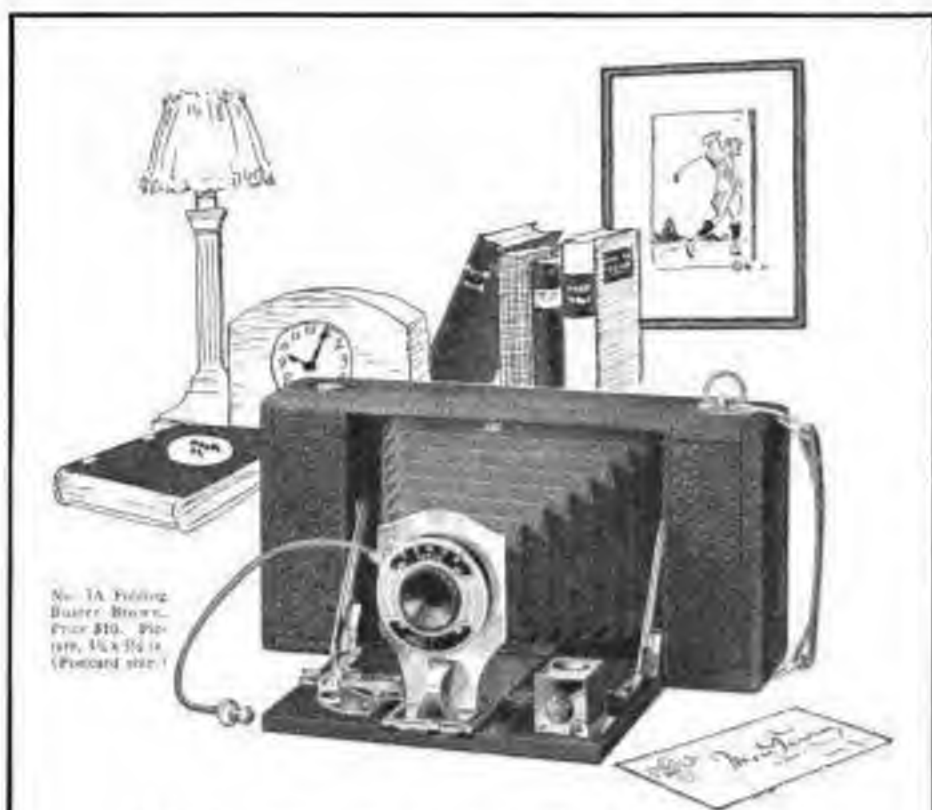
"Our worries whether Max Herzberg forgives that manufacturing furrier or not. The point is, will Herzberg buy a bill of goods maybe?"

"Henry Lesengeld also," Abe said.

"I bet you," Morris said fervently. "I took enough chances on account of Miss Kammer. Every moment I expected to see Uncle Max come into the room."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you bother your head about that feller for, Mawruss?" he protested. "Suppose he does find out you're dancing, Mawruss, the most he will do is to pass a couple cutting remarks and fertig."



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"Cutting remarks I can stand," Mawruss said. "Aber—Why, how do you do, Mr. Lesengeld?"

He jumped to his feet and ran toward the elevator, from which Henry Lesengeld had just alighted.

"What brought you here so early, Mr. Lesengeld?" Abe asked, and winked furtively at Morris.

"Well, I'll tell you," Lesengeld replied. "I wanted to —"

"Come inside and sit down," Abe said, leading the way into the office.

"But I wanted to see," Lesengeld continued, "in particular —"

"Our lines we will show you later," Abe cried. "Mawruss, the cigars!"

"Never mind the cigars," Lesengeld protested. "I called to see Perlmutter."

"Well, you catch us both in," Abe replied, somewhat chagrined. "Me and my partner we got no jealousies one from the other, Mr. Lesengeld. We each sell our share of the goods here."

Lesengeld waved both hands at Abe.

"What do you mean—goods?" he said.

"I want to talk to Perlmutter a little something private, Potash, if you don't mind."

"You want to talk to me private?" Morris said. "But I ain't got nothing private from my partner, Mr. Lesengeld. So fire ahead."

For a moment Lesengeld hesitated.

"All right," he said at last. "If you want me to do so I will do so."

He cleared his throat impressively.

"I should like to ask you simply a question, Perlmutter," he said. "The question is from the financial standing of Mister Margonin."

Morris and Abe exchanged puzzled glances.

"Uncle Max is all right," Morris replied at last. "Uncle Max has got money, Mr. Lesengeld. Whatever Uncle Max buys he can afford to pay for."

"Aber when you say he's got money, Perlmutter," Lesengeld continued, "you must understand that my sister-in-law, Miss Pauline Kammer, has got also money, y'understand, and unless Max Margonin is got at the lowest estimate twice so much as my sister-in-law got it, then what is the use of talking?"

The color left Morris' face and he sat down heavily in his chair.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lesengeld," Abe said.

"What has Max Margonin got to do with Miss Kammer?"

Lesengeld appeared to grow slightly indignant.

"Of course, Potash," he said, "if you and Perlmutter is got such a copartnership agreement which goes share and share alike on relations as well as stock and fixtures, y'understand, I couldn't kick exactly. At the same time I should like to know what is it your business if Max Margonin asks me that he wants to marry my sister-in-law?"

"Max Margonin asks you he should marry Miss Kammer!" Morris cried.

"When was this he asked you?"

"Last night late," Lesengeld replied; "and I must say, Perlmutter, that I think Margonin is right. When a couple of fellows like you and Potash goes to work and gives a prize to a daughter from Schoen Brothers & Company, y'understand, which this morning I hear it that Schoen is opening across the street from me in Cincinnati a branch from their Toledo store, y'understand, then all I can say is, Perlmutter, you couldn't expect otherwise."

"Couldn't expect what otherwise?" Morris asked.

"Why, Margonin says he was watching you last night for pretty near half an hour, and he says the longer you are dancing there the more he sees it you ain't to be depended upon, y'understand. So he makes up his mind then and there that what is the use staying single for the sake of relations which after he is dead—God forbid!—would play with his money like marbles already."

"But I was dancing with Miss Kammer," Morris protested.

"Even so," Lesengeld retorted. "You weren't doing me no favors, Perlmutter, and don't you think so for a moment neither."

There was a brief silence, during which Morris moistened his parched lips and gazed reproachfully at his partner.

"This is your idea, Abe," he croaked at last.

"What do you mean—my idea?" Abe asked. "Was it my idea you should take from that loafer dancing lessons, Mawruss?"

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Did I do the reckoning from overhead expenses? What the devil you are talking nonsense?"

Lesengeld shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"It don't make no difference whose idea the idea was," he declared. "The question is: Has Mister Max Margonin got from the lowest estimate one hundred thousand dollars, Perlmutter? Otherwise I would advise her she should accept Leon Sammet and be done with it."

It was now Abe's turn to grow pale.

"Accept Leon Sammet!" he cried in anguished tones, and Lesengeld nodded.

"He is also wanting to marry my sister-in-law," he explained.

Abe Potash gulped convulsively and laid an emphatic forefinger on Lesengeld's knee.

"Then let me tell you something, Mr. Lesengeld," he said: "Max Margonin is a very rich man, Mr. Lesengeld."

At the words "very rich" he twice sank his forefinger up to the second knuckle in the fatty layer above Mr. Lesengeld's right sartorial muscle.

"A very rich man, Mr. Lesengeld," he continued. "Some people which is considered millionaires should have Max Margonin's money, Mr. Lesengeld, and I wouldn't mind to schenck my worst enemy the overestimate."

At this evidence of his partner's treachery Morris could not restrain a heavy groan, which Lesengeld mistook for involuntary corroboration of Abe's statement. He therefore felt that the object of his visit had been attained, and reached for his hat.

"I believe you, Potash," he said, "and to show you I ain't got no hard feelings against you boys I will give you something a little advice." He paused impressively on his way to the elevator door.

"For a business man," he said, "dancing is nix."

After his departure Abe and Morris sat for at least ten minutes without making a sound.

"Well, what did I tell you when you started to learn, Mawruss?" Abe said at last. Morris groaned again.

"You are shedding my blood, Abe," he declared.

"Me shedding your blood?" Abe cried. "Could you expect me I should sit still and let Leon Sammet get away with that elegant shidduch? Do you want you should lose Margonin's money and Lesengeld's account both?"

He rose to his feet and placed his hand on Morris' shoulder.

"When you consider what you're up against in the way of competition from charities and ladies, Mawruss, to say nothing of Margonin's good health," he concluded, "there's a sight more money in selling goods as waiting for rich relations to die on you, Mawruss, and don't you forget it."

VI

ON THE following evening no one could have accused Leon Sammet of looking like a young fellow as he sat at his table in the empty dining room of the Victoria Hotel. For there were no white trousers and clean shave to minimize the ravages of his fifty-five years. He had purposely restricted his toilet to a mere hand washing and had foregone shaving so that he might be early enough to view the arrival of Abe and Morris and thus derive a little comfort from their chagrined appearance. But he was destined to be disappointed.

Promptly at a quarter past seven Abe appeared at the dining-room door, and though there was much anxiety in his manner there was very little of chagrin. Even this air of anxiety disappeared after the head waiter had nodded vigorously and had pointed to a large round table in the corner of the dining room, which Leon observed to bear a quantity of flowers and glassware. There were eight places laid, and by the side of one of the chairs reposed an ice-bucket, from which protruded the necks of two bottles crowned with gold foil.

Hardly had Leon ceased to wonder at these preparations when Abe reappeared at the doorway, heading a small procession of seven people who seated themselves at the round table in apparently prearranged order. Abe sat down by the champagne bucket. At his right was seated Max Margonin. Next to Max sat Minnie Perlmutter and then came Henry Lesengeld, Mrs. Potash, Morris Perlmutter and Mrs. Lesengeld. The chair on Abe's left remained vacant, however.

"She says she will be down in a few minutes," Mrs. Lesengeld explained.

"There's no hurry," Abe assured her, and then he turned to Max with an amiable smile. "You've got to get used to such things, Mr. Margonin," he continued. "When me and my Rosie goes out together, y'understand, between the time she says she is just putting on her hat and the time when she does put on her hat, y'understand, I could figure up costs on sixty styles already—including the overhead."

Margonin grunted in reply. He had been so completely surprised by the complacent attitude of Morris and Minnie, and they had exhibited such enthusiasm over his impending marriage, that he had begun to wonder whether or not he had been a trifle impetuous in his love-making.

"My poor wife *olas Hasholam* was the same way," he said, and heaved a melancholy sigh. "Many's the time she kept me waiting, Potash, because we used to go out together a whole lot. We was great companions."

Morris coughed by way of heading off these untimely reminiscences, but the ruse failed of its effect.

"She was very fond of going on the theater," Max continued. "She loved it especially moving pictures, because she said if you was going to spend money going on theaters, a moving picture is just so much good for passing away an evening, y'understand, and you save anyhow one dollar and forty cents."

Mrs. Lesengeld sniffed audibly.

"Some people is pretty economical," she said, and Morris again coughed, but to no purpose.

"Not that she was economical in the house," Max went on. "A better table as my poor Leah *olas Hasholam* set, Mrs. Lesengeld, nobody ever sat down—I don't care he could be Abraham Carnegie even."

"I wonder what's keeping your sister," Abe broke in hurriedly.

"Perhaps I'd better send a waiter up to find out," Mrs. Lesengeld said, and after this was done Max resumed his in-memoriam conversation.

"Everything she cooked herself," he began; "for hours she stands on the kitchen range and I says to her, 'Mommer, I says—I always called her Mommer even she wouldn't got no children—' Mommer, why don't you let the girl attend to that *gedampfte Kalbfleisch*? Which I can assure you, Mrs. Lesengeld, I never expect to eat such *gedampfte Kalbfleisch* any more, Mrs. Lesengeld, no matter how many times I would get married again."

Mrs. Lesengeld grew crimson and her sniff became a veritable snort.

"And she said to me, 'Popper,' she said, 'you could get fifty girls in the kitchen,' she said, 'and —'"

"Miss Kammer is not in her room," the head waiter interrupted.

"Then see if she is round the veranda or in the lobby," Mrs. Lesengeld said, "and for heaven's sake serve the soup or something."

"Sure, let's have the soup right away," Margonin agreed. "I'm pretty nearstarving already."

Accordingly the soup was served and the empty soup plates were removed, but the seat at Abe's left hand remained vacant.

"I wonder where she can be," Mrs. Lesengeld said, and her worried expression was reflected round the table, except upon the face of Max Margonin.

"It reminds from an experience I had when me and my poor Leah *olas Hasholam* was one summer in Long Branch. We was sitting in the dining room one night when —"

At this juncture the head waiter returned. "Miss Kammer has went to the city," he announced.

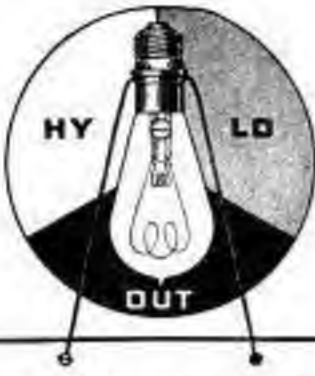
"Went to the city?" Lesengeld exclaimed. "She couldn't have went to the city."

"And left this here note for Mrs. Lesengeld," the head waiter continued.

He handed a sealed envelope to Mrs. Lesengeld, who ripped it open at once.

"As I was saying," Max continued, "we was sitting in the dining room one night when —"

His narrative was again interrupted, and this time by Mrs. Lesengeld, who attempted to rise from her chair. She clutched at the table cloth, her face as colorless as the exigencies of a modern toilet permit, and the next moment she sank to the floor, dragging with her seven sets of glassware, knives, forks and plates. In the excitement that followed, only Abe remained calm. With a view to a refund he at once withdrew the champagne bottles from the



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ice-bucket and placed them on an adjoining table. Then he picked up the letter which Mrs. Lesengeld had dropped, and while all the attention centered on that lady he scanned its contents unnoticed. It read as follows:

"My dear Sister:

"Harold Mendelberg and I have decided we will get married. He looks young for his age. He is thirty-seven. We are going to New York to-night and will be in Cincinnati Thursday. He is not so much younger than I am. Please express my trunks to the Belmont Hotel, New York City. Everybody mistakes him for twenty-five, but he is really thirty-seven. We are going to be very happy.

"Your loving sister,

"PAULINE.

"P. S. He is going to grow a beard and then he will look his real age, which is thirty-seven."

During the middle of their fall shipping season a few months later, the morning activities of Abe and Morris were interrupted by the arrival of a visitor with a neat Vandyke beard.

"How do you do, Mr. Potash?" he said. "How are you, Mr.—er—er—" Abe replied.

"You don't remember me," the visitor said.

"Your clothes is familiar," Abe said, "but I don't recognize your face."

"That's because I've grown a beard," the newcomer said, and a wave of recollection broke over Abe.

"It does make you look older," he said. "I mean it makes you look a whole lot older." He exchanged a perfunctory handshake with Harold Mendelberg. "Still learning the *Leute* to dance, I suppose?" he said rather frigidly.

"With Pauline's money all invested in Lesengeld & Kammer's store!" Harold exclaimed. "I should say not. I am now buyer for their cloak and suit department."

Forthwith Abe began to wring Mendelberg's hand until the latter's eyes filled with tears.

"Mawruus!" he yelled. "Come here quick. An old friend of ours has come—Harold Mendelberg."

"What do you mean—an old friend?" Morris said as he walked slowly forward.

"Sure!" Abe cried excitedly. "He is now buying goods for Lesengeld & Kammer."

Morris immediately broke into a run. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Mendelberg?" he shouted. "Ain't it a pleasure to see you? Come right in and sit down and we'll have a little talk over old times yet."

Harold avoided a second handshake by pulling off his gloves.

"Business before pleasure, Perlmutter," he said. "I've come in to look over your goods."

"Why, zoltainly," Abe assured him and led the way to the showroom, where in less than two hours Harold made a generous selection of Potash & Perlmutter's fall line.

"Well, Perlmutter," he said after cigars had been passed round, "I suppose your wife's Uncle Max is feeling pretty sore at me."

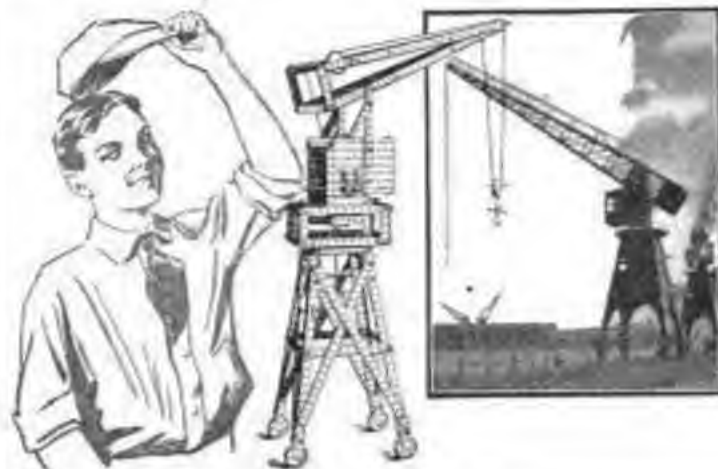
"Over a Stück!" Morris declared. "In fact he feels you've done him a favor—I mean he feels that perhaps it was all for the best. An old man like him ain't got no call to get married again, Mr. Mendelberg."

"Sure, he ain't," Abe said, winking at Harold, "not when your wife is his only niece."

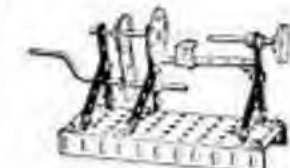
Morris shrugged his shoulders angrily.

"For my part she could be his only daughter, Abe," he retorted, "and it wouldn't make no difference to me. I live to please myself, Abe, not relations nor partners neither." He turned almost defiantly to Harold Mendelberg.

"You must come up and eat dinner with Minnie and me, Mr. Mendelberg," he said; "and h'afterwards, might you would do us a favor and show us a couple of new steps in the fox trot?"



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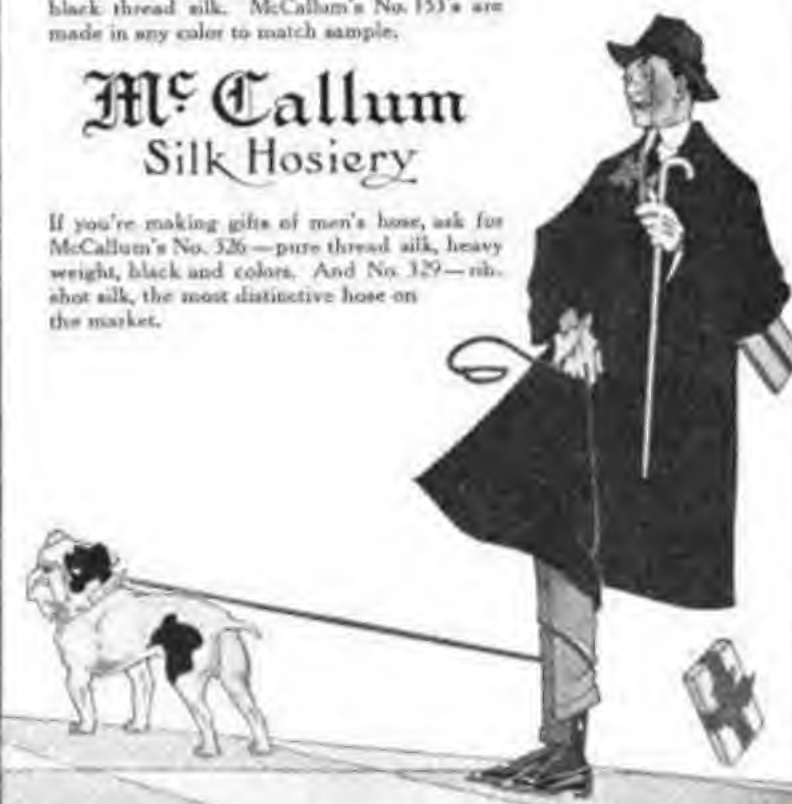
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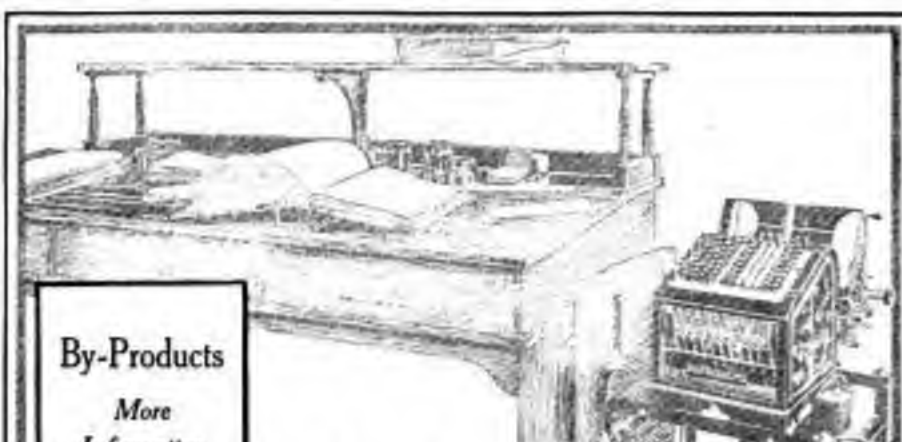
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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 21)

"Well," Richard observed, "I wasn't counting on having any witnesses on that occasion, but you can come along if you like. I suppose," he added, "I shall have to do him the courtesy of asking his permission, but—"

"But what?" Hunterleys asked curiously.

They were on a long stretch of straight white road. Richard looked for a moment up to the sky, and Hunterleys, watching him, was amazed at the change that came over his face.

"There isn't a grand duke or a prince or an imperial majesty alive," he said, "who could rob me of Fedora!"

THERE was a momentary commotion in the club. A woman had fainted at one of the roulette tables. Her chair was quickly drawn back. She was helped out to the open space at the top of the stairs and placed in an easy-chair there. Lady Weybourne, who was on the point of leaving with her husband, hastened back. She stood there while the usual restoratives were being administered, fanning the unconscious woman with a white ostrich fan that hung from her waist. Presently Violet opened her eyes. She recognized Lady Weybourne and smiled weakly.

"I am so sorry," she murmured. "It was silly of me to stay in here so long. I went without my dinner, too, which was rather idiotic."

A man who said he was a doctor bent over her pulse and then turned away.

"The lady will be quite all right now," he said. "You can give her brandy and soda if she feels like it. Pardon!"

He hastened back to his place at the baccarat table. Lady Hunterleys sat up.

"It was quite absurd of me," she declared. "I don't know what—"

She stopped suddenly. The weight was once more upon her heart, the blankness before her eyes. She remembered!

"I am quite able to go home now," she added.

Her gold bag lay upon her lap. It was almost empty. She looked at it vacantly and then closed the snap.

"We'll see you back to the hotel," Lady Weybourne said soothingly. "Here comes Harry with the brandy and soda."

Lord Weybourne came hurrying from the bar, a tumbler in his hand.

"How nice of you!" Violet exclaimed gratefully. "Really, I feel that this is just what I need. I wonder what time it is?"

"Half past four," Lord Weybourne announced, glancing at his watch.

She laughed weakly.

"How stupid of me! I have been between here and the Casino for nearly twelve hours and have had nothing to eat. No, I won't have anything here, thanks," she added as Lord Weybourne started back again for the bar, muttering something about a sandwich. "I'll have something in my room. If you are going back to the hotel perhaps I could come with you."

They all three left the place together, passing along the private way.

"I haven't seen your brother all day," Violet remarked to Lady Weybourne.

"Richard's gone off somewhere in the car to-night—a most mysterious expedition," his sister declared. "I began to think that it must be an elopement, but I see the yacht's there still, and he would surely choose the yacht in preference to a motor-car if he were running off with anybody! Your husband doesn't come into the rooms much."

Violet shook her head.

"He hasn't the gambling instinct," she said quietly. "Perhaps he is just as well without it. One gets a lot of amusement out of this playing for small stakes, but it is irritating to lose. Thank you so much for looking after me," she added as they reached the hall of the hotel. "I am quite all right now and my maid will be sitting up for me."

She passed into the lift. Lady Weybourne looked after her admiringly.

"Say, she's got some pluck, Harry!" she murmured. "They say she lost nearly a hundred thousand francs to-night and she never even mentioned her losses. Irritating, indeed! I wonder what Sir Henry thinks of it. They are only moderately well off."



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Her husband shrugged his shoulders, after the fashion of his sex.
"Let us hope," he said, "that it is Sir Henry who suffers."

Violet slipped out of her dress and dismissed her maid. In her dressing gown she sat before the open window. Everywhere the place seemed steeped in the faint violet and purple light preceding the dawn. Away eastward she could catch a glimpse of the mountains, their peaks cut sharply against the soft, deep sky; a crystalline glow, the first herald of the hidden sunrise, hanging about their summits. The gentle breeze from the Mediterranean was cool and sweet. There were many lights still gleaming upon the sea, but their effect now seemed tawdry. She sat there, her head resting upon her hands. She had the feeling of being somehow detached from the whole world of visible objects, as though, indeed, she were on her deathbed.

In her thoughts she went back to the first days of estrangement between her husband and herself. Almost before she realized it she found herself struggling against the tenderness that still survived, that seemed at that moment to be tearing at her heart-strings. He had ceased to care, she told herself. It was all too apparent that he had ceased to care. He was amusing himself elsewhere. Her impulsive little note had not won even a kind word from him. Her appeals, on one excuse or another, had been disregarded. She had lost her place in his life—thrown it away, she told herself bitterly. And, in its stead, what?

A new fear of Draconmeyer was stealing over her. He presented himself suddenly as an evil genius. She went back through the last few days. Her brain seemed unexpectedly clear, her perceptions unerring. She saw with hateful distinctness how he had forced this money upon her, how he had encouraged her all the time to play beyond her means.

She realized the cunning with which he had left that last bundle of notes in her keeping. Well, there the facts were. She owed him now four thousand pounds. She had no money of her own, and she was already overdrawn with her allowance. There was no chance of paying him. She realized with a little shudder that he did not want payment—a realization that had come to her dimly from the first, but that she had pushed away simply because she had felt sure of winning. Now there was the price to be paid! She leaned farther out of the window. Away to her left the glow over the mountains was becoming stained with the faintest of pinks. She looked at it long with mute and critical appreciation. She swept with her eyes the line of violet shadows from the mountain tops to the sea-board, where the pale lights of Bordighera still flickered.

She looked up again from the dark blue sea to the paling stars. It was all wonderful—theatrical, perhaps, but wonderful—and how she hated it! She stood up before the window and with her clenched fists she beat against the sills.

Those long days and feverish nights through which she had passed slowly unfolded themselves. In those few moments she seemed to taste again the dull pain of constant disappointment, the hectic thrills of occasional winnings, the strange, dull inertia that had taken the place of resignation. She looked into the street below. How long would she live afterward, she wondered, if she threw herself down? She began even to realize the state of mind that breeds suicides—the brooding over a morrow too hateful to be faced.

As she still stood there the silence of the street below was broken. A motor swung round the corner and past the side of the hotel. She caught at the curtain as she recognized its occupants. Richard Lane was driving and by his side sat her husband. The car was covered with dust, and both men looked weary, as though they might have been out all night. She gazed after them with fast-beating heart. She had pictured her husband at the villa on the hill! Where had he been with Richard Lane? Perhaps, after all, the things she had imagined were not true. The car had stopped now at the front door. It returned a moment later on its way to the garage with only Lane in it. She opened her door and stood there silently. Hunterleys would have to pass the end of the corridor if he came up by the main lift. She waited with fast-beating heart. The seconds passed. Then she heard the rattle of the lift ascending, its click as it stopped, and soon afterward the

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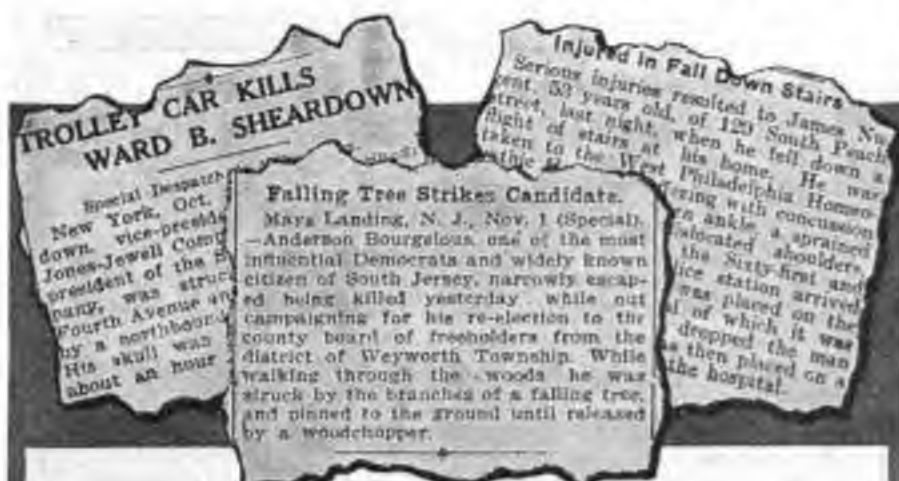


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footsteps of a man. He was coming, coming past the corner! At that moment she felt that the sound of his footsteps was like the beating of fate. They came nearer and she shrank a little back. There was something unfamiliar about them. Whoever it might be it was not Henry! And then suddenly Draconmeyer came into sight.

"Lady Hunterleys!" he exclaimed softly. "You still up?"

She hesitated. "Do you want to come in?" she asked. "You may. I have something to say to you. Perhaps I shall sleep better if I say it now."

He stepped quickly past her. "Close the door," he whispered. She obeyed him deliberately. "There is no hurry," she said. "This is my sitting room. I receive whom I choose here."

"But it is nearly six o'clock!" he exclaimed.

"That does not affect me," she answered, shrugging her shoulders. "Sit down."

He obeyed. There was something changed about her, something he did not recognize. She stood facing him.

"Listen," she continued: "I have borrowed from you three thousand pounds. You left with me to-night—I don't know whether you meant to lend it to me or whether I had it on trust, but you left in my charge another thousand pounds. I have lost it all—all, you understand—the four thousand pounds and every penny I have of my own."

He sat quite still. He was watching her through his gold-rimmed spectacles. There was the slightest possible frown upon his forehead. The time for talking of money as though it were a trifle was past.

"That is a great deal," he said.

"It is a great deal," she admitted. "I owe it to you and I cannot pay. What are you going to do?"

He watched her eagerly. There was a new note in her voice. He paused to consider what it might mean. A single false step now and he might lose all that he had striven for.

"How am I to answer that?" he asked softly. "I will answer it first in the way that seems most natural. I will beg you to accept your loss as a little gift from me—as a proof, if you will, of my friendship."

He had saved the situation. If he had obeyed his first impulse the affair would have been finished. He realized it as he watched her face, and he shuddered at the thought of his escape. His words obviously disturbed her.

"It is not possible for me," she protested, "to accept money from you."

"Not from Linda's husband?"

She stood for a moment looking at him. "Do you offer it to me as Linda's husband?" she demanded.

It was a crisis for which Draconmeyer was scarcely prepared. He was driven out of his pusillanimous compromise. She was pressing him hard for the truth. Again the fear of losing her altogether terrified him.

"If I have other feelings of which I have not spoken," he said quietly, "have I not kept them to myself? Do I obtrude them upon you even now? I am content to wait."

"To wait for what?" she insisted.

All that had been in his mind seemed suddenly mirrored before him—the removal of Hunterleys, his own wife's failing health. The way had seemed so clear only a little time ago, and now the clouds were back again.

"Until you appreciate the fact," he told her, "that you have no more sincere friend than I, that there is no one who values your happiness more than I do."

"Supposing I take this money from you," she asked after a moment's pause, "are there any conditions?"

"None whatever," he answered.

She turned away with a little sigh. The tragedy which a few minutes ago she had seen looming up eluded her. She had courted a dénouement in vain. He was too clever.

"You are very generous," she said. "We will speak of this to-morrow. I called you in because I could not bear the uncertainty of it all. Please go now."

He rose slowly to his feet. She gave him her hand lifelessly. He kept it for a moment. She drew it away and looked at the place where his lips had touched it. It was as though her fingers had been scorched with fire.

"It shall be to-morrow," he whispered as he passed out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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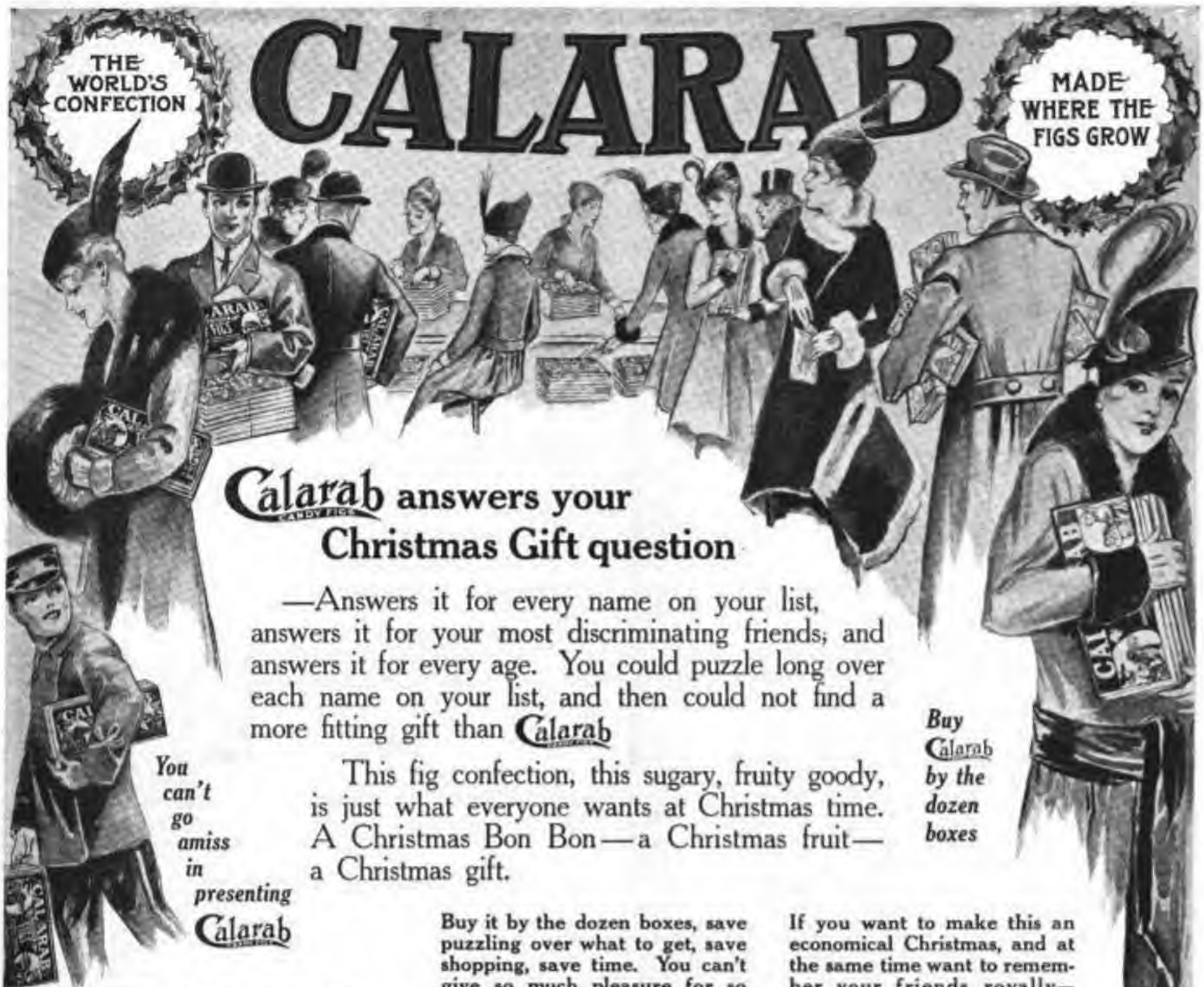
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Independence Square
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London: 6, Henrietta Street
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Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 19, 1914

Number 25

THE EBB TIDE

Can the Progressives Come Back? By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

ON THE face of the returns from the recent election the Progressive Party has suffered a slump of about eleven-sixteenths of its 1912 vote—that is to say, the vote for Roosevelt was something like four millions, and the votes polled by the Progressive candidates in the various states, according to the unofficial estimates, appear to number about a million and a quarter.

Now there are two opinions about the reading of these facts: One opinion declares that any further discussion of the Progressive Party should be in the nature of an autopsy; the other opinion contends that we have just witnessed a christening. Time only will tell whether the Progressive Party is coming or going—whether it is taking its first breath or giving its last gasp; but certainly we have just witnessed, in the campaign recently closed, a most interesting political episode.

Probably never before in the history of the United States did a group of people in an election make so large a noise for so small a vote. Processions, bands, banquets, straw votes, acres of people, newspapers springing up in unexpected places, badges, banners, megaphones, page advertisements—every manner of attracting the attention of the American people known to publicity experts—were used by these Bull Moosers, with a result—Well, here's where the debate begins; for the question is: What was the result?

If one estimates it in votes it is almost negligible; if in noise its tonnage and displacement are important. The Progressive Party made a first-class noise and polled a third-class vote; so it is plain that votes are not the talking point on which we can sell goods. Therefore, let us consider briefly the claims of noise.

The Rank and File of Bull Moosers

PRACTICALLY the only thing really proved by the recent elections about the Progressive Party is that it is, as it stands, a middle-class party. It polled its best strength in the home wards of the smaller towns—towns of from five thousand to fifty thousand inhabitants; and in those wards, where wide lawns and shade trees and comfortable houses and happy families give color to the social structure of the community, the Progressives polled a heavy vote, and in many cases carried those wards rather decisively.

In those wards live merchants, chief clerks, doctors, lawyers, the high-grade mechanic, the superintendent, the railroad conductor and engineer—the poor plutes of the Socialist catalogue—the college professor, the preacher and the small capitalist. These people ride on trains and are forever appearing in the straw votes, which invariably show a strong Bull Moose lead; these people, also, attend political meetings. All of them are seekers after light and many of them are "Godsakers"—persons who, according to Mr. H. G. Wells, are forever crying, on hearing of the wrongs of others: "For God's sake, let's do something about it!"

These middle-class people, among whom the Progressives find their greatest strength, and often find themselves in a considerable majority, are the political legatees of the mugwumps of thirty years ago, changed and tempered by the times. The mugwump was of a Brahmin caste and viewed the world through bifocal glasses. He was the complaining, impractical Mister Foureyes of his day.

The Bull Moose, on the other hand, is registered in his precinct; often he was a precinct committeeman of the Republican Party and generally could be depended on for a contribution to the campaign fund. He serves on the Library Board, the Park Commission, the School Board; and frequently he is a deacon or elder in the church and a trustee in the local college. He mixes—very much he mixes—with the crowd; but it is his own crowd. His mugwump forbear would have none of the crowd.

The Progressive not only mixes with the crowd but talks politics and wears badges and buttons and carries banners; and this year, much against the better judgment of his wife, and over his repeated protest that he did not desire to win, he ran for office; mostly he ran for a county office, to lend his name to the cause. So, in order to carry the banner as far as possible, this busy, bustling, middle-class gentleman, with all the wholesome traditions of the best American life, hied him to the hustings and talked politics.

The old mugwump was serene in an abounding Emersonian faith; but the Mooseer complicates his faith with noise. It is as though the mugwump had married a Populist and begat the Progressive. He is intensely partisan in his nonpartisan emphasis on



PHOTO BY GEORGE A. SMITH, NEWSPHOTO, N. Y.
Uncle Joe, Who Walked the Plank in 1912,
is Safe Aboard Again

independence in politics, and votes for no man who will not bolt his ticket. The Bull Mooseer kicked out of party traces two years ago, and he insisted on all the world kicking with him.

No doubt, if you laugh the world laughs with you; but if you kick you kick alone. He made a tremendous rumpus kicking down his stall—did this middle-class gentleman in the Bull Moose party; but when it was all done he was alone amid the ruins.

He did not get out of the middle class. The industrial vote of the Progressive Party is insignificant. Three days after the recent election nine gentlemen forgathered in a great city office building. Of the nine gentlemen seven were millionaires. The office was garnished with mahogany and leather—soft, pleasurable leather that fits the back; and the seven millionaires and two well-to-do citizens damned the laboring man rather extensively and with deep emotion for yielding to what they called the belly issue in their state.

Like Dreams of the New Jerusalem

THEY were members of a state executive committee of the Progressive Party. They had written into the platform of their party in the state every important demand made by the State Federation of Labor; they had included in the party's state declaration a demand for a scientific revision of the tariff, one schedule at a time, on a protective basis and under the direction of a non-partisan expert commission; they had indorsed the income tax, the inheritance tax, and a constitutional amendment permitting a separation of property for purposes of classification in making levies, so that franchises could be taxed and the tools and machinery of labor exempted if it was found wise to do so.

The minimum wage for women, short hours of service for women and children, improved child-labor laws, mothers' pensions, strict factory inspection, and a pledge to supervise tenement-house conditions and improve them were included in their platform. Yet the returns show that labor had ignored the Progressive Party. Among laboring men the Republicans, who promised nothing but prosperity, and the Democrats, who promised nothing in particular for labor, polled seventy per cent of the labor vote; and with the remainder the Socialists ran better than the Progressives.

Moreover, in all the leadership of the Progressive Party—and, whatever else may be said of the party, its leadership in the states is strong—no one has risen with grease on his hands. There is much ink, but no grease, on the composite hand of the Progressive Party. Labor knows not this new Joseph. Labor, in the recent campaign, seemed to prefer the immediate job to a pension for his widow.

Hence, the belly issue got the laboring man and he voted for Penrose and regarded the Progressive program for social and industrial justice much as he dreamed of the New Jerusalem, with golden streets—a grand vision, but well down toward the end of the order of business.

Nor did the farmer generally respond this year to the call of the Moose. In the great agricultural states of the Missouri

Valley the Progressive vote in farming communities was respectable but not dangerous. The Bull Moose farmer was generally the farmer with a silo, a piano, a motor car, and an alfalfa field, who sported a little in blooded pigs and was always doing curious things out of the agricultural papers.

In the old convention days, before the primary took the drama out of politics, this farmer used to head the delegation from his township that sat in the courthouse all the afternoon, swapping with the city politicians, to name a sheriff from his township and give the city fellows the members of the legislature. He was the fundamental boss on whom the boss system was founded. He was always with Roosevelt; and when agitation began to grow against the convention system this farmer encouraged it. He was interested in improvements.

He is with the Progressive Party much as he is with his silo—it is modern; it sounds reasonable; and it is eminently respectable. He is middle-class conscious. His new religion has taught him to consider others—so he wants to help the poor; he is willing to contribute his five or ten dollars to the state campaign; he is willing to run on the county ticket—not that he cares for the office, but to bring about the social and industrial justice that is a part of his creed. His vote has in it grace at table, prohibition, deep plowing, two farm papers, a daily paper, the Methodist Church, and two children in the

county high school; but in these degenerate days, when the right hand of the citizen is party-motored and his brain party-minded, this farmer and his neighbor across the creek are only able to vote their hired men and speculate on which of the tenants lied about casting the other five Bull Moose votes in the precinct.

The prosperous farmer and the leading citizen of the country town formed the voting strength of the Progressive Party. One would say that, with these men, the rest should be easy. The prosperous farmer and the leading citizen generally influence the thought of their communities. Generally they dominate any American situation—business, social or political; but this year, though the leading citizen and the prosperous farmer hired the bands, wore the badges, carried the banners, swarmed in terrifying crowds at Bull Moose meetings, and seemed in a vast conspiracy to be forever riding up and down the earth on trains, taking straw votes of themselves, nothing in particular happened. The leading citizen and the prosperous farmer struck a cross current. They were blandly blind to it. It was beneath their toes, which were somewhat in the air, while their heads were in the clouds. The current that carried the election this year was a definite, strong, quiet, powerful tide of partyism.

Four million Republicans bolted their ticket two years ago to vote for Roosevelt; probably another million, fearing Roosevelt, bolted their party to vote for Wilson; and certainly more than that number bolted their party to vote against the Progressives in their own party who had captured Republican nominations. Bolting had elected Democrats everywhere—in the courthouse, in the statehouse, in the White House; and the shock was too much for a party-minded people.

The bolters on all sides had overplayed their hands; so there arose in the hearts of five million Republicans of all cults and castes a deep, abiding emotion. It was a burning desire to "lick the Democrats"—not that the Democrats had done anything especially to deserve defeat; but they were Democrats and in office, and Republican bolting had entrenched those Democrats. So Republican regularity must clear the Democratic trenches.

The Beautiful Cloakmaker's Model

THE Democrats, on the other hand, saw no reason to desert their party. President Wilson had made no serious blunders—Congress had obeyed him with reasonable docility; so the Democrats voted their ticket. However, as always happens, the Democrats were making more or less protest about it, after the manner of Democrats in October, who always claim they are going to scratch their tickets, but rarely do so.

What with these Democratic disclaimers, and with the silence of the Republicans, who were ashamed of what they did two years ago and had forgotten just why they did it, the leading citizen and the prosperous farmer—all badge-wearing, banner-carrying, band-hiring, crowd-making, straw-voting—walked proudly with an exalted goose step into a ridiculous minority.

And they could not understand it. They knew why they bolted the Republican Party two years ago. They remembered the circumstances with indignation. They compared their platform with all the vague, shifty, meaningless platforms opposed to the Progressive platform, and naturally presumed that others were doing the same. The Moosers were turning out, listening to speeches; they were seeking the truth and were more or less excited about it. And when they saw that the Democrats were having only fair crowds, and the Republicans generally poor crowds, the Progressives were sure it was all over but the shouting. And so it was; but the Moosers were not destined to do much shouting.

The Progressive idea did not get to the average voter. The party idea was a stronger idea. The type of mind which reads headlines, accepts the order that is, and lives in a rut could understand perfectly the melodrama of the



PHOTO BY HARRIS & EVANS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
William McKinley, Returned at the November Election

Chicago Convention, wherein Colonel Roosevelt was tied to the track, run through the buzz saw, flattened out under the steam roller, and then rose triumphant in the last act—the type of intellect that sees things entirely black or perfectly white was stirred to some depths by the beautiful cloakmaker's model going through all those harrowing experiences for virtue's sake. And that type of mind voted his indignation much as he applauds the hero in a play; but when he saw he had elevated to power the hated Democrats, the veal kidneys in his head refused to function, and he was puzzled. He had just one idea in this election, and that was to "lick the Democrats!" And, like the little red hen, he did.

He was never attracted by the Progressive platform—not two years ago nor this year. The Progressive platform was mere orchestral accompaniment to the melodrama. He forgot it as soon as the show was over. He did not care what the Republican platform was; he was not particularly interested in the personal or former factional alignment of the Republican candidates. The logical processes of his mind were something like this: It is wrong for Democrats to hold office. They are in office. Let us put them out of office! The fat-witted Democrat used a different process to get his Democratic ballot in the box, but of an equally refined, logical mechanism.

The Progressive idea, which fell by the wayside, briefly is this:

FIRST—To prevent the waste of greed in destroying through private ownership our natural resources, forests, mines, waterways and power sites; also, to prevent the waste of inefficiency through the overcapitalization and special privilege in corporations, selling such public utilities as make their market through being the common needs of life.

SECOND—So to change immediately the environment of labor by shorter hours, increased wage fund and better home conditions, that the children of the laboring man, growing up in a more wholesome environment, may be able more intelligently to make the fight for a fundamentally better economic status.

THIRD—So to curb the evils of Big Business that mere massed wealth shall not have an undue advantage over real ability; holding the right of combination to exist only as it is honest combination; and giving to society, for the privilege to combine, the right to regulate stringently.

FOURTH—To widen the participation in government so that money may not vote in the elections or hold a controlling power in government.

This idea does not promise the millennium by proclamation; nor does it contain many elements of dramatic interest. The Progressive idea is essentially for sane-thinking men and women. It is evolutionary, not revolutionary; but veal kidneys will not grasp it. They had no suspicion of it when they voted for Roosevelt two years ago; for the voters did not elect a single governor, representative, senator or legislature to sustain it.

Yet the idea has, beyond any doubt, taken a strong hold on American politics. It is the only dominant idea in American politics to-day; for the one clear call of both the old parties—the one claim they make before all the people—is that they are progressive. Since the adoption of the Progressive platform, August 5, 1912, mothers' pensions have been introduced into the laws of eleven states; the workman's compensation has been adopted in practically all the Northern States; laws providing for shorter hours of service for women and children have been adopted by half a dozen legislatures of both parties; and a kind of cambric-tea solution of the Bull Moose trust planks has been adopted by the Democratic Congress.

Moreover, in the Republican and Democratic platforms in all the states the Progressive measures first introduced into American politics by the Bull Moose Convention have been written with varying degrees of sincerity and stupidity and larcenous avidity.

And the joke of it is, these Progressive planks did not have to be written in the old party platforms at all; for these planks did not fool the real Moosers, and the others would have voted the party ticket anyway.

There they are, however; and, now that they are in the old party platforms, they have become the holy writ of the party. And, the Democrats having been licked, pestiferous partisans, wanting legislative jobs themselves, will demand, with deep feeling, that these party promises be kept. So the seed fell on good ground.

And now we come to this truth—a great truth, and one which should be so familiarized in every honest household that it may be set to music and run through the phonograph, the clothes wringer

and the piano player: Ideas, principles and economic tendencies in politics are little affected by candidacies and elections. The progress of the world is not stated in terms of battles; ideas and movements are not dependent on elections or much affected by candidacies. The color of the times is the pied, mixed color of the thought of the times.

In America it was not Bunker Hill or Appomattox, or Washington or Lincoln that guided our destiny. The ideas of the times made the men and the events of the times. So to-day the color of these times will be determined not by any man—Roosevelt, or Wilson, or Taft—or any election, whether of 1912 or 1914 or 1916. Whatever becomes of these men, whatever happens at these elections, will not set the color of the times. Majorities at elections and the rise or fall of men determine little. Into the stream of events may come the strong color of a minority that will transform all the drab, meaningless majorities and give the stream a "sea-change into something rich and strange."

There is only one strong, determined minority in American life, and that is the group of voters—a million and a quarter of men and women—which forms the Progressive Party. This sounds like empty assertion, yet it is capable of proof. This Government is controlled by those who care to govern. Whether in primaries or conventions, whether in legislatures or in the process of direct legislation, whether in courts or executive chambers, the minority that sees its end clearly, and will strive for it, wins.

The Beneficiaries of Party Victories

HERETOFORE the minority that saw its ends and strove for those ends was composed of the great financial powers, which preyed on the people by combining with the crooked liquor traffic and the corrupt politician. Now that minority of special privilege is opposed by a strong, organized, intelligent minority desiring evolutionary progress in the political and economic life of this nation.

For the most part that minority is in the Progressive Party. Some sincere and effective Progressives are in the two old parties and in the Socialist Party; but those Progressives outside the Progressive Party are where they are because they believe they can use the older parties toward righteous ends. They are not party-minded. They must leave their parties when it becomes plain that real progress demands that they leave.

That sooner or later these Republican and Democratic Progressives will see the wisdom of organization into one party, with one purpose—will see the futility and lost motion coming from fighting sham battles—seems highly probable. However, even if they do not see the advantage of working with men who believe as they do, rather than with men who believe something entirely different—or who believe nothing at all, but vote a traditional ballot—the strongly organized minority will continue. It is formed of the leaders of thought in the various communities.

Penrose and Cannon and Curtis and Barnes did not attract the majorities in their states. The majorities were party majorities, piled up for the party and in spite of its leadership. The time will come, however, in party management when leaders must lead. These men and their kind cannot lead. When they try again they will fail again; and when they fail again the Progressives will rise again. The villain of the melodrama cannot turn hero.

Very soon some other beautiful Progressive cloakmaker's model will go under the standpat steam roller and through the buzz saw and under the train; and the veal kidneys will begin functioning, and, seeing the drama, will applaud the hero and hiss the villain off the stage. The reactionaries cannot hold their power. If the Progressives in the two parties win decisively, the reactionaries will bolt again; and, in the chaos, the middle-class leaders of thought, organized and militant, will determine the trend of things. They have done it during the last two years, without



PHOTO BY HARRIS & EVANS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Senator Penrose, Who Seems to Thrive on Opposition

(Concluded on Page 37)

HER FLING

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

"IS IT really Evelyn Garden?" The gloved hand waved to the figure across the city street. "She looks so pretty and well groomed that I didn't suspect her of being herself." The woman laughed, not ill-naturedly; she went on: "That sort of little person makes me a bit tired. What right has she to be colorless? She has all the qualities for being alive, and she isn't! She's intelligent enough, and kindly, heaven knows; yes, and good-looking if she took the trouble to dress herself—those long, thin lines, and the huge black eyes in her Mona Lisa face. Also, she has a mighty attractive husband."

The other woman answered thoughtfully, following with her gaze the slender form disappearing down Main Street.

"Perhaps that's her trouble."

"What do you mean? John Garden's perfectly kind to her, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes—kind! Oh, yes!" She hesitated as though trying to phrase a subtlety. "But he's such a triumphant person, with his brilliant success and his big good looks, and that winning way of his which makes him always the ladies' pet; that — Well, I like to go out to dinner with John Garden, but I think he could be trying as a husband. It would take a woman with lots of assertion not to be colorless beside him."

"Maybe," the other agreed. "But, anyhow, Evelyn might take the trouble to wear decent clothes; she has piles of money of her own. However, they're going in a month. Come into Curran's—they've got a new lot of hats."

Evelyn Garden went on, walking rapidly toward home. It was a cool day and the pace freshened her face and made her dark eyes shine. She was forty; but as she turned in at her own gate, slim and bright-eyed, she might almost have been twenty. A man coming away from her door glanced at her, hesitated and stopped.

"Miss Garden?" he said.

"Oh, no!" She looked younger still.

"Oh, no! I'm Mrs. Garden. Did you want to see—my daughter?"

To her surprise, it was an effort to bring out those two words that placed her in her own class, in the older generation. Usually such an idea did not occur to her; she was used to being the quiet mother of big, handsome Martha. But it was suddenly pleasant to have this stranger look at her as he was looking—as though she were a person, not merely an older person. Then she waited to see the friendly, interested expression die out as he realized that she was Martha's mother. Astonishingly it did not die out. The very good-looking young man seemed confused, but laughed as though also amused.

"You—you deceived me, Mrs. Garden. I didn't dream—I supposed you were Miss Garden's sister. I think I should have guessed—your sister." His flattering eyes just took in, with a brief deferential glance, the slenderness of the smart figure. Martha was tall and a bit bulky for a girl. He went on: "I am one of the lower slaves in Compton University—the assistant in economics, under Doctor Garden. We're looking forward to your coming. My name is Carr. I met Miss Garden at Commencement, and as I spoke of being here she asked me to call. So I did. And I'm sorry to say she's not at home. Will you tell her I am sorry, please?"

"Oh, but —" She remembered that Martha was to be out to lunch. "Yes, she is away," Mrs. Garden admitted; and then ideas flashed.

Ask him in to lunch with herself and John? It was near lunch time; it was inhospitable not to keep him. Would he be bored? Martha's beaux in general would not think of talking to Martha's parents for an hour. But at least one could ask him? He actually looked as though he would not be bored. Yet, if he had no excuse and — Oh, nonsense; this man could escape if he chose!

Her face was filled with a play of expression; she would have been astonished to know how charming, how girlish, she looked as she stood hesitating, by the border of tall flowers, in the new frock she had bought at O'Hara's so



She Did Not Let Him Go, However

hurriedly, which Martha had said was of too youthful a cut for her, and which she had been shy about wearing. The tall young man waited, smiling.

"I'm sorry my daughter's not at home; but —" she caught her breath with fright—"but couldn't you come in and lunch with Mr. Garden and me? If—if you haven't any other engagement?"

"If I had I'd throw it over," the pleasant hearty young voice answered instantly. "And I haven't. I'll be delighted to lunch with you."

The telephone rang as they entered the house.

"Yes, John. Oh! Oh! You won't be home? Oh, no; nothing wrong. Very well. Good-by."

At four o'clock Jim Carr sprang to his feet. The chimes in the hall were dying away. "Not possibly four! And I had an engagement at half past three!" He towered over her as he took her hand. "I don't know when I've had such a good time! Why, you see, it was disgraceful to stay so; but I didn't know." Fresh-colored and big and joyous, he was laughing with a winning embarrassment. "You'll let me come as soon as you get to Compton?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Garden's eyes were shining and her face was full of life; nobody could have called her colorless just now. "Martha will be so glad to see you."

The laughing tall young man hesitated.

"I'll be glad to meet Miss Garden again," he said; "but—I'm coming to see you!" There was a second's dead silence. Evelyn Garden stared at him. "Mayn't I?" he asked gently, as though not to frighten her.

"Oh—yes," she answered.

"And we're going to ride—you'll get it back in a week; and you know we're all dancing, just the same as everywhere." She laughed then, alarmed but pleased; and with that he let her hand go. "Good-by. I don't want to go." He had gone.

When Martha came in her mother was sitting, oddly bright-eyed and smiling, looking into the fire.

"Why, little mother-person!" exclaimed Martha. "What are you doing here—doing nothing? I know. You're planning clothes for me to astonish the natives at Compton. Aren't you?"

"No, I was not, dear," the woman answered slowly. "To tell the truth, I'm just deciding that I'll have a habit and ride at Compton."

"You—ride, mother?"

"I think I will. I used to love it."

"But, mother dearie, will you have time? The boys—they need so much looking after."

"Why not? Other women keep house and look after their children, and yet—are alive."

"Of course, dearie, if you really can do it; but it's so long since—and father can't be counted on to ride with you often. And I was just going to tell you—the Amorys asked me to-day to go to California for three months. Next week! Couldn't I? I'm crazy to do it. It's such an opportunity—their private car, you know. I never could have a better chance. And then, you see, I shouldn't be home to ride with you; that's what I was thinking."

"If you went I could ride Rebel."

This attitude of her mother puzzled Martha Garden.

"Why, of course," she agreed, a bit displeased unaccountably; certainly she would lend her horse to her mother when she did not need him.

"If you think you can handle him. He's a live horse."

"Yes," Mrs. Garden answered slowly. "And maybe I am a live woman. Sometimes I wonder."

"Mother dear, what are you talking about?" Martha threw back impatiently. "You're not like yourself. Has anything bothered you?"

"Not a bit!" And then: "A friend of yours was here—Mr. Carr, from Compton."

"Oh!" Martha squealed it girlishly.

"Jim Carr! I am that disappointed! I met him only once and I just loved him."

He's the winner up there at Compton. Isn't he attractive? Did you see him, mother?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Garden; "I saw him. I met him coming out. I asked him to lunch."

"You did!" Martha's eyebrows lifted. "Why, you saucy little mother-person. He didn't come, I gather."

"Yes, he came."

"Oh, heavens!" Martha mourned. "With you and father—Jim Carr and you and father!"

"Worse than that, Martha. Your father didn't get home."

Martha looked highly amused. She was not a subtle character, and it was easy to follow her thought—that it was a joke on the glorious Mr. Carr to have lunch with an elderly lady alone. But her next words were civil.

"I think that was very cozy," said Martha politely. "And I'm proud to have Mr. Carr see what a perfectly good mother I have." Then: "I suppose he left soon after?"

"He went at just four."

"Four!" the girl squealed again; she was given to the simple emphasis of squeals. "Four! And I came in at ten after. Oh, darn!" She reflected a moment. "I suppose he was hoping I might get home," she explained then, with unconsciousness; and continued: "Well, I'll play with him a lot when we're living there. He's to be father's under-strapper—whatever you call them—you know. I suppose he'll be at the house constantly. Mother dear, I want a new evening dress to take off with the Amorys. Will you go with me to-morrow and help choose it? I think blue."

"I'm glad you chose blue; I'm going to order a pink one." Martha bounded.

"Mother! Pink! Why, you always wear shades of mauve—or else black-and-white. And a new riding habit! What has got into you? I believe it's that dress you're wearing that started you." She put her head to one side and appraised Mrs. Garden critically. "I don't like you in that dress. Why, mother, with your long, thin lines, and your sloping shoulders, and your head deep in that Curran hat, you don't look a day over eighteen."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Garden. "And you object?"

"Object!" Martha was surprised. "Mother dear, of course I object. It isn't dignified. And a pink evening dress! You said the mother of a grown-up daughter—"

"I did," acknowledged Mrs. Garden; "but I'm not going to order this dress as your mother. Only as myself—Evelyn Garden; not decrepit yet, and with—with a desire for a little—fling."

"Fling? Mother! Did I hear you say 'fling'? Your fling!" Martha's interjections were a series of squeals.

Suddenly the woman was standing before the big girl. "Listen, Martha!" And Martha listened with her mouth wide open. "When I was a girl," began her mother, "I didn't have a good time. There was plenty of money, but my father and mother didn't approve of dancing; I never went to a ball. Pretty clothes were frowned on; it wasn't thought creditable for me even to enjoy myself. I was kept studying and doing charity work. The only pleasure I had was my riding. They were Presbyterians of the strictest sort."

"Then I was married at nineteen, and you came; and I thought I had to spend all my time between you and the housekeeping. Your father liked me first because, he said—he said my Spanish eyes and my Quaker looks were piquant; but he forgot the Spanish and remembered the Quaker. He wanted me that way apparently—Quakerish—clothes and all. I thought so. I wonder whether I was wrong? So I kept to my black-and-white and mauves. He seemed to expect to do the color and enthusiasm. I had a terror of self-assertion; so I let him."

"I settled down; it's an awful thing to do—to settle down. Soon nobody expected anything of me except as background for your father. If I ever said anything of my own initiative people looked startled. They do now; your father does. I suppose he loves me in a way, but in his heart he thinks me dull." A gesture of displeasure from Martha. "Oh, of course he wouldn't acknowledge it, even to himself. But he does—everybody does."

She reflected a second and smiled.

"Almost everybody. Well, we're going to begin a new life in a new place, and it has come to me that I won't begin it this way—this spiritless, suppressed way. I'll start fresh. I'm human; I'm a person—not just a machine to look after you and father and the boys." Her tone was pleading. "I'll be a live woman and get the joy of living, and give it. It came to me this afternoon. So I'm going to ride, and I'm going to have a pink evening dress." She faced her daughter defiantly. "And other things too," she threw at her.

"Oh, Martha!"—she threw out her arms with an appeal of woman to woman, not of mother to child—"do see! All these years I've been nothing but a foundation to build your lives on—you children and your father. And I want a little living of my own. You're grown up; you ought to understand. Try to understand. I want my—fling!" She laughed a little.

The big, handsome young girl in the deep chair stared, dumfounded.

"Yes, mother, I'm grown up"—she spoke with elaborate gentleness—"but I don't understand. Not at your age, dear. It seems to me that to hear you talk about having a fling—it's indecent! I always thought you were so happy with father and Jacky and Jimmy and me. Surely you have a great deal to be thankful for! We're all well and intelligent and good-looking—such a nice family for you. It's not like you to be discontented. Don't you think"—she got up then and put her arm about her mother's shoulder, looming over her—"don't you think you ought to be satisfied with what God has sent you?" The girl was evidently deeply moved with her own noble attitude.

For a second the room was still, and then Mrs. Garden suddenly laughed. She loosened the arm about her and stood away from Martha.

"You don't understand in the least," she said. And went on: "Yes, you may have your trip to California and you may have the blue evening dress. We'll see about it in the morning. There are some letters for you, Martha, in the hall." She moved to the door.

"Mother!" the girl called softly.

"Yes?"

"If you really are going to have a pink dress, won't you have it a dull old-rose—to please me, mother?"

On an afternoon in November about half past four a taxicab shot up Dr. John Garden's driveway in Compton. From it emerged Martha Garden, much approving the approach to her new home, much pleased with herself for arriving twenty-four hours earlier than her schedule and so giving the family a joyful surprise.

The door flew open.



"Oh, Father! You Don't See. She's Dressing Too Young. She's Acting Too Young"

"I'm Miss Garden," she announced to the new butler. "My mother is at home?"

"No, miss," the man said. "But Mrs. Garden will be in at five. Tea is ordered for five."

"Oh!"

That was annoying; she had had a picture of dear little home-staying mother sewing away upstairs, and of radiant long-lost daughter's sudden smiling apparition; whereupon ecstasy and tears of joy!

Tea at five? Mother never used to have tea alone; she must have had an intuition that radiant daughter was near. That was well. The two small brothers, who received her with the indifference of ten and twelve masculine years, were the only members of the family she could lay hands on; the arrival was not so dramatic as she had arranged. Too bad of mother to be out to-day! With that, after inspecting her own chintz-bright quarters, after questions to the boys, who gave laconic and unsatisfying answers, behold, there were horses' hoofs on the gravelled drive!

Martha flew to the window. How nice if some of the Compton young people had seen her in the taxi and had dashed in to welcome her! That was it! Three men and a girl, and the man on the black horse was Jim Carr. How adorable of him! Who was the girl? Very sportsmanlike she looked in her smart dark-gray habit, with the russet country boots.

"My word! But she rides—that girl! Jimmy!"

The boys crowded beside her to watch the scene—the background of November woodland with its trim border of bare shrubs, white-dotted with snowberries, red-dotted with Indian currants; the broad, groomed driveway; the riders pulling in their horses. The three men slid off their mounts to hurry to the gray horse, where the girl—

"Why, that's Rebel!" Martha almost shouted. "Jimmy, who's the girl riding my horse?"

Jimmy turned with a sarcastic grin to his dreadnought on the floor.

"The girl is mother," he answered briefly; and added: "She rides Rebel lots better than you do."

Martha was reserved in her greeting when she met her mother at the foot of the stairs, her mother tumbling into the house, laughing at her own stumble on the step, followed by three laughing cavaliers.

"Why, Martha!" Mrs. Garden brought up suddenly. Everybody seemed struck silent. The whole atmosphere changed in that second. "I thought you said to-morrow."

With that Martha was kissed and patted and for a moment was, as was fitting, the center of things.

"Are you tired? Are you starving? Sit down, child, and wait; and everything will come to you. Mr. Carr, don't be lazy! The tea will be ready in a minute; but feed her cakes meantime. Mr. Arbuthnot, lift the kettle. Quick!"

Martha gasped. Was it mother chattering away to the men, ordering them about? She had made up her mind on the stairs to investigate the astounding reasons as to why mother was riding with three cavaliers; but this was more, a thousand times more and worse. Mother, talking exactly as though she were sure the men wanted to fetch and carry at her bidding! What was the matter? Martha decided that she would assert her supremacy of youth and put

mother in her place. She rose from the big chair into which she had been shoved by those rebellious maternal hands and moved to the tea table.

"Mother dear, you must be tired! I'll pour the tea."

She put out her hand, with a sweet but firm smile, to help the elder from her chair; and the elder slapped it. Slapped it! Not hard, naturally; just a swift, snappy little slap that was—Martha realized it with rage—distinctly attractive. The men laughed.

"Get away, Martha! You don't know how. You don't know how many lumps Mr. Carr takes, even. And Mr. Graham has to have his last, because he likes lye. You don't know that. Be quiet—and wait until you're fed."

Two of the men left together when they had swallowed the tea; but Jim Carr stayed—Jim Carr, who really was, as Martha had stated, the winner at Compton. Big, with fresh manliness and simplicity; with hard work and success already back of him at twenty-nine; with a brilliant future prophesied—he did not have to lift a finger to be easily the leader in most companies.

Martha began to be fascinating at him—not to him, but at him—when the decks were cleared by the two departures. The curious feeling which had oppressed her, that somehow she was second to her own mother, would now disappear, she was convinced. She started in to fascinate Carr; but the siren song did not seem to work.

He listened to tales of the Golden West with impressive attention certainly; but was it possible that now and again she caught his eyes wandering to the slim figure in the dark habit and little alluring manly boots; to the luminous eyes, which smiled across the tea table, shining into the firelight? Was it possible? After the third mishap of this kind Martha rose up.

"Mother, if you and Mr. Carr will excuse me"—she spoke with deep sarcasm—"I think I'll go upstairs. I'm a little tired."

So! She would punish him. She would leave him alone with just mother. Mother came out from her firelight-smiling reverie with a start.

"Oh, are you tired, Martha? How selfish of me not to send you before. Go, then, dear; and Josephine will see to you and unpack you, and I'll be up"—she laughed—"as soon as the man goes. He's not to stay to dinner to-night."

Martha's head swam; she held to the rail as she went up the stairs.

Jim Carr came and stood by the table and looked down. In the shifting lights and shadows of the fire the huge dark eyes were the only things that seemed fixed.

"So I'm not to stay?" He knew Mrs. Garden rather well, it appeared.

"No"—smiling still; not even lifting her eyes from the logs. She knew him well, also, it appeared.

"I wouldn't stay if you asked me." There was no laughter in the words; rather an intensity which made her look up.

"Why?"

Instead of answering he swung restlessly up and down the room; then halted before her.

"Don't you know?"

The Spanish eyes were wide and truthful as they gazed up at him—troubled as well.

"Don't you know?" he repeated.

"No." Her straight gaze met his.

He stood before her, splendid in youth and strength, struggling miserably. Then he stooped swiftly and caught her hands.

"It's no use," he whispered. "I give up! I meant never to tell you; but, oh, I have to! It's too strong for me. I love you! I love you!"

Quickly she was standing; and the fingers he had held were holding his, gripping them tightly, keeping him, with that tense gentle clasp, at a distance.

"Jim!" She stared at him; not angry, not glad—astounded.

The fire sputtered noisily into the stillness as they stared at each other. Then:

"You are angry?" he asked.

"No. Dear Jim!" Silence. Then: "It's my fault," she said. "I didn't see. I'll never forgive myself!"

He threw up his head like a spirited horse when struck with a whip.

"You don't—care?"

"Care? Yes!" Desperately. "But I don't"—she caught her breath and faced him steadily—"I don't love you, Jim—that way. I only love John."

Most women have to learn what it is to put a knife into a man who is offering his heart's blood. It is about as pleasant, probably, as suicide. Evelyn Garden, at forty, after twenty-one years of marriage, knew for the first time. Carr freed his hands and whirled.

"I'll go," he said.

She did not let him go, however. She made him sit by her in the firelight; and she held his hand, though she would not let him hold hers, and told him how she could not give him up; how he had been an inspiration from the moment when she had met him coming out of her old home—the inspiration of a joy of life that might not have come to her otherwise. She told him how his friendship

had certainly brought most of her opportunities, most of her friends, in Compton; how he had given her a new point of view, put her clock back for years; how the rock wall of his loyalty had been a thing she had counted on more and more every day for three months.

"I can't get on without you." The clear, honest look of her held him. "Won't you wipe this off the slate, Jim? It could never mean happiness anyway. And forget you said it? And stay? Won't you stay always and be friends?"

He bent and kissed the hand that held his, and laughed a little, though his eyes were dim.

"You are the sweetest thing in the world!" he said brokenly. "Yes; I'll stay. Of course! Any way you'll have me. If you asked me to stay in the capacity of butler I'd probably do it."

She laughed too, then, and caught at the word of commonplace:

"No, thank you, sir. No highbrow butlers butting round me! Rollins is good enough." And then breathlessly, whisperingly, in short sentences punctuated much like the Psalter: "I'll never forget: That you cared: I didn't dream: And me one hundred years older! Some day: You'll think me: An old lady, with gray side curls: And maybe I'll be! But I'll have this wonderful thing: To remember: Always!"

There was a minute's hush in the warm, bright room; and then:

"You'd better go now," she said in an everyday tone. "Jim, it's the dancing class to-night at the Sturgises'; you'll go?"

He hesitated, wheeled, staggered to the wall, and put his head against it in his hands. So he stood for a long moment; then turned about unsteadily.

"Yes; I'll go," he said, trying to smile. "I'll go—to the dancing class. God bless you!"

And, as she stood looking with wet eyes at the place where he had been, the dancing class and the benediction did not seem so very incongruous.

Half an hour later Evelyn Garden, dressing for dinner, had a thought. She stood a moment considering, then crossed the room and gave a number over the telephone. There was a knock at her door. "Come in!" she said, and sat down on the bed by the telephone stand, her red-brown hair over her shoulders; her satiny white kimono, splashed with gorgeously embroidered color, glistening about her—a pleasant object to the eyes. Doctor Garden's eyes recorded the fact as he came in. She smiled at him.

"Wait a minute. . . . You, Jim?" she inquired into the telephone. Then: "I can't go to-night; I forgot—it's Martha's first night at home." A pause. "No, I can't, possibly. I'm sorry. You'll go, please?" A pause. "Yes. Do! Good-by."

"Jim Carr?" inquired Doctor Garden; and then: "About the gardener, Evelyn?"

Martha rushed to the telephone the first half dozen times next day as she had in her old home. After that she let the maids answer; it seemed it was mother who was wanted. Mother apparently was doing everything anyone had ever done, and a few new ones.

"A dancing class for working people! Of all things, mother!" Mrs. Garden turned on her.

"Yes; of all things! To give pleasure to people who have none. Mad, isn't it?"

Martha was stupefied. "You used to give—to give them blankets."

"I do now—only I try to add some fun."

"Fun! For people who haven't proper food! But how can you handle—two hundred, is it? Why, you can't! I'd help you; but I'll have to save my strength. I'll be awfully gay now, likely."

"Oh—well," agreed Mrs. Garden briefly. And then: "I'd be glad to have you, Martha; but there are a lot to help. Jim Carr and the Grahams, and Doctor French, and the Avery girls—about thirty. There's the telephone. . . . Yes, Miss Archibald—good morning! Oh, that's good of you! The seventh? Why, I'd love it; but Doctor Garden is working every

evening. Come without him? You don't want a lone woman at dinner—what? Oh—unprincipled blarney! Not every man in town, I'm afraid! Well, of course, I'll come. Dancing after? No; that won't keep me away."

And Martha underwent one more wrench. Poor Martha! Her steady-going, satisfied, cut-and-dried young mind was taken by an all-wise Providence—or something—and wrenched this way and that, until it worked only in jolts of painful astonishment.

Into the quiet university town Evelyn Garden had come, with no big daughter at her side to push her back a generation; she had come with such clothes as had not been seen in the place; the woman in New York who made them had rejoiced in her uncommon type and reveled in an unlimited order, and sent her to Compton with a setting that brought out unknown facets in her looks.

She had come with money to spend, and eager to spend it for everybody's pleasure; she had bought lovely Cliveden, the largest place in town, and lived in it as everybody knew Cliveden should be lived in. And yet she was artless to the verge of pathos; quick to grasp an outstretched hand, and so appreciative of the mildest hospitality that the suspiciousness of a small town toward fine clothes and formal living was disarmed. It was she, now, who was popular. Doctor Garden, absorbed in his new work, had hardly been heard from.

"He's just charm by the pound," a girl said. "Mrs. Garden's subtle; she's gone through fire; her husband's raw material."

Martha staggered through the day as one wandering in a nightmare. She was not adjustable, she had small sense of humor; wherefore she found things not amusing. Her ponderous young firmness bumped through painful hours; by late afternoon her soul was black and blue. It simply could not be borne that in this family where she had reigned her mother should be the leader.

Something must be done! She could do nothing. Her silent scorn and her voluble remonstrance slipped alike off mother's gay good nature. The whole place seemed to be in league to spoil mother—everybody in town; even Jacky and Jimmy; even father. But father must have his eyes opened. She knocked at the study door.

"Come!" He looked up from a littered table. "Ah, my girl, come in!"

"Father, I want to speak to you about mother—the way she's going on."

"Going on?"

"Yes, father. She'll be a laughing stock; we all shall. At her age—beaus and dancing and gay clothes—"

"But, Martha—"

"Yes, father; you must attend to her. She won't listen to me, and it's awful!"

"But, Martha—"

"Now, father, it's no good to say, 'But, Martha!' Why, she's like any young girl! It's scandalous! And the men! And the clothes! They're all wrong."

"Are they?" Garden looked startled. "I thought she had rather pretty clothes. I remarked it."

"Pretty! They ought to be pretty! Everything comes from Ladenstein's."

"Oh!" agreed Garden. He had not heard of Ladenstein, but it seemed to be a vital point.

"They're lovely clothes," Martha plodded on; "but not right for her. She always used to wear black and white—and mauve."

"Oh, mauve!" Garden tried to focus on that. Mauve was a color, he thought. He wondered what color. "She doesn't wear mauve now?"

"Oh, father! You don't see. She's dressing too young. She's acting too young. These men about her—it's bad taste. Father, you must speak to her."

Garden stirred restlessly. Of course he adored Martha; of course—his handsome big girl. But he never could talk to her, for some reason, more than five minutes without uneasiness. "Yes, yes, dear. We'll do that. We'll talk it over with mother."

"When, father?"

"Oh—I don't know." His hands were among his papers.

"After dinner?"

"Why, yes, dear; that will be very nice," he agreed absent-mindedly. And Martha, with one glance, left him.

There was no guest at dinner. Afterward Doctor Garden, radiant before the fire, with his cigar and coffee on his special little table, seemed removed from wars and rumors of war. Not so Martha. She waited minutes for the opening gun; and then, as the gunner still purred blissfully, she fired a shot herself:

"Mother, I think father has something to say to you."

Evelyn Garden was standing over a great bunch of red roses, touching them on this side and that. She looked up quickly.

"Yes, John."

Garden stared at his daughter, astonished. What had he to—oh, yes! He remembered. He finished the coffee at a swallow, set down the cup, and looked at his wife approvingly.

"Evelyn dear, how pretty you look! Evelyn, our little Martha has a grievance, and I promised to remonstrate with you." Evelyn stood tense by the flowers. "It seems that you—you don't wear mauve."

Nobody laughed. Martha saw nothing funny; father was being stupid—that was all. John Garden's eyes danced, but he wanted to get through; Evelyn felt the thunder in the air and waited. She turned to the girl:

"What do you mean, Martha?"

"Oh, mother, father and I think you are living so wrongly, throwing away your life on frivolities, acting in such an unfitting way for the mother of a family—for the mother of a grown-up daughter; so father and I—"

Evelyn interrupted:

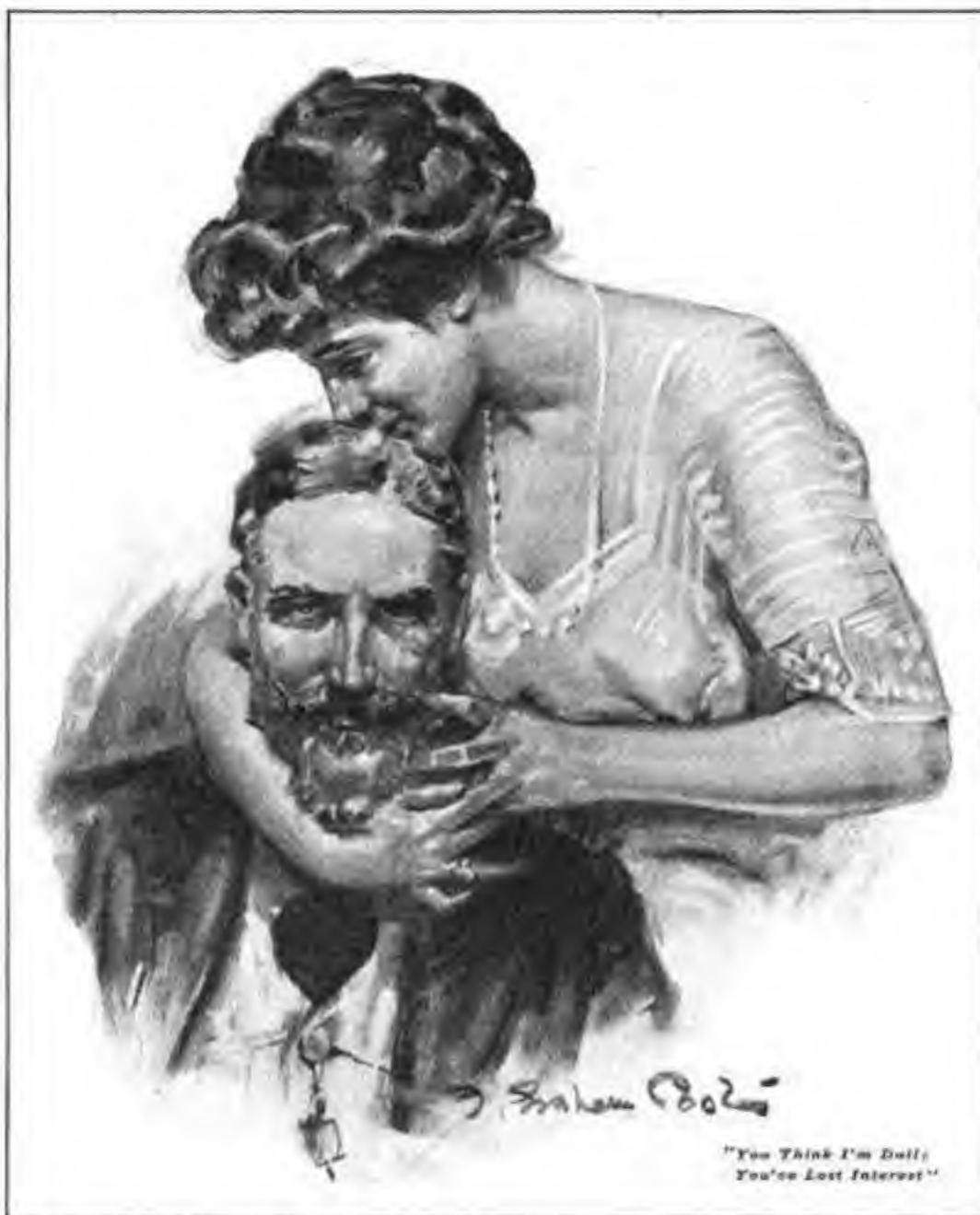
"John, you and Martha have been talking me over?"

Then John Garden became impatient.

"Evelyn, you are the dunned-est! What an idea! Martha came into my study with a tale about the color of your clothes—I was busy; so I told the child, yes, I'd speak to you. I think your clothes are very pretty; but Martha said it was wrong for you not to wear mauve. I remember that word distinctly—mauve. What color is mauve, Martha? That's a pretty frock you've got on, Evelyn! What's that color?"

"Oh, father!" Martha was nearly in tears. "You know it

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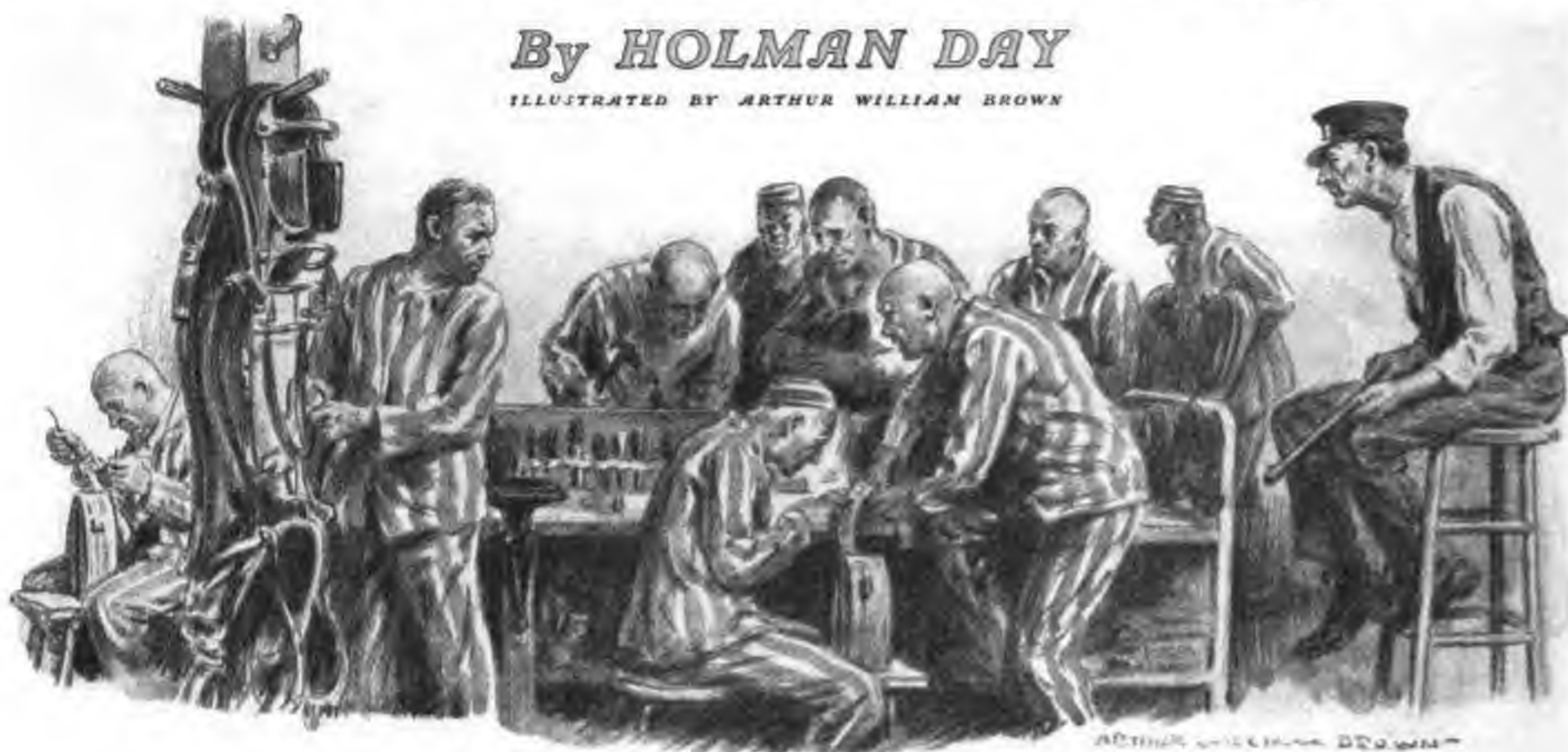


"You Think I'm Dull;
You've Lost Interest"

GOOD OLD DOC LIGMORE

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



He Paused and Glowered With Special Venom at This Monument Set Over His Life's Disaster—This Clod on the High Stool

WITHOUT shifting his eyes from a straight-ahead stare down the shop, the man on a high stool slipped his hand into his trousers pocket, measured with grimy thumb-nail on a plug of tobacco and wrenched off a chew, which he lazily shoved with his tongue into its proper location.

A convict, who was doing something with a new harness on a frame, stopped and stared at the man on the stool, telegraphing vitriolic hatred in his gaze. The other convicts in the shop worked on stolidly.

Strabismus helped to make Mr. Judson Trask an efficient inside guard at the State Prison. He kept his charges guessing. When he was posted on his high stool at one end of the Harness Shop no convict could determine just who was favored with Mr. Trask's basilisk attention. He was so cross-eyed that only little quarter moons of his pupils showed beside his bulgy nose.

He liked his job. He was smug and pompous in the silent performance of his duty. He never asked for a vacation; he did not fuss about promotion; he remained, year in and year out, seated on that high stool, a short-muzzled carbine across his knees. It was a job that would have afforded a philosopher vast opportunities for introspection and cogitation. Mr. Trask did not bother to think. His brain was motionless. His jaw worked slowly on his tobacco.

In the course of time this lumpish man with the gun had come to exemplify for Veranus Marston all the hatefulness of incarceration in the State Prison. The walls, the narrow cell, the silence and the ignominy of his condition seemed rather of the abstract. The vacuous, self-important incarnation of the concrete on the high stool put the white tip of flame on the smolder of Marston's resentment and rebelliousness.

Trask was so manifestly low-down and ignorant—too ignorant to understand that he did not know anything! Such was Marston's rancorous estimate. To glance up at any moment of the day and see that old fool domineering over men, with a gun across his knees—slave driving a man like Marston himself—it became maddening; the principal topic of his bitter thoughts as Marston's years of confinement dragged on.

Whenever he scowled at the stolid old ox on his high stool, striving to proclaim his opinions by his eyes, he could not be certain that Trask was looking at him; there is nothing so exasperating as an oblivious foe.

Marston was assembling the parts of a new harness on a frame. He worked nervously, impatiently. He stopped frequently and glared at Trask. Marston knew the nickname by which Trask was known to all the guards; they called him Dirty Shirt Jud. Trask wore no coat and shamelessly justified the sobriquet. Trask had passed near Marston on many occasions. Trask was twenty feet distant, on his high stool; but the convict sniffed and almost

believed he could catch that characteristic odor of stale perspiration above the brisk scents of leather and oil.

Marston had been the best-groomed man in Avon when he was cashier of the First National Bank. Every night for more than five years he had carefully laid his prison trousers under his mattress in the cell when he turned in, so that he might sport a crease.

After buckling a backstrap he paused and glowered with special venom at this monument set over his life's disaster—this clod on the high stool.

Mr. Trask unhooked the turned-up toes of his old boots from the legs of the stool, slid down, and walked across to Convict Marston. Trask was stoop-shouldered and his hands dangled almost to his knees. There were no voices in the shop. There was the tweak-weak of awls—like mouse squeakings—lip of leather, twit and tug of waxed thread.

"I've been looking at you," Trask mumbled.

"Are you looking at me now?" asked Marston in soft tones.

"Yes, I am looking at you—and I can look at any man. I never embezzled twenty thousand dollars of other folks' money out of a bank and spent it on dude notions. And I want this slurring stopped."

"So do I," returned the ex-cashier, nipping the words between tightly set lips.

His lower face and his long upper lip were masked by a short growth of beard, a hirsute privilege granted to prisoners serving the last few weeks of a sentence; a beard concealed prison pallor or else screened a man's shamed face when he went out into the world. Mr. Trask went on importantly:

"Can't have no prisoner, no matter who or what, sneering at me, even if he is going out in a few days! I've got to stay here on my job, and I've got a reputation and my dignity to keep up. What one does, another may try to do."

Convict Marston began to tremble. It was the ague of rage. It was furious protest breaking bounds. There was a sickly sweet ache in the roof of his mouth.

"I went into your bank once with a check to cash," said Mr. Trask. "You prob'ly don't remember. You was too high and mighty in them days to notice me. You wouldn't cash that check. Prob'ly I didn't wear the right kind of dude clothes."

He came closer, exhaling the stale odor that maddened Marston. The mental torpor of five and a half prison years had loosed the animal instinct in him; he was not analyzing the psychology of scents—he merely knew that he hated this cross-eyed old ape with virulence that blazed.

"You can't stand here, where I'm boss and have a reputation to keep up, and sneer at me now with your looks like you sneered through that bank window. And I says to myself then as how pride goes before a fall and I may see

that critter peeking through another kind of bars some day." Trask kept his voice low. He sort of purred in a self-satisfied manner. "My check was honest. I wasn't trying to steal money out of that bank. You prob'ly hated to see any money go out unless it was in your own pockets. I've met a lot like you—smooth; slick; good clothes—but his shiny shell don't make anything else out of a stink bug."

Helpless, inarticulate, blind fury has been described as "being mad enough to try to break an eel across your knee."

Convict Marston's next act was almost as senseless a performance.

He snatched up a slippery new horse-collar which was a part of the harness he was assembling. It was a work-horse harness and the collar was an ample one. Before Mr. Trask's slow mind or slower body had moved a muscle Convict Marston had thrust the collar down over the guard's head. Quickly he twisted it, leaped on it and jammed it down over the shoulders, pinning Trask's arms to his side. And then Convict Marston began to pommel Mr. Trask with his bony little fists and to kick him with his prison brogans.

The fifty convicts at the benches in the Harness Shop faced about, crossed their striped legs and watched the punishment of Mr. Trask with silent complacency. Mr. Trask bellowed for help and the overseer of the Harness Department joined his voice and ran as first aid. Then other guards came and they subdued Convict Marston to the extent that they obliged him to give over beating and kicking Mr. Trask; but they could not stop his mouth, where the sickly sweet ache was now more acute. He hysterically screamed all the rancor that he had been bottling within himself for five and a half years.

When they dragged him, with clattering heels, down the stairs to the yard, across the yard, down the three stone steps into the bowels of the left wing, and then along a dim corridor and down four steps, and across a small dungeon and into a strong box, without light, and left him there, closing the door of the box and then slamming the door of the dungeon, Convict Marston still screamed anathemas, defiance and threats, though he must have realized that in that box within a box, and within the stone walls of the left wing, his voice was immured along with his body.

Convict Marston was in the doghole!

II

AFTER a time he stopped squalling invective. There was a bare plank to sit on; before he found the plank he kicked over a tin bucket, the rattling of which startled him in the hush that throbbed against his eardrums. It is said that quietude nurtures reflection. Ex-Cashier Marston sat down and began to wonder what effect his blowing up was going to have on his good-behavior allowance. He had taken a bit of comfort during his term by figuring up that

allowance—something over five hundred days on a seven-year sentence at the rate of six days a month, so long as he minded his p's and q's.

He wondered whether the Warden would consider that his outbreak invalidated the whole good-behavior allowance. And he had been due to leave the devilish hole inside of a week! The ache was gone from his mouth and was in his knuckles, and he relished the discomfort of those knuckles, remembering his last view of Dirty Shirt Traak's face; but he began to fear that he had paid a high price.

The darkness hurt his eyes—lights like pinwheels developed when he stared. The silence hummed. Then he heard a real sound, and for some minutes he could not trace its source or understand its meaning. After a time he knew it was a human voice. He crawled to the door.

"I'm in the next doghole," the voice confided. "Lie flat and talk under the crack of your door—that's what I'm doing. Now do you hear?"

"Yes," said Convict Marston.

"You certainly came with bells on and kept 'em on. I've been trying to make you hear me. What gave you your ticket?"

"I knocked the face off Old Dirty Shirt in the Harness Shop," grated Marston, his mouth close to the narrow crack which he had searched out with his fingers.

"I used up some broomhandle stock on Old Seekins in the Broom Shop." The man drawled his words. His voice had a sort of feminine softness. "Old Seekins has a hare-lip and very vulgar manners. He had been getting on my nerves for some time. Finally, as a gentleman, I showed proper resentment."

"I know exactly how you felt," declared Marston, warming instantly toward the unknown.

"However, it was rather silly of me to lose my general repose of manner and descend to his level. My time would be up next week."

"Same here," said Marston bitterly.

"You may have noticed that animals, insects and the lower orders of humanity seem to have an unhappy faculty of obtruding themselves at the wrong psychological moment. Old Seekins buzzed into my face just when I was chewing a bitter mouthful."

"You don't need to explain. I understand."

"But I should like to explain, if you don't mind listening for a moment. It's too bad Voltaire could not have had the episode for use in one of his papers on human perversity. Are you familiar with Voltaire's cynicism?"

"No," confessed Marston, now understanding that his neighbor must be some pumpkins intellectually. "I had to get out and mix with the boys after banking hours—rest my head."

"Exactly," returned the other, his tone indicating that now he knew a great deal regarding the man in the next cell; "but you yourself may be enough of a cynic to relish this affair. My father is a lay preacher. He preaches free of charge because he likes to stand up and abuse men and women with his tongue without their having an opportunity to answer him back. He is a coward and a tyrant, and he beat me every Sunday morning before dragging me away by the ear to hear him preach."

"Then he beat me again after he had dragged me home. He used to say I had not listened attentively. I ran away and worked my way through college; and I became an anarchist and developed theories. One is that the mere accident of bringing a human being into the world does

not give a man the right to tyrannize over that being's body and mind. So I went home to explain to my father how wrong he had been. Furthermore, I believed that my athletic practice had given me enough muscle to whip him; but he knocked me down with a rakehandle and kicked me after I was down."

"That was in the barn. He left me lying there. Therefore I set fire to the barn, finding plenty of justification in my anarchistic theories; and I went away out West after I had broken out of the county jail where they were holding me for trial. I fell in love with a girl. I loved her so much that I told her all my past life, for deep love stirs a desire for full confession in a man."

This manner of rather stilted discourse seemed to fit with the unknown's smooth drawl.

"She was sympathetic and urged me to go back and give myself up and serve my time, so that we might start life without a black cloud hanging over us. She would wait for me so gladly, and then we could be happy ever after! So I came back and gave myself up and told my story—and the court saw no romance in it at all, or any justification in my theories. In my heart I had believed the judge would wipe tears from his eyes and rise up and send me back to the girl; but he wouldn't let me tell my story to the jury—I was obliged to answer just 'Yes' and 'No' as a crusty lawyer asked me questions. And then the judge soaked me the full limit for arson."

"Now, just as I am finishing my sentence, a letter comes from the girl; and she says she has married another fellow. Having thought the matter all over carefully, she has arrived at the conclusion that it would be wrong for us to bring children into the world and expose them to the shame of being twitted that their father was sent to the State Prison. That's what she wrote; but she is just like the rest of the women—she found somebody else she liked better."

"And that's what a man gets by letting a woman's fool notions govern him. Everybody was sore. My father didn't want me to come back and shame him by going to prison. The county attorney was mad because I came back to make trouble and expense. And I have lost five good years out of my life. That letter came last night. I feel a little better now I have licked Old Seekins and have told you the story. I thank you for listening."

"When you first began to talk," affirmed Marston, "I felt a hankering to get you by the hand and shake it. You seem to be one of my kind. Perhaps this doghole business is one of those disguised blessings we have read about. Maybe it is putting two good fellows next to each other. I mean that, seeing we're due to go out about the same time, it may be a good thing for us to be acquainted. I expect to be pretty lonesome when I get out."

"I have had word from only one person who wants to see me when I leave here—that's good Old Doc Ligmores upcountry."

"All my old bunch has thrown me down—even the boys who stung me worst at poker," said Convict Marston. "And I wasn't trying to wreck the First National. Why, the bank never lost a dollar! But my wife got to be dead-sure she was the social bell cow of Avon, and that the town



"I'm Sorry You Slapped Over, Marston. Your Record Was Good Until Yesterday. What's Your Excuse?"

hall would tip over if she wore the same dress more than twice at a bridge party. I found that if I fiddled up well for her she would let me do a few little things on my own account; but those doings make a two-thousand-dollar salary lie down and stick its paws in the air."

"And this isn't the same old story you've heard so often. I didn't buy stocks. I backed a wholesale grocery on the side and put money into a galvanizing plant, and was cleaning up a good thing; and sometime I should have squared the bank. But a new examiner dropped in one day and wouldn't wait until after lunch—a little, red-headed yep with a new job; and he insisted on grabbing right in, then and there. And he found an entry of eight dollars and forty-one cents on the daybook that I couldn't explain. That's all—just that little entry I hadn't had time to fix up!"

"I tried to back him down, but the little fool was all puffed up with his own importance. He went and hung a Closed! sign on the bank door. On the face of it I was behind twenty thousand dollars; but the bank held on to my investments and got it all back. And my wife got a divorce and wrote to me that she felt compelled to do it on account of her social position. Now she is married again. And that's my story. I don't say it's as aggravating as yours, but it classes up well."

"It amounts to about the same. I'd like to shake hands with you. My name is Paul Rurbot."

"I'm Marston—lugging the front name of Veranus. My folks branded me with it for life, because they thought an old uncle would leave me his money. He was due to die about the time I was born; but he lived until a few years ago, cut three teeth at eighty-one, got so he could read fine print without glasses, fell in love with a fat girl who was keeping house for him—and she got all his money."

"Queer things happen."

"Yes; when the judge sentenced me it was one of those spring days that just coax a fellow out to the golf links—and the courtroom windows were open, and a street piano stopped right handy and played The Good Old Summer-time! and Home, Sweet Home!"

"And so it goes!" said the other. "What do you say if I meet you outside? We could be company for each other until something opens up for us."

"I should have said it if you hadn't."

"I've got one friend left. He's good Old Doc Ligmores. He has been writing to me. He's an old saint, and he understands."

"If he means to help you I won't queer your chances by dragging on your heels; but I'll be glad to meet you outside. Where?"

There was more of the silence that pounded on the eardrums while Marston's neighbor pondered.

"I'll tell you what," he said at last—"first one out goes to the next town west of this town; stops at the tavern there until the other comes. It's a small place—board will be cheap. I reckon we'll know each other all right."

"We sure will. Raising a beard?"

"Yes. You?"

"Aye—a fine lamp-mat."



The Reassuring Stream of Inures Had Been Checked by a Gasping Inert

"We'll save the rest of our talk. My mouth is full of dust."

Marston's ribs and knees and elbows were aching. He fumbled about for his plank and sat down on it, and found himself in a more comfortable frame of mind—at least, he had something to look forward to.

A guard came with bread and a pannikin of water, and Marston knew it must be noon. A guard came again with water and bread, and he knew it must be suppertime. Then passed a long and tedious period—and water and bread signaled morning.

III

RURBOT was released first. Marston heard the tramping feet and the rattle of the key. Then in his bitter loneliness he discovered why the doghole made good prisoners out of recalcitrants. Claustrophobia crept on him, took possession of him, racked his nerves. It was cumulative distress. The longer he remained there, the more unendurable became the confinement. He staggered out when they came for him; he held his forearm against his eyes when the corridor window flaunted sunshine at him.

He was taken to the Warden's office and blinked supinely when he stood before that magnate. The Warden was a fat man. He habitually had little patches of beady moisture beside his nose, and his nature was such that he could not help exuding good nature along with his perspiration.

"I'm sorry you stopped over, Marston," he said. "Your record was good until yesterday. What's your excuse?"

"I—I don't know just what ailed me; I'll have hard work to explain," faltered the convict. The terror of the doghole still unnerved him.

"High-strung natures are the hardest to handle in a prison," declared the Warden oracularly. "I have just had another case like yours. It isn't so much insubordination as it is temporary insanity. As a deep student of human nature I can make allowance. I don't like to put records on my books that will show insubordination—especially in the case of a prisoner whose time is nearly up. It would indicate that a prisoner had not profited by his punishment. I want you to go away and be a better man, Marston. Do you feel that you can go back and live straight?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been quite a prominent man. I think you can appreciate good judgment in prison management when you see it. If we overlook the break you made, will you say a good word outside if you hear the prison criticized?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is a lot of politics in this state and I have to look out for myself," said the Warden with a touch of man in his tone. "I like to have a chap like you go out feeling that the institution is run on proper lines. You have five days more. I'll keep those fellows in the Harness Shop guessing about what kind of punishment you're getting. You understand? It's all in the way of maintaining discipline. You stay in your cell. I'll have the chaplain bring you some books and give you a good talk on what you ought to make of yourself."

Marston sat down on his pallet and reflected a bit dizzily that, in the affairs of nations and men, timely revolt often brings benefits. Circumstances had caused him to meet a man by the name of Rurbot.

He could not estimate what might come from that chance friendship of the doghole; but in the case of a man whose outside attachments have been pruned from him by five years and more in the State Prison, whose aims and views have been narrowed by that little world in which he has vegetated, casual acquaintance assumes larger proportions than in the busy marts. Therefore, he looked at his scarred knuckles before picking up one of the books left by the chaplain, and was not sorry he had eased the canker of his grudge by beating up Dirty Shirt Trask.

IV

IN A COMFORTABLY hopeful mood of adventure he walked out of the State Prison five days later. He carried the moisture of the Warden's parting handshake on his palm, wore the new suit of ready-made clothes the state provides, and had rolled the state's allowance of five dollars into the modest wad of money he had turned over to the authorities when he began his sentence.

He was glad when he reached the railroad station. His content increased when he was on board the train, the departure of which had been timed for him by the Warden. The State Prison was in a rather small village and the villagers were in the habit of staring very frankly at all men who walked down the street wearing new suits and having pale faces.

Marston noticed that one man followed him into the station, crowded close enough to overhear what town he



"Within an Hour I Have Seen—Laid My Eyes on Thirty Thousand Dollars in Cash"

named when he bought his ticket, came into the train and sat down quite casually beside him in the seat Marston took in the smoking car. This person chewed gum vigorously—snapping it in an annoying fashion between his teeth.

Marston had been hungry for the world and the companionship of men. The stranger opened conversation and hospitably offered a tablet of gum. Marston grumbled refusal. The person's propinquity irritated him. The ex-convict was moved to survey the state of his mind with some apprehension. Had prison life spoiled him? Had isolation rotted the ground wires of his human-sympathy circuit?

"I'm glad to see you are out of that hole, Cashier Marston," said the person. "Lots of good men get into the State Prison, while lots of worse men are lucky enough to dodge it."

Yes—Ex-Convict Marston was sure that prison life had a bad effect on the battery of human emotions; he was intensely and promptly resenting this condolence.

"I suppose you've got a good opening all ready for you? A little thing like what happened to you can't keep a smart man down. I see you're headed for Vinalboro. Making a pretty short jump, eh?" Marston did not reply. After five years of silence he was not handy with retort. "I figure that a man with as many friends as you had before the little slip happened will find 'em ready to stand by—ready to do the right thing—eh?"

"Thank you—I don't know; and——" Marston checked the speech his temper prompted. "Please excuse me."

He crowded past the knees of the man, went down to the front of the car, bought a newspaper from the train boy, sat down and began to read; but he shut his eyes and grunted an oath. It was a devilish long memory the world had! He knew what he might expect if he ever returned to Avon; but he did not intend to go there. And yet, at the gate of the State Prison a meddlesome fool had begun on him!

It was a short ride to Vinalboro. A tall, youngish man with a short blond beard was close beside the steps of the car and put out his hand after an instant's inspection of the arrival. Marston grasped the hand; and then they walked away together without speaking. The thrill of prison discipline still put restraint on their tongues.

After a few minutes Marston heard behind him sharp little crackings. He turned and saw his insistent sympathizer coming along the narrow sidewalk from the train with other men. Marston held back his companion and allowed the group to pass. Rurbot smiled understandingly.

"I have the same feeling," he said. "Our backs have been against a wall a long time."

"It's the noise that fool makes—whacking gum! He crowded in beside me on the train—insisted on talking over my affairs—was trying to find out what I intended to do."

"A tick," said Rurbot in his soft tones. "I might have known one would have been waiting for you. They had me sized and let me alone; but he thinks you salted down the bank's money or have got backers."

"A tick?"

"Gets on to you and borrows! It's a wonder half a dozen of them weren't after you at the gate. They call themselves detectives and make it a business to hang round outside of the State Prison and chase up the poor devils

who come out. They win either way—if a man gets a job where his record isn't known they blackmail him; if he doesn't pony up they sell the information to his employer. Sociologists are investigating to find out why so many convicts are repeaters; they'd better ask the ticks."

"I haven't any hidden money or any prospects. He'd better leave me alone."

"He thinks you have and he won't leave you alone; but he can't hurt you. I've been here two days and I've written to good Old Doc Lignmore and have got his answer. He has known all about me for years—knows what I was up against all my life. He overlooks it. Now he knows about you—wants to help you. It will be a merry joke for us if the tick tries to brace dear Old Doc."

When the annoying person came to them as they were sitting on the tavern porch that afternoon, Marston gazed on him with equanimity as well as scorn.

"You're two of a kind, and so I can talk freely and we'll come down to business," averred their caller. He offered a dirty card to each, and each declined it. "All right, then. My name is Moran—detective. My business——"

"We know your business," said Rurbot.

"All right, then. You prob'ly know I'm one of the Employers' Protectors of America."

"I don't know what you call yourselves nowadays. You dog the heels of poor devils and have them turned down when they hunt for jobs, unless they come across."

"It's my duty to warn honest men against jailbird crooks; but if a man wants to stand in with me and hold his job, and show me that he has reformed, I can do business." He cracked his gum violently.

"Throw away that infernal cud," yapped Marston.

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Moran, flipping the offensive morsel on his thumb-nail. "Jail life gets on to the nerves—eh? As I was saying——"

"If you say any more I'll stand up and smash one of these chairs over your head," said Rurbot. He did not raise his voice.

"You don't dare to turn me down!"

Rurbot got up and swung his chair over his head, and when Moran fled he threw the chair after him.

"As I was saying to you just before the eminent Protector of America cantered up, good Old Doc Lignmore wants us to meet him in Boston to-morrow."

"I suppose he is a little ashamed to have us visit him in his home town," suggested Marston. "Well, I can't blame him."

"That isn't Old Doc," insisted the protégé. "He knows it might be embarrassing for us to show up in a small town in this state just now. He said so in his letter. He's kind and he's thoughtful."

"We have made an enemy," said Marston, gazing at the corner round which Moran had disappeared.

"I'd hate to have him for a friend—it would be expensive," declared Rurbot.

However, though Mr. Moran's friendship was in question, there was no doubt in regard to his interest in the couple. He went along on the train with them when they left Vinalboro.

"He thinks you are going somewhere to dig up that bank money you buried," suggested Rurbot, distinctly amused by Mr. Moran's persistence.

He was still amused when he pointed out Mr. Moran to good Old Doc Dorset Lignmore, of Newry, and explained the nature of Mr. Moran's occupation. The good Old Doc was not amused.

RURBOT and Marston had just found him in the quiet corner of the hotel café where he had appointed their meeting place. In the old and fresh days, before his fall had made him humble, Marston would have jovially asked the good Old Doc where he had stabled his reindeer; he felt an almost irresistible impulse to fondle the fluffy mat of white beard that blanketed Doctor Lignmore's breast and face, from eyes to dangling watch chain. He mentally affirmed that if Santa Claus ever needed an understudy he ought to get Doctor Lignmore's address.

Marston surveyed him with most cordial approbation while Rurbot explained in regard to the man who had followed them in; but the good Old Doc's cheeks flushed to a red as deep as the hue of the knob of nose that protruded from his whiskers. The crinkly lids shuttled over the little blue marbles of eyeballs.

"It won't do! It won't do!" he declared, his voice muffled by his whiskers.

"Oh, he's a cheap sneak. He's harmless," said Rurbot, pulling out a chair.

"Don't sit down! Don't sit down! Make believe you're just passing—just meeting me casually. Dodge him—get away from him; then come to Room Seventy in this hotel. But don't come until you dodge him." It was an appeal highly spiced with command.

"But let him shoot off——" Doc Lignore leaned back in his chair. Moran was close at hand.

"I take no stock in the matter." The voice was not muffled by whiskers this time. It was sharp and a bit indignant—and the Doctor shot a glance at Moran.

Rurbot backed away, color in his pale cheeks. Marston followed.

"You can't nick jaspers so long as I'm on the job," said Moran, *sotto voce*, as they passed him. He tossed one of his cards before the Doctor. Departing on the heels of his quarry, he called over his shoulder: "Slip to that address what you feel like paying a protector who is on the job."

"What are we going to do about that renegade?" asked Marston, hearing the cracking of the gum globules behind them when they had joined the crowd in the street.

"Lead him down an alley and beat his head off!" grated Rurbot.

"No job like that for me! I'm just out of the State Prison, and I'm on the level after this, Rurbot."

"Then we'll shake him. I could have done it before if I had thought it worth while. I can't understand why he made the good Old Doc sit up like that."

"Looks to me as though your friend is ashamed to be seen with us—when anybody knows who we are."

"No, sir," protested Rurbot earnestly. "He's from the country. The word 'detective' scared him. He was rattled. Now a man by the name of Moran gets his!"

He halted so suddenly that their trailer bumped against him. Moran dodged back; but Rurbot, making sure that persons in the crowd had marked the episode, leaped and grabbed the detective's wrist; and then he shouted:

"Pickpocket!"

Instantly the crowd surged that way, and Rurbot released the wrist, ducked through the first of the press and came up beside Marston on the outskirts.

"Let 'em settle it. Come along!"

They crossed the street, walking without haste, and left the hullabaloo behind. They saw Moran frantically struggling and beating his palm on his nickel badge.

"That was a neat and scientific job," declared Marston.

"There'll be a cop there in a moment—and that fake badge will do the rest!" commented Rurbot scornfully. "I'm sorry he scared my good old friend."

Doctor Lignore was waiting in Room Seventy, and he made various inquiries while he fumbled with the lock of the door. He displayed trepidation in his voice before he admitted them. He hurriedly locked the door behind them.

"You don't have to explain," said Rurbot soothingly. "You're not used to such things up in the country. I've told Marston exactly how it was with you."

Then he fluently explained to the Doctor just how mild men, unused to city ways, are frightened by the presence of officers; and, while he talked, the wrinkles of dismay were smoothed from his good old friend's forehead.

Apologetic relief succeeded the rather composite expression Marston had noticed while he studied the Doctor's countenance. Marston's self-respect was hardly convalescent. If this man—this good old soul on whom Rurbot pinned unflinching faith—was ashamed of them, what could be expected from the rest of the world?

"That was just the way I felt," said the Doctor. "You have described it. You were always handy with language, sonny. I have been very sad since you just left me. I was afraid you'd think I was ashamed to be seen with you." He put his fatherly hand on Rurbot's shoulder and turned a benignant smile on Marston. "I was the first to lay eyes on him when he came into the world—he played with my watch chain when I vaccinated him. I saw him through all his childish ailments. Almost like a son—and I consider his friends the same. Now let's sit down and smoke."

Marston went away from the interview calmed and much comforted.

"And what did I tell you about good Old Doc Lignore?" inquired his new friend with enthusiasm. "Oh, if only I had had a father like him to advise and help me!"

"He's a fine old saint!"

"And he isn't one with a paving block for a conscience and a hymn book for a heart."

"I wish I didn't have the curse of the State Prison on me," lamented Marston.

"But Doc Lignore doesn't make any account of that."

"I wish I didn't think so—but the devilish idea keeps coming up, Rurbot. That Moran business! It sticks. However, he tells us we must come up and visit him."

"Sure! That's good Old Doc!"

"But he tells us we must drop off in another town, and he will meet us and carry us to his place in the night."

"Prison has made you morbid, brother. It's to protect our feelings. Country folks are nosy, annoying; and all men who have been in prison are alike to them. He wants us to be happy and comfortable until he can help us turn our hands to something."

"I have learned how to make harness pads in my five years—a job they pay girls four dollars a week for doing."

"And I can turn out a good broom—but so can a blind man. A great training for his future a State Prison gives the ordinary convict—not? But, cheer up, Marston. We've got education and Doc Lignore will place us. If he wants us to crawl to his house through a tunnel we'll go, and thank God for his interest in us." And they went.

VI

COLD, long and lonesome were the stretches of country road while the Doctor's lumbering nag dragged them through a fog-drenched autumn night. The Doctor bulked between them on the buggy's narrow seat and persistently refused to allow them to express their gratitude.

(Continued on Page 33)

Turning Round on a Smaller Margin

By JAMES H. COLLINS
ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

HOW THE ECONOMY MAN HELPS BY HIS STUDY OF MATERIALS

A BIG railroad system had for years followed the usual practice of collecting its scrap and junk at a central point and selling it to the junkman when a few thousand tons had accumulated. Old rails, spikes, plates, nuts and tools were heaped up in a tangled pile and sold for about a cent a pound, along with old brass, rope, rubber hose and other worn-out materials.

Presently, however, two things happened: The price of junk began to drop. From twenty dollars a ton it fell to nineteen, then eighteen, then seventeen, until finally it sank below fourteen dollars. And the prices for new materials were climbing at the same time; so that everything, from rails to nails, had to be used more carefully.

Obviously a more intelligent way of dealing with scrap was necessary, and therefore the maintenance department studied the whole question from new angles. Last year that railroad effected surprising economies on its scrap heap.

Out of one hundred and fifty thousand tons of miscellaneous junk gathered up, there was reclaimed and put back into service, or sold, fully half a million dollars' worth of equipment, at a cost of about twelve cents on the dollar for sorting and making repairs.

A large shop has been fitted up with machinery for working over each class of material and testing its output. New tires are put on car wheels formerly sold for a cent a pound, and they give years of additional service. Old rails are rerolled and redrilled and sold to smaller railroads. Old springs are retempered and the Babbitt metal is melted out of old journals. A magnetic separator winnows iron and steel from brass in mixed scrap.

One hundred and forty tons of nuts and more than two million bolts were rethreaded; eleven hundred kegs of track spikes were cleaned of rust and resharpened; ten thousand tie plates, forty-five hundred car wheels and a thousand car couplers were reclaimed. A vast assortment of crippled tools was made serviceable and sent back—thirty-five hundred shovels, ten thousand tamping picks, three hundred track drills and twelve hundred jacks.

Moreover, this careful scrutiny of the scrap heap has brought about better standards for the purchase of new



For Years Old
Rails, Spikes, Plates,
Nuts and Tools Were Sold
for About a Cent a Pound

material; for defects of design and workmanship have been discovered, and in some cases manufacturers have replaced equipment when defects were called to their attention. Under the old scheme of selling scrap there would have been no claim for replacement.

American business has entered a new era of economy. Wages and cost of materials have been steadily rising. Prices have not been able to keep pace with them in many lines, and, with transportation and public-service corporations, are stationary or are even falling. Profits have

shrunk everywhere, and to-day the business man must run his plant and turn round on a much smaller margin than was common five or ten years ago.

So every item of business is being examined for the purpose of detecting and abolishing waste; and of the big group heads under which this problem is studied, such as Burden, Materials, Labor and Management, by far the best possibilities for saving seem to be offered in Materials.

As an illustration, our factories make twenty billion dollars' worth of goods yearly. More than twelve billion dollars of this is cost of materials—the raw stuff out of which product is made, with tools to make it. That is three times the cost of labor and supervision.

Close on the heels of the efficiency man has come another specialist known as the economy superintendent. The efficiency man's job is to hold the stop watch on operations, with a view to speeding them up or shortening them, as well as to shorten and simplify routine.

The economy superintendent, on the contrary, browses all round the works to see what is being used; how it is being handled; what is spoiled, thrown away through ignorance, carelessness and use of wrong materials. His supervision begins with the raw materials coming into the plant, with leeway to change these if he can effect sane economies by substitution and improvement, and extends through the works, with its countless opportunities for leaks and extravagance, out to the scrap heap, where he finds suggestions that, in turn, help him develop better standards in the purchase of more material.

In shoes there has been a remarkable trend toward buttons lately. Fully seventy per cent of the output of an average shoe factory is button styles, and many of the models made for women have a dozen buttons on each shoe. Every button must have its buttonhole, of course; and in one big factory the management added to appearance and selling value by working all buttonholes in silk thread.

Some time after this was started the economy man stepped in and demonstrated that if cotton thread was

used for the bottom of the buttonhole and silk on top the appearance would be the same, while the cotton thread gave greater strength and made a great saving on the output. That plant makes about twenty-five hundred pairs of button shoes daily. Cotton thread costs less than an eighth as much as silk; so on every dollar spent for buttonhole thread nearly forty cents was saved—an important item with goods made on such close margins as shoes.

Every new automobile engine built must be put on the testing block and run a certain number of hours to limber it up and reveal defects before it is put in place on the chassis. More than a quarter of a million new auto engines are run thus every year in Detroit alone. Until the economy man looked into that proposition gasoline was used for testing fuel; but the rising price made it more and more expensive, and at the same time a damper was being put on sales because testing helped along the rise in price to motorists.

Then illuminating gas was tried for testing and found suitable. In wholesale quantities, at forty or fifty cents a thousand feet, it was found cheaper than gasoline at nine cents a gallon. So to-day city gas is widely used in testing automobile and gas engines.

A coal-mine manager was confronted with the rising cost of wooden ties for mine track. He had bought wooden ties from farmers and also tried growing his own ties, cutting thousands of young white-oak trees to meet his needs; but still this item of cost increased. To meet this condition he designed a tie that his mine blacksmith could make from short lengths cut from old steel rails found in the scrapheap. It proved so economical that later he bought new rejected rails from steel mills for the same purpose.

His steel ties cost less than wood. They could be spaced wider, would not rot, saved time and spikes, and made it possible to haul the coal on a lighter track in many places, so that twelve-pound rails could be substituted for the standard sixteen-pound at a twenty-five per cent saving. And the new scheme did away with so many wrecks due to wobbly track that the blacksmith, relieved of repairs to mine cars, had plenty of time to make steel ties.

Within the past ten or fifteen years materials have changed greatly. Steel used to be simply steel, and iron was iron, and the natural products, such as lumber, rubber and fibers, were used with allowance for their limitations; but to-day there are literally hundreds of varieties of steel for different purposes, and iron is available in different grades, too, and has been replaced by alloys. And all the natural products have their manufactured and synthetic substitutes.

This wealth of modern materials has opened up vast possibilities for the economy man at the buying end. Once on a time he could only have cut down costs by cheeseparing, using less of the same material or an inferior grade; but now there is a rich technical field to be worked. He can often cut costs by using some other material that is both cheaper and better. His economies are not due to blind cheeseparing, but to ingenuity and technical knowledge in the design of products and the layout of processes.

The flow of raw materials into a factory, railroad system, public-service plant, or any other business, is constant and must go on as long as the business runs at all. When these materials flow out as finished products or service there may be a notable shrinkage.

As practically everybody connected with the business is doing something with materials, the tracking down of waste and leakage is another big division of the economy man's work.

Clever Ways of Saving Oil

ALUBRICATION expert was hired to investigate methods in a large machine shop and effect savings in oil and grease if he could. Out in the yard he saw several truckloads of metal chips, brought from machines that turned and bored parts, ready for sale as junk. He picked up a handful. They looked pretty greasy. A test was made, the chips being weighed, their oil extracted, and the dry chips weighed again.

This plant produced several tons of metal chips every day, and each day was selling a barrel or two of expensive cutting oil with its junk. Centrifugal extractors were installed to save this oil; and the chips were made so dry that some of the finest were sifted out and used round the shop instead of sawdust to absorb oil.

Waste of lubricating oil is great enough in many works to pay the economy man a handsome salary when checked, and is one of the items now being studied with a view to saving. Cotton waste saturated with oil was once burned under the boilers. Now it is cleaned in centrifugal extractors or by a bath of hot oil, and both the oil and the waste are recovered for use. Cotton wiping cloths have replaced waste in many places and are washed over and over, to be used again. Proper oil for the work saves money, and less oil is needed for lubrication when machine bearings are properly designed.

Iron and steel foundries use great quantities of molding sand in making castings. This sand becomes unfit for use

after a time and, until lately, has been thrown away. When the foundry is situated in a city, waste sand must be shipped off by railroad.

Not long ago, in a city where from fifty to seventy-five carloads of spent foundry sand were being shipped to the dump daily, the railroad company raised the freight rate, making shipment so expensive that the foundrymen combined to develop a method of reclaiming sand for use again.

Machinery was installed for washing, sifting, drying, rebonding and renovating it in various ways, according to the character of sands employed for different types of castings; and it was learned that in most cases the spent sand could be reclaimed for less than the cost of shipping it to the dump. In other words, the foundrymen can get a fair grade of fresh molding sand for nothing.

Economy of materials in designing and buying is largely a technical matter, and there is plenty of room for technical improvement in methods when materials pass out into the works, as in these cases of saving in cutting oil and in sand.

More often, however, the problem is a human one; and the economy man cannot go very far until he has enlisted the cooperation of employees by pointing out waste, has developed better methods, has made clear the reasons for carefulness with materials, and has roused an economical spirit in the whole organization.

Expensive Air and Water Wastes

WATER waste is a very good example. On a railroad system of four thousand miles this was recently figured out by the foreman of the road's water department. By carelessness in filling engine tanks, neglect of leaky valves, lavish use of water for washing engines, allowing hose and faucets to run, and the like, he estimated that one-fourth of all the water supplied for the road was wasted, or about two hundred million gallons a year.

At five cents a thousand gallons this meant a waste of two to three dollars a mile of road; and if the cost of clearing away ice caused by wasted water in winter, and of repairing weakened roadbed, was added, the yearly loss amounted to three times as much. It ran from sixty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year for each station where water was used, and was enough to pay interest on more than half a million dollars, or the capital value of twenty-two new locomotives.

Water has so long been regarded as plentiful and free, like air, that employees are usually surprised when asked to help save it. Economy may involve a profound change in their ways of thinking about water. It is not free, of course. Even air is not free nowadays in many business establishments, because the supply is washed, cooled or warmed according to the season, and circulated by a fan system.

The cost of such air, like that of water, is precisely that of putting it in condition for use and sending it where wanted. Clear statements of such costs and the losses due to heedlessness, together with instruction in better methods, are necessary to bring about reforms.

Employees have it in their power to save materials in so many ways that the economy man depends on their cooperation to secure results.

Last Year There
Was Reclaimed
and Put Back
Into Service or
Sold Fully Half
a Million
Dollars' Worth
of Equipment



The bonus idea has been applied to the saving of material as well as the saving of time, and employees share in economies; but, even without bonuses, there is little difficulty in showing men how economies benefit them by making it easier for their employers to meet competition, extending the business, and providing steadier work and higher wages.

In many shops and factories there is a general desire among employees for improved tools and machinery. One large trolley repair shop in the East has been divided into sections, each with its program of waste elimination. Whenever a section can show savings of a certain amount for one month, the management spends twenty-five per cent of that saving in new tools for that section; and the choice of what shall be bought to bring about the greatest future economies is left partly to the men themselves.

At first glance that seems a little like the old scheme of paying the boy a cent a dose for taking cod-liver oil, and using the money to buy more cod-liver oil; but the trolley industry, with its inflexible nickel of income, has been forced ahead of other business in the matter of turning round on smaller margins, and employees understand that much of its economy must be worked out in the shops where equipment is repaired and kept up.

Some of the most costly leaks in business are due to defective equipment, insufficient tools, and lax methods in distributing equipment and materials round the works, so that men and machines lose working time. Cultivation of the economy spirit among employees is the best means that has been found of preventing such waste, for no supervision of routine system will ever find and check so many leaks as a big workforce on the alert for them.

Finally, the economy man makes his last accounting of materials by watching the scrapheap. There he can strike a balance between the raw stuff put into the plant at one end and the finished goods turned out at the other. Waste shows up in missing materials, spoiled materials, imperfect goods; and economies are effected by changes in methods and processes.

In one plant the junkman was getting large quantities of new material that had become obsolete before it could be used. Investigation showed that too much material was being bought for the size of the output, and that careless storekeeping of materials permitted stuff to lie round until it was junk. A new storeroom and closer figuring at the buying end stopped this waste and made it possible greatly to reduce the money tied up in materials.

Practical Economies in Costly Steel

ATROLLEY company had many cars of old types for which repair parts were not easily obtained. New parts had to be made by costly hand methods, and these cars were idle in the shops much of the time. An electric welding outfit was installed and the scrapheap mined for discarded parts that could be put back into service with some patching; and the savings in upkeep for those cars amounted to more than a thousand dollars monthly.

A big metal works was using fancy tool steel by the ton at a cost of fifty cents a pound and upward. From such, steel cutting tools were made for machining metal. When cutting tools were worn out they went to the scrapheap.

Investigation showed that about forty per cent of all the tool steel bought for the works eventually went to the junkman as stumps and ends of tools that could no longer be sharpened for use; but a way of reclaiming this junk was found.

Every bit of new steel that entered the place was marked for identification, and after cutting tools had been worn out and discarded the marks made it easy to separate the various grades. These grades were treated separately, the old pieces being heated, forged down to blanks for smaller cutting tools, retempered, and put back into the storekeeper's stock, virtually as new steel.

The cost of reclaiming this old metal was only five cents a pound, and a few figures of the savings effected will show why, to-day, in nearly every progressive business establishment there is at least one man in the management whose chief duty is to economize; and many business concerns keep a little staff of such men busy all the time.

One ton of new steel at fifty cents a pound costs one thousand dollars. Forty per cent of this discarded as junk is eight hundred pounds, for which four hundred dollars had been paid, but which could be sold to the junkman for perhaps only eight or ten dollars. When that eight hundred pounds of tool stumps is worked over, however, and eighty per cent of it saved, there are six hundred and forty pounds of tool blanks to go back to the storekeeper. The value now is three hundred and twenty dollars, and the cost of working only thirty-two dollars.

Shops using ten tons of tool steel yearly are quite common, and the saving in a shop of that sort on this item alone would pay the salary of a first-rate economy superintendent. And there, in dollars and cents, is the reason why the economy man is found everywhere, studying the item of Materials.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early number.

TRAUMATIC NEUROSIS

The Fatal Weakness of Con Fulgarney

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



I'VE been buying the New York newspapers lately and I see that the wise men of the East allow as how that Con Fulgarney is a whale of a first baseman and the greatest discovery of the age.

Let 'em think so! It won't make me mad and what those New Yorkers think about anything don't necessarily make it so. I don't care two whoops and a hooraw what anybody thinks of Con Fulgarney; it's me that knows, me and a doctor with pink whiskers.

You mark what I tell you: A man with traumatic neurosis won't last long in the big league. Con has got the worst case of it on record; and once let those other clubs get on to it and they'll make him jump clear out of fast company. Almost every ball player has got a weakness of some sort; but Con's weakness is the weakest weakness of 'em all, and it's only a question of time before he'll be back here in a trolley league, where he belongs.

Some say that I've got it in for Fulgarney because I'm jealous of him. They won't say it to my face. It's true that he kept me on the bench part of last season, but I wouldn't let a little thing like that make me jealous. I figured that if Jimmy Devine could stand it to pay me for wearing out my pants on the splinters I could worry along too. Jimmy is the manager of the Comanches, and if it suited him to play an invalid at first base, instead of a regular man, it was up to him, not me.

It was a few days before the season opened last year that we first saw Fulgarney. We don't have any regular spring training camp. That sort of thing goes for baseball clubs that make a lot of money and can afford luxuries. We're a trolley league, and it's a good thing we are, because long railroad jumps would eat up so much dough there wouldn't be anything left for salaries. Salaries, did I say? Wages is the word. Anything over eighty a month is a salary. Under that, it's just wages.

As we can't afford to hunt warm weather in the spring we get together a couple of weeks before the opening of the season and work out at the ball park. Some of the town boys practice with us and we get up scratch teams and play ourselves into shape.

On the day I'm talking about I noticed a tall, rather good-looking young fellow in the grand stand. He sat there smoking cigarettes and watching the batting practice for as much as an hour, and then we got ready to play the usual six-inning game. Jack Belcher, our shortstop, was going to captain one side and he was one man short.

"Hey, there!" he yells to the fellow in the stand. "Want to play?"

"Don't care if I do!" says the stranger, chucking away his brain pill and standing up to stretch. Sitting down Fulgarney didn't look like such a big man, because a lot of him is legs; but when he got done straightening up and reaching over his head I thought he was going to push the shingles off the grand-stand roof! When he walked out

on the field he made the rest of us look like kids. Six feet seven in his bare feet—that's all he was, with a reach on him like a steam crane!

"Ever played much?" asks Jack.

"Some," says Fulgarney.

"Any particular position?"

"First base usually," says he; "but you can put me anywhere you like and I'll make a stab at it."

"First base she is," says Jack. "I dunno what you'll do for shoes. We haven't got a pair that'll fit you."

"I'll play in these," says Fulgarney. "Shoes never made a ball player yet. Somebody lend me a mitt and I'll be fixed."

Then there was trouble, because with all his other peculiarities Fulgarney was left-handed. There wasn't a right-handed first baseman's mitt at the park—or in town, either.

"I can get you a pitcher's glove," says Jack, "but no mitt. We haven't got any Tenneys or Chases on this ball club."

"Makes no never-minds," says Fulgarney. "All I want is a pad for my right hand." He took off his coat and vest, put his watch, wallet and ring in his hip pocket, rolled up his pants halfway to the knee and went out to the bag. "Call the roll!" says he. "Cornelius Fulgarney? Present! Let the battle proceed!"

Fresh, you see, right from the jump.

I've never said that Fulgarney isn't a good fielding first baseman. Why wouldn't he be when he was built to order for the position? If I was laying out plans and specifications for a first-sacker I couldn't do any better than to copy Con's measurements. To begin with, he's tall—so tall that the Wild Man of Borneo couldn't throw one too high for him. He's long-legged and can straddle out to cover a lot of ground. He's got a tremendous reach and he gets those wild heaves on each side of him without being pulled off the bag.

And then he's left-handed and can make fielding plays that a right-hander wouldn't even attempt—Tenney doubles, we call 'em. Con Fulgarney is a freak of Nature—that's what he is; and it ain't his fault that he was born with advantages that he doesn't deserve credit for.

In the first inning he pulled off a play that made Jimmy and the rest of us take notice. The second batter dropped a slow one down toward short and Jack Belcher's throw high in the air and nine feet on Con's meat-hand side. I looked for him to do one of two things—reach for the ball with his bare hand, which would have been a sucker trick; or run over to make the catch on leather, leaving the bag uncovered.

The play was going to be close and he knew it; the chances were that he wouldn't have time to make the put-out if he left the bag. He didn't do either one of those things. Quick as a flash he whirled round so that his back was to the ball, kept his left foot on the bag, stuck out his right arm a mile or so, and speared that wild heave back-handed!

Considered one way, it wasn't anything wonderful. Every first baseman has to take 'em backhanded once in a while, but it ain't every sandlotter that can get away with it. Or every first baseman, either.

After the inning was over Jimmy Devine sidled over to Fulgarney and asked him a few questions.

"Where've you been playing?" says he.

"Oh, here and there," says Fulgarney. "Round and about."

"Pro?" asks Jimmy.

"Nope. Amateur."

"Uh-huh!" says Jimmy. "Hit much?"

"Fair," says Fulgarney. "Fair to middling."

He certainly hit fair to middling that day. Oscar Slater was pitching and Jimmy told him to put a lot on the ball for the stranger. Oscar put all he had on it; and out of three times up Con belted him for a brace of doubles, and would have had a homer if the third one hadn't gone straight at a fielder. He stood up to the plate good and took a nice, free Moriarty at the ball. Twice he hit curves and once he landed on Oscar's fast one.

"He's some boy!" says Jimmy to me.

"Some boy is right!" says I. "Too much boy! I don't like the way he grandstands, but if he ever grows up he ought to be a help to his folks."



"It Breaks My Heart to See Him So Crippled Up. Do You Suppose This Terrible Disease of His Is Catching?"

"Maybe he'd be a help to this ball club," says Jimmy. "Yeh?" My dander was up in a second. "How many first basemen are we supposed to need?"

"Oh," says Jimmy, "I wasn't figuring on him at first—not a-a-a-tall. He says he's played every position but pitcher, and he'd make a sweet utility man."

"Tell it to Sweeney!" I says. "He'd fit in fine at short and third, wouldn't he? A fellow as tall as he is ought to look good on a ground ball!"

"He looked good on a lot of low ones at first," says Jimmy. "Tain't as if he couldn't get his hands below his knees. . . . I think I'll talk business with him."

"And I'll talk business with some other manager," says I. "Don't forget that I haven't signed a contract yet!"

"There you go!" says Jimmy. "There you go! I tell you I want this bird for general utility. Can't you take my word for it?"

Well, in the end I took it.

That's been my main trouble all my life—believing what my friends tell me. I might have known that a human giraffe like Con Fulgarney was only good for one position on a ball club; but I listened to Jimmy Devine and his general-utility spiel. Whatever happened after was coming to me.

II

WITH just ordinary white man's luck Con couldn't have set my cue out of the game in the first place, or kept it out more than a few days; but when the little white angel of good luck flutters down, sits right on a man's shoulder and rides round with him, what are you going to do about it?

I got off to a good start, hitting hard and timely, and Con sat on the bench, with his long legs stuck straight out into the middle of next week.

He felt pretty cocky about landing a regular job with a ball club, and whenever there was an argument going on he would horn into it. I gave him a call down one day for putting in his oar on the wrong side of the boat, and he came back at me.

"You better not get hurt, ole boy," says he. "Better not get hurt; because if I ever get a chance I'll first-base you plumb out of your job!"

"You think you can?" says I.

"No," says he, "I don't. I know I can."

Well, that showed how his mind was running; but I was going so good I didn't worry much about him. Con finally busted into the box score as a pinch hitter. Jimmy yanked a pitcher and sent Fulgarney up, with two men on the bases and the score a tie.

The big fellow looked at a couple and then walloped the third one clear over the fence and up against Slattery's barn. A home run the first time up is what you might call a pretty fair introduction. No wonder the fans took to calling for Fulgarney in the pinches!

"Oh, Jimmy!" they'd yell. "Send up the String Bean!" "Let the Human Stepladder hit one!" "Put in the Cardiff Giant!" Con would grin and look at me. "Joe, they like me in this place!" he'd say. "They want to see me in there every day."

He got my goat with that stuff. I told him that no sand-hill crane like him could ever beat me doing anything.

"I'm no sand-hill crane, Joe," says he. "I'm another kind of a bird. I'm a buzzard; and I'm just waiting for you to drop, that's all—just waiting for you to drop, Joe."

Darned if I didn't think of that a thousand times afterward—how he looked when he said it, the little twinkle in his eye, the way he showed just a flash of his teeth at the finish. I made up my mind that nothing short of a broken leg would ever keep me out of the game; and then, just when I thought I had him sidetracked for keeps, Al Murphy threw the switch and let him in on the main line—Al Murphy, with his blundering big Mickadonian feet!

It happened on our home grounds. We had the Arapahoes licked three to one when Murphy came up in the ninth, with two gone and a man on third. He hit the ball down the infield and the throw was wide. I stepped off the bag and took the ball; and just as I stuck my foot back, feeling for the canvas, Al brought his spikes down square on my instep! Of course it was an accident, but that didn't help me any. I was cut to the bone.

The next day I was in the grand stand with a carpet slipper on my foot, and everybody said it was a dirty shame and how they'd miss me at first, and so forth. They didn't mean it very strong, as I soon found out. Talk about women being fickle! They haven't got a thing on baseball fans.

Our boys started their practice and Fulgarney began to show off. It was his first chance to do any fancy stuff out where everybody could see him, and he simply killed it all over the place. He wouldn't make an ordinary, straight catch—oh dear, no! Everything had to look hard. He speared ground balls with one hand when he could just as well have used two; he took throws backhanded when there wasn't any excuse for it at all; he did everything he could think of to get himself looked at and talked about.

The worst of it was that the crowd cheered him and egged him on to make a fool of himself. The very fellows who had told me how sorry they were that I couldn't play hollered as loud as anybody.

I was hoping that Con would pull some of that grandstand stuff in the game and queer himself. Nothing will make a bunch of fans any sorer than an error that comes of trying to be too fancy. It's all right in practice, but after the game starts "safety first" is what a baseball bug wants to see; and he'd like to kill the grandstander who tries to make an easy one look hard—and drops it.

Jimmy must have opened his heart to Con, because when the game began he played everything safe, took two hands to the ball whenever he could and didn't have more than one eye on the crowd at a time. Of course everything broke for him. It never happens any other way. When a regular is out of the game the substitute always hits a million. Con busted a couple for extra bases, and in the seventh inning he waited and got a base on balls.

Hooley was catching for the Arapahoes—Wallace Hooley—and a grand old man he is! He's manager and part owner of the Dexter Club. He has to rainbow 'em to second most of the time, but he's all right at that.

"Gwan! Try to steal!" yells Hooley. "Take two steps and fall down, and you'll be there!"

Con got back at him like a flash.

"If you'll promise to throw the ball I'll walk down. Yesterday you heaved one so high that the hawks got it!"

That was about all for Hooley; and, sure enough, he rainbowed one into the clouds. It went clear to center field; and by bull luck and an awful heave to third Fulgarney scored and strutted back to the bench as if he'd done something smart; when, as a matter of fact, he owed the run to two errors on the other side, not counting the base on balls in the first place.



"I'm a Buzzard; and I'm Just Waiting for You to Drop, That's All!"

The crowd never did let up on Hooley about those hawks—they haven't let up yet, because that sort of a remark will stick to a ball player for years.

I hobbled round to the clubhouse after the game and the first thing I heard was a yell from Fulgarney.

"Here he is! That's him! Guess I looked pretty good in there to-day, old kid! Oh, I saw you leading the cheering for me up there in the grand stand!"

I spoke before I thought how it would sound.

"I wasn't cheering," says I.

"Wasn't you?" says Con, coming out from under the shower. "That's strange; I thought you was. Maybe I was mistaken, Joe. Can't hardly expect a man to hip-hooray at his own funeral, though, can you?"

Well, I stepped into another one, with my guard down.

"There ain't a-going to be any funeral!" says I.

Con stopped and looked at me for as much as half a minute; and I saw that same look come into his face—the twinkle in the eye and the smile that wasn't anything but an excuse for showing his teeth.

"Come to think of it," says he, "you're right again. There won't be a funeral, Joe. Remember what I told you about that buzzard—how he was just setting round and waiting for you to drop, eh? Well, you've dropped, ole boy! . . . No; there won't be any funeral, Joe."

And the tough part of it was that he actually meant it! The long-legged devil was "kidding on the square." It's a good thing for him that I was on crutches at the time.

I WAS laid up a little longer than I expected to be, and the team went on the road and left me behind. Con made the most of his chance and played like a wild man for the first two weeks. He hit up close to .350 and fielded better than he knew how.

When the boys came back to town I was ready to play again and told Jimmy so.

"That's all right," says he. "Take your time."

I said I'd taken plenty of time already and I wanted to get back on the job, but he stalled me one way and another.

"Pretty soft for you," he says, "drawing your dough for loafing. Pretty soft!"

Well, I finally smoked him out. Jimmy expected to sell Fulgarney to a big-league club; and, of course, he wanted Con in the game so's he could show him off to the scouts.

"Con's too fast for this league," says Jimmy. "He ought to bring a whale of a price."

"Too fast for this league?" says I. "Where do you get that notion?"

"He's too fast for any minor league," says Jimmy. "That fellow is a rare bird."

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "You see 'em round every boneyard."

I suppose that was where I should have quit the team; but I let Jimmy bull me. He called the turn about selling Con. A private deal was closed as early as July, and Fulgarney was to report in the spring. I never did know what Jimmy got for him; but it was too much, that's a cinch.

Then, just as an accident set my cue out of the game, another accident set it back again. One misty, foggy morning some of us caught the early car from Mayville to Dexter—twenty miles by trolley.

Halfway between the towns is the crossing of the K. R., the new interstate electric road. You can't call the K. R. a trolley line, because it operates regular, sure-enough trains—and they have diners and sleepers and porters, and put on as much lordly dog as the Cannon-ball Limited.

We were only a poor little bush-league trolley car, so we paid attention to rules and stopped at the crossing. The conductor went ahead to signal, but the fog was so thick that he couldn't see more than fifty feet. Then we started up, slow. Our front trucks had just cleared the K. R. track when all at once the car took a lurch as if the motorman had given her a tremendous shot of juice.

The same second out of the fog came two blasts of a compressed-air whistle—the first one faint and the second one growing louder and louder—Who-o-o! Who-o-o-p!—and there, right on top of us and coming like the wind, was the K. R. Flyer!

Some say the K. R. motorman was drunk. Some say he wasn't. I don't know as it makes any difference now. He didn't see us till he was about fifty feet away and the brakes didn't have much of a chance.

I was inside the car, pretty well to the rear and I was glancing out of the window when that whistle began to blow. I suppose I saw that K. R. train as soon

as anybody—it came out of the fog life-size, you might say, and I was looking right at it.



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

as anybody—it came out of the fog life-size, you might say, and I was looking right at it.

People say that at such a time you think of everything you've ever done. I don't believe it. I was where I could see my finish as plain as day—I was looking it square in the face as it tore through that fog-curtain—and I didn't think of anything except what the bodcarrier said when he fell off the twenty-story building and recognized the second floor as he passed it on the way down:

"Now for a rattling good bump!" says Pat.

About that time she bumped. I owe my life to the motorman on our car. The little jump that he was able to give us shot the car just far enough ahead so that the K. R. train missed me. She didn't miss our rear vestibule, though. That was gone as clean as if it had been cut off with a knife, and the car itself was knocked at right angles from the track and up the embankment on its side.

The jar was something fierce, but I wasn't exactly knocked out. What I can't understand is how I came to be down on all fours, with a fat lady hanging on to my neck and calling me Henry. I had lots of cuts and bruises, and so did everybody else, I guess; but there wasn't anything serious the matter with me, so I pitched in and helped get the women out of the car.

There was a doctor on the K. R. train and he worked like a Turk, bandaging those who were hurt the worst. The flyer hadn't left the track. She was so heavy that she simply knocked us out of the way and went on till her brakes stopped her.

By and by we began to count noses to see how much of a ball club we had left. Seven of us had been on the car—the others were coming later. By the best luck in the world five of the boys had been on the open section at the front end of the car, and they got off light. That accounted for six of us. The seventh man was Con Fulgarney, and he was missing. Jimmy Devine remembered that Con had walked through the car toward the rear end shortly before we reached the crossing. I hunted up the conductor and asked him about it.

"The tall fellow?" says he. "Sure! He came out into the vestibule to smoke a cigarette. He was standing there when we stopped at the crossing and I went up front to give the signal. That's all that saved my life. No; I haven't seen him since."

Well, it looked bad for Con. He had been standing right on the spot where the K. R. train hit us, and it was a cinch he was either killed or mighty badly hurt—but where was he? His disappearing act puzzled me, because he wasn't a size that you could overlook very handy.

"Come on!" says Jimmy. "He's round here somewhere. He's got to be, and we must find him. Scatter out on both sides of the track, boys."

Of course we figured that Con must have been knocked down the track; and we looked for him there, but didn't find a sign of him.

There was a patch of high grass up on the bank straight across from where the smash came off; and, more to be doing something than anything else, I looked there. The first thing I saw was a tan shoe and about a yard of skinny leg. I yelled and the boys came running.

Con was flat on his back in the long grass, barely breathing, and so white that I thought sure he was dead. Jimmy Devine felt of his pulse.

"Going like a race horse," says he. "Get that doctor! Quick!"

The doctor felt of Con all over to see where he was busted, if any; lifted his eyelids; looked at his pupils; took his pulse, and gave him a shot in the arm—strychnine, I think he said it was. I always thought that stuff was only good to poison rats and squirrels with.

Then we raised Con up to a sitting position, and he rallied a little and opened his eyes. Just as he was about to say something, a K. R. relief train blew her whistle as she rounded the curve, and Con shuddered a couple of times and slumped back into the grass, completely out.

"Huh!" says the doctor. "This man is very badly shocked and there may be serious internal injuries. He'd better be taken to a hospital and kept under observation."

All the way to Dexter, Con was just fluttering back and forth between consciousness and unconsciousness. He was as cold as a fish, and yet the sweat simply poured off him—I never saw anything like it!

The thing we couldn't make out was how he got where he did without being knocked there. If he had been struck hard enough to send him twenty-five feet off to one side every bone in his body would have been broken. We couldn't find anything but a few little bruises that didn't amount to much. I suppose we never will get that point cleared up, because when Con got so he could talk he wasn't able to help us any. He didn't know how it happened any more than we did.

We played four games in Dexter with Hooley's club and left Con there in the hospital while we finished our road trip. Nobody had been allowed to see Con, but the doctors said that there was nothing wrong with him but a terrible shock to his nervous system.

On the way back we had two games scheduled with Dexter, and Con was fit to see company by that time; though the nurse warned me not to talk about the accident and get him excited. Con didn't want to talk about anything else though.

"I was standing in the vestibule," says he, "smoking a pill and not paying much attention to what was going on. My back was to the crossing. I didn't even know we'd got to it till I heard the trucks bump. All at once—Whoop! Whoop!—and the last blast of that whistle blew right down the back of my neck! Maybe I jumped—maybe not! If you'd ask me a thousand questions I couldn't tell you any more about it. I never saw that K. R. train—wasn't even thinking of a train till that whistle blew. I was just standing there smoking a cigarette—"

"You oughtn't to talk about it, Con," says I, breaking in on him. "Don't think about it either."

"I try not to," says he, and I suppose he really thought he was telling the truth; "but somehow I can't get away from it. It keeps coming back to me. I never knew I had any nerves before this happened. Now I haven't got anything else. I can't sleep nights unless they give me a powder, and if I do doze off for a minute I hear that damned whistle—always two blasts of it—the first one faint and the second one louder and louder, and ending up with a crash! You don't know what it's like, Joe."

"Oh, yes, I do!" says I. "I hear that same whistle myself; but I don't intend to let it get my goat." I thought it was best to humor him. "Any of the Dexter boys been in to see you?" says I, trying to get him started on another subject.

"Yes," says he. "Hooley comes 'most every day. Joe, that old boy is a prince! He's brought me fruit and read me stories out of the magazines, and treated me just like his own brother—only better. Speaking of Hooley, a funny thing happened just yesterday. He was sitting right in that chair reading to me, and I dropped off to sleep. In a second I was back on that trolley car, pounding over the tracks. Then came the two whistles; and when I woke up I was away out in the middle of the floor. Hooley said I'd let one yell out of me and jumped ten feet—and me so weak that I can't stand up! Can you beat it?"

"I've talked a whole lot to Hooley about this whistle proposition, and he says I'll get over it as soon as I'm out

of the hospital. There ain't anything serious about it; but it just goes to show what an awful shock I must have had, Joe."

And then he went on to brag about how weak he was and how the least movement of his body brought the sweat out of him in streams, and all that sort of thing. You'd have thought that nobody was ever sick before, to hear Con rave about himself. I'll bet when that fellow was a kid, going barefooted, he had to have the sorest big toe to show people or he wasn't happy.

As I was leaving the hospital I ran into a young doctor in the hall. He didn't have a sign on him, but you could have picked him for a doctor a mile away. He had a volunteer crop of pink whiskers that looked as if they wouldn't ever amount to much, and he wore glasses. I asked him to give me the low-down on Fulgarney. I wanted to know whether Con was kidding me about hearing that whistle or whether he only made himself believe he heard it by thinking about it all the time. The doctor began to swell up.

"Ah!" says he. "Ah! Your friend presents rather an interesting study—a typical case of traumatic neurosis."

"Come again with that one!" says I.

"Traumatic neurosis," says the doctor as if he was reciting a lesson, "is a condition—er—a sort of indefinable condition—arising—er—resulting from severe shock to the nervous system—er—brought about by—er—by physical violence."

Well, that was fair enough.

"Doc," says I, "that's the second one you've slipped over the corners on me. Groove the third one if you can. Put her straight over the middle, with nothing on her but the stitches. What does this pneumatic traumosis do to a guy anyway? Does it make him hear whistles and things?"



"Traumatic neurosis," says Pink Whiskers, "is a condition—er—a condition arising —"

I saw that he was winding up for the same old curve, so I left him when the condition was just beginning to arise. I didn't want him to get away with anything, though, so I looked up Con's trouble in the dictionary.

"Traumatic—pertaining to trauma; an injury to the body arising from violence."

"Neurosis—disease of the nerves."

Now, why couldn't Pink Whiskers have said that Con's nervous system was a little scrambled up from being bumped by a K. R. train? Nervous shock—it's easier to say and it means the same thing.

Oh, well; I suppose a doctor has to feed you long words for fear you'll find out that he is guessing most of the time, the same as you are.

When Con got out of the hospital and came home he didn't show up in uniform for a month. I couldn't blame him for that, seeing that he had a bundle of bills as big round as a week's wash which he compromised the K. R. people out of.

We all got something, of course, but not near so much as we would have got if we hadn't been chumps enough to play a game of ball that very afternoon. They paid Butch Daniels fifty dollars for a Charley horse that he's had for two seasons. Al Eagleton peddled 'em a couple of sliding bruises that he'd got the day before in Mayville. It's not often that you get a chance to catch even with a railroad company.

When we took the last road trip of the season Con went along. He looked as good as ever; and I guess he felt that way, because he put in all his spare time riding me and reminding me about that buzzard.

Over in Dexter we hooked up with Wallace Hooley's outfit; and they knocked us out of the lead—licked us four straight and put us in second place.

The first night in Dexter a few of us were walking down the main street looking for a picture show. Hooley was along and Con was telling us a new story.

"And the fellow ordered the fried eggs," says Con, "picked up the plate, and —" Whoop! Whoop!

That was the finish of the story. We were crossing the street at the time, and a kid on a bicycle rode up behind us and blew his whistle twice. It was one of those double-toned affairs, like most of the compressed-air whistles on the electric trains; and Con jumped about eighteen feet—not ahead, mind you, but sideways! He just missed jumping under an automobile truck.

Well, we had an awful time with him for about half an hour. He was all in a flutter, like a high-school girl; and it was a tough job to calm him down again. He had to tell us all about that wreck from beginning to end, and how terribly he suffered when he was in the hospital afterward. Every time he told it he had added a little touch here and there, so that it was really a bear of a story by this time. He told us about the thoughts that passed through his mind while that whistle was blowing down the back of his neck, and a lot of other stuff that never happened.

"It just goes to show that a fellow can't tell how bad he's hurt," says Con. "Look at me, for instance. I thought I'd got rid of my nervousness; I thought I'd got rid of the effects of that frightful shock; but two little toots behind me and I'm a mile in the air again. Ain't it hell, boys?"

Well, some of us said it was; but I felt sort of disgusted. I figured that Con was putting on a lot of that stuff. If any doctor had ever told him he had traumatic neurosis there wouldn't have been any living with him, he'd have been so full of symptoms.

"He's bulling himself," says I to Hooley on the quiet; "and now he wants to bull us."

"Still," says Hooley, "that was some jump for a man to make—and he nearly went under that truck. I don't believe he's stringing us, Joe."

"It's the queerest sort of a feeling," says Con. "I don't know as I can describe —"

"Oh, give your nerves a rest, for pity's sake!" says I. "Who wants to go to that picture show?"

IV

NOTHING would have happened if Jimmy Devine had listened to me; but he's the manager and, of course, he has to show you how much he knows. I'll bet he's sorry now that he didn't use me right.

I kept Con roosting on the bench till the end of the season. We played our last game with Brockton and won it easy; and Dexter, which had been in a tie with us, finished up against Mayville. We thought we had the pennant cinched, for Mayville had Hooley's club licked five to one up to the eighth inning, and then those crazy Arapahoes began to slug the ball. They hammered in seven runs and won out, leaving a tie for the pennant.

That was too good a chance to overlook; so they arranged a sort of post-season series, the pennant to go to the winner of two games out of three. Jimmy Devine shook poker dice with Hooley to decide where the series should begin, and Jimmy couldn't beat a pair of fives, giving Dexter the opening game.

Con had been making an awful fuss about having to sit on the bench, and in that closing game against Brockton Jimmy sent him up to hit for Butch Daniels after we had 'em licked to a whisper. Con leaned up against the first ball pitched to him and slapped it out to the right-field fence for a triple.

That triple was what spilled the beans for me. Jimmy benched me for the pennant series with Dexter and put Fulgarney at first base. I hollered as loud as I knew how, but it didn't get me anything; and, of course, Con had to have one of his lucky streaks. He batted in enough runs to win the first game three times over, and he made five or six blind stabs for wild throws and held 'em all. Next morning the papers said that Fulgarney had strengthened our club fifty per cent; and after that a derrick couldn't have lifted that long-legged giraffe out of the game!

The second battle was different, though. Hooley's boys walked all over us on our own diamond, and we couldn't touch Frederickson, their lefthander. They licked us nine to two, and could have made it a shut-out as easy as not.

Once more they shook dice to see where to play the final game, and Hooley rolled out four sixes. The old man was simply lopsided with luck.

I did my darnedest to get into that third game in Dexter. "You're making a mistake," says I to Jimmy. "This fellow ain't right."

"Whadda you mean—he ain't right?" says Jimmy.

"He's liable to crack any minute," I says.

"Yeh," says Jimmy. "He cracked a couple of nice ones yesterday and the day before."

"All right!" I says. "Don't listen to me. Don't pay any attention to me whatever. I'm just a poor simp of a ball player; but I'm tipping you that this guy has got traumatic neurosis—got it bad!"

"Is that a disease or is that a kid?" says Jimmy.

"You can think it's a kid if you like," says I. "I'm telling you on the level, Jim. I got it from a doctor that Con is in the last stages of traumatic neurosis."

Jimmy looked over where Con was prancing round the bag, spearing all sorts of wild heaves and making the grand stand take notice. Just as we looked he reached about twelve feet into the air and pulled down a tall one that was headed for the bleachers.

"Poor devil!" says Jimmy. "It breaks my heart to see him so crippled up. Think I'd better get him a wheeled chair, Joe? Is this terrible disease of his catching?"

I said there wasn't any danger.

"Too bad!" says Jimmy. "Too bad! I was going to say that if you could manage to come down with a good hard case of it I'd raise your salary next season."

"Oh, you go to the deuce!" I says.

Oscar Slater worked in the last game, and I never saw the old boy have more stuff on the ball. He pitched his head off every minute, and they couldn't see his smoke or hit his curve.

In the fourth inning we broke through with a couple of runs; and, of course, if it hadn't been for Con Fulgarney we wouldn't have had 'em. Con was at bat and Butch Daniels was on first base. Hooley was working behind the bat for Dexter.

"Butch is going down on the next ball," says Con to Hooley. "He says that, slow as he is, he can steal all the bases in your ball park."

Hooley grunted, but he didn't say anything. That old boy is the best fellow in the world; but, like all the rest of us, he's got his sensitive spots. He hates to be kidded about his throwing to bases. There was a time when it was plain suicide for a slow man to start down to second with Hooley behind the bat; but that was a long while ago, and the old horse can't shoot 'em on a line any more.

He's still in there catching, of course, but he depends more on his ability to smell a play coming and break it up than he does on stopping it after it gets started. He has to rainbow the ball to get it to second on the fly, and if he should start a line peg the second baseman would have to take it on the bounce. Hooley knows that his throwing is his weak point and he doesn't like to be reminded of it.

"Butch is a slow man," says Con, rubbing it in. "Never let it be said that a Charley-horsed old guy like that ever stole a base on you, Hooley!"

Then Butch started down; but Hooley had called for a waste ball and he tried his best to nail his man at second. It was a rainbow as usual. The ball got there all right, but it was so high in the air that Butch slid under the tag by three feet.

"You're getting weak," says Con. "I've seen you heave 'em higher than that lots of times. Remember the day you threw one and the hawks got it? . . . Look out now, old boy! I'm going to knock the trade-mark off the next one!"

Maybe if Con had whiffed, Hooley would have over-looked that talk about his throwing to bases; but Con didn't strike out. He welted the next ball into center for a single and Butch scored from second. Con saw that he had Hooley going; so he stood on first base and yelled at him, and asked when was he going to have a funeral for his right arm, and would he be sure to ask him—and a lot of stuff like that.

Hooley lost his head entirely and made a snap throw to catch Con off first and show him up. That was what Con was trying to make him do, and instead of dodging back he

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WHEN THE GERMANS CAME

By Corra Harris

WHILE the whole world is praising the courage of the Allies, and standing aghast at the ferocity mixed with the courage of the German soldiers, not a word has been said of the valor of the Army of War Correspondents in Europe. The trouble is that they are not given the opportunity to prove it. Most of them are kept far in the rear with the women and children, not because they are precious, but because all the armies and war offices are opposed to their activities. They have qualities which are not desirable to fighting men. They are Argus-eyed, intelligent, and they are connected with the clacking tongues of the Press.

There will be no John Comfort story of Down in the Trenches written after this war by any newspaper man in France or Germany—not unless he gets his copy through field glasses as powerful as a Lick telescope, or second-hand from the soldiers who were actually on the fighting line. These reporters are as thick in Paris as zooning insects on fly paper in a village bar. And they are as badly stuck as that. The effect upon them is as diverting as it is serious. They work with indefatigable energy to escape. They offer themselves to the Red Cross. They are willing to become interpreters, bicycle messengers, even stable boys, if only they may get within smelling distance of artillery fire; but all in vain. The British War Office will not accept a newspaper man, even though he should appear in the guise of one of the Ancient Cherubim with as many flaming swords. One man whose father owns a famous American newspaper did secure the position as chauffeur in his own car, which had been accepted as a Red Cross ambulance, only to be gently but firmly ejected when his connections were known. But they kept the motor. He is now a millionaire on foot in Paris.

But those who remember Paris will say: "Why not walk out? There is no wall about the city, only a trench which a child could climb over." Even so, a cricket could scarcely get out of Paris now without being knocked up out of the grass by a French bayonet before he could rake the bow of his hind legs to give the countersign. Sentries stand two and two upon all the roads, bridges, crossings and bypaths. They stand like red-legged, top-heavy stalks in every field and meadow. They flame along the edges of every wood. And they are always on the job night and day. There is not an inch of ground even in the deepest forest which is not covered by their watchful eyes. If a man, especially a newspaper man, is caught outside, though he should have the tongues of men and of angels, and a sixteen-inch-howitzer literary style which he is willing to devote exclusively to the glories of France, it profiteth him nothing. He is arrested, thrown into prison and kept there until his "pastor"—Herrick's nickname here—rescues him, with nothing to tell when he gets out except how he fared and feared. The fare is limited to bean soup, but the fears are limited only by how much the victim can recall of the stories of famous French prisons.

And it is even more dangerous to go out with a military pass. When a war correspondent becomes particularly



A Hour in Rue de la République, Janis, After the German Bombardment

aggressive in his efforts to get to the front, General Gallieni, the Military Governor of Paris, gives him the pass pityingly. It is a way he has of getting rid of a nuisance. The proud victim loads himself with food and field glasses. He takes cigarettes and papers for the soldiers and sallies forth clad as if in armor with that pass. His motor roars along the pleasant road at a high speed. He is in a hurry to get where he is going, to risk his life for live copy. He longs for the thrill of shells falling and blooming about him like red and blue blazing blossoms. He is a man among men at last! He has escaped from the entirely female shelter and softness of Paris. Presently he is to stand under fire and feel his breast swell with courage. He passes sentries who touch their caps to him when he shows the blue paper upon which all military passes are written. He does not notice that curious secret smile upon the sentry's face. If he does he attributes it to the poor man's satisfaction at having a cigarette and a copy of the Figaro. All is well,

very well, until he comes within, say, ten miles of the French batteries. He shows his pass. The sentry accepts it, keeps it, takes the cigarette and Figaro also, but he does not smile.

"But my pass. You have not given it back to me," insists that simple son of the enlightened press.

"That's all right, go ahead," the sentry replies, lighting his cigarette and opening his paper.

And the newspaper man goes ahead, not far, only until he meets the next bayonet presented by Monsieur Red Breeches at the turn of the road.

"Your papers, Monsieur."

"That's all right; the sentry over there has my pass from General Gallieni," answers the victim, leaning out of the car with a gracious air to offer the usual paper and tobacco, which are accepted. But while the sentry lights the cigarette from the glowing end of the correspondent's magnificent cigar he explains that Monsieur cannot go on without a pass from General Joffre.

"But I had one from Gallieni."

"Only a scrap of paper here, Monsieur. General Gallieni is the Military Governor of Paris. He has no authority here. Besides, you have no pass at all."

"But I have told you that I gave it to the sentry back there," exclaims the annoyed correspondent.

"Ah," says the sentry. He is too polite to tell Monsieur that he doubts his word. Still, his orders are explicit. He regrets that he must arrest Monsieur. And he does, while the heavens are rent with the protestations of that newspaper man from whose entreaties General Gallieni has thus delivered himself. The sentry back in the road does not even remember taking it.

The next scene in the drama takes place in the American Ambassador's bedroom. Some time during the dead hours of the night he learns that a suspicious person, claiming to be an American citizen, has been arrested and is held as a German spy.

"What a fall is this, my countrymen, from the former majesty of a war correspondent," groans the spy, lying somewhere in the straw of a cow stall, awaiting transportation to the prison in Paris which is set aside for dangerous military offenders.

For two weeks after coming to Paris I listened attentively to similar stories from newspaper men. Besides, I was informed that even I, an innocent American woman, was under police surveillance, that all foreigners were, that the very hairs of my head were numbered, that I never left my hotel without the knowledge of the police, and so forth, and so on. Now, I believe in the omniscience of Providence. From my earliest infancy I have been conscious, not always comfortably, of the eye of Almighty God. Still, I have never felt in danger of being seized by my earthly body and cast into prison for even my worst deeds. By the exercise of a really strong faith I have ever been able to believe that judgment would be deferred in these matters until I could do better. But when mere man begins to play the rôle of omniscience over my poor fate it gives me a sinking feeling, I may say a sensation of guilt, which is not justified

by the life I lead here, for I have never lived so innocently or so well. I have been so good that I feel the strain nervously, a strain which is accentuated by the fact that there is a window on the opposite side of the court in this hotel where the light burns all night. Never before has it mattered to me if a fellow guest was extravagant with the municipal electricity. Besides, I have never seen the slightest evidence of a human being in this brilliantly lighted room where the curtains are always lifted. The only good of the illumination is that it shines directly into my room from dark till dawn. I have thought of changing my residence, of seeking quarters where there would be no prying windows opposite, but to do that would entail an interview with the police authorities to which I do not feel equal in veracity. It seems best to remain where I am and increase my innocence as rapidly as possible. I must say that this Argus-eyed window has had its influence upon the copy I have written, especially as I have no means of concealing the pages when I go out of my hotel. Still the time came when I felt obliged to get out of Paris and see what had happened in those towns through which the Germans passed when they came so near to entering this city. I resolved to avoid the danger of getting a military pass. If Gallieni ever offers me one I shall conceal it and take the first boat for New York.

Upon investigation I learned that trains were leaving Paris every day which passed through the towns bombarded by the Germans, and that people were coming and going in these trains, literally thousands of them. I concluded that not all of them could possibly have blue papers.

Yesterday I thrust my American passport as far down in my clothing as it could be wedged. This was no military snare. It was a good stout piece of paper given me by the good stout nation to which I belong, and I was resolved that no foreign official should take it from me without the use of force. I had not another scrap of paper about me, no "laissez-passer" from the Paris police, no cigarettes or Figaros.

It was very early in the morning and the light in the opposite window was still burning. I went to mine, lifted the thin lace curtains and bowed with as much audacity as the occasion seemed to require. Then I left the hotel, took a taxi for the Gare du Nord and boarded the train for Senlis.

The Refugees in Black

IN A COUNTRY where everything else seems to be still moving with the haste of mobilization the trains do not run at all. They creep about as fast as a good horse can trot. So we moved out through the rain-drenched country, with lowering clouds overhead, with the sentries standing like forked flames in the lush grass of the meadows or in their boxes by the roads. No other men anywhere in sight. Here and there women in the fields bent low over the vegetables they were gathering for the market, dim gray figures in the gray gloom. No talking, no sound of laughter. They did not even raise their cowed heads to look at the train as we passed near enough to envelop them in the trailing veil of steam from the engine. They had no curiosity. It was as if their thoughts drifted downward into the earth where so many men already lay buried.

Once the conductor went to the post office, found a letter for himself there, stood upon the platform and read it while we waited. Then he climbed aboard and we went on again. There was nothing at stake which required haste, no commerce, no quick connections to make, only a long string of



Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, Senlis, After the Bombardment

coaches filled with people, mostly women, a spent force of traffic still moving in and out of Paris, from habit rather than necessity. At the end of two and a half hours we had come thirty miles. But it was far enough to bring us into such a scene of desolation as only earthquakes or war or time make.

I should not have known that we were in Senlis if I had not heard the name called, and had not seen women coming down out of the coaches and looking about them with tears streaming down their faces. These were some of the refugees of Senlis who had fled when the Germans came. They were just returning home. They all wore black clothes, and many of them carried homely little things in their hands which they had snatched at the last moment two months ago. One old woman had a pot with a lily growing in it. Another had a basket with a set of yellow cracked china cups and saucers rattling as she walked. And one held firmly under her arms a hen and a rooster. The rooster was shouting loudly: "Look! Look! Look-out-here!"

The noise of this cowardly fowl was the only sound as that silent crowd of fifty women filed through the ruins of the railway station. The walls of it alone remained. The roof and all the partitions lay a mass of molten metal, stones and powdered mortar within. On the other side of the station there were three cabs waiting; but these people were too poor to ride. The cabs went away empty, drawn by horses that looked as if they were merely some of the bones of the general desolation.

I walked in that mournful company through the grove of beech trees just beyond the station. The yellow leaves were falling, floating, slanting, turning over and over as they drifted down like golden memories of peaceful summer days. And with what terrible days the summer had ended! Still the leaves did not know it, nor the trees, nor the verdant earth. What was it to these stately beeches that men had fought and died beneath their green shade only a little while ago? What was it to the grass that it had been dyed red with their blood, and to the vines that looked over the old gray walls of gardens? The earth still lived, and they lived in her. Nature at least is normal. She is the standard which we cannot change with our conflicts. She does not mourn our defeats nor praise our victories. She is beyond and above the fitful fevers of flesh and blood. And so she lasts to cover groves with greenness and to raise the dead in blossoms.

We came out of the grove into what had been the principal street of the town. It was a street no longer, only a long, narrow pile of ruins between the fallen walls of houses as far as sight could reach. The women looked about them.

They were confused. They did not know even where they had lived. You cannot recognize your home by blackened walls in the midst of a hundred other walls like them any more than you can recognize a man by his skeleton. The incendiaryism of war accomplishes strange omissions. As we made our way over the stones and rubbish a woman near me caught sight of a torn lace curtain flapping in and out of a window socket in one of the walls still standing. She gave a cry. She had recognized her home by that scorched rag of tattered lace. Nothing else remained of it now but that and the dead vine still clinging to the casement. The roof was gone, all the inner partitions, all the dear things she had cherished. I left her staring at the ghastly curtain as if she had seen a ghost.

Farther down one of the largest hotels in Senlis lifted skeleton walls out of a mass of ruins. An old cat was nursing a very lean kitten upon the wide doorsill. She was the *conciierge* who remained faithful to her duty. In the café where I had lunch the little apple-faced waitress was very communicative: "When the Germans came we ran down into the cellar. They soaked the house in oil and then set fire to it. And we were in the cellar."

"How many of you?" I asked.

The Miracle at Senlis

"SO MANY," she exclaimed, counting on her fingers. "Twenty-eight of them children. We were very still. We could not get out. Suddenly we saw a Prussian's head thrust through the airhole. He was listening, but we made not a sound. No, the children did not cry. They were so frightened that they went to sleep."

"With the house burning over your heads?" I exclaimed.

"But no; the Blessed Virgin would not let it burn. That oil, it was changed to water."

"How long did you stay there?"

"From two o'clock in the afternoon until five the next morning. It was very hot, and we had no water, no food, but the children did not cry. The next day the Germans came back and set fire to the house again; but we had escaped, so it burned," she added simply.

This girl's father was a farmer. They lost everything they had. Yet she was not sad. She was sustained by a miracle. The Blessed Virgin had remembered them, the least of these, in the terrible conflagration. So they were safe. No evil could befall them.

"When the Germans came I was back there," said the little woman who kept a newspaper shop, waving her hand toward the open door of her room behind. "It was very hot—one o'clock—and I was sitting by the window. Suddenly something roared like thunder in the chimney. Then this crashed upon the hearth and filled the room with fire."

She held an incendiary bomb in her hand, with leaden entrails like a coiled snake ripped open by the explosion. Two bullets lay beside it in her palm.

"These came through the walls at me," she said, pointing to the holes above the window. She accepted them as personal, and nothing would induce her to part with them.

"Over there two old men lived alone in their house. They were burned to death. They are buried yet beneath the ruins." She pointed to the sepulcher which had been a home. It was now a pile of stones and ashes.

"How many Germans came?" I asked.

"Twenty-five thousand," she answered.

Behind the high wooden doors in an old gray wall there is the very ancient convent of St. Joseph's.



Houses Burned by the Germans



How the Germans Left Senlis

"When the Germans came we were in here," said a little Irish nun. "We never go out; we did not know what was happening. But we could see the sky black with smoke. We knew the town was burning. We waited."

She paused, gathering her thoughts out of the black confusion of terrible memories.

"We did not go to bed, we waited. About one o'clock the women and children came running to the gate there. They were so frightened. We kept them here. The Germans set up a row of little French flags out there under the trees beside the road and danced upon them. They were drunk. The next morning they came—in here."

"Were you frightened?"

"We do not fear death; but," she began to tremble, "we were afraid of them. They held their bayonets to our throats"—she touched the white bodice above her black gown—"they demanded food. We gave them all we had."

"But they spared you and the convent?"

"Yes. We prayed to them on our knees, so they spared us. But we gave them all we had."

"How many troops were in Senlis?"

"Eighty thousand."

Far out on the edge of the town there is a general hospital kept by the Sisters of Charity.

"When the Germans came all the beds in there were filled with wounded French soldiers," said the sister who met me. She was very old and very firm, one of those women whom age seems to collect into a kind of majestic strength. No gentleness, no softness, merely the withered form and face of an invincible spirit. She was standing in the door of a great room in which there were many beds and a few wounded soldiers.

"That night the people sent their children here. They sat on the floor with their little bundles and wailed. Then the Germans came. They shelled the place. The bombs fell everywhere. All those wounded men, some with their legs and arms just amputated, some with horrible wounds, rolled out and hid under their beds to escape the bullets and shells. In this one," she said, pointing to a cot near the middle of the ward, "there was a Moroccan. He was too near death to fear. A shot went through the mattress beneath him, but he was not touched. Then the Germans rushed in here. They were about to bayonet the wounded and set fire to the hospital; but I came out to meet them. The children were behind me. They sat down on the floor again and began to wail. I reasoned with those Germans."

"Weren't you afraid of them?"

"No, that was it—I was not afraid. They saw that. I pointed to the children. 'How can you burn this place sanctified by these little ones? And they have nowhere to go; they shall not go. If you burn this place you shall burn the last one of them,' I said. The children screamed louder than ever then. The Germans looked at them and went out. So the hospital was saved."

The Priest Who Stood His Ground

I MET the almoner as I was coming out—a short fat priest with a red face. One understood that in times of peace he was a jolly father. There was still a beam in his eye which had not been sanctified, the witty wrinkle of a thoughtful smile round the corners of his mouth. But when the sky was red on the night of the second of September with the burning of half a mile of houses, when the shells were falling like apples round him, he had been equal to the emergency. He had risen then to the full stature of what it is to be a priest, and he performed his office without fear and with a courage that could not be surpassed.

"The French were out there behind that wall. I knew that the Germans were coming, because I could hear our men debating among themselves whether they should stay or retreat into that forest," he said, pointing to a thick wood a quarter of a mile distant. "Then the Germans came."

"You saw them coming?" I interrupted, with the pen viper's instinct to get the scene properly laid.

"No, I did not see them. A man had been shot down there in the street when they met the French. I was attending him."

"But in the street you were in the thick of the fight. They must have been all about you!" I exclaimed.

He was silent.

"And you did not see them?"

"Not then—the man was dying. I was alone there with him—and God," he added under his breath.

So at last I understood. While the French and Germans filled the street in the last hand-to-hand struggle this priest was kneeling in their midst beside the dying man, performing the last offices for a soul that had finished the struggle and must be sent upon another journey with the right blessing.

I followed him into another ward. Only two or three of the wounded French

soldiers remained, and one German—a mere lad who lay convalescing from a fractured leg. The gable faced the street where battle had been fought. Above the fireplace a crucifix hung, with a little figure of the Virgin below. The wall was perforated with bullet holes, except round these two sacred emblems, where it remained smooth and unbroken.

"Wonderful," I exclaimed.

"Yes, wonderful," he admitted. Then he added in a whisper: "Miraculous!" When the French general came back eight days later and saw the miracle he fell upon his knees and prayed.

"We had in this town a population of seven thousand eight hundred when the Germans came," he went on; "but when they left there remained only five hundred people in the town. Now they are beginning to come back; but so many of them have no homes. Ninety-seven houses were burned."

"But why is it, father, that they have burned only one street from end to end and left the remainder of the town without damage?" I asked, for I had noticed this fact, that down the center of the place stands this double row of ruined houses, while on each side there is no destruction, except where a shell seems to have fallen by accident.

"Ah, the rest was saved by one man. They would have destroyed all but for him. Ask the Archpriest of Senlis about that, if he will tell you," he added.

As I was coming back into the town I met a little lad, very dirty, his face very brown where it was brown, and very red where it was red. He looked up at me smiling impishly.

"Where were you when the Germans came?" I bantered.

"I do not know, madam."

"But you live here?"

"Yes, madam; but that day I do not remember where I was," he answered with a widening red smile.

"Didn't you see them come?"

"I saw them go!" he replied significantly.

"Where were you then?"

"Round the next corner—behind them. For eight days I was always round the next corner behind them."

"You were not afraid to be in the street?"

"But no, madam, I can run faster than a bullet. Besides, I saw only their backs."

"How many Germans entered Senlis?"

"A hundred and fifty thousand, I saw that—a hundred and fifty thousand Germans running away. They went very fast all at once."

I forebore to ask him how fast the French soldiers got out when the Germans entered; but from all accounts they made good time. And I doubt if anyone knows how many of the enemy's troops entered the town. Facts in the war zone are more elastic than fiction ever dares to be. I heard from one that the mayor and twelve citizens were shot, from another that the mayor and twenty citizens were shot.

As I was walking back through the desolate streets in the late afternoon I overtook a very old woman wrapped in a black shawl. Her face stuck out of it, thin, white, withered and very sharp.

No, she had not been afraid when the Germans came. She was too old to fear.

"But have you heard what they did?" she added.

"They killed the mayor and forty-three citizens. We found them out there beyond the town afterward, half buried where they had fallen."

"No," she replied to my next question, "they left the women alone, only frightening them with their bayonets when they came to demand food. But you have heard what they did to the children?"

"No, what?"

"They destroyed every child's toy in Senlis. They broke the heads off the girls' dolls. But they were not men, madam, they were fiends."

I suspected the toys had been manufactured in Germany, and that the German soldiers, recognizing them as products of their nation, had destroyed them with a kind of commercial spite which was not actually directed toward the children. But it is not wise in Senlis to offer any palliating excuse for Germans.

Heavy wagons rolled slowly by us over the cobblestones, all driven by women. Women were cleaning the streets, closing the shutters of shops. And I could see far out between the walls of old gardens other women coming in from the fields.

A bell began to ring somewhere. The old crone walking by my side hastened her pace. More women joined us from every house and shop. They flowed in from other streets, all wearing black, all moving in the same direction, forlorn figures in the gray twilight with the rain falling upon them like tears.

We turned into an open square presently, and I saw for the first time the Cathedral of Senlis, with its spire rising like points of fine lace into the heavens, as exquisitely carved as that, very delicate and very firm.

I followed the silent crowd through the doors where hundreds of women were already kneeling in prayer, their faces lifted to the golden crucifix above the altar or to some nearer image of the Virgin. Not a sound, not a sigh. A few smoking oil lamps only increased the shadows in the nave above. The daylight changed to darkness outside. We seemed to look through the windows into a vision of saints and martyrs which the moment before were only figures in the stained glass. They appeared to draw nearer, to be looking down pityingly upon these kneeling women, with their sorrow-chastened faces lifted beseechingly.

Father Dourlans' Wartime Prayer

HOURS seemed to pass in that poignant silence. Then there was a little sound, the softened tread of feet upon the stone floor, and I saw an old priest moving swiftly across the lighted space before the altar, and another standing there with his back to the people.

When a good man enters any place, however holy, he is a presence more majestic than the place. I felt this as the old priest climbed into his pulpit on the opposite side of the nave. His thick white hair, his really sublime features, took on a mystical significance. I thought of a description I had read somewhere, "a face like a pair of hands clasped in prayer," but not feeble hands.

The evening mass began, a chant with responses that rose in sad cadence from the kneeling women—endless repetitions, monotonous, until they became poignant, until one felt that the very walls must widen and part, shivered by the intensity of that everlasting appeal. At the moment when I felt that I could bear the strain no longer there was the crash of cymbals. The spell was broken—after all I was not a Catholic. But the service was not yet finished. The old priest, kneeling above, began another prayer. I missed the ancient rhythm. I was aware of a freshness, as if these words came up new and terrible from the present heart of the people. It was a prayer for France.

"God, Jesus Christ and King, Thou Who lovest France, Thou Whose name shone resplendent formerly with that of Thy divine Mother, we implore Thy mercy upon the banner of Joan of Arc."

"Sacred Heart of Jesus, have pity upon us. Glorious Archangel of Saint Michael, protect France as in the time of Joan of Arc," came the response.

"Have pity, O God! It is for our country that we pray at the foot of this altar. Arms bound, face mutilated, she casts her eyes toward heaven. God of mercy! God of protection! Save, save France, in the name of the Sacred Heart," came the refrain.

Many times during the day I had heard of the priest who had saved Senlis from total destruction when the Germans came. Before this prayer was ended I understood that this old man with the praying countenance of a martyr was the priest. I waited outside the cathedral until all the women were gone. Then I went across to a low, long house on the opposite side of the square, knocked at the door and asked for Father Dourlans.

A little, old, spherical-shaped woman ushered me into one of those parlors we remember in our grandfathers' homes. Sofas and chairs of hideous shapes upholstered in red and brown plush; a marble-top table; immaculate floor with a rug in the center; old prints hanging on the walls, and a photograph of Father Dourlans taken when he was a young priest, very slender, a magnificently poised head, with the brilliant features of a joyous young man who believed in life here as well as hereafter.

Presently the door opened and the Archpriest of Senlis entered, no longer young or slender, very big, with features as maternal as a good mother's and as

(Concluded on Page 29)



The Ruins of the Railway Station at Senlis

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

xxx

FROM the wilds of Scotland to Monte Carlo, as fast as motor cars and train de luxe could bring him, came the Right Honorable Meredith Simpson, a very distinguished member of His Majesty's government. Hunterleys, advised of his coming by telegram from Marseilles, met him at the station, and together the two men made their way at once to Hunterleys' room at the Hôtel de Paris. Behind locked doors they spoke for the first time of important matters.

"It's a great find, this of yours, Hunterleys," the minister acknowledged, "and it is corroborated, too, by what we know is happening round us. We have had all the warning in the world just lately. The Russian ambassador is in St. Petersburg on leave of absence—in fact, for the last six months he has been taking his duties remarkably lightly. Tell me how you first heard of the affair?"

"I got wind of it in Sofia," Hunterleys explained. "I traveled from there rather quietly, loitered about the Italian Riviera and came on here as a tourist. The only help I could get hold of here was from Sidney Roche, who, as you know, is one of our secret-service men. Roche, I am sorry to say, was shot last night. He may live, but he won't be well enough to take any further hand in the game here, and I have no one to take his place."

"Roche shot!" Mr. Simpson exclaimed in a shocked tone. "Who shot him? How did it happen?"

"They found him lying on the roof of the Villa Mimosa, just over the room where the meeting was taking place," Hunterleys replied. "They chased him round the grounds and we managed to get him off in a motor car, but not before he'd been hit twice. He was just able to tell me a little. The first meeting was quite informal and very guarded. Douaile was most cautious—he was there only to listen. The second meeting was last night. Grex was in the chair, representing Russia."

"You mean the Grand Duke Augustus?" Mr. Simpson interrupted.

Hunterleys nodded.

"Grex is the name he is living under here. He explained Russia's position. Poor Roche was able to falter only a few words, but what he said was enough to give us the key-note to the whole thing. The long and short of it all is that Russia turned her face westward so long as Constantinople was possible. Now that war has come about and ended as it has done Russia's chance has gone. There is no longer any *quid pro quo* in alliance with France. There is no friendship, of course, between Russia and Germany, but at any rate Russia has nothing to fear from Germany and she knows it. Grex is quite frank. The Germans must look eastward, he said, and when he says eastward he means Manchuria, China, Persia, even India. At the same time Russia has a conscience, even though it be a diplomatic conscience. Hence this conference. She doesn't want France crushed. Germany has a proposition. It has been enunciated up to a certain point. She confers Alsace and Lorraine and possibly Egypt upon France, for her neutrality while Germany destroys the British fleet. Or failing her neutrality, she wants her to place a weak army on the frontier, which can fall back without much loss before a German advance. Germany's objective then will be Calais and not Paris, and from there she will command the Straits and deal with the British fleet at her leisure. Meanwhile, she will conclude peace with France on highly advantageous terms. Don't you see what it means, Simpson? The elementary part of the thing is as simple as A B C. Germany has nothing to gain from Russia; she has nothing to gain from France. England is the only country that can give her what she wants. That is about as far as they have got up to now, but there is something further behind it all. That something Seligman is to tell them to-night."

"The most important point about the whole matter, so far as we are concerned," Mr. Simpson declared, "is Douaile's attitude. You have received no indication of that, I suppose?"

"None whatever," Hunterleys answered. "I thought of paying my respects, but after all, you know, I have no official standing and personally we are almost strangers."

The minister nodded.

"It's a difficult position," he confessed. "Have you copies of your reports to London?"

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFF



"Monsieur le Propriétaire Believes—
Pardon Me, Monsieur—That We are Engaged in a Little Smuggling Transaction"

"I have copies of them, and full notes of everything that has transpired so far, in a strong box up at the bank," Hunterleys assented. "We can stroll up there after lunch and I will place all the documents in your hands. You can look them through then and decide what is best to be done."

The minister rose to his feet.

"I shall go round to my rooms to change my clothes," he announced, "and I'll meet you presently. We'll lunch across at Ciro's, eh? I didn't mean to come to Monte Carlo this year, but so long as I am here I may as well make the best of it. You are not looking as though the change had done you much good, Hunterleys."

"The last few days," Hunterleys remarked a little dryly, "have not been exactly in the nature of a holiday."

"Are you here alone?"

"I came alone. I found my wife here by accident. She came through with the Draconmeyers. They were supposed to stay at Cannes, but altered their plans. Of course Draconmeyer meant to come here all the time."

The minister frowned.

"Draconmeyer's one man I should be glad to see out of London," he declared. "Under the pretext of fostering good-will and that sort of thing between the mercantile classes of our two countries, I think that that fellow has done about as much mischief as it is possible for any single man to have accomplished. We'll meet in an hour, Hunterleys. My man is putting out some things for me and I must have a bath."

Hunterleys walked up to the hospital and to his surprise met Seligman coming away. The latter saluted him with a wave of the hat and a genial smile.

"Calling to see our poor invalid?" he inquired blandly.

Hunterleys, although he knew his man, was a little taken aback.

"What share in him do you claim?" he asked.

Seligman sighed.

"Alas!" he confessed, "I fear that my claim would sound a little cold-blooded. I think that I was the only man who held his gun straight. Yet, after all, Roche would be the last to bear me any grudge. He was playing the game, taking his risks. Uncommonly bad marksmen, Grex's private police were, or he'd be in the morgue instead of in the hospital."

"I gather that our friend is still alive?" Hunterleys remarked.

"Going on as well as could be expected," Seligman replied.

"Conscious?"

Seligman smiled.

"You see through my little visit of sympathy at once!" he exclaimed. "Unable to converse, I am assured, and unable to share with his friends any little information he may have picked up last night. By the by, whom shall you send to report our little conference to-night? You wouldn't care to come yourself, would you?"

"I should like to exceedingly," Hunterleys assured him, "if you'd give me a safe-conduct."

Seligman withdrew his cigar from his mouth and laid his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"My dear friend," he said earnestly, "your safe-conduct, if ever I signed it, would be to the other world. Frankly, we find you rather a nuisance. We should be better pleased if your party were in office, and you with your knees tucked under a desk at Downing Street attending to your official business in your official place. Who gave you this roving commission, eh? Who sent you to talk common sense to the Balkan states, and how the mischief did you get wind of our little meeting here?"

"Ah!" Hunterleys replied, "I expect you really know all these things."

Seligman, with his feet planted firmly upon the pavement, took a fresh cigar from his waistcoat pocket, bit off the end and lighted it.

"My friend Hunterleys," he continued, "I am enjoying this brief interchange of confidences. Circumstances have made me, as you see, a politician—a schemer, if you like. Nature meant me to be one of the frankest, the most truthful, the most good-hearted of men. I detest the tortuous ways of the old diplomacy. The spoken word pleases me best. That is why I like a few minutes' conversation with the enemy, why I love to stand here and talk to you with the buttons off our foils. We are scheming against you and your country, and you know it, and we shall win. We can't help but win—if not to-day, then to-morrow. Your country has had a marvelously long run of good luck, but it can't last forever."

Hunterleys smiled.

"Well," he observed, "there's nothing like confidence. If you are so sure of success, why couldn't you choose a cleaner way to it than by tampering with our ally?"

Seligman patted his companion on the shoulder.

"Listen, my friend," he said: "there are no such things as allies. An alliance between two countries is a dead letter as soon as their interests cease to be identical. Now Austria is our ally because she is practically Germany. We are both midcontinental powers. We both need the same protection. But England and France! Go back only fifty years, my dear Hunterleys, and ask yourself—would any living person, living now and alive then, believe in the lasting nature of such an unnatural alliance? Wherever you look, in every quarter of the globe, your interests are opposed. You robbed France of Egypt. She can't have wholly forgotten. You dominate the Mediterranean through Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus. What does she think of that, I wonder? Isn't it a humiliation for her when she does stop to think of it? You've a thousand years of quarrels, of fighting and rapine behind you. You can't call yourselves allies because the thing isn't natural. It never could be. It was only your mutual, hysterical fear of Germany that drove you into each other's arms. We fought France once to prove ourselves and for money. Just now we don't want either money or territory from France. Perhaps we don't even want, my dear Englishman, what you think we want; but all the same, don't blame us for trying to dissolve an unnatural alliance. Was that Simpson who came by the luxe this morning?"

"It was," Hunterleys admitted.

"The Right Honorable John William Meredith Simpson!" Seligman recited, waving his cigar. "Well, well, we certainly have made a stir with our little meetings here. An inspired English cabinet minister, travel-stained and dusty, arrives with his valet and a black dispatch box to foil our schemes. Send him along, my friend. We are not at all afraid of Mr. Simpson. Perhaps we may even ask him to join us this evening."

"I fancy," Hunterleys remarked grimly, "that the Englishman who joins you this evening will find a home up on the hill here."

"Or down in the morgue there," Seligman grunted, pointing down to Monaco. "Take care, Hunterleys—take care, man. One of us hates you. It isn't I. You are fighting a brave fight and a losing fight, but you are good metal. Try to remember, when you find that you are beaten, that life has many consolations for the philosopher."

He passed on and Hunterleys entered the hospital. While he was waiting in the little reception room Felicia came in. Her face showed signs of her night's anxiety.

"Sidney is still unconscious," she announced, her voice shaking a little. "The doctors seem hopeful; but, oh, Sir Henry, it is terrible to see him lying there just as though he were dead!"

"Sidney will pull through all right," Hunterleys declared encouragingly. "He has a wonderful constitution, and he is the luckiest fellow born. He always gets out of trouble somehow or other."

She came slowly up to him.

"Sir Henry," she said pitifully, "I know quite well that Sidney was willing to take his risks. He went into this thing knowing it was dangerous. I want to be brave. What happens must be. But listen: You won't—you won't rob me of everything in life, will you? You won't send David after him?"

Hunterleys smiled reassuringly. "I can promise you that," he told her. "This isn't David's job at all. He has to stick to his post and help out the bluff as a press correspondent. Don't be afraid, Felicia; you shall have your David."

She seized his hand and kissed it.

"You have been so kind to me always, Sir Henry," she sighed. "I can't tell you how thankful I am to think that you don't want David to go and run these horrible risks."

"No fear of that, I promise you," he assured her once more. "David will be busy enough pulling the strings another way."

The doctor entered the room and shook hands with Hunterleys. There was no news, he declared, nothing to be done. The patient must continue in his present condition at least for several more hours. The symptoms were in their way favorable. Beyond that nothing could be said. Felicia and Hunterleys left the hospital together.

"I wonder," she began as they went out, "whether you would mind very much if I told you something?"

"Of course not!"

"Yesterday," she continued slowly, "I met Lady Hunterleys. You know I have seen her twice when I have been to your house to sing for your guests. She recognized me, I feel sure, but she didn't seem to want to see me. She looked surprised when I bowed. I worried about it at first and then I wondered. You are so very, very secretive just now. Whatever this affair may be in which you three are all concerned, you never open your lips about it. Lady Hunterleys probably doesn't know that you have had to come up to the villa at all hours of the night just to see Sidney. You don't suppose that by any chance she imagined that you came to see me?"

Hunterleys was struck by the thought. He remembered several chance remarks by his wife. He remembered, too, the coincidence of his recent visits to the villa having prevented him from acceding to some requests of Violet's.

"I am glad you've mentioned this, child," he said frankly. "Now I come to think of it, my wife certainly did know that I came up to the villa very late one night and she seemed upset about it. Of course she hasn't the faintest idea about your brother."

"Well," Felicia declared with a sigh of relief, "I felt that I had to tell you. It sounded horribly concealed in a way, but then she wouldn't know that you came to see Sidney or that I was engaged to David. Misunderstandings do come about so easily, you know, sometimes."

"This one shall be put right at any rate," he promised her. "Now if you will take my advice you will go home and lie down. You are going to sing again, aren't you?"

"If there is no change," she replied. "I know that he would like me to. You haven't minded what I've said?"

"Not a bit, child," he assured her; "in fact, I think it was very good of you. Now I'll put you in this carriage and send you home. Think of nothing except that Sidney is getting better every hour, and sing to-night as though your voice could reach his bedside. *Au revoir!*"

He waved his hand to her as she drove off and then he returned to the Hôtel de Paris. He found a refreshed and rejuvenated Simpson smoking a cigarette upon the steps.

"To lunch!" the latter exclaimed. "Afterward I will tell you my plans."



The Proprietor Himself Thrust in His Bullet-Shaped Head

we are going to have an exceedingly interesting luncheon party on our right."

"Monsieur Douaille —" Mr. Simpson began a little eagerly.

"And the others," Hunterleys interrupted. "Don't look round for a moment. This is almost historical."

Monsieur Ciro himself, bowing and smiling, was ushering a party of guests to a round table upon the terrace in the immediate vicinity of the two men. Mr. Grex, with his daughter and Lady Hunterleys on one side and Monsieur Douaille on the other, was in the van. Draconmeyer followed with Lady Weybourne, and Seligman brought up the rear with the Comtesse d'Hausson, one of the most prominent leaders of the French colony in Monte Carlo and a connection by marriage of Monsieur Douaille.

"A luncheon party for Douaille," Hunterleys murmured as he bowed to his wife and exchanged greetings with some of the others. "I wonder what they think of their neighbors! A little embarrassing for the chief guest, I am afraid."

"I see your wife is in the enemy's camp," his companion observed. "Draconmeyer is coming to speak to me. This promises to be interesting."

Draconmeyer and Seligman both came over to greet the English minister. Seligman's blue eyes were twinkling with humor, his smile was broad and irresistible.

"This should send funds up in every capital of Europe," he declared as he shook hands. "When Mr. Meredith Simpson takes a holiday, then the political barometer points to 'Set fair!'"

"A tribute to my conscientiousness," the minister replied, smiling. "I am glad to see that I am not the only hard-worked statesman who feels able to take a few days' holiday."

Seligman glanced at the round table and beamed.

"It is true," he admitted. "Every country seems to have sent its statesmen holiday making. And what a playground too!" he added, glancing toward Hunterleys with something that was almost a wink. "Here political crises seem of little account by the side of the turning wheel. This is where the world unbends, and it is well that there should be such a place. Shall we see you at the club or in the rooms later?"

"Without a doubt," Mr. Simpson assented. "For what else does one live in Monte Carlo?"

"How did you leave things in town?" Mr. Draconmeyer inquired.

"So-so!" the minister answered. "A little flat, but then it is a dull season of the year."

"Markets about the same, I suppose?" Mr. Draconmeyer asked.

"I am afraid," Mr. Simpson confessed, "that I study the city column only from the point of view of what Herr Seligman has just called the political barometer. Things were a little unsteady when I left. Consols fell several points yesterday."

Mr. Draconmeyer frowned.

"It is incomprehensible," he declared. "A few months ago there was real danger, one is forced to believe, of a European war. To-day the crisis is past, yet the money markets which bore up so well through the critical period seem now all the time on the point of collapse. It is hard for a banker to know how to operate these days. I wish you gentlemen in Downing Street, Mr. Simpson, would make it easier for us."

Mr. Simpson shrugged his shoulders.

"The real truth of the matter is," he said, "that you allow your money market to become too sensitive an affair. A whisper will depress it. A threatening word spoken in the Reichstag or in the Houses of Parliament, magnified a hundredfold before it reaches its destination, has sometimes a most unwarranted effect upon markets. You mustn't blame us so much, Mr. Draconmeyer. You jump at conclusions too easily in the City."

"Sound common sense," Mr. Draconmeyer agreed. "You are perfectly right when you say that we are oversensitive. The banker deplores it as much as the politician. It's the moneykings, I suppose, who find it profitable."

They returned to their table a moment later. As he passed Douaille, Seligman whispered in his ear. Monsieur Douaille turned round at once and bowed to Simpson. As he caught the latter's eye he, too, left his place and came across to where the two Englishmen were sitting. Mr. Simpson rose to his feet. The two men bowed formally before shaking hands.

"Monsieur Simpson," the Frenchman exclaimed, "it is a pleasure to find that I am remembered!"

"Without a doubt, monsieur," was the prompt reply. "Your last visit to London,

on the occasion when we had the pleasure of entertaining you at the Guildhall, is too recent and was too memorable an event altogether for us to have forgotten. Permit me to assure you that your speech on that occasion was one that no patriotic Englishman is likely to forget."

Monsieur Douaille inclined his head in thanks. His manner was not altogether free from embarrassment.

"I trust that you are enjoying your holiday here," he remarked.

"I have only this moment arrived," Mr. Simpson explained. "I am looking forward to a few days' rest. I trust that I shall have the pleasure of seeing something of you, Monsieur Douaille. A little conversation would be most agreeable."

"In Monte Carlo one meets one's friends all the time," Monsieur Douaille replied. "I lunch to-day with my friend—our mutual friend, without a doubt—who calls himself here Mr. Grex."

Mr. Simpson nodded.

"If it is permitted," he suggested, "I should like to do myself the honor of paying my respects to you."

Monsieur Douaille was flattered.

"My stay here is short," he regretted, "but your visit will be most acceptable. I am at the Riviera Palace Hotel."

"It is one of my theories," Mr. Simpson remarked, "that politicians are at a serious disadvantage compared with business men, inasmuch as, with important affairs under their control, they have few opportunities of meeting those with whom they have dealings. It would be a great pleasure for me to discuss one or two matters with you."

Monsieur Douaille departed with a few charming words of assent. Simpson looked after him with kindling eyes.

"This," he murmured, leaning across the table, "is a most extraordinary meeting. There they sit, these very men whom you suspect of this devilish scheme, within a few feet of us! Positively thrilling, Hunterleys!"

Hunterleys, too, seemed to feel the stimulating effect of a situation so dramatic. As the meal progressed he drew his chair a little closer to the table and leaned over toward his companion.

"I think," he said, "that we shall both of us remember the coincidence of this meeting as long as we live. At that luncheon table, within a few yards of us, sits Russia, the new Russia, raising her head after a thousand years' sleep, watching the times, weighing them, realizing her own immeasurable strength, pointing her inexorable finger along the road that the Russia of to-morrow must inevitably tread. There isn't a man in that great country so much to be feared to-day, from our point of view, as the Grand Duke Augustus."

"And look, too, at the same table—within a few feet, Simpson, of you and of me—Seligman, Seligman who represents the real Germany, not the war party alone, intoxicated with the clash of arms, filled with bombastic desires for German triumphs on sea and land, ever ready to spout in flowery and grandiloquent phrases the glory of Germany and the heaven-sent genius of her leaders. I tell you, Simpson, Seligman is a more dangerous man than that. He sits with folded arms in realms of thought above these people. He sits with a map of the world before him, and he places his finger upon the inevitable spots Germany must possess to keep time with the march of the world, to find new homes for her overflowing millions. He has no military fervor, no tinselly patriotism. He knows what Germany needs and he will carve her way toward it. Look at



"Rocke Shot! How Did It Happen?"

HUNTERLEYS leaned suddenly forward across the little round table. "The question of whether or no you shall pay your respects to Monsieur Douaille," he remarked, "is solved. Unless I am very much mistaken

him with his napkin tucked under his chin, broad-visaged, podgy; a slave, you might think, to the joys of the table and the grosser things of life. You should see his eyes sometimes when the right note is struck, watch his mouth when he sits and thinks. He uses words for an ambush and a barricade. He talks often like a gay fool, a flood of empty verbiage streams from his lips, and behind all the time his brain works."

"You seem to have studied these people, Hunterleys," Simpson remarked appreciatively.

Hunterleys smiled as he continued his luncheon.

"Forgive me if I was a little prolix," he said; "but after all, what would you have? I am out of office, but I remain a servant of my country. My interest is just as keen as though I were in a responsible position."

"You are well out of it," Simpson sighed. "If half what you suspect is true it's the worst fix we've been in for some time."

"I am afraid there isn't any doubt about it," Hunterleys declared. "Of course we've been at a fearful disadvantage. Roche was the only man out here upon whom I could rely. Now they've accounted for him we've scarcely a chance of getting at the truth."

Mr. Simpson was gloomily silent for some moments. He was thinking of the time when he had struck his pencil through a recent secret-service estimate.

"Anyhow," Hunterleys went on, "it will be all over in twenty-four hours. Something will be decided upon—what, I am afraid there is very little chance of our getting to know. These men will depart—Grex to St. Petersburg, Selingman to Berlin, Douaille to Paris. Then I think we shall begin to hear the mutterings of the storm."

"I think," Mr. Simpson interposed, his eyes fixed upon an approaching figure, "that there is a young lady talking to the *maître d'hôtel* who is trying to attract your attention."

Hunterleys turned round in his chair. It was Felicia who was making her way toward him. He rose at once to his feet. There was a little murmur of interest among the luncheoners as she threaded her way past the tables. It was not often that an English singer in opera had met with so great a success. Lady Hunterleys, recognizing her as she passed, paused in the middle of a sentence. Her face hardened. Hunterleys had risen from his place and was watching Felicia's approach anxiously.

"Is there news of Sidney?" he asked quickly as he took her hand.

"Nothing fresh," she answered in a low voice. "I have brought you a message—from some one else."

He held his chair for her, but she shook her head.

"I mustn't stay," she continued. "This is what I wanted to tell you: As I was crossing the square just now I recognized the man Frenhofer from the Villa Mimosa. Directly he saw me he came across the road. He was looking for one of us. He dares not come to the villa, he declares, for fear of being watched. He has something to tell you."

"Where can I find him?" Hunterleys asked.

"He has gone to a little bar in the Rue de Chaussures, the Bar de Montmartre it is called. He is waiting there for you now."

"You must stay and have some lunch," Hunterleys begged. "I will come back."

She shook her head.

"I have just been across to the Opera House," she explained, "to inquire about some properties for to-night. I have had all the lunch I want and I am on my way to the hospital now. I came here on the chance of finding you. They told me at the Hôtel de Paris that you were lunching out."

Hunterleys turned in his place and whispered to Simpson for a moment.

"This is very important," he said. "It concerns the affair in which we are interested. Linger over your coffee and I will return."

Mr. Simpson nodded and Hunterleys left the restaurant with Felicia. His wife, at whom he glanced for a moment, kept her head averted. She was whispering in the ear of the gallant Monsieur Douaille. Selingman, catching Draconmeyer's eye, winked at him solemnly.

"You have all the luck, my silent friend," he murmured.

XXXIII

THE Bar de Montmartre was many steps under the level of the street, dark, smelly and dilapidated. Its only occupants were a handful of drivers from the carriage stand opposite, who stared at Hunterleys in amazement as he entered, and then rushed forward almost in a body to offer their services. The man behind the bar, however, who had evidently been forewarned, intervened with a few sharp words, and lifting the flap of the counter ushered Hunterleys into a little room beyond. Frenhofer was engaged



Mr. Grex, With His Daughter and Lady Hunterleys, Was in the Van

there in amiable badinage with a young lady who promptly disappeared at Hunterleys' entrance. Frenhofer bowed respectfully.

"I must apologize," he said, "for bringing monsieur to such a place. It is near the end now and with Monsieur Roche in the hospital I ventured to address myself to monsieur direct. Here I have the right to enter. I make my suit to the daughter of the proprietor in order to have a safe rendezvous when necessary. It is well that monsieur has come quickly. I have tidings. I can disclose to monsieur the meeting place for to-night. If monsieur has fortune and the wit to make use of it the opportunity I shall give him is a great one. But pardon me! Before we talk business we must order something."

He touched the bell. The proprietor himself thrust in his bullet-shaped head, with black mustache and unshaven chin. He wore no collar, and the remainder of his apparel was negligible.

"A bottle of your best brandy," Frenhofer ordered. "The best, mind!"

The man's acquiescence was as amiable as his nature would permit.

"Monsieur will excuse me," Frenhofer went on as the door was once more closed, "but these people have their little ways. To sell a whole bottle of brandy at five times its value is to Monsieur le Propriétaire more agreeable than to offer him rent for the hire of his room. He is outside all the things in which we are concerned. He believes—pardon me, monsieur—that we are engaged in a little smuggling transaction. Monsieur Roche and I have used this place frequently."

"He can believe what he likes," Hunterleys replied, "so long as he keeps his mouth shut."

The brandy was brought, and three glasses. Frenhofer promptly took the hint, and filling one to the brim held it out to the landlord.

"You will drink our health, Père Hansut—my health and the health of monsieur here, and the health of the fair Annette. Incidentally you will drink also to the success of the little scheme which monsieur and I are planning."

"In such brandy," the proprietor declared hoarsely, "I would drink to the devil himself!"

He threw back his head and the contents of his glass vanished. He set it down with a little smack of the lips. Once more he looked at the bottle. Frenhofer filled up the glass, but motioned to the door with his head.

"You will excuse us, dear friend," he begged, laying his hand persuasively upon the other's shoulder. "Monsieur and I have little enough of time."

The landlord withdrew. Frenhofer walked round the little apartment. Their privacy was certainly assured.

"Monsieur," he announced, turning to Hunterleys, "there has been a great discussion as to the next meeting place between our friends—the next, which will be also the last. They are safe enough in reality at the villa, but Monsieur Douaille is nervous. The affair of last night terrified him. The reason for these things I, of course, know nothing of, but it seems that Monsieur Douaille is very anxious indeed to keep his association with my august master and Herr Selingman as secret as possible. He has declined most positively to set foot again within the Villa Mimosa. Many plans have been suggested. This is the one adopted: For some weeks a German down in Monaco, a shipping agent, has had a yacht for hire in the harbor. He has approached Mr. Grex several times, not knowing his identity—ignorant, indeed, of the fact that the Grand Duke himself possesses one of the finest yachts afloat. However, that is nothing. Mr. Grex thought suddenly of the yacht. He suggested it to the others. They were enthusiastic. The yacht is to be hired for a week, or longer if necessary, and used only to-night. Behold the wonderful good fortune of the affair! It is I who have been selected by my master to proceed to Monaco to make arrangements with the German, Herr Schwann. I am on my way there at the moment."

"A yacht?" Hunterleys repeated.

"There are wonderful things to be thought of," Frenhofer asserted eagerly. "Consider, monsieur! The yacht of this man Schwann has never been seen by my master. Consider, too, that aboard her there must be a dozen hiding places. The crew has been brought together from anywhere. It can be bought to a man. There is only one point, monsieur, that should be arranged before I enter upon this last and for me most dangerous enterprise."

"And that?" Hunterleys inquired.

"My own position," Frenhofer declared solemnly. "I am not greedy or covetous. My ambitions have long been fixed. To serve an imperial Russian nobleman has been no pleasure for me. St. Petersburg has been a prison. I have been moved to the right or to the left as a machine. It is as a machine only that I have lived. Always I have longed for Paris. So month by month I have saved. After to-night I must leave my master's employ. The risk will be too great if monsieur indeed accepts my proposition and carries it out. I need but a matter of ten thousand francs to complete my savings."

The man's white face shone eagerly in the dim light of the gloomy little apartment. His eyes glittered. He waited almost breathlessly.

"Frenhofer," Hunterleys said slowly, "so far as I have been concerned indirectly in these negotiations with you my

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



MR. G. H. LORIMER

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription \$1.55 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.50).
Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, \$1.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 19, 1914

The Year's End

WE COME to the end of the year with cost of living decidedly below the mid-August peak, money easier, business better. On the material side we have fairly digested the war shock and adjusted ourselves to the big change it caused in trade currents. From being a thing of incalculable potentialities it has become a factor the effect of which, for the time being, we can count on with considerable assurance. We again have that tolerably stable outlook which is essential to business progress. There is a better feeling and we are on better terms with ourselves.

Probably there will be no more experimental legislation for an indefinite period. The November elections, by reestablishing a fairly even balance between the two big parties, tend to put politics on its best behavior.

On the largest view, confidence has been deeply wounded because civilized mankind has fallen under a staggering indictment, the validity of which no one can question. It is as though, amid a wonted discussion of trade and politics, several of the participants suddenly rose and blew out their brains. The survivors have the old problems of trade and politics to deal with in much the same way, but they cannot help being deeply disconcerted.

As a reaction from that, every citizen of the United States may feel more vitally than ever before how fortunate among nations this nation is. His citizenship is an asset that is now tangibly worth life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to him. No merely theoretical or debatable advantages now mark the difference between citizenship in America and in Europe. The difference is measurable in concrete terms of life, limb, freedom to further his real interests, and security in his possessions.

Pondering that in humble gratitude, Americans may well go into the new year with high courage.

War's Multiplication Table

OUR martial friends, pointing to this country's fearful unpreparedness for war, demand that the standing army be raised to three hundred thousand men, and the navy immediately increased by half a dozen superdreadnoughts, with appropriate accessories in the way of torpedo boats and submarines. But if we had at this moment a well-equipped army of three hundred thousand and half a dozen more dreadnoughts we should still hear exactly the same plea for an army of six hundred thousand and a dozen dreadnoughts.

What is an army of three hundred thousand men against Germany's millions—or Russia's? What good would a mere dozen dreadnoughts do us? And if we had six hundred thousand soldiers we should be told that we ought to have twelve hundred thousand; in fact the argument for twelve hundred thousand is just as valid as the argument for three hundred thousand—either figure is pitiful enough in comparison with Europe's hosts. Along that path there is no stopping short of the whole male population in arms and the biggest navy our money can buy.

It is true that a complete victory for Germany and Austria, by erecting in Europe an all-powerful, aggressive state, might force this country to recast its whole military

program; but that seems a remote contingency. The more reasonable prospect is of a great disarmament in Europe.

In that prospect lies the only hope of an ultimate gain to mankind and to the United States from this war. Our moral weight ought to be thrown in that side of the scale, instead of in the militarist side.

A Billion a Month

IT IS now possible to get an approximate idea of the primary cost of the war, consisting of direct governmental expenditures on that account. England and Germany alone have already borrowed almost three billion dollars for the war. Statements by those governments and by the French Government indicate that the five big belligerents must be spending round twenty-five million dollars a day, or at the rate of about nine billions a year. There remain Belgium, Serbia, Japan and Turkey.

We may pretty safely say that the direct expenditure is not less than a billion a month. To put it in another way, up to this time a value equal to about one-third of the railroad systems of the United States has been shot away.

Persons of fanciful minds speculate as to what would happen if all the armies should suddenly be struck with reason, so that the soldiers would simply throw down their guns and tramp home. As a first result, the world would move forward a whole century overnight—but it never does move that way.

It Pays to be Good

THE various independent and competing units into which the Standard Oil combine was judicially divided, in order to convert it from a ruthless monopoly into a band of economic Sunday-school pupils, paid dividends in 1914 amounting to more than sixty-five million dollars. Except one huge melon in 1913, this is substantially the same amount paid that year, which was the first year of complete regeneration.

In its old, monopolistic and unregenerate state the combine's dividends ran about forty million dollars a year. We can imagine the Standard Oil's remorse for having failed to comprehend the material benefits of virtue earlier in its career!

Municipal Borrowings

IN SPITE of tight money, a poor investment market and a considerable disturbance in Europe, states and cities of the United States managed to borrow three-quarters of a billion dollars in 1914, breaking the record. Over four hundred millions of the sum was secured by the issue of long-term bonds, being the largest amount of municipal bonds issued in any year. The remainder consisted of temporary borrowings.

The bonds, of course, were almost all floated before August—that is, before the war; and since then, no doubt, there has been a great curtailment or postponement of projected municipal improvements. Otherwise we might have had a total for the year that would not need to blush if compared with the national debt. Nearly all expenditures were for useful purposes. How economically the money was applied is another question.

Comparative Troubles

WE ARE full of affliction and complaints. Our salary is too low, our rent too high. Somebody of less merit gets a better job. Our investment has gone wrong. Our children are disobedient and extravagant. The street cars are slow and crowded. The wheat crop has failed. Cholera gets the hogs.

Every now and then, however, we get the real measure of these tribulations. This neighbor is not worrying much about salary or rent, because the doctors have told him he must soon die of cancer. That neighbor finds no fault in his child, because it lies dead. The poor ventilation of our house seems quite tolerable in contrast with that other house where snow beats through the cracks and there is neither fuel nor food.

Before such comparisons we are dumb and contented for a day or a week. So in our national life: how manifold and poignant are the causes of complaint—until we look across at those places in Europe where death, wounds and beggary are the common lot!

Then—well, we shall complain as often and as bitterly as ever; but we shall whistle Hail Columbia! under our breath while doing it.

Workingwomen

MINNESOTA last year adopted a minimum wage law for women, providing for the organization of wage boards containing representatives selected respectively by employers and employees. Not only did Twin City employees fail to select their representatives, but the commission could not induce enough of them to serve on the boards to make up the quota contemplated by the law.

Thus, of the ten nominal employees on the mercantile board only two were workingwomen in the usual sense. Two were welfare workers and the other six were club-women.

"The refusal of the girls to go on the boards," says Father Ryan, in *The Survey*, "seemed to be due partly to unwillingness to face the dilemma of incurring the displeasure of their employers or betraying the interests of their fellow employees, and partly to general timidity, diffidence and lack of interest and energy. One of the two working girls on the mercantile board voted against an adequate minimum wage, and the single employee on the manufacturing board was absent when the wage recommendations were voted."

Usually it is only under severest economic pressure that American workingwomen will take organized and class-conscious action; because it is only under severe economic pressure that they consciously classify themselves as wage-earners. Otherwise they think much more of getting married than of their future status as workers.

It may be added that the wage boards fixed minimum wages for workingwomen, ranging from eight to nine dollars a week; and a trial court held the law unconstitutional.

Ungraded Milk

A REPORT on the dairy situation by the Illinois Bankers' Association shows, from various expert investigations in different parts of the country, that the wholesale price of milk about equals the cost of production. If a dairyman makes any profit it is because his herd is decidedly above the average.

Probably a third of all the milch cows in the country fail to pay for their feed and keep. Another third about meets expenses. The remaining and superior third shows a profit. It is true the producer gets less than half the retail price, and great waste in the present system of distributing milk in cities might be eliminated.

There is much difference in milk, however, which the consumer generally fails to recognize. You do not say to the butcher: "Give me two pounds of meat!" But you do say to the milkman: "Give me two quarts of milk!" And you pay him the same price, whether the article corresponds to fine porterhouse steak or to a dubious shank roast. In some localities a relatively small amount of certified milk of the best quality is sold, fetching about twice the price of the ordinary article.

On the whole, the producer sells his milk at cost and an indifferent article brings the same price as the best. That is not a good condition, either for producer or consumer. Milk should be graded, with a premium on the better grade.

Unenforceable Tax Laws

IN THE Chicago Daily News we find a statement, by the chairman of the board that has the last word in assessments, pointing out that if the state's revenue laws were enforced every one of the nine hundred thousand savings accounts in Chicago banks, averaging less than two hundred and fifty dollars each, would be taxed for an amount equal to about two-thirds of the interest earned thereon; that every washerwoman's tub and wringer, every seamstress' sewing machine, and every day-laborer's bed and cookstove would be taxed. To state the terms of the law is to say that it is unenforceable; and no intelligent member of the community has the least expectation that it will be enforced.

The situation has endured many years. Tons of ink have been spilled in explaining its absurdities; yet it stands—a monument to political incompetence. The Constitution is in the way. The legislature is in the way. For about half the states in the Union, constitutions and legislatures are the chief hindrances to intelligent social progress.

A Lesson to the Cotton Belt

IN BIG cotton states that single crop comes to considerably more than half the value of all other agricultural products. The disadvantages of so great dependence on a single product are illustrated with the sharpest emphasis this year; but they have been illustrated before, when cotton has been too cheap to yield any profit to the grower, or when the boll weevil has ravaged the plant over large districts. Well-informed Southerners have even said that this cotton crisis would prove a blessing in disguise if it brought greater diversity of crops in the big cotton states.

However, ignorant negro labor, on which agriculture largely depends in some parts of the South, is an obstacle to diversifying the crops. That labor has been taught to raise cotton. To teach it diversified farming would be no light task. There are other factors undoubtedly, but this factor of ignorant, unresponsive negro labor is one of the anchors that holds the South to cotton.

Of course any community anywhere is tied hand and foot to its labor. In agriculture or manufacturing it can go no farther than its labor goes. A Southern community that denies education to negroes, while depending on negro labor, fastens a ball and chain to its own foot.

A DAY WITH LORD ROBERTS

IT IS rather probable, I think, that I was one of the last men of my trade to see the late Lord Roberts and talk with him for any appreciable length of time. Just four weeks ago—that is to say, just four weeks before the date of writing this article—in company, with Lord Northcliffe and John T. McCutcheon, I spent the day at Lord Roberts' home in Surrey. McCutcheon and I learned then—not from our host but from other sources—that ever since the Indian troops had landed on European soil he had been filled with a desire to go over to France and once more see his Sikhs and his Ghurkas marching under the flag of their empire and his. We learned, also, that the members of his family and those nearest to him were doing all that was in their power to dissuade him from this intent. They feared the effects of a trip to the front on a man who had on September thirtieth celebrated his eighty-second birthday.

"Every morning"—so our informant told us—"His Lordship, after reading the papers, declares his intention of crossing the Channel forthwith. Then there ensues a domestic campaign of argument to induce him to put the trip off. By noontime a compromise has been effected. He doesn't abandon his ambition, but he consents to postpone his start. So he runs up to London to confer with Kitchener regarding the conduct of the war, or he spends the rest of the day answering in person the countless letters that pour in on him as a result of his personal appeal to the British public to donate riding saddles and other necessary equipment for the new army, of which there was a shortage at the beginning of hostilities."

"He is doing a volume of work that would tax the strength of a man in the prime of life; and his people think, very naturally, that is enough and more than enough for him to do. But there is no telling when he will make up his mind to go to France; and when he does finally make it up I predict there will be no stopping him."

So he did make up his mind at last, and there was no stopping him. Last Sunday I read in the papers the dispatch from Field Marshal Sir John French, commanding the Expeditionary Forces on the Continent, to Earl Kitchener announcing the death of Earl Roberts, on the night previous, from pneumonia contracted in the open field. To-day's papers all carry accounts of the funeral.

I read that the king attended the service in person, that admirals and field marshals were the pallbearers, and that the body will rest in St. Paul's, with the remains of Wellington, Nelson, Napier and Wolsley—congenial and fitting companionship for the greatest fighter of his generation. But one may safely venture that what would have pleased Lord Roberts most, in all the pomp and circumstance of his burial, was that detachments of his beloved Indians marched and rode in the cortège, wearing the uniforms of British soldiers.

The Boys in Hospital at Ascot Race Course

ORIGINALLY I did not mean to write anything for publication regarding our visit to Lord Roberts. I did not go to his home to interview him formally, though I was told he would interpose no objection to being quoted publicly on any of the subjects he was pleased to discuss. I did go there as his guest, to break bread with him at his table, and to have a look at his house which, as regards its contents, is certainly one of the most wonderful houses in the world. Since he is dead, however, perhaps a story of the man as he was in the very last days of his life may not be amiss, especially as it will be read largely by Americans who, next only to his countrymen, entertained for Lord Roberts the liveliest affection and the profoundest admiration.

The three of us motored down from London; and, aside from the visit to Englemere, the Roberts' place, the trip was most distinctly worth while on other accounts. We rode through the most beautiful pastoral country in England, which means the most beautiful pastoral country to be found anywhere; and we saw the new volunteers drilling in many places among London's everlasting suburbs.



A Charming Garden Near the Late Lord Roberts' House in Surrey

By IRVIN S. COBB

On the way we stopped for an hour or so at Lord Northcliffe's manor house—Sutton Place—which was built by Henry the Eighth's man of affairs, Sir Richard Weston, and which, exteriorly, looks to-day much as it looked when it was first set up in 1523-25. It is said to be probably the earliest and assuredly the best example extant of a Tudor mansion, built wholly as a dwelling and without thought of defense.

The wonderful moldings of the outer walls, after nearly four hundred years of exposure, remain almost as perfect as when they were put in place. With hardly an exception the windows are the same that Sir Richard Weston took from a still older house to put into his fine new home; and artistic architectonic souls have been known to go practically delirious with admiration when they considered the arches of the doorways and the colors of the ancient, weathered tiles of the roof.

Concerning the inside of Sutton Place, I mention one detail only—the Long Gallery, which is one hundred and fifty-two feet long. Sir Richard's only son and heir, who had been a playmate of King Henry, was by that same king accused of treasonable conduct in connection with the trial of Anne Boleyn; and, being found guilty, he was beheaded on Tower Hill.

In spite of this the Weston family continued, it seemed, to enjoy the royal favor. Two years after her accession Queen Elizabeth visited Sutton Place and stayed three days; and danced, it is said, in the Long Gallery. Historically this is by no means all that is to be said for the estate. Edward the Confessor had a hunting lodge about a quarter of a mile from the present house, and an old well near by is still known as St. Edward's Well.

Incidentally—though you could not call it an incident—our day included a call at a hospital for wounded and invalided soldiers at the Ascot Race Course, scarcely two miles from Lord Roberts' home. The refreshment booths and the other rooms at the back and underside of the five-shilling stand had been thrown together, except the barber's shop, which was being converted into an operating chamber; and, what with its tiled walls and high sloped ceiling and glass front, the place made a first-rate hospital.

It contained beds for fifty men; but on this day there were less than twenty sick and crippled Tommies convalescing here. They had been brought out of France, out of wet and cold and filth, with hurried dressings on their hurts; and now they were in this bright, sweet, wholesome place, with soft beds under them and clean linen on their bodies, and flowers and dainties on the tables that stood alongside them, with the gentlefolk of the neighborhood to mind them as volunteer nurses.

There were professional nurses, of course; but, under them, the younger women of the wealthy families of this

corner of Surrey were serving; and mighty pretty they all looked, too, in their crisp blue-and-white uniforms, with their arm badges and their caps, and their big aprons buttoned round their slim, athletic young bodies. I judge there were about three amateur nurses to each patient. Yet you could not rightly call them amateurs either; each of them had taken a course in nursing, it seemed, and was amply competent to perform most of the duties a regular nurse must know.

Lady Aileen Roberts was with us during our tour of the hospital. As a daily visitor and patroness she spent much of her time here and knew most of the inmates by name. She halted alongside one bed to ask its occupant how he felt. He had been brought back from the front suffering from pneumonia.

He was an Irishman. Before he answered her he cast a quick look about the long hall. Afternoon tea was just being served consisting, besides tea, of homemade strawberry jam and lettuce sandwiches made of crisp fresh bread, with plenty of butter; and certain elderly ladies

had just arrived, bringing with them, among other contributions, sheaves of flowers, and a dogcart loaded with hothouse fruit and a dozen loaves of plumcake, which last were still hot from the oven and which radiated a mouth-watering aroma as a footman bore them in behind his mistress. He looked at all these and sniffed; and a grin split his face and an Irish twinkle came into his eyes.

"Thank you, me lady, for askin'," he said; "but I'm very much afeard I'm gettin' well fast."

East Indian Architecture in Surrey

THERE was another man—an infantryman with his right arm broken in two places—who had been wounded in the fighting along the river Aisne, and had been tended in Paris at the hospital maintained by American women on American money before he was sent back home for the final period of mending. It was a wonderfully fine hospital, he told us, and he had been most tenderly treated by the good American ladies.

"It was the finest place I ever was in," he added—"except this one here. I've just been writing to me old mother that I've been took care of by the noblest ladies in the whole world—some here and some over there in Paris. I've been luckier than most of our chaps."

I had recently come from certain base hospitals and certain field hospitals in Germany, and the contrast between them and this race-track nursing home struck me hard. They were efficient in those overcrowded German hospitals and good to the wounded men, and gave them nourishing food; but there were no flowers there and no special dishes, and the little touches that only a woman knows how to bestow were lacking.

As a matter of fact, I guess they are lacking everywhere in the War Zone; that they are only to be found in such favored spots as the five-bob stand at Ascot Track, where illness is a luxury, and recuperation a long-drawn pleasure. I could understand why the Irishman did not want to recover too rapidly.

We found Lord Roberts' place of Englemere in the midst of a small, beautifully kept estate just beyond the town of Ascot. It was not nearly so large a place or so handsome as Lord Northcliffe's, at Sutton Place, but it had its distinctions too.

Originally, I imagine, it must have been one of those four-square, unimaginative-looking British manor houses; but when the late proprietor came into possession of it he remodeled it, with verandas and a sloped roof, to be as nearly as possible of the type of East Indian residences. There were terraces about it on three sides and below the terraces flower gardens and shrubbery; and, mounted on the terraces at spaced intervals, were cannon, dumbly menacing the peaceful landscape with their iron snouts.

They were of many patterns, these cannons. Between them they bridged half a century and more of development and improvement in the production of field artillery; and

(Continued on Page 26)

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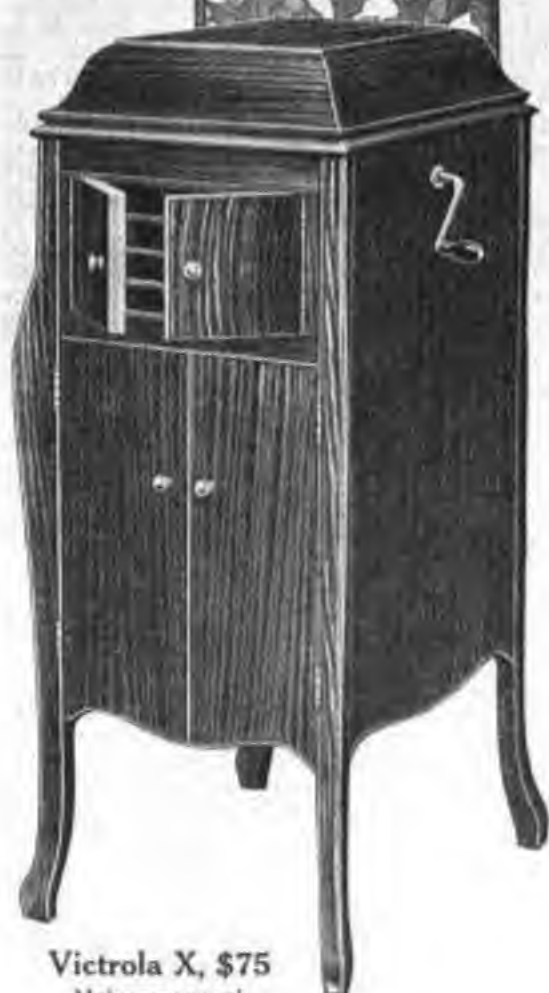
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each of them had figured in a campaign in which their owner played his part.

Others told us Lord Roberts valued his guns above all the items of the wonderful collection of trophies and relics that made such a marvelous military storehouse of his home. It was easy to understand why he should love them when one recalled that in 1851, the year after Kitchener was born, Lord Roberts, then a stripling subaltern, became a second lieutenant in a battery of Bengal Artillery. There was another reason, too, and a deeper one.

One smallish, black-painted, homely fieldpiece was placed apart from the others, with tall flowering bushes hiding it on three sides. The shrubbery made into a sort of little shrine for the gun, which stood, with its wheels pressing into the grass, in the center of the green inclosure; in fact, it was a shrine. It was in defense of this gun that Lord Roberts' only son gave his life at Colenso, in the South African War.

This morning I read in the Associated Press dispatches that on the carriage of this same gun the body of Lord Roberts was borne in yesterday's funeral procession through London, from Charing Cross to St. Paul's.

Stepping into the big entrance hall of Englemere we were ushered into a veritable museum. There were fine paintings on the wall, among them a spirited picture of the charge of Roberts' native troops on the mountainside stronghold of Pelwar Kotai, in the Afghan War of 1878, when their commander won his K. C. B., and England woke to the fact that an incarnate genius of battle had been bred in the East.

Facing us as we entered was Sargent's famous life-size portrait of our host, showing him in the red coat and jack boots of a field marshal, with his decorations on his breast. It is through reproductions of this portrait that Lord Roberts' likeness lives in the memory of most Americans.

The Hero of Kandahar

Between the pictures were arms and yet more arms and armor, ancient and modern—swords, knives, shields, guns, helmets, casques—interspersed with crossed battle-flags, each with its honorable record; and below the pictures were cases containing gold and silver caskets presented by nations, cities and corporations. And, to top all, about the room, just under the ceiling, ran friezes of heads and horns of African and Asiatic beasts.

McCutcheon, who has done a deal of big-game shooting in his time, said that certain of the antelope heads were the finest he had ever seen. For all its bristling mural array the hall, with its big open fireplace and its wide-armed hospitable easy chairs, was livable and comfortable. It was not long enough or wide enough to be barnlike, and it was not so small as to seem overcrowded by its decorations and furnishings.

Through a doorway alongside the staircase appeared a small man, a very small man—a man not over five feet two or three inches in height—who was dressed in brown tweeds, with the brown gutters an English country gentleman affects buttoned over his brown shoes. His feet were tiny, like a woman's, and his hands were very small. He had a clear, healthy, wrinkly red skin—I thought of a frost-puckered sound red apple when I saw his face; very white hair and plenty of it; a thick white mustache; a pair of small, kindly blue-gray eyes which age had not much dimmed, with radiations of fine, deep lines about them; and a brisk, alert manner.

There was that air about him which, for lack of a better word, we sometimes call dapper. One could readily conceive of him as being precise in his habits and painstaking in small details. To me, then, he did not suggest the soldier. At the first instant of meeting I could not convince myself that this was Field Marshal Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford, in Ireland, the greatest campaigner Britain has had since the day of that other Irishman, Wellington, and one of the greatest she has ever produced.

But I could very easily understand why the common soldiers called him Bobo. Common soldiers, like other folks, bestow affectionate nicknames on only those persons for whom they entertain affectionate regard. It was humanly impossible that Kitchener should have a saucy nickname.

It was humanly impossible for Roberts to escape having one.

Once the talk was well launched, there came a change in my first, instantaneous appraisal of the man; for he was a soldier all over—you could tell that now—and a soldier who loved to talk about his trade. To hear him speak was like piecing up the tally of past centuries. Somehow I had always thought of the Sepoy Mutiny as an event buffed with antiquity—a thing that occurred too far back in history to have living memories draped on it; but here stood a little, soft-mannered, mild-voiced gentleman who had been at the Siege of Delhi, and at Bulandshahr, and at Khudaganj; who, in actual, first-hand reminiscence, closed up the gap between the dusty past of Lucknow and Cawnpore and the Black Hole of Calcutta, and the present October twenty-odd, nineteen hundred and fourteen; who spoke of Kabul and Kandahar as though they were facts in a campaign that ended only yesterday; who was the son of a man who began his military service in India in 1803.

Later in that day I saw a portrait of his father, who was General Sir Abraham Roberts, himself a doughty fighter, and a splendid-looking old man, too, unless his likeness flattered him. These two, between them, had served the British crown in India and the East for upward of a hundred years, consecutively and unbrokenly. It was almost as fascinating to hear Lord Roberts describing the conditions with which his father had dealt as to hear him describing the conditions with which he had dealt in the same lands.

Yet I would not be understood as saying that, in what he said, Lord Roberts fell into the mental posture of one who, having finished the active affairs of life, lives only in the memories of what has gone before. His attitude was not that of the chronicler solely; rather was it that of the energetic, planning, speculative, constructive being who values his experiences for the uses to which he may put them in weighing up the business of the immediate day and instant.

He did not look his eighty-two years, nor did he think in the terms of eighty-two years, or speak in them either. His bodily aspect said hale and hearty seventy-five; his words were very much more youthful even than that. They proclaimed the spirit of a man in the full vigor of his intellectual prime.

It was about half an hour before luncheon would be served, and we spent that half hour in a tour of the house, which, upstairs and down, was a mine of treasures, where the lover of military and historic souvenirs might have spent a happy and congenial month. Without knowing much about those matters I imagine that Lord Roberts' collection of trophies from the East—particularly from Burma, Siam, Ceylon, Tibet and Hindustan—must have been one of the most complete and comprehensive extant.

The Jezails and Tulwars

It ranged, as I recall, from beathen gods of indescribable hideousness to tapestries and jewel cases of indescribable beauty. But, being what he was, he appeared to value more highly than anything else his store of firearms and edged weapons. On one stretch of wall space alone, alongside the great staircase, there must have been ranged and racked five hundred deadly things of curious Oriental workmanship—spears, lances, daggers, maces, war clubs, jeweled axes, darts, crossbows, sabers, scimitars, stabbing knives, jezails with deer skulls for stocks, blunderbusses with mouths like those of professional politicians; matchlocks, flintlocks, crescent, horse pistols, tulwars, and the short, broad, twisting sword that is the favorite tool of the Gurkha—all duplicated again and again in varying sizes and contrasting patterns.

And with these were cressets; headstalls; coats of mail; breastplates; backplates; shields—oh, all the furniture and fittings of Indian and Afghan and Burmese warfare; every unholy creation that Eastern ingenuity had ever devised for letting holes into and lives out of men.

Next only to his guns and knives this peaceful-appearing octogenarian treasured a row of glaring, glaring placards lettered over with block type, which looked out from heavy frames in his upper hallway.

These were headings from newspaper extras, dealing with his victories in South Africa—contents bills, the English call them. London papers strike them off and furnish them to news vendors, who, not being allowed to shout their wares, hold aloft the printed bulletins of the latest news.

There was one bill of a rather more artistic effect than the others, if the word artistic may properly be applied to such an object. It had been issued by the Daily News. It bore a background of the Union Jack done in the proper colors; and on the stripes of the design was the legend:

OUR FLAG AT PRETORIA!

Seeing it Lord Northcliffe smiled. "I wrote that bill myself," he said; "and, if I am not mistaken, I designed the arrangement of the background. I was rather proud of it, I remember."

"I am still proud of it," said Lord Roberts promptly, with a little twinkling squint in his eyes.

The summons for luncheon came; and as Lord Roberts led the way down the stairs I marveled to see how briskly and yet surely his almost absurdly small feet pattered on the steps. Eighty-two. He did not seem to have the weight of fifty years tugging at his heels, let alone eighty-odd!

At luncheon there were present, besides the three of our party, only Lord and Lady Roberts, their two daughters, and a young nephew who on the next day expected to enter Sandhurst as a cadet and would, granting him luck and the war length, be at the front as a second lieutenant, seeing active service, before peace came. He was a silent, dignified lad of seventeen.

Those Nippy, Cheerful Gurkhas

It was natural that a man who had spent most of his life in India should have carried chicken, with rice and chutney sauce, on his luncheon table. I noticed His Lordship rather favored this dish above the others that were served. Also, on the walls of the dining room were pictures suggestive of our host's service in India—notably paintings of two Gurkhas who, it seemed, had been Lord Roberts' favorite soldiers.

"Natural fighting men," he said, speaking of the originals of the paintings. "Indeed, I never saw a Gurkha who was not a natural-born fighting man. Gurkhas love a battle as most men love a feast. They run to it; and when they get at close quarters and bring those twisted knives of theirs into play they are terrible men to face, even though practically all of them are little men."

"Among my Gurkhas I used to pass for a reasonably tall man," he added with a little laugh; "so you may judge that they are reasonably short in stature, as a rule. The Sikhs are splendid, tall, erect fellows, and first-rate fighting men as well; but I confess my favorites among our Indian troops were always those little nippy, cheerful Gurkhas."

We told him then—McCutcheon and I—that the Germans believed the Indian troops would never stand the rigors of a European winter; that the cold weather would cause them to sicken and die like flies. He smiled again at that.

"Our German adversaries should consult their geographies," he said. "A people who are so intent on widening their colonial horizons should be better acquainted with the races that they expect to conquer and subjugate. A little reading on the subject would teach the Germans that most of the Indian troops who are now in France are not of Hindu blood, but of Tatar breed. They come from the tops of the tallest mountains in Asia—the Himalayas—and the winter climate to which they are accustomed would make a European winter seem, in comparison, a gentle and a balmy spring."

"I have seen times in my mountain campaigns when an orderly had to come to my tent and hold a lighted candle under the inkwell as I wrote my orders and reports, to keep the cold from congealing the ink; but our Gurkha soldiers were padding about outdoors as comfortable and happy as you please. The Gurkha is not afraid of cold nor of a bullet, nor, least of all, of a bayonet. Those are things on which he thrives."

Naturally most of the talk about the big round luncheon table was of war—not necessarily of the war now raging, though

that, of course, was discussed from time to time; but of wars in general.

Lord Roberts showed a particular animation and interest in speaking of our Civil War. He displayed an intimate knowledge of the campaigns of 1861-65 and of the leaders on both sides; and when he learned that McCutcheon was the son of a Union soldier and that I was the son of a Confederate soldier, he began plumping questions at us which I, when my turn would come, found it embarrassing to answer inasmuch as he had a better acquaintance with the things regarding which he asked than I ever hope to have.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I have never been in the States. I have visited Canada and I wish I had visited your country. I have often regretted that I failed to take advantage of my opportunity to tour the United States. I would give a good deal to be able to say that I had gone over the country where the chief operations of your great war took place and the spots where the principal battles were fought. America produced some magnificent soldiers in those four years—and the greatest of them, to my way of thinking, was Jackson—Stonewall Jackson."

"In my opinion Stonewall Jackson was one of the greatest natural military geniuses the world ever saw. I will go even further than that—as a campaigner in the field he never had a superior. In some respects I doubt whether he ever had an equal."

Here some one of us was moved to repeat the story told of Jackson, that he read only two books in the latter years of his life—the Bible and the Campaigns of Napoleon.

Fighting on Sunday

"Not so bad a choice—if a man had to confine his library to only two books," said Lord Roberts, who himself, as we knew, was of a deeply religious nature; "an admirable choice for a soldier, at any rate. Any soldier might learn much by studying the Campaigns of Napoleon, and Napoleon might have learned a good deal, too, by studying the Campaigns of Jackson, had the order of the times in which the two men lived been reversed."

Lord Northcliffe remembered he had somewhere read that Jackson preferred to fight his battles on Sunday, because, believing, as he did, that he was doing the Lord's work in smiting the North, he regarded the Lord's Day as fittest for the smiting.

"I'm afraid the rule has not held good for other men," commented Lord Roberts. "I recall that, once in my younger days in India, I was sent into a fight on Sunday and we got most soundly drubbed. Since then I have always been an advocate of the theory that the best day on which to win a battle is the day on which you can win it. But, speaking of Jackson, I wish one of you younger men would tell me more about him. Cannot one of you recall some personal intimate story about him? I should like to know more of his human side."

So we told him what we could remember of Jackson's manifold peculiarities, and he did not seem to tire of listening. Later in the day Lord Northcliffe told us that Lord Roberts had been instrumental in introducing the History of Jackson's Campaigns as a textbook into the English Military College at Sandhurst; and that when students from Sandhurst came to see him, as they frequently did, he was much given to quizzing them on their knowledge of the subject.

During the course of the afternoon, in passing through the library of the house, I came on a steel engraving of the Southern corner, placed against the wall where it faced Lord Roberts when he sat at his desk.

In this same room—the library—was a framed and autographed photograph of the German Kaiser. There had been a much larger likeness of the Kaiser—a gift from himself to Lord Roberts on the occasion of one of his visits to Englemere—which swung in the dining room; but it was there no longer. We saw the brass chains that had held it, dangling against an empty space at one end of the long room.

However, in his conversation Lord Roberts did not speak harshly of the Kaiser or of any other present enemy of England. When he spoke of the causes of the war, and of its effects and its possible consequences to the nations engaged in it and to the world at large, he spoke, of course, from the British standpoint; but there was no venom in what he said—only earnestness and a desire that his side should triumph speedily and conclusively.

Like Lord Kitchener, whom I was to meet in that same week, he wanted to know facts about the German equipment and the German spirit, and, most of all, about the German transportation system and the German commissariat. Apparently he had gathered, from a long distance, the same idea of the German military machine that McCutcheon and I had acquired as a result of our personal observations of that machine actually in operation—short, that it was tremendously effective and enormously complete, and that its chief fault was its rigidity—its lack of flexibility and elasticity.

Lord Roberts nodded affirmingly when we jointly stated this as our common opinion.

"Trust the Germans to do a thing thoroughly and painstakingly," he said. "And, knowing them as I do, I have no doubt that when they permitted you two gentlemen to go to their battle front, and witness their operations, they were thorough in showing you what they wanted you to see. Am I not right?"

This naturally brought us round to the subject of war correspondents and their interrupted functions in the present war; and I made so bold as to ask him whether he entertained the same distaste for men of our profession that had lately been manifested in the high quarters of more than one country.

"I have always liked the journalists," he said. "Personally I always liked to have them with me in my campaigns. Often they were of real service to me and to my army and to my country; and I hope I was occasionally able to do some proper service for them."

"I cannot recall any instances when a reputable journalist deceived me, or took advantage of me, or betrayed any confidence I had imposed in him."

"Never but once did I have a serious misunderstanding with a journalist. That was in South Africa. I took steps to abate his activities, and thereafter I had no trouble with the press or the accredited representatives of the press."

I judge we were at table an hour. My watch told me it was a full hour, but it did not seem to me nearly so long a time. When we rose Lord Roberts stepped briskly from his side of the table to the side where Lady Roberts sat, assisted her from her chair and gave her his arm with simple gallantry. The rest of us stood aside as the two old people passed out. She was quite infirm, and their progress, therefore, was very, very slow. I noted how, at the door, he waved aside a servant who would have aided him, and guided her carefully across the threshold.

Thereafter, on two occasions when she moved from one part of the house to another, he paid her the same exquisite attention. Each time he, watching her, had anticipated her desire and was at her side before she could offer to rise. He expressed in his actions, in his constant, eager regard for her comfort, that same thing which certain poets, notably Robert Burns and our own James Whitcomb Riley, have expressed in verse.

Voices in the Wilderness

Seeing him thus engaged we had an intimate view of the Lord Roberts who was not the soldier, but the man who had family prayers each night and morning in his home; who went to church on a Sunday; who was loved by his neighbors now as his soldiers had loved him in other days; who spoke no hasty evil of any man, even though that man was his enemy and the enemy of his country. Surely a great name was not the only heritage Lord Roberts left to the British people!

Somewhat later, at the moment of our parting, he unwittingly and unconsciously gave us an even deeper insight into his inner self.

We were at the door. It struck McCutcheon and myself simultaneously, I think—perhaps it was telepathy, or whatever the instinct is that makes two men think the same thing at the same moment—that here, in Roberts and Northcliffe, were the two men who for years past had risked unpopularity and derision to preach, in season and out—one from the platform and in his writings, the other through his chain of great newspapers—the inevitability of a war with Germany and the need that Great Britain should be in a better and a stronger state of preparedness against the day of its bursting.

If ever two men had qualified for the jobs of president and secretary of the International I-Told-You-So Club, these were the two men.

One of us—I forget which one now—spoke up and said:

"Well, Lord Roberts, if England had only listened to you during these last few years she would not now be getting ready to fight after the fighting has begun—she would have been ready beforehand!"

"Yes," he said slowly. "I was right when I predicted that Germany meant to make war on us—and I am sorry I was right."

We left him standing in his doorway, a quaintly small figure of a hale old man—indeed, almost a grotesquely small figure of a man—in his wrinkled brown suit and his neat brown gaiters—altogether, at that moment, a most unimpressive figure.

Yet, even so, the lines of Kipling's verses came back to me. You remember the poem where Kipling said:

See that little red-faced man?

That's Bob.

Rides the tallest horse he can,

Does Bob.

If it bucks and kicks and rears

'E will sit for twenty years,

With a smile round both 'is ears,

Will Bob.

If a marker's lost 'is place,

Dress by Bob.

If a gun has slipped its trace,

'Oak on Bob.

'E's eyes all up 'is coat,

An' a bugle in 'is throat;

An' you will not play the goat

Under Bob.

I reckon he must have been all of that—was Bob.

Heart Mended

DR. ALEXIS CARREL, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, one of the most distinguished surgeons in the world, particularly noted for his pioneer work in delicate and obscure problems of surgery, and now managing a French military hospital at Lyons, has recently announced his hope that the knife will some day cure many kinds of heart disease. He looks forward to the time when the surgeon will sew patches on a man's heart to stop leaks, will cut pieces out of the heart that hinder its pumping, and in general rebuild hearts by means of scissors, knives, needles and flaps of muscle.

Like all prudent scientists, he makes no promise that it will be done to-morrow, but, on the other hand, gives evidence which ought to justify his hope of eventual success. So many heart diseases are due to faulty valves and similar troubles that if his prediction comes true a vast number of lives can be saved.

The problem now is so to perfect the technical details of the operation that the patient shall not die before it is completed. He has succeeded in establishing many factors of safety, and more are in sight. It has been found that the heart can usually be stopped for nearly three minutes while an operation is being performed, and that usually it will start again without massage.

Before such operations on men can be undertaken as a regular thing, methods must be developed to make the starting of the heart absolutely certain, or definite rules established for deciding which classes of heart trouble may be attacked safely and which had better be left as they are.

Practical rules for an operation—the exact procedure at every step—are called the technique. So exacting are surgeons becoming over the technique of any particular kind of operation that a noted Brooklyn surgeon recently advocated, before the American Medical Association, the adoption by surgeons of the Taylor system of efficiency—motion studies—which has been applied so widely in industry.

He advocated not only fixing the exact sequence of every step of an operation but determining as a standard that at just such a point instrument number forty-two should be taken up by the surgeon, four seconds allowed for some particular detail of operating, each hand to be used exactly as the rules provided; the instrument then to be laid down exactly at a certain place and instrument number forty-three taken up in reverse position—and so on, with every motion predetermined.

Even with a perfected technique, only a master craftsman, with wonderfully skilled fingers, would attempt to patch hearts.

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San Diego Panama California Exposition

"Ohi España, como mi joven corazón
por ti latía en tiempos pasados."
—Lang fellowe.

"How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!"
—Lang fellowe.

California's Great Exposition Celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal California's Christmas Gift

IT is a big idea in gifts, and rather unusual, but one in which all the peoples of the world may participate; one which comes to a full realization on the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve and lasts until another New Year's Eve in 1916.

The greater part of the United States and Canada—and, if you insist, the northern hemisphere of the old world—is buried today under snow and ice, or soon will be. The song birds are gone, the flowers are gone, and the balmy days are gone.

But on the Pacific Coast near old Mexico lies a city where the birds are singing, where roses are in bloom and the oranges are ripe, where snow never comes in and where it is always June. This is San Diego, the Mecca of those who wish comfort, health and happiness—it is the land where one truly lives.

To this land came Spanish sailors and Spanish soldiers and Spanish settlers in the centuries which have passed, and from their life sprang the traditions which still rule, their arts and architecture and romance. And in that Spanish atmosphere of mission and cathedral, of quiet patio and gay fiesta, has been built San Diego's Exposition Beautiful.

Five hundred miles to the north lies San Francisco, where, during the greater part of 1915, will be held another Exposition, also celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal, presenting to the world many features differing from the Exposition Beautiful—the two supplementing one another. When California celebrates, the Golden State's enthusiasm requires two outlets.

On up the coast and across the Rockies, in the deserts and forests, on the plains and in the valleys that fill the West, there are other sights which make all other lands commonplace.

This is the West of your country

It is a West in which you find a civilization that pre-dates that of pre-historic Egypt, a country far exceeding those of the Mediterranean; it is the Great West of the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Painted Desert, the Great Trees, the Great West that is old, yet young, filled with the wonders of the world and with the romance of centuries. It is the West that you should see, and 1915 is the time for you to see it, when California with her two Expositions offers you the opportunity and special rates.

Throughout 1915 the San Diego Exposition Beautiful will be open, offering a gorgeous landscape of unchanging verdure, set with the flashing crimson and gold and purple of the Southwest coast, offering a dreamy renaissance of Old Spain, with caballero and troubadour and señorita dwelling in the quaint balconies and plazas and patios of this magic city, with the canyons winding about the mesa, on which the Exposition stands, down to the sea a mile beyond, back to the lofty Sierras and the low hills of Mexico.

This is California's gift for 1915 for all the year. It cannot quite be delivered to your door Christmas morning, but your nearest ticket agent will tell you all about it.

**See that your ticket in 1915
reads San Diego**



1915—All the Year

Opens January First

WHEN THE GERMANS CAME

(Concluded from Page 18)

strong as those of a warring saint. He was the product which seventy years had made of a man, out of religion, virtue and good food. He was quite willing to tell his story; but he told it with a modesty that required the supplementing of information I had received from other sources.

The weather was very warm on the second day of September. He was here in this room where we were sitting. Across the square, on the other side of the cathedral, some French soldiers were drinking wine before a café. Suddenly he saw them spring up, discharge their guns and fly. The square was filled with powder smoke. When that lifted he saw that it was filled with Germans. They had not seen the French soldiers, but they had heard the guns and they picked up French bullets from the ground. Then they looked up at the tower of the cathedral, believing the shots had been fired from there by civilians.

"An officer came in here. He was very angry," the priest went on. "He said they would do to Senlis what they had done to Louvain—raze it to the ground. He would not believe that the shots had been fired by French soldiers. I told him I had the key to the tower of the cathedral. I offered to go up with him and prove that there had been no civilians in it and that no ammunition was kept there. I went, with six pistols held about my head. One would have been enough," he added whimsically, as a critic might complain of too many adjectives in a sentence.

He was able to convince the officer; but the general was not convinced. He had ordered the burning of the town, and the flames were already glowing red against the green leaves of the beech trees. At last the officer told him to wait there in his house, and if nothing happened before midnight he might know that the town would not be destroyed.

So he waited, with all his doors open, while the Germans poured in—cavalry, artillery, column after column of infantry, all yelling with the rage of victory—a terrible sight to the helpless priest. But he does not seem to have been terrified. He received the frightened women and children who fled to him for shelter from their burning homes.

Night came on, a red darkness over the town, filled with the uproar of soldiers and the cries of women and children. Still he sat before his window, watching the cathedral, waiting to see it rise from its foundations and fall back in flames. He loved his people as a priest, but that cathedral he loved as a mother loves her child.

At ten o'clock he went into his garden, which is nearer the cathedral. He saw the "silent motor" enter the square and stop at the foot of the tower. He understood what that meant. Every German brigade is followed by this ambulance of death, an automobile filled with incendiary bombs. It moves very slowly on that account, and very silently, like Death creeping in.

He saw the men busy with something there at the bottom of the tower. Then he heard one say to the other: "It's finished; let us go quickly." And the silent motor moved quickly out of the square.

The priest ran into his house, gathered the women and children about him and took them farther back into the town, where he thought they would be safe from the explosion. But he could not remain with them. He was thinking of his cathedral, of the bombs laid beneath the tower. So he came back to the square, which was empty—not a German in sight. He thought the tower looked at him, called to him. He trembled, he was "most cowardly afraid," yet he went across to her, that Mary Mother pile of stone. He got down on his hands and knees and looked for the bombs.

"Father, if you had found them what would you have done?" I exclaimed.

He lowered his eyes and remained silent for a moment.

"I was most awfully afraid, but if I had found them I should have been obliged to take them in my hands and carry them away."

And he would have done it. No one who sees him can doubt that.

"But there were no bombs there? Do you think you could have dreamed you saw the silent motor?" I asked. The good father shrugged his shoulders.

The next day he offered himself to the German commander and was accepted as hostage for the good conduct of the people, so the remainder of the town was saved. This is why Senlis looks as if a tornado of

flames had swept through the center of it, without touching so much as a flower on either side.

The rain was still falling drop by drop through the darkness when I boarded the train for Paris. I shall always remember Senlis beneath a gray winter sky, with the rain falling like tears upon her ruins. I thought I was to have the carriage to myself; but just as we were moving out of the station a very grim-looking Frenchman, wearing the uniform of an officer, came along, looking into the carriages. It may have been my overwrought nerves, but my heart sank when he immediately opened the door and flung himself in. When one is a foreigner in a war-maddened country grievously afflicted with spies it is not reassuring to ride for hours in a railway compartment opposite a man whose expression, no less than his uniform, proclaimed the ruling spirit of the hour.

I took out a little paper volume of Joseph Conrad's short stories and affected to read. The officer threw his overcoat on his knees and affected to sleep. I did not read and he did not sleep. Every time I looked cautiously over the top of the book I perceived a black-eyed man observing me through the narrow slits between his upper and lower eyelids. At a station somewhere on the road he went out, but when the train started he was back in his place. At the next station another officer in uniform entered the carriage. Not a word was spoken between that place and Paris. I could not have felt more guilty if I had committed high treason, though I knew I had spent the day innocently. I was in flight long before the train stopped at the Gare du Nord. I stumbled in my effort to get out ahead of them. And I was still aware of their presence immediately behind me when I climbed into the first taxi I saw.

When I reached my room in the hotel the window on the opposite side of the court was dark for the first time since I have been here. But now there is a tall French officer quartered in the house. He never seems to be out of it. Doubtless he is some orderly connected with a Red Cross ambulance, but to my imagination, excited by so many strange and terrible dangers, this man seems awfully personal.

SEEING BY WIRE

TELEVISION, or seeing by wire from a distance—long the dream of inventors, and sure, when it comes, to be a modern wonder more stirring than the telephone or wireless—has been brought in the last few months fairly near to practical operation. Almost any day now one may expect to hear of a machine that crudely yet successfully will see from a distance. It is entirely possible to build such a roughly working apparatus now if there were combined in the one machine the best points of all the experimental devices that have recently been produced. Two exhibitions of very crude television were given recently—one before a British learned society by Dr. A. M. Low, and the other before the Academy of Science, in Paris, by a French scientist. A third inventor displayed before the Royal Society, in London, a device that almost solved one of the most difficult problems—the original recording of the scene to be transmitted by wire.

From these laboratory experiments it is a long step to showing the world's championship baseball games on moving-picture screens in every city of the United States while the games are in progress. Nevertheless, the step may be taken before many more championship series are played.

The French machine, constructed by Georges Rignoux, a brilliant young physicist of La Rochelle, follows the same general principles that have been tried in most of the television devices since inventors began to work on the problem, many years ago. He has succeeded in sending pictures of letters of the alphabet by wire.

A letter placed before the receiver of his machine instantly appears on a screen at the receiving end, in the next room or miles away; and, no matter how rapidly the letters are changed, if not too rapid for the eye, the screen shows the change.

Rignoux uses a camera with the usual lens to record the scene he wishes to send, the letter A for instance. In the back of the camera, instead of a film or plate, are sixty-four cells—eight rows of eight each. Each of these cells is made very sensitive to light by means of selenium. The amount of electricity that will pass through a bit of selenium varies according to the amount of light thrown on it; so each of the sixty-four cells is in a separate circuit.

When the camera points to the letter A the black form of the letter shades some of the cells, while other cells catch the light from the white paper on which the A is printed. Every one of the sixty-four cells then reports, by means of its separate current of electricity, whether it received a black impression or a white impression.

The picture, in other words, has been divided into sixty-four points. If the light value of each of these sixty-four points is reproduced on a screen at the other end of the wire, each point in its right place, there will appear on the screen a letter A, made of a number of dots instead of solid lines.

Any half-tone illustration in a magazine or newspaper will show how the dots can be made to make a picture. Examination of a newspaper half-tone will show something like four thousand of these dots to a square inch, the dots varying in blackness. This part of Rignoux's machine follows the usual method. Doctor Low's camera is much the same.

Next, it is necessary to telegraph to the receiving station the light value of each of these sixty-four dots. It could be done easily by having sixty-four sets of wires, but that would mean the whole effort would be impracticable whenever an attempt was made to send a large and clear picture, which is evident from the fact that newspaper pictures use four thousand dots to a

square inch. Rignoux, however, has devised a collector which takes a report on each of the sixty-four cells in turn, and sends it to the receiving station so rapidly that all sixty-four are sent without confusion many times a second; and only two wires are used.

At the receiving station there is a screen, in darkness, on which is thrown, from a set of mirrors, a succession of light beams. Each light beam goes to its own special place on the screen, each being controlled by one of the sixty-four cells in the camera at the other end of the wire. All sixty-four points are flashed on the screen so rapidly that each has several flashes a second.

By the phenomenon of retention of vision, on which moving pictures are based, all sixty-four points seem to be receiving light at the same time instead of one by one, in turn; so the screen shows, by dark dots and light dots, just what the camera is seeing at that same instant.

Rignoux has been devoting most of his attention to the perfection of his collecting device and to the throwing of light beams on the screen; so he has not tried to send half lights, but simply light dots and dark dots. Doctor Low's cells send half lights reasonably well; but another British scientist, L. H. Walter, has found a way to do it very well.

What is more, he seems to have found a way to concentrate a great number of these cells in a small space. By his method four thousand dots to a square inch ought to be possible. Instead of using selenium he has made up cells of chemicals and metal which are vastly more sensitive than selenium to changes of light intensity.

Furthermore, instead of a separate cell for each dot he uses one multiple cell which will report the light intensity of each dot on its surface.

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HER FLING

(Concluded from Page 7)

wasn't so much the clothes, though they're undignified for a lady of mother's age. It's all—the rest! My position in this house is unbearable." She began to cry in a half-hearted way.

"Martha!" spoke her father sharply. "What do you mean by that?"

Martha, her head on the end of the sofa, forced a small wail and did not answer.

"She means," spoke Evelyn Garden gravely, "that she can't bear to have me of importance in my own house."

Garden grinned suddenly.

"It wasn't so before—we came to this horrid Compton," said Martha. "She—she always used to sit upstairs and sew lace on things—for me. And the parties were all—for me. And—and she wore dark dresses, and—and didn't talk much; and—and I had the gay times, as a—girl ought. Now it's different. Why, she has prettier clothes than I—"

"We spend the same money, Martha," put in Mrs. Garden.

"Oh, I don't care! She ought to see that mine are prettier; her taste is better—she's older!" the girl snapped. And then: "I came back expecting attention; and she has every man in town on her string. And Jim Carr—two people told me today he was in love with her!"

Martha had scored now. Mrs. Garden stood silent, as still as marble, by the roses—Jim Carr's roses.

"I—I can't live in such an unnatural way—my own mother taking all the brightness out of my life! I'm going to—going to marry Mr. Amory."

Garden swung about toward that not too graceful heap on the sofa.

"Marry Mr. Amory! You're mad, Martha! He's thirty years older than you."

"I—I don't care! He loves me very—very wonderfully." She was poking at her eyes with her handkerchief. The sensation she had made was doing her good. "And he's as rich as Croesus."

Evelyn turned to her husband; her hands went out in a gesture. John Garden's head was bent as though by weight; his eyes burned as he stared at his daughter.

"Do you love Mr. Amory, Martha?" Martha began to whimper again. "Do you?" he repeated.

"Don't—don't be so hard, father," she complained. "Of course I love him—some. I shouldn't think of marrying him if—I didn't love him, should I? But—"

A full stop.

"But what, Martha?" John Garden's voice was quiet.

"But—I don't love him—quite so much—Oh, it's hard to say it! It's cruel of you to make me say it." Martha was enjoying herself immensely, tears and cruelty included.

"Say it, Martha."

"I don't love him so much as Mr. Letterblair."

"Letterblair?"

"Mr. Amory's secretary."

"Does he want to marry you too?"

"Yes." Martha permitted herself a coy smile.

"And you love him?"

"Yes," whispered Martha; and glanced up to see the effect.

Evelyn Garden swept across the room; she knelt with her arms about her big daughter.

"Martha, my little girl, if you love him and he's worth it—marry him! Why should you think you have to sacrifice your heart? Why should you do such a horrible thing as to marry an old man for money?"

"Mother!" Martha drew away with offended dignity. "I wouldn't marry him for money. I love him—quite a little."

Martha got up gloomily.

"It's you who can't understand, I think, mother. I shall have to decide alone, as you won't help me. Most girls have a mother's advice to lean on; but I'll have to act by myself. It's very lonely for me; but I hope at least you'll take time to help me with my trousseau," she added reproachfully. "That's likely to be important if I marry Mr. Amory."

She was gone. Evelyn sat on the sofa, her head in her hands, her body fallen into lax lines. Her husband stared at her.

"It must be my fault," she said at last. "Yet I tried. And I've failed. I've made some horrid mistake with her. It's my fault."

"It's not your fault," Garden spoke impatiently. "She's not got it in her—that's all."

Some people are built so—limited. She's a good girl, I suppose. We both adore her, of course; and so—"

Evelyn flashed up at him.

"I don't adore her, John! It's hideous, but I don't. Of course I remember how she was my darling little baby, and how I adored her then; but—"

A pause.

"Ever since she was twelve she has patronized me and looked down on me; and now—now, when she sees I'm able to take a small place of my own, she resents it. She's—jealous of me!"

"I suppose you mean"—Garden's voice was dry and hard—"what she said about Carr."

A silence. "Is that true, Evelyn?"

No answer. A longer silence; then: "Ah!"

Another silence. "It is true. Are you in love with him also?"

Then something unexpected happened. Swiftly, like a flash of light, she flew to him; his head was in her arms; she was kissing the top of it, where the gray hairs were thick in the dark thatch.

"John! No! Nobody but you. Didn't you know it? You don't care much; you think I'm dull; you've lost interest. But I've never—I never will!"

By now she was on his knee, her arms were about his neck, and there was a haze and an upheaval and a glory round John Garden that seemed to stop the world. No more words then; but she hid her face on his stiff white collar and held tight to all of him possible. He tried to speak, and had to try again.

"Evelyn! Darling!" was what he said. His voice broke on that tender statement.

"When Martha said that about Carr I felt I was done. Without you! Without your love! Why, you're the foundation of my life!"

She lifted her head. "I won't be foundation any more—just foundation."

"Well, then, you're all of it. You exquisite thing! You angel! You silly! Don't you know how wonderful I think you?"

"Then," said Evelyn Garden, "tell me so. Tell me every fifteen minutes."

John Garden did not smile.

"I think I might manage that," he considered.

Then Evelyn stood in front of him and talked.

"John," she said, "I knew you'd like me more if other people approved of me—yes, that's so! And I cared. I wanted your love, not your tolerance. That was all I'd had for years. I was a mummy. Of course you merely did your duty by me. And then Jim Carr saw me one day when I happened to seem—young. And he liked me. And it astonished me, and made me think. I began to want pleasure, personal existence. He did that for me—waked me. And I'll always be thankful to him and care for him."

"You should," said John Garden.

"I knew you'd say it." She spoke gratefully. "And you can afford generosity, John, because it's not as I care for you. But I'd had long, deadening years, when often it seemed as though nothing was worth while. I wasn't of much importance to anybody—you, even. No, dear; I wasn't. What, John?"

The man had thrown out his arms on the table and his head fell on them. She bent over him, listening.

"Selfish brute? You're not! You just didn't see. But now I count—don't I, John? And I'm going to live harder and harder—not all frivolity, like these three months; that was just"—she laughed—"my fling. I'm going to live and do things—worth-while things. And you're going to think me worth while—aren't you, John? And tell me so—tell me that you love me? Every fifteen minutes?"

It was almost twenty-four hours later when Garden stood at the foot of his own staircase and looked up at the slender figure that descended to him leisurely from step to step. She wore a pink dress—the pink dress; not the aggressive pink of peppermint candy which Martha would have chosen, but a color that might be dissolved June roses, with a gold-brown October leaf melted in, and cobwebs crusted on it of silver and gold—a poem in clothes was what she wore. He caught her hand as she came smiling, and bent and kissed it.

"It's only fourteen minutes," he said; "but I can't wait—I love you!"



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The system for Ford cars includes dynamo, starting motor, 6-volt battery, battery box, indicator for dash, switches and all necessary connections and wiring.

Dynamo is driven by silent chain from crank shaft. Starting motor also engages crank shaft by means of silent chain. Both units are light in weight.

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Both units are housed in a compact manner. They fit snugly at the left-hand side of the engine.



The entire system is self-contained beneath the hood.

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The Gray & Davis starting motor is very powerful. Cranks the engine in the coldest weather. Starts even if cylinders have stopped on dead center. Overcomes back-firing, pre-ignition and the "stalled" engine.

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TRAUMATIC NEUROSIS

(Concluded from Page 16)

streaked it for second. The ball hit five feet in front of the bag, bounced between the first baseman's legs and kept on down the foul line. Con, who was off to a flying start, reached third without any trouble.

"Hey, Hooley!" he yells. "You'd be a good catcher if you didn't throw in so many runs!"

The next batter hit a line drive to the shortstop, who knocked it down and threw to Hooley to cut Con off at the plate. Con came home with a jumping slide that knocked the ball out of Hooley's hands, and old Wallace used some terrible language—terrible!

The game tightened up after the fourth, and those two runs, which we owed to Con's racket with Hooley, were lonesome on the scoreboard. Up to the ninth inning it had the look of a shut-out. Hooley's outfit came up for their last crack at the ball, sullen and savage, with Hooley himself coaching at first.

The first man popped up and the second man struck out. All over the place people began to work their way toward the exits. They thought it was over.

"Let's have the next one!" yells Con, lively as a cricket. "Let's have the next one and then we'll all go home!"

The next one was Rabbit Bradley, a fair hitter and a streak on the bases. The Rabbit beat out an infield single—he took an awful crack at one but hit it on top. The crowd sent up a few scattering yells and stopped drifting, to see what was coming next. Demon Davy Hartford didn't keep us waiting long. The first ball looked good to him and he singled, sending the Rabbit to second.

Then the fans began to root in real earnest. George Lee was next at bat, and George is the Ty Cobb of our league—the leading hitter and base stealer.

Old Oscar took a good long think before he began pitching to Lee, and while he waited the crowd roared till the very ground seemed to shake. It was their first chance to do any cheering and they made the most of it.

One ball! . . . Two balls!

"Aw, let him hit it! You're afraid to let him hit it!"

"Put that ball over the plate!"

Oscar has heard plenty of crowds. He cinched up his belt a notch, tied one shoe, and stalled along till the umpire warned him. Then he cut the outside corner with a curve, and George didn't go after it. Two and one!

Oscar waited again and it was his fast ball this time. George threw up his arms and jumped away from the plate, and up went the umpire's left hand. Three and one!

Again the wait in between. There was so much noise you couldn't have heard yourself think. Oscar rubbed some dirt on his hands and dusted it off on his shirt. Once more the fast ball, but this one was so wide that George dropped his bat and started to first before the umpire called it.

Three on; two down; two runs needed to tie and three to win. It still looked easy to us; but every ball player knows that there is no such thing as a cinch, especially when the winning run is already on the bases.

Hooley, back of first, had been making signs with both hands, and Mike Doherty came up, swinging as many bats as he could get hold of. Mike was Hooley's pinch hitter and a tough customer.

Oscar went at him with curves, because Mike murders a fast ball; and the count proceeded. One ball! One strike! Two balls! Two and two, and then three and two!

"Now it's got to be over!" croaks Hooley. "He's got to groove this one, boys! All ready with the big start!"

It seemed about a week and a half before Oscar took his position to deliver that last ball. Twice he shook his head on the catcher's signs, and when his arm finally did swing back the three runners were off like sprinters leaving their marks. Three and two, and two out—there wasn't a thing in the world for them to wait for.

The ball came straight down the groove, a strike all the way; and Mike stepped into it, swinging with everything between spikes and shoulders. Cr-r-rush! The crowd gave one terrific yell that died to nothing all at once—the yell that we always look for when a ball is hit in a pinch—the yell that is part hope that the hit will go safe and part fear that it won't.

Over at short Jack Belcher took one step and scooped the ball off the ground. It was a sizzling wallop and Mike hadn't any more than got started for first before Belcher straightened up with it in his glove. There wasn't anything to hurry him and Jack took his time on the throw—it was one that had to go straight.

He made a perfect peg; and Con, his foot on the bag, reached out to take it, waist-high and aimed straight at him. You could just see Dexter's pennant hopes smothering to death in that flat, black right-handed mitt!

And then, while Con was reaching for the ball and every Dexter bug on the premises was conceding it to him, it came—two short, sharp blasts of a bicycle whistle!

If I ever said that I doubted the traumatic neurosis thing I take it all back. Con Fulgarney jumped halfway to second base, and the ball, just missing him, went on to the bleachers. Before anybody could get to it, the three runners had scored and we were licked.

And before the crowd shut 'em out of my sight I got one glimpse of Wallace Hooley stuffing something into his hip pocket and grinning, in spite of the fact that Con Fulgarney was trying to choke him to death.

Afterward, in the clubhouse, we had quite a session. Con was hiding in a locker and trying to explain through the cracks about his nervous system; and Jimmy, with a telegraph pole of a bat, was daring him to come out and explain it to his face.

"Don't do that!" I say. "The poor boy ain't to blame."

"Whadda you mean—he ain't to blame?" yells Jimmy. "If he'll come out here I'll make him think he is! Didn't he get out of the way of that ball and let three runs score? Why ain't he to blame?"

"Because," I say, "he's got traumatic neurosis, and he jumps forty feet every time he hears a whistle. That's one of the symptoms, Jim—and old Hooley had a whistle! I could have told you if you'd asked me."

And then I had to knock Jimmy down and sit on him till he got over his excitement.

Now you know why I say Con Fulgarney won't last very long in the big league. Some day they will hear about Hooley and his bicycle whistle, and they will make Con jump clear into a Class D League, where he belongs. A regular first baseman has got to be healthy—believe me!

GOOD OLD
DOC LIGMORE

(Continued from Page 11)

"I am used to this, my dear boys. What is one more trip to a country doctor who has bumped over the roads for forty years at all times o' night? A countryman will grin and bear his ache as long as it's daylight; then he will get scared in the night and send for a doctor. And an old doctor must never admit to anybody that he is tired or sleepy or sick. He'd lose caste in the country. I hope I'm laying up treasures in heaven—I certainly am not doing so on earth."

"I always supposed there was good money in an old-established country practice," said Marston.

"There is a lot of money in mine, but I can't get it out," confessed Doctor Ligmore whimsically. "The poor folks never pay and the others stand a country doctor off until he sues—and I'm no hand for law."

As though Marston had given him a text, he preached on this topic hour after hour. And daily he dwelt on it after they had been installed in his cottage on the edge of Newry Village. He was not resentful—he did not whine; but when he found time to sit with them in their attic room or late at night in his little office, with curtains drawn and windows shut tight, where the mingled scents of medicaments flavored the stifle of the rank tobacco smoke, he meekly unfolded to them the disappointments in a country doctor's life.

He had dreamed of a competence, of travel, of study in foreign parts. Then he showed them names of debtors on his dog-eared call book and told the hard-luck stories of the unfortunate homes. He did not boast of his self-sacrifice or his forbearance.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

COLGATE'S
CHRISTMAS COMFORTSSolve the Problem of
Useful Gifts for Men

This partial list, selected from the wide variety of Colgate Gifts for all the family, will make your shopping easier.

Why not follow the example of thousands at the holiday season last year—be a "SPUG," join the Society for the Promotion of Useful Giving.

Colgate's Shaving Stick It brings shaving comfort by its plentiful softening lather which needs no "rubbing in" with the fingers and leaves no smart or burn. It is "The Magic Wand of Shaving."

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Colgate's Lilac Imperial—A toilet water much liked by men.

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap—Luxurious and lasting.

This year most all of us are considering more seriously the question of economy. Buy useful Colgate Gifts instead of "gimcracks."

Your dealer has Colgate's Comforts for Christmas—all moderate in price and high in quality.

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Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.





The New Reo The Fifth—The "Four"

WHAT NEED WE ADD to that you already know of this great car? For of course you do know. If you have not owned one, you have many friends who do. And they have doubtless told you in more extravagant terms than we would care to use.

MORE THAN 40,000 of these cars are today in hands of users. 12,000 were sold last season.

AND AS PROVING the popularity of this model we need only say that on November 10th the last touring car left the Reo factory. And that for thirty days at least there has not been, so far as we know, a Reo the Fifth on any dealer's sales-floor anywhere.

THE PROOF OF QUALITY in any product is "will it sell in the off-season?" Autumn is supposed to be the off-season for motor cars. Not for Reo cars though—we have never known a time when, even with our splendid factory facilities, we were able to make enough Reos to supply the demand.

WE HAVE JUST INCREASED our plant nearly 50 per cent—necessary to produce the new "Six." And we hope to be able to more nearly supply our dealers this year than formerly.

AS WE HAVE NO AMBITION, however, to be maker of the most automobiles, but of the best. We do not expect, ever, to supply all the demand for Reo cars. That would be our idea of—well, the reverse of success.

TO MAKE THEM EVER BETTER—so much better that, always, the demand will beckon the supply—that is our aim.

FOUR YEARS AGO we announced that, after more than 23 years of experimenting—testing—proving, we had produced a chassis that we believed was finality in all essentials of design. And we said so.

SOME FRIENDLY RIVALS laughed at that statement—said that changes would continue to come with the seasons—as they always had.

NEVERTHELESS WE WERE CERTAIN in our own minds that, in the three-unit power plant and in other features that have become known as peculiarly Reo, we had established principles that would not change—so long at least as the principles of gas engines remained as they were.

IMPROVEMENTS? Refinements? Of course—but only in minor details. The world moves and of course we expect to move with it. BUT IN THE FUNDAMENTALS of a self-propelled pleasure car, we were convinced we were right. Events have only served to confirm us in that belief.

FROM SEASON TO SEASON we have made such improvements as the progress of the science has made possible. And as our facilities have increased and our purchasing ability become greater, we have from time to time reduced the price of Reo cars at the same time that we have increased the quality and the size.

IN THE CASE OF THIS "FOUR" we have been able to do two things we had considered impossible—we have made a bigger, and at the same time we have made a still better, car.

"HOW WAS THAT POSSIBLE?" you ask. We'll tell you:—

THE MOTOR PROVED to have more power than was necessary—more than was really desirable for the weight of the car. Refinements, recently made, increased that power still more.

SO WE FOUND we could add three and one-half very desirable inches to the length of the car, give the buyer a more luxurious equipage, and yet have a car of ample power. THAT DIFFERENCE in length—and we made it wider at the same time—makes all the difference in the world in the capacity and the comfort of the car.

OTHER NOTICEABLE improvements—in a car which formerly seemed almost perfection—are:

IMPROVED UPHOLSTERING—higher backs to seats.

IMPROVED WINDSHIELD support—with braces running from cowl to body sill.

POCKETS in all doors.

INSTRUMENTS mounted flush on instrument board.

HOOD FASTENERS—new and improved type. Stay put—and unfasten readily when you want them to.

ENTIRELY NEW TOP—a real one-man top. Can actually be put up or down by one man—after long use as well as when new.

WINDSHIELD—Oval molding and pressed steel construction throughout.

RADIATOR—New method of securing to frame—more flexible—prevents strains on roughest roads. More cooling capacity.

WHEEL BASE—increased 3"—now 115".

NOBBY TREAD TIRES on rear wheels and extra wide, oversize, demountable rims.

SPRINGS—Improved method of lubrication for spring shackles.

STREAMLINE HUB-CAPS—an exclusive Reo feature.

ANTI-RATTLER on brakes, and anti-rattling support.

IMPROVED STARTING mechanism—no sliding contacts and resistance.

NEW HEADLIGHTS with hingeless anti-rattling doors and outside focus attachment.

NEW DESIGN FENDERS—crown type, closer fitting under pan.

NEW METHOD of supporting ignition coil. New design universal joint for generator.

NEW CYLINDER DESIGN—independent exhaust ports. Injector type exhaust manifold. New low-pressure muffler.

NEW THREE-PIECE piston rings, giving greater power and acceleration.

IMPROVED VALVE operation mechanism—larger surfaces, ball joints, self-lubricating.

NEW ONE-PIECE cam shaft—larger bearings—and hardened and ground.

ADDED FRICTION SURFACE to clutch. New operating mechanism calling for less foot pressure. Improved thrust bearings.

EQUIPMENT—One-man top. Flush instruments; highest priced d'Arsenal type ammeter and usual tools and accessories.

DELIVERIES BEGIN December 15th. Your local dealer will be able to show you and to take your order for this matchless car on or about that date.

Reo Purchasing Power Made

A Condition That Was An Insurmountable Obstacle To Some Proved To Be Reo's Golden Opportunity

WE PROMPTLY TOOK and are giving you—full advantage of it.

READ CAREFULLY—It's the Silver Lining to the War-Cloud.

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, AWARE that the Reo Motor Car Company is financially one of the strongest Automobile concerns in the world.

OR WEREN'T YOU?—We had supposed that knowledge was common property. Anyway, you can easily ascertain the truth of the assertion.

WE WOULDN'T MENTION IT HERE, never have before—but it is necessary to state the fact in order to explain something that is otherwise unexplainable—the wonderful values we are able to give in the two Reo models shown and priced above.

FOR "WONDERFUL VALUES" is the only term that expresses it. Think of it! The New Reo the Fifth—that incomparable four, improved at many points and a larger car than its immediate predecessor—and at \$125.00 less than last season.

AND THE SENSATIONAL REO SIX—a Six designed and made the Reo way and with the Reo guarantee, at the amazing price of \$1385!

THAT CALLS FOR EXPLANATION, for neither you nor anybody else dreamed it would ever be possible to produce such cars at such prices.

SO SURE WERE WE OURSELVES of that, we went so far as to state in an advertisement a year ago "no maker ever can—not even Reo ever can—give greater value than this"—speaking then of Reo the Fifth at \$1175.

YOU RECALL THE STATEMENT doubtless—so when you saw the price, \$1050, quoted above—and realized also that this latest Reo the Fifth is a larger and an improved car, you wondered.

WELL, HERE'S THE ANSWER—and it's mightily interesting:

THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR has created two sets of conditions—contradictory in some respects.

FOR EXAMPLE, while we know that Six Hundred Millions of dollars go into American banks every thirty days—a guarantee of prosperity and of a market for automobiles in the coming months—at the same time you know that the banks are most conservative about loaning it out. And that is as it should be. Safety First.

AND SO YOU KNOW—if you stop to think about it—that many manufacturers, of automobiles and of other commodities, who were financially sound but who lacked a large surplus of cash, found it impossible to borrow during the past few months. These were necessarily limited in their buying and production capacity to their own funds.

AND THAT WAS WHERE REO, with its enviable financial position—having the money and in cash, and controlled, not by absentee shareholders but by the men who daily direct the Reo destinies—was able to avail itself of the condition that then existed.

TO BUY WHEN OTHERS WERE EAGER TO SELL—and when there was practically no competition in the buying market.

TO MAKE MORE CARS at a time when most makers must perforce curtail—and to have them ready for our dealers and customers when the demand will be heaviest.

NO ONE COULD HAVE FORESEEN the condition that had arisen. The best authorities on world affairs did not anticipate the war. At the time when we

The REO SIX

The Six of Sixty Superiorities



\$1385.

These Wonderful Values Possible

said, "This is the best value it will ever be possible for us to give," we had in mind, of course, the normal conditions that then existed. Those conditions changed overnight.

WHY, A FEW MONTHS AGO if a manufacturer wanted a few thousand tons of steel, of a special kind, he had to go to the mills, say please—and wait his turn.

THEN THE WAR—The doubt, the uncertainty—stagnation for a time.

THEN IF IT BECAME KNOWN there was an order for steel in sight we found, figuratively speaking, representatives of twenty steel mills camping on the steps of a morning, waiting to say please to the purchasing agent!

THAT CONDITION was of the moment only—but it existed. And only because we were alert and able to take instant advantage of it are we now able to give you the unprecedented—the unexpected—the un hoped-for values we announce in this ad.

WE HAD THE CASH—our own, to use on the instant without let or hindrance from anyone. We could declare another dividend—or invest it to vastly greater advantage in the future of Reo. We chose the latter course.

SO WE BOUGHT, and, paying the cash when cash was at a premium, bought right. Bought better than we had ever hoped—secured quality at prices theretofore impossible. From tires to electric starters—steel to leather—and hair—and paint.

THE WAR IS BENEFICIAL to those American manufacturers who, like Reo, are alert to take advantage of it.

AND SO WE HAVE NO APOLOGIES to make even to those friends to whom we sold 12,000 Reos last season. Nor for a statement that we made in the best of faith—and must now contradict in the same good faith.

FOR IN GIVING OUR CUSTOMERS the full benefit of the Reo purchasing power, instead of retaining the former price and taking the additional profit ourselves we are only carrying out that policy which, adhered to from the first, has placed the Reo Motor Car Company in the splendid position it occupies today.

SPEAKING OF POLICY—let us correct an impression that we know is abroad. **OUR FRIENDS CRITICIZE US** at times for what they call our "ultra-conservatism."

ABOUT THE ONLY COMPLAINT we ever hear from Reo dealers is that we are too modest in setting forth the merits of the Reo product.

WELL, PERHAPS THAT IS TRUE—if adherence to the strict truth in our ads; if a determination not to be carried away by the mania for mere quantities; if we prefer to produce less cars that we may be first in quality—if these be indications of "ultra-conservatism"—why, then we plead guilty.

BUT OUR FRIENDLY CRITICS must concede that that Conservative Reo policy has produced tremendous results. Note the statement in the third paragraph of this ad.

WE DON'T CALL IT that, however. We call it conservatism militant. Aggressive conservatism. Alert conservatism. Being sure—absolutely sure—we are right, then going ahead unfalteringly—irresistibly.

DOESN'T THE VERY FACT that we were financially able to and did take advantage of a condition that we knew was transitory; and the further fact that, having bought better, we instantly offered the better values to Reo buyers—doesn't that look like "militant" rather than "ultra" conservatism?

WE THINK SO—and so we leave the case in your hands.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
LANSING, MICHIGAN

The "Six" of "Sixty Superiorities"

THIS "SIX" IS SENSATIONAL not because it is a "six"—but because it is a Reo "Six."

FOR REO WAS NOT one of the first to embrace the "Six" idea. Reo is one of the last.

REO WILL NEVER BE one of the first to adopt any innovation. For our policy has ever been to sell not ideas but automobiles. Dependable automobiles.

AND YOU WILL ALWAYS find Reo "trailing" to just that extent. We will never be one of those to "take a chance"—with our customers' money.

NOT UNTIL EVERY uncertain or unknown quantity has become a certainty will any new type of car or motor or axle or part be offered with the Reo name-plate.

SO YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE—as you have in the past—that in buying a Reo you are investing in no experiment.

THIS "SIX" IS THE RIPEST RESULT of Reo engineering experience. The very fact that we make and offer it to you is evidence that the "Six" idea has now passed the realm of uncertainty.

THE "SIXTY"—

(1) FLAT TUBE RADIATOR—won't leak through freezing. Flat tubes expand—don't fracture under pressure of frost.

(2) RADIATOR DESIGN—the sloping, curved vicer and graceful contour give class to the entire car.

(3) STREAMLINE HUB-CAPS—original with Reo. Will be widely copied.

(4) EXTRA HEAVY, one-piece, forged front axle—50 per cent oversize.

(5) TIMKEN BEARINGS (4) in front hubs.

(6) REO CYLINDER DESIGN—guarantees straight cylinders, uniformity of water jackets—no distorted cylinders—no scored pistons.

(7) SAFETY FIRST—and sure—oil system.

(8) THREE-PIECE piston rings—more power—quicker acceleration.

(9) FIFTY PER CENT oversize crank shaft.

(10) EXTRA HEAVY cam shaft—extra large cams. One reason for silence and uniformity of power in this Reo.

(11) ECCENTRIC FAN belt adjustment.

(12) SPIRAL HALF-TIME gears.

(13) VALVE ACTION—roller lifters.

(14) OVERHEAD INTAKE VALVE—not exhaust. Another reason for greater power and silence.

(15) FIBRE ROLLER tappets on intake—another "silence" feature.

(16) VALVE ENCLOSURE—silencers, and keeps them silent—see next paragraph.

(17) BREATHER-TUBE exhausts in valve enclosure—keeps parts bathed in oil spray, and—

(18) NO OIL SPRAYED on outside of motor by breather-tube.

(19) TWO FLEXIBLE JOINTS between motor drive and generator.

(20) ADJUSTABLE main crank-shaft bearings.

(21) DUAL—injector type—exhaust manifold.

(22) WATER-HEATED INTAKE manifold.

(23) REO STEERING gear. Not a "talking point," but a driving convenience much prized by Reo owners.

(24) DRY DISC CLUTCH—no tendency to drag.

(25) THREE-UNIT power plant.

(26) FOUR universal joints.

(27) BRAKE AND CLUTCH control system—only one hand-lever.

(28) REO one-rod control—simplest ever devised.

(29) REO GEAR-shift—direct connected lever—you feel the gears as if your fingers touched them.

(30) REO patented locking device—impossible for two gears to mesh at once.

(31) HYATT bearings in transmission.

(32) "INDEX" PLATE warrounding control rod.

(33) FULL FLOATING rear axle.

(34) COMBINATION Hyatt Hi-duty and Timken bearings in rear axle.

(35) NEW TYPE torque-arm. See the Book.

(36) WORM BEVEL driving gears.

(37) CANTILEVER rear springs.

(38) RIGID attachment of cantilever springs to axle.

(39) REMY electric starter and lighting.

(40) STARTER hook-up—exclusively Reo. Worm drive. No shifting gears—no overrunning ratchets.

(41) STARTER LEVER—handy, but unobtrusive.

(42) TIRE PUMP attached to main driving shaft.

(43) DIMMING attachment to headlights.

(44) PILOT light and tail light connected in series.

(45) SPECIAL tail-light switch.

(46) PRACTICALLY one-piece pressed steel cowl.

(47) 6½-INCH WIDER tonneau, 122" wheelbase.

(48) 50 PER CENT OVERSIZE in all vital parts.

(49) REO ACCURACY—REO CARE—Reo inspection everywhere. Parts ground to absolute exactness.

(50) 100-ODD STEEL FORGINGS.

(51) REAL LEATHER upholstery—we've never found any substitute that was "just as good."

(52) REAL HAIR—retains its spring.

(53) REAL RUBBER and Sea Island cotton in tires.

(54) VENTILATING, rain-vision, clear-vision windshield.

(55) WINDSHIELD and top support—have to study in detail to fully appreciate.

(56) GENUINE one man top.

(57) LIGHTER weight in proportion to power.

(58) EVERY PART—radiator-cap to tail light—Reo made and Reo guaranteed.

(59) MOST ACCESSIBLE car in the world. We will prove it to you.

(60) FINALLY—and most important to you, the Reo name-plate—signifies that the Reo guaranty, with all it stands for in integrity and financial stability, goes with the car.

DELIVERIES: Will begin about January 1st. Only way to be sure of getting yours early is to order now. See your local dealer.

How I Helped My Husband To Make More Money

The simple but amazing stories of how wives showed the way to their husbands which lifted them from clerkships to being their own bosses; how incomes were changed from \$10, \$12 and \$15 a week to \$5000, \$6000 and \$8000 a year.

*How did these wives do it?
Here they themselves tell*

**From a \$10-a-Week Clerkship
To \$5000 a Year**

**An Express Agent
Who Became a Merchant**

**A Year Ago \$10 a Week —
Now a Boss With Savings**

**From a Car Conductor
To the Proprietor of 6 Stores**

**My Husband's Drug Store That I
Changed from \$500 to \$5000 a Year**

**How Wives Have Saved the Waste
From Their Husbands' Farms**

One Wife Made \$800 in 1 Month

**How a Wife Saved Her Husband's
Tailor Shop With One Idea**

**How a Wife Made \$5000 the First
Year For Her Doctor-Husband**

**How I Changed My Husband's Bakery
And Now Making \$187 a Month**

**How I Changed My Husband's Job
From Clerk to Proprietor**

**From \$600 Yearly Wages
To a \$6000 Income**

**4 Years Ago a Clerk —
Now He Owns 27 Lots**

**How With One Dollar
I Made My Husband His Own Boss**

**How An Architect's Wife
Made Her Husband Successful**

**How I Got My Husband
To Fight the Mail-Order Business**

**How I Increased My Husband's Soda
Water Fountain from \$10 to \$30 a Day**

**How I Made My Clerk-Husband
Become a Superintendent**

**From \$10 a Week
To a Factory of His Own**

**From \$20 a Week to
\$5000 a Year**

**Sending Dinners by Mail
And Making Money**

*There will be 50 crisp, new ideas
in the series — each a money-
maker, not in theory but that
has made money for others.*

**Read a batch of these
in the January
Ladies' Home Journal**

**On Sale this Saturday, the 19th
15 cents Everywhere**

You can get the whole series, which will run
several months, in a yearly subscription: \$1.50
for 12 issues.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square Philadelphia, Penna.

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 21)

instructions to my agent have been simple and definite. We have never haggled. Your name was known to me eight years ago, when you served us in St. Petersburg and served us well. You have done the same thing now and you have behaved with rare intelligence. Within the course of an hour I shall transfer ten thousand francs to the account of François Frenhofer at the English bank here.

The eyes of the man seemed suddenly like pinpricks of fire.

"Monsieur is a prince," he murmured. "And now for the further details. If monsieur would run the risk I would suggest that he accompany me to the office of this man Schwann."

Hunterleys made no immediate reply. He was walking up and down the narrow apartment. A brilliant idea had taken possession of him. The more he thought of it the more feasible it became.

"Frenhofer," he said at last, "I have a scheme of my own. You are sure that Mr. Grex has never seen this yacht?"

"He has never set eyes upon it, monsieur, save to try and single it out with his field-glasses from the balcony of the villa."

"And he is to board it to-night?"

"At ten o'clock to-night, monsieur, it is to lie off the Villa Mimosa. A pinnace is to fetch Mr. Grex and his friends on board from the private landing stage of the Villa Mimosa."

Hunterleys nodded thoughtfully.

"Frenhofer," he explained, "my scheme is this: A friend of mine has a yacht in the harbor. I believe that he would lend it to me. Why should we not substitute it for the yacht your master imagines that he is hiring? If so, all difficulties as to placing whom I desire on board and secreting them are over."

"It is a great scheme," Frenhofer assented; "but supposing my master should choose to telephone some small detail to the office of the man Schwann?"

"You must hire the yacht of Schwann, just as you were instructed," Hunterleys pointed out. "You must give orders, though, that it is not to leave the harbor until telephoned for. Then it will be the yacht I shall borrow that will lie off the Villa Mimosa to-night."

"It is admirable," Frenhofer declared. "The more one thinks of it the more one appreciates. This yacht of Schwann's—the Christabel he calls it—was fitted out by a millionaire. My master will be surprised at nothing in the way of luxury."

"Tell me again," Hunterleys asked, "at what hour it is to be lying off the Villa Mimosa?"

"At ten o'clock," Frenhofer replied. "A pinnace is to be at the landing stage of the villa at that time. Mr. Grex, Monsieur Douaille, Herr Seligman and Mr. Draconmeyer will come on board."

"Very good! Now go on your errand to the man Schwann. You had better meet me here later in the afternoon—say at four o'clock—and let me know that all is in order. I will bring you some particulars about my friend's boat, so that you will know how to answer any questions your master may put to you."

"It is admirable," Frenhofer agreed.

Hunterleys walked through the streets back to Ciro's restaurant filled with a new exhilaration. His eyes were bright, his brain was working all the time. The members of the luncheon party at the next table were still in the midst of their meal. Mr. Simpson was smoking a cigarette with his coffee. Hunterleys resumed his place and ordered coffee for himself.

"I have been to see a poor friend who met with an accident last night," he announced, speaking as clearly as possible. "I fear that he is very ill. That was his sister who fetched me away."

Mr. Simpson nodded sympathetically. Their conversation for a few minutes was desultory. Then Hunterleys asked for the bill and rose.

"I will take you round to the club and get your car," he suggested. "Afterward we can spend the afternoon as you choose."

The two men strolled out of the place. It was not until after they had left the arcade and were actually in the street that Hunterleys gripped his companion's arm.

"Simpson," he declared, "the fates have been kind to us. Douaille has a fit of the nerves. He will go no more to the Villa Mimosa. Seeking about for the safest

meeting place Grex has given us a chance. The only one of his servants who belongs to us is commissioned to hire a yacht on which they meet to-night."

"A yacht," Mr. Simpson repeated emptily.

"I have a friend," Hunterleys continued, "an American. I am convinced that he will lend me his yacht, which is lying in the harbor here. We are going to try to exchange the two yachts. If we succeed I shall have the run of the boat. The crew will be at our command, and I shall get to that conference myself somehow or other."

Mr. Simpson felt himself left behind. He could only stare at his companion.

"Tell me, Sir Henry," he begged almost pathetically, "have I walked into an artificial world? Do you mean to tell me seriously that you, a member of Parliament, an ex-minister, are engaged upon a scheme to get the Grand Duke Augustus and Douaille and Seligman on board a yacht, and that you are going to be there, concealed, turned into a spy? I can't keep up with it. As fiction it seems to me to be in the clouds. As truth, why, my understanding turns and mocks me. You are talking fairy tales."

Hunterleys smiled tolerantly. "The man in the street knows very little of the real happenings in life," he pronounced. "The truth has a queer way sometimes of spreading itself out into the realms of fiction. Come across here with me to the hotel. I have got to move heaven and earth to find my friend."

"Do with me as you like," Mr. Simpson sighed resignedly. "In a plain political discussion, or an argument with Monsieur Douaille—well, I am ready to bear my part. But this sort of thing lifts me off my feet. I can only trot along at your heels."

They entered the Hôtel de Paris. Hunterleys made a few breathless inquiries. Nothing was known of Mr. Richard Lane. The Englishman came back frowning to the steps of the hotel.

"If he is up playing golf at La Turbie," Hunterleys muttered, "we shall barely have time."

A reception clerk tapped him on the shoulder. He turned abruptly.

"I have just made an inquiry of the floor waiter," the clerk announced. "He believes that Mr. Lane is still in his room."

Hunterleys thanked the man and hurried to the lift. In a few moments he was knocking at the door of Lane's room. His heart gave a great jump as a familiar voice bade him enter. He stepped inside and closed the door behind him. Richard, in light blue pyjamas, sat up in bed and looked at his visitor with a huge yawn.

"Say, old chap, are you in a hurry or anything?" he demanded.

"Do you know the time?" Hunterleys asked.

"No idea," the other replied. "The valet called me at eight. I told him I'd shoot him if he disturbed me again."

"It's nearly three o'clock!" Hunterleys declared impressively.

"Can't help it," Richard yawned, throwing off the bedclothes and sitting on the edge of the bed. "I am young and delicate and I need my rest. Seriously, Hunterleys," he added, "you take a chap out and make him drive you at sixty miles an hour all through the night, you keep him at it till nearly six in the morning, and you seem to think it a tragedy to find him in bed at three o'clock in the afternoon. Hang it, I've had only nine hours' sleep!"

"I don't care how long you've had," Hunterleys rejoined. "I am only too thankful to find you. Now listen. Is your brain working? Can you talk seriously?"

"I guess so."

"You remember our talk last night?"

"Every word of it."

"The time has come," Hunterleys continued—"your time, I mean. You said that if you could take a hand you'd do it. I am here to beg for your help."

"You needn't waste your breath doing that," Richard answered firmly. "I'm your man. Go on."

"Listen," Hunterleys proceeded. "Is your yacht in commission?"

"Ready to sail at ten minutes' notice," the young man assured him emphatically, "victualled and coaled to the eyelids. To tell you the truth, I have some idea of abducting Fedora to-day or to-morrow."

"You'll have to postpone that," Hunterleys told him. "I want to borrow the yacht."

"She's yours," Richard Lane assented promptly. "I'll give you a note to the captain."

"Look here, I want you to understand this clearly," Hunterleys went on. "If you lend me the Minnehaha—well, you commit yourself a bit. You see it's like this: I've one man of my own in Grex's household. He came to me this morning. Monsieur Douaille objects to cross again the threshold of the Villa Mimosa. He fears the English newspapers. There has been a long discussion as to the next meeting place. Grex suggested a yacht. To that they all agreed. There is a man named Schwann down in Monaco who has a yacht for hire. Mr. Grex knows about it and he has sent the man I spoke of into Monaco this afternoon to hire it. They are all going to embark at ten o'clock to-night. They are going to hold their meeting in the cabin."

Lane whistled softly. He was wide awake now.

"Go on," he murmured. "Go on. Say, this is great!"

"I want your yacht," Hunterleys explained, "to take the place of the other. I want it to be off the Villa Mimosa at ten o'clock to-night, your pinnace to be at the landing stage of the villa to bring Mr. Grex and his friends on board. I want you to haul down your American flag, keep your American sailors out of sight, cover up the Stars and Stripes in your cabin, have only your foreign stewards on show. Schwann's yacht is a costly one. No one will know the difference. You must get up now and show me over the boat. I have to scheme, somehow or other, how we can hide ourselves on it so that I can overhear the end of this plot."

The face of Richard Lane was like the face of an ingenuous boy who sees suddenly a paradise of sport stretched out before him. His mouth was open, his eyes gleaming.

"Gee, but this is glorious!" he exclaimed. "I'm with you all the way. Why, it's wonderful, man! It's a chapter from the Arabian Nights over again!"

He leaped to his feet and rang the bell furiously. Then he rushed to the telephone.

"Blue serge clothes," he ordered the valet. "Get my bath ready."

"Any breakfast, monsieur?"

"Oh, breakfast be hanged! No, wait a moment. Get me some coffee and a roll. I'll take it while I dress. Hurry up! . . . Yes, is that the inquiry office? This is Mr. Lane. Send round to my chauffeur at the garage at once and tell him that I want the car at the door in a quarter of an hour. Right-o! . . . Sit down, Hunterleys. Smoke or do whatever you want to. We'll be off to the yacht in no time."

Hunterleys clapped the young giant on the shoulder as he rushed through to the bathroom.

"You're a brick, Richard," he declared. "I'll wait for you down in the hall. I've a pal there."

"I'll be down in twenty minutes or earlier," Lane promised. "What a lark!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

No Secret Stations

THE new direction finder for the wireless telegraph, which will indicate the direction from which any set of wireless signals is coming and will, under some circumstances, show how far away the source of the signals is, has had one novel use in the European war. The Italian authorities had reason to believe that from somewhere in Rome or adjacent territory information on diplomatic and military affairs was being sent by wireless every night to one of the warring powers.

Marconi, the inventor of wireless, happened to be in Rome, and the government requested him to try to locate the secret wireless station. He located the station the first night he tried, using the new direction finder. A wireless instrument had been installed on the grounds of a brotherhood within the city limits of Rome. Because such a station was a menace to Italian neutrality the government promptly raided the place and destroyed the entire installation.

By the use of the same direction finder the British authorities have already located three high-power wireless stations in the British Islands; and presumably they promptly closed them, though details of these operations have not passed the censor.

THE EBB TIDE

(Concluded from Page 4)

electing a man or carrying a state. They can keep on doing it.

Ideas are bigger than ballots; and a cause is greater than any election, whether it wins or loses at that election. What the recent election revealed was not reaction, but confusion and indecision in progress; and when a purpose falters it is conservatism. Indeed, there is nothing—no force, no vital political or social purpose—that may be called reaction or conservatism. Conservatism is the absence of purpose, as cold is the absence of heat; and when the purpose of the American people languished, faltered, halted—or whatever it did this year—the result was a conservative reaction.

The situation leaves a million and a quarter enthusiastic, optimistic, politically improvident ladies and gentlemen whistling cheerfully down the wind in a distinctly Micawberian attitude—waiting for something to turn up. That they will hang together and wait there can be little doubt. They are crusaders, and a temporary defeat does not stop them or dampen their enthusiasm. They had no desire for office; they seem to care little even about winning—for the sake of winning. Their platform planks are coming into general acceptance. Even among the victorious reactionaries there is an elaborate pretense of going right to work to be progressive, and no one talks of repealing the considerable volume of progressive legislation that the biennium has written.

Except, perhaps, the recall of judicial decisions, which was merely an expression of the popular fear of the growing power of the courts, all the demands of the Progressives in 1912 are generally accepted by the two old parties.

And that is the whole trouble with the Progressive Party—its issues have been accepted or stolen or imitated; and, while whistling down the wind with Mr. Micawber, the party is looking not so much for events to turn up as for a new issue.

True, we declare that men like Cannon and Penrose and Curtis and McKinley and McDermott, and the pirates who walked the plank in 1912, who now are safe aboard with their hands on the wheel and the rigging, are not the kind of men to be trusted with the Progressive idea. Yet they were elected, for the most part, on platforms that were a fairly correct though rather feeble imitation of the Progressive platform. And it is difficult to establish a party on the temperaments of men.

As to Government Ownership

The Progressives need to have their principles, which are fundamental, stated in terms of new issues. Many of us feel that the Progressive platform of 1912, which seemed radical at the time it was put forth, fails to attack privilege with sufficient force to-day. There is a considerable demand in the party for a plank declaring for the government ownership of railroads. Among others in the party there is a demand that the party shall stand for national prohibition.

The government ownership advocates are, for the most part, Eastern Progressives. The prohibitionists generally live in the West; in fact, in most of the Western States this year the Progressives declared for national prohibition. In the West and South prohibition is a live issue. It attracts the very kind of people who make up the voting strength of the Progressive Party in those Western States; hence they have declared for it in their state platforms.

A prohibition plank in the Progressive National Platform, however, would bar the party from any hope in the East and among the industrial voters for several years. And prohibition is a plank that may be easily stolen by the Republicans and the Democrats in the various states where prohibition is popular.

Government ownership of railroads, and of all means of transportation and communication, is not a plank that may be lifted into other platforms or imitated or taken by states. It is fundamental in its difference from the creeds of the other parties; but to adopt government ownership as a Progressive tenet might change rather extensively the character of the Progressive following.

The discussion of possible issues illustrates the danger of the Micawberian attitude; for history declares that issues make

parties—not parties, issues. Yet the Republican Party, founded on the slavery question, took up Unionism and worked out a creed that has for its keystone a strong centralized government. Government ownership is the logical advance from a belief in conservation.

All discussion of future issues or future events, in their relation to the life or death of the Progressive Party, is futile—or worse. In the first place, nothing is so footless as prophecy; and, in the second place, if the Progressive movement in its party expression means anything at all, it means that the group of a million middle-class voters, who are allied in a party, are allied not to get offices and win victories at the polls, but to work unselfishly and purposefully for whatever statement of the Progressive principles coming events may require.

For the last two years events have stated those principles in the terms of conservation: Mothers' pensions; workmen's compensation laws; shorter hours of service for workers; factory and tenement inspection; strong central control of the national commerce, and a more direct control of our law-making and law-administering machinery.

How to-morrow will state the fundamental Progressive principles is unimportant. The things needed to give the Progressive Party a future are intelligent courage, unselfish faith, and the common sense of the man with a vision, who holds its realization more important than his own success, or even more important than his own martyrdom.

The Negro Still an Issue

Therefore, of course, no clear, unqualified answer may be made now to the question about the future of the Progressive Party. It is as uncertain as that of the Republican Party. Only the Democratic Party is certain. It must be the party of critical conservatism. The Solid South has bound it to its historic place, and there is no likelihood of a break in the South. The negro is an issue there still; and by voting the race issue the South is, of course, hurting the white man more than the negro.

Yet even the Democratic Party is having its mild spasm of doubt; Bryan and Wilson still seem to control and put a semblance of constructive progress in the party of state rights and a revenue tariff.

It is no wonder that the backwash of reaction and conservatism has left confusion, faltering and paralysis, due to partyism, in the country.

No one can say just when the waning Progressive purpose began to make the tide of reaction that flowed in at the recent election.

Perhaps it was seven years ago, after the bankers' panic; for the Progressive wave had been rising for about seven years before that time, and remained full and strong on the surface of things during the Taft Administration.

Yet the advisers of President Taft could feel what the "forward-looking men" could not feel—the undercurrent of reaction. He tried to ride the wave of reaction and was spilled.

During the past three years the tide has been running out strongly, in spite of the acceptance of many Progressive ideas by the state legislatures. President Wilson doubtless feels this reaction stronger than we feel it, who are not at the storm center; but if he tries to ride it—if he paddles to safety by compromise—he, also, will spill. It is only men with honestly conservative minds who can ride the backwash wave; and their success will be short, for they cannot ride the incoming tide.

These tides in politics and business, and in all social activities, represent the growing and waning of popular attention. The crowd's mind is a child's mind—it cannot concentrate its attention long on one object; but through all the tides that wash the shores of time, where the child is playing, always it holds fast to the good and stores it up for the race. Nothing vital is ever lost.

Men come and go; movements rise and fall. The people forget faces—they forget slogans—they forget parties and the issues of the day; but always, from the slow, resistless current of life that streams by this vale of tears, we take the good and let the worthless pass.

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

Ordinary good practice
has not been good
enough—in every
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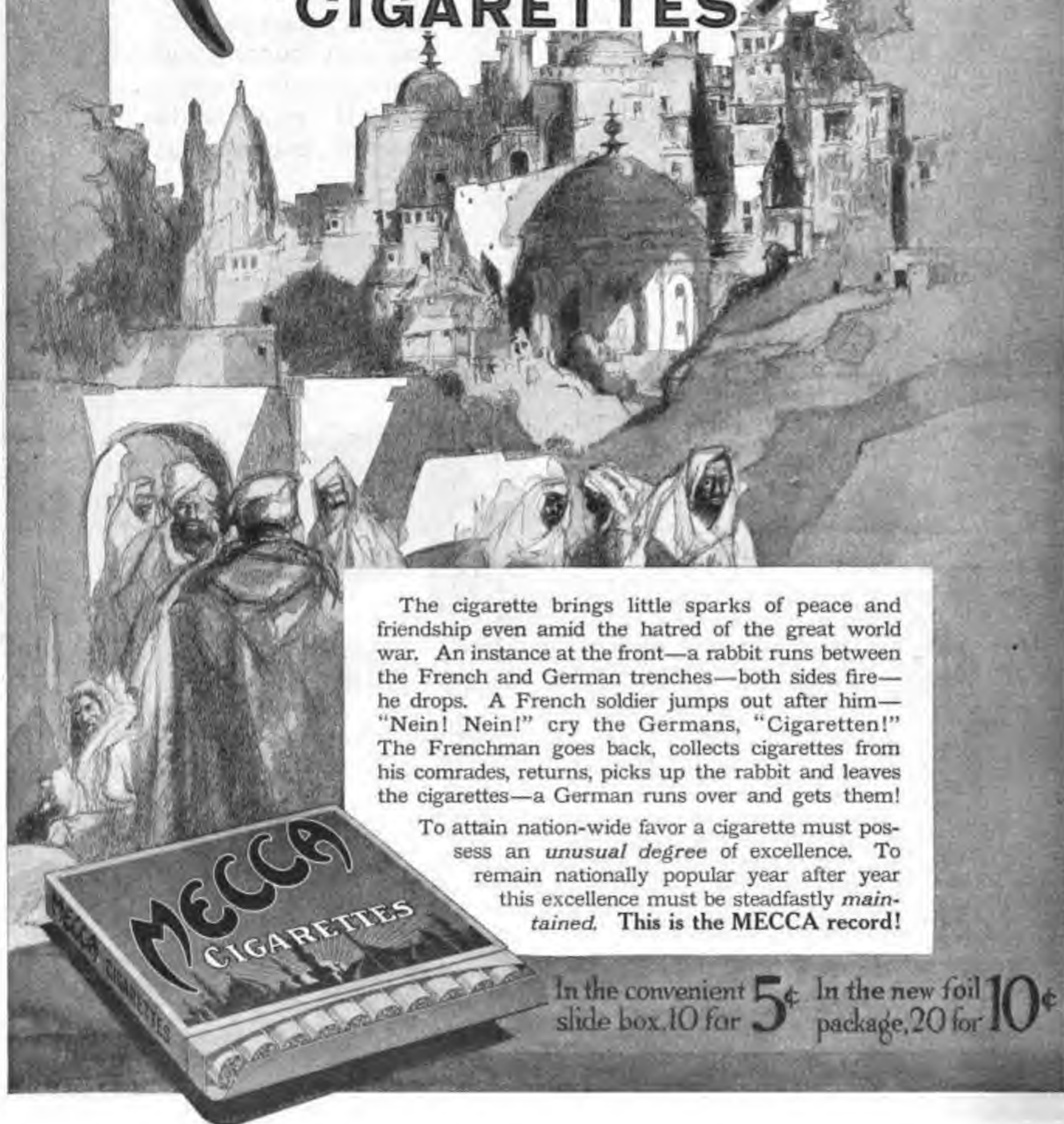
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The Handshake Agreement—By Peter B. Kyne

"MA'AM," said Shorty gently when he had knocked on the widow's tent pole, "the obsequies is now about to commence. Owin' to the damage done to the deceased, me an' my partner finds it imperative to plant him with what might seem to the chief mourner like somethin' in the natur' of undue haste; but it's our best judgment, ma'am, that it'd better be done. Might you care to be present as the grave closes over yore loved one, ma'am?"

To his signal relief her answer was a hysterical "No, thank you!" So he hastened back to Dan and together they finished the obsequies with neatness and dispatch. By the time they got back to camp they had recovered their spirits to such a degree that they decided to shift the burden of his demise to the late lamented himself. They argued that if he had only stayed where he was he would have been all right.

"Him jumpin' out in front of it that way," declared Long Shorty, "it looks to me like mebbe he was a mite de-lirious with thirst an' a-contemplatin' suicide."

Dan had observed a desert water bag filled with water swinging at the side of the car; nevertheless, he indorsed these sentiments heartily.

"I suppose it ain't no use a-huntin' up that bowlder we rolled, to see which side she turned up?" suggested Long Shorty.

Now, Dan was the loser to date, in consequence of which he could not, with honor, appear to accede too eagerly to the philanthropic proposal. If it ruined him he could not appear to be a wetcher; so he halted abruptly and glared at Long Shorty.

"Wa'al, hardly!" he snapped. "Just becu' the stone hits this stranger ain't no reason as I can see why we got to 'low it's cocked dice an' call the bets off."

"Suit yourself," Long Shorty answered; and they returned to examine the rock.

It lay clean side up, and Long Shorty Ferguson was the sole proprietor of the Big Strike—when they should discover it.

"I hope this ain't a-goin' to make no difference between us, Dan'l," Long Shorty suggested, a little regretfully.

"If you can control yourself, Long Shorty, I guess I can," replied Dan Purdy meekly. "Which bein' the case, let's harvest our whiskers an' wash up."

They returned to the camp, where Dan stepped to the tent flap and peered cautiously in. The widow, exhausted from her recent tragic adventure as Mr. Purdy presumed, but in reality lulled to oblivion by Mr. Ferguson's great cure-all, slumbered soundly; so Dan tiptoed in and stole his own bag and his partner's. A tiny mirror and shaving outfit were brought forth and the hirsute harvest commenced.

Satisfied at last that they were halfway presentable, the two partners next examined the baggage of their guest and discovered a small forest-ranger's tent with a folding camp cot and a wool pad. This outfit they set up and prepared for the widow, after which they cooked supper, ate it and sat round in stony silence, spitting tobacco juice into the fire and watching the moon rise over the Charlestons. And presently their guest stirred and came forth.

She was a thin, angular person possessed of few physical charms. The natural severity of her face was accentuated by the manner in which she drew her hair back at the sides and fastened it in an old-fashioned French roll in the rear. A faint color glowed in her cheeks; her dark eyes were as bright as shoe buttons and as cool as an abinthe frappé. Long Shorty decided that if their unbidden guest had been born a man she would have been a banker or a faro dealer.

Dan had some fresh water in the coffee pot and he now set the pot on the fire.

"Mebbe, ma'am," he said respectfully, "you might have so far recovered your sperrits as to feel like tyin' into some fodder? A cup o' coffee an' a mutton chop an' a stack o' flapjacks would about hit the bull's-eye, I reckon."

"And don't you go to squattin' an' snortin' at Dan's flapjacks, ma'am," Long Shorty cautioned her, "becuz they're about six pounds lighter'n they look."

After supper the widow appeared to have recovered her spirits. She showed a disposition to talk. Dan and Long Shorty were

quick to encourage conversation, feeling that it would tend to keep her mind from straying to the tragedy of the forenoon; so they plunged into the conversation with an animation that was ordinarily foreign to their natures, for, as we have already endeavored to explain, there is something about the vastness, the solemn silence, of the desert that is not conducive to conversation among those who dwell in it. Something of the desert's own grim, inscrutable personality is developed in her children; and Dan and Long Shorty, whose natures had long since become attuned to the surrounding country, often went days at a time without speaking to each other except when absolutely necessary.

Nevertheless their companionship was perfect, for subconsciously they respected each other's moods and divined each other's thoughts to such an extent that never were they to any extent unsociable in their taciturnity. Unlike the widow, conversation with them was not a ruling passion; consequently her high, precise tones were not long in creating a discord in the perfect harmony of that desert camp.

Mostly she asked questions. She delved into their past from the cradle up to the moment when the rolling bowlder had gathered her mate into the bosom of Abraham. She made it her business to ascertain their business—what they were doing there; who sent them; how much money they were making, and the nature of their personal ambitions. She asked if they believed in suffrage for women, and they, fearful of offending her, lied and said they were; whereupon it developed that she subscribed to an opinion that woman's sphere should be limited to the home, and berated them for a pair of mollycoddles. In defense of their lie Long Shorty and Dan were forced to lock horns with her in an argument on suffrage and were routed ignominiously. She noticed that two buttons were off Long Shorty's shirt and said she would sew them on in the morning.

Time and again the partners strove to head her off, hoping she would relate something of interest to them—what she was doing in the desert, where she had come from and why; but they were singularly poor hands at evincing curiosity, no matter how curious they were, and it was impossible for them to shatter their code to the extent of a blunt request for an explanation.

The talk flowed on so pleasantly that presently even the widow became aware of the incongruity of her action and hastened to mend her fences.

"I sincerely trust," she said, "that if I appear to have already forgotten the terrible tragedy of this forenoon it is due entirely to a philosophical mind, which bids me make the best of every situation, no matter how depressing. I hope you will not ascribe my action to natural hardness of heart. My present attitude is a heritage from my ancestors, and no Beeby can escape it. My great-great-grandmother was a first cousin to Molly Pitcher."

"Don't know as I ever heerd o' the lady," Long Shorty ventured to remark.

"Her husband was a gunner in General Washington's army during the War of the Revolution. At the battle of Monmouth, Gunner Pitcher was killed; but his wife, Molly, who was with him, seized the rammer and served the gun in his stead. She was commended by General Washington for her bravery and was made a sergeant."

Dan and Long Shorty exchanged glances and were eloquently expressive of tolerance and amusement, and the widow rattled on.

At length Long Shorty said:

"Might I ask, Mrs. Beeby, if you be expectin' friends to come a-lookin' for you after you're missed from home?"

She shook her head sadly.

"I have no friends in California, Mr. Ferguson, unless I count yourself and Mr. Purdy. You are, indeed, friends in need."

"How about the late lamented? What was left of him looked like a he-man that had growed up in country with the hair on it. Ain't he got no folks in California or Nevada?"

"I did not know his people, Mr. Ferguson. We had known each other but a short time."



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"Wa-al," Dan interrupted, "as his widdier you're entitled to all his worldly goods; so let's probate his estate." And he produced the few dollars in silver, the pocketknife, the folding comb and the plug of tobacco he had found on the body. The widow commenced to sniffle and demand information as to what she was to do, left all alone in this terrible desert; and Dan explained patiently that time alone could tell the story. He was about to enter into a wealth of detail as to why this should be; but Long Shorty interrupted:

"Ma'am," he soothed, "you'd better turn in and git some sleep, an' in the mornin' we'll decide what's to be done."

She thanked them and with a sobby good-night took the candle Long Shorty had dug up out of their stores, and retired.

Until nearly midnight Dan and Long Shorty sat facing each other in absolute silence across the cheerful sagebrush fire. They were utterly talked out. Presently, however, Long Shorty got up and walked out into the desert a little distance. By no word, glance or signal had he indicated to Dan Purdy that he desired a conference; yet Dan rose immediately and followed.

"Dan'l," Long Shorty began, when they were out of possible hearing of the widow, "somethin's got to be done." By a discreet silence Mr. Purdy admitted that it was even so. Long Shorty continued: "Dan'l, yore sense o' fair play compels you to admit that in widdierin' this here widdier me an' you've got to bear an equal burden o' blame."

Dan nodded.

"There ain't no question about that, Charles Wilfred—only I'm a-thinkin' that, after sharin' all we've had equally for twenty year, it sorter looks like this here widdier's the one thing we ain't a-goin' to be able to share. I'm willin' to admit she's a problem, an' half o' that problem's mine; but when it comes to drawin' the dividin' line an' a-carin' for this aged canary I got to admit, Charles Wilfred, I'm a-fannin' the air an' a-beggin' for help."

"That's logic, Dan'l. It shore looks to me like the only thing left for me an' you to do is to toss a dollar to see who'll shoot her an' git her off our hands. We've beefed her husband an' left her alone in the world, without money an' nary a soul to turn to. We can't git shet o' her until somebody comes an' takes her away—an' nobody's comin'!"

Long Shorty smote his aching brow.

"Yes," he supplemented Dan's wall; "an' me an' you can't leave this country to perdition for her. Even if one of us was to go out with her, we ain't got nary critter for her to ride an' pack water for the trip, an' with them toothpick shoes of her'n she might just as well be wearin' hobbles. Dan'l, we're just natchelly marooned with this screamin' cockatoo till April."

Ensued a long silence. Finally it was broken by Long Shorty.

"Mebbe she'll ease up on her talk before then," he ventured, hoping against hope. "She's wearin' on a man's nerves; but still, as the feller says, a new broom sweeps clean, an' I got a notion, Dan'l, she just plumb talked herself down to bedrock to-night an' won't have nothin' left to talk about to-morrer."

"I don't give a damn what she does to-morrer, becuz I'm goin' a-prospectin' up on that hill," Dan blazed profanely. "It's a-thinkin' o' to-morrer night that makes me scart. Still, the talk ain't the wust, by no means; though I'll bet a forty-dollar hat if you was to go pannin' for conversation on that female forty year from now she'll assay a thousand words to the ounce. What's gravelin' me, Charles Wilfred, is the fact that she's a respectable widdier woman; an' you know just as well as me that it ain't in the book for a respectable widdier woman to spend two months in camp with two unwedded old sourdoughs like me an' you without losin' her reputation. It's all right if she's got a chaperony," he ended shrilly; "but who in hell wants to be a chaperony?"

"Chaperony or no chaperony," Long Shorty protested virtuously, "she's plumb safe with me."

"It ain't that. She's safe with me too; but there's an old sayin' that a feller might as well have the name as the game. Give a dog a bad name an' it's the same as tinnin' him."

"Wa-al, I ain't objectin', if you feel that way. You don't have to 'pologize to me—"

"Tarnation take her! I don't want her any more'n you do."

"Wa-al, then, what're you drivin' at?"

Dan Purdy wet his lips, glanced around in pathetic desperation and voiced the awful issue as it appeared to him:

"It's up to one of us to marry her—if she'll have us," he said.

Had Long Shorty been bee-stung he could not have started more violently. He called to his instant aid all coons and catamounts, came close to his partner, and in the bright moonlight stared at him.

"Yes, sir," that desert Puritan went on relentlessly; "for the sake o' the widdier's reputation it's up to us to offer our hand an' heart. We'd sooner be snake-bitten, but we got to give her a chance to say No."

"Why've we got to?" Long Shorty blustered defiantly.

"Becuz we're the responsible parties, Charles Wilfred. Pers'nally I'm free to confess I'm wild an' full o' fleas; but I can put my hand on my heart an' say this much, Charles Wilfred: When it comes to climbin' up the golden stairs, there ain't no angel goin' to stick his head out the door an' say, 'Pull yore freight, Dan'l Richard Purdy! While you was on earth you helled round an' cost a good woman her reputation. You killed her husband an' chucked her out on the cold world without carin' a white chip whether she bogged down or not. Now git!'"

It was the final, unanswerable argument. Too well Long Shorty saw its telling force; too well he realized that his implacable doctrine of personal responsibility had tracked him to his ruin. True, indeed, here was a situation he had helped to create—a situation that must be met and grappled with as with a deadly enemy; but he was human and feebly he sought to evade the issue.

"Dan'l," he pleaded, "this here's an accident, an' no man's responsible for accidents. It's the act o' God, Dan'l. We got to check the bet up to the Almighty, who marks the sparrer's fall. Suppose she does stay on—it'll be right hard on us; but then me an' you weren't raised in the lap o' luxury, as the feller says, an' I guess we might manage to stand her, Dan'l. If we treat her like a lady what kick has she got comin'? An', besides, who's goin' to find it out?"

"Everybody, Charles Wilfred! They're bound to. When that Boston engineer comes down in April him an' his gang'll find her, an' you know how a lot o' rough-neck Cousin Jacks'll talk an' how fast talk spreads. Ten year from now folks'll be p'intin' at that pore woman an' whisperin' an' nudgin' each other; an' mebbe one o' them'll say, innercent-like: 'There's the old heifer that spent the winter down in the Amargosa Valley with Dan Purdy an' Long Shorty Ferguson!' Why, Charles Wilfred, we'd just natchelly have to leave the country or kill half a dozen men to put a stop to the plaguin' we'd be subject to."

Long Shorty surrendered. He scratched his ear meditatively and glanced out across the moonlit desert to the stranded automobile standing in the sage-lined trail.

"I wisht to Jimmy I could run that there contraption!" he sighed. "Under ordinary conditions I'd as lief let a sidewinder quille up in my lap as ride in one o' the durned things; but to get shet o' that widdier I'd tackle anything."

"So," Dan Purdy rambled on implacably, "it's up to us to be men or mice or bob-tailed rats. Still, in order to lend a touch o' elegance to our courtin', we can't be in too big a hurry to propose, which the same's tarnation bad taste with the rigger mortars hardly set in on her late husband. I'm for standin' her as best we can for a month, Charles Wilfred; an' mebbe by that time what looks like a affliction to-night may turn out to be a blessin' in disguise. Right now I'll admit I'd a heap rather take pizen than wed that widdier woman; but, as the feller says, Time works wonders. Mebbe the prospect won't seem so awful when we get right down to the scratch. As the feller says, Every cloud has a silver linin'."

"Mine's German silver, Dan'l. I ain't got no heart for matrimony; but I never was a man to pass the buck, an' yore program seems fittin'. We'll court her together, a fair field an' no favor. If she goes to light I'll jump for a box to set her on. If she starts for a drink o' water you turn a hand-spring a-gittin' it for her. We're bound to have mebbe an inch o' rain before the winter's over, an' that'll bring out the six-weeks grass, with some flowers, mebbe, down along the Amargosa. We'll take turns bringin' her in a posy; an' then about the time she gits to wonderin' who's who an' what's what—"

"We'll roll another rock to see who asks her first," interrupted Dan.

Long Shorty extended his hand. In silence they shook. In silence they returned to camp—and so, like Mr. Pepys, to bed.

As they lay there in the dark tent cogitating over the problem that confronted them Long Shorty heard Dan stiffen in his blankets and raise himself on his elbow, as one who listens for a repetition of some faint, portentous sound piercing the silent reaches of the night. So Long Shorty listened also, and presently he heard it too—a steady, rhythmic sound remotely resembling the exhaust of a distant gasoline hoist. He shivered.

"The widder's sawin' wood," he whispered hoarsely.

"An' strikin' knots in every cut," replied Mr. Purdy.

By reason of the fact that his luck had been running unusually strong of late, Long Shorty elected to convince himself that, whatever happened, he, at least, would be safe from that gentle snoring; so he essayed a little banter.

"The bride," he droned, as though reading from the trite account of a society wedding, "wore a magnificent travelin' dress o' flour-sackin' an' carried a bouquet o' Spanish bayonet an' niggerhead cactus. Mr. Charles Wilfred Ferguson, the well-known minin' man, give the bride away to his old pardner, Mr. Dan'l Richard Purdy. Immediately follerin' the ceremony a delightful luncheon, consistin' o' sowbelly, sourdough an' airtight fruit, was served at the home o' the groom. Mr. an' Mrs. Purdy'll spend their honeymoon at Furnace Creek Ranch."

"Charles Wilfred," thundered Mr. Purdy in a terrible voice, "I thought you said you wanted we should have peace in camp!"

Long Shorty chuckled and subsided into his blankets; and presently, save for the exhaust from the uvula of the female incubus, silence brooded over that certain piece or parcel of real estate known as the Johnny Mine.

Dan and Long Shorty were up at daylight, according to the habit of their species, and cooked breakfast in frigid silence. The widow did not appear for breakfast until nearly nine o'clock, and both Dan and Long Shorty made a mental note of her leisurely habit and charged it against her account.

The moment she emerged from her tent the two partners instantly abandoned hope. Her very first query demonstrated all too clearly to them that she was wound up for a day of conversation.

She opened the inquisition with a request to know how they had passed the night. Had they slept well? She was so glad. Did snakes ever invade one's tent at night? Certainly! How very foolish of her not to know that the snakes had all hibernated! Did they hear that dreadful howling and yapping going on at intervals during the night? Good gracious! Mercy sakes alive! Coyotes! You don't say! And you didn't hear that racket? Oh, come now, Mr. Purdy, surely you're joking. Is that so, indeed, Mr. Ferguson? You cannot go to sleep unless the coyotes howl? Why? Oh, you're so used to them! I see! But there were at least a hundred of them—two! Mister Ferguson! Only two? Ha-ha-ha-ha!

"If you'll hold down camp," said Long Shorty, unable longer to bear her cachinnation, "me an' my pardner'll take a pasear up the hill an' do some work on a prospect we're interested in."

"Pray do not permit my presence to interfere with your work," she chirped graciously. "I see a great many things here to occupy my time until your return. I presume I am quite safe."

"I don't see nothin' or nobody to bother you, ma'am," Dan Purdy growled; and together they started up the hill and in due course reached the mesa.

"Dan'l," said Long Shorty; "there ain't no sense in me an' you both rackin' our souls for a month a-wonderin' who's goin' to be the lucky man. Let's roll a rock right now an' have it over with."

Dan was more than agreeable; so they pried up another huge boulder, rolled it to the northern face of the hill to avoid possible damage to the abandoned automobile at the foot of the slope down which they had previously rolled the other boulders, and sent it on its way. After marking where it came to rest, at Dan's suggestion they decided to remain on top of the hill and prospect during the day. On their way to camp for supper they would visit the boulder and decide their fate.

They went chipping and prospecting round on the mesa, and presently Long Shorty picked up a piece of float. Fifty feet further along toward the mouth of the cañon Dan Purdy found a nugget of pure gold.

It was worth in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars, and instantly the widow and the Johnny Mine were forgotten. They stood staring at each other.

"It's the Big Strike, Charles Wilfred!" Dan panted. "She's up the cañon a spell, an' we'll find her as shore as I owe you half of it!"

Long Shorty's glance wavered and sought the tips of his miner's boots.

"Dan'l," he said in a low, strained voice, "there ain't a-goin' to be no fun in findin' it if you ain't in on the deal."

"Can't be helped, Charles Wilfred. A bargain's a bargain, an' I never was no tin-horn gambler. Somethin' keeps a-whisperin' to me we're a-goin' to find her, Charles Wilfred; but I ain't bellyachin'. I'm yore pardner still, Charles Wilfred, an' I'm a-goin' to help you find the Big Strike if she's here."

"Dan'l," Long Shorty replied a little tremulously, "me an' you'd never ought to 'a' gambled thataway. Gamblin' between pardners like me an' you have been a sin an' a 'bomination in the sight o' the Lord. 'Tain't right, nohow; an' I ain't a-goin' to stand for it. All bets is off. I'd rather have my pardner than all the gold in the country. You know as well as me, Dan'l, life ain't in havin' the dratted stuff, but in a-lookin' for it an' findin' it."

"It's an open question, Long Shorty," Mr. Purdy replied gently, "whether I'd 'a' been minded to express similar sentiments if the shoe was on the other foot. Sich bein' the case, the bets ride as they lay. Come along, ye danged old fool, an' let's look for the ledge this nugget come from."

"But how about the widder?" shrieked Long Shorty. He was on the verge of tears. "Dan'l, you're takin' a awful risk. You've lost yore interest in the Big Strike; an' I've got a hunch you'll find, when we look at that there rock we just rolled, that she landed my side up, an' you're just natchelly elected to propose to the widder."

"That ain't no sign I'm a-goin' to marry her, Charles Wilfred."

"No, it ain't no sign. It's just what the feller calls a moral certainty. Dan'l Richard Purdy, did you ever hear of a widder refusin'? They just natchelly jump at the first offer; an' if you was to lose yore half o' the Big Strike an' win the widder—"

Long Shorty choked up. To him the result was too horrible to contemplate. Dan took him affectionately by the arm and shook him.

"We're a pair o' prospectors, Long Shorty," he said, "not a couple o' durn fools. Come along!"

So they proceeded up the slope of the mesa toward the mouth of the cañon; and the farther up they progressed the thicker they found the float, until presently, well up the side of the cañon, a reef of white quartz thrust upward a foot through the red, eroded soil.

"It's grass-root stuff!" panted Dan Purdy, and together they dashed up the little slope; together their prospecting picks fell on the quartz ledge; together they picked up the fragments of rock thus dislodged; together their microscopes came forth; together they examined the samples; together they looked up—each at the other.

"Wa-al, Dan'l," said Mr. Ferguson, "we've found her at last; an' she's a humdinger!"

"Yes," Dan replied evenly. "She only runs about three thousand dollars to the ton! The vein's only thirteen feet wide! She's only the biggest thing a man could wish for; an' I'm pleased for your sake, Charles Wilfred. I am, for a fact!" And he thrust out his generous old hand.

"I'm a dawg," Long Shorty burst out passionately; "a dirty, low, mangy old pup. To hell with it! If I can't share it with you I don't want it. I won't even stake it out."

He was overcome and Dan saw that further conversation would be productive of tears; so he waited until Long Shorty should be more composed before he resumed.

"This ain't no way to do business, Long Shorty," he said soothingly. "You say you ain't a-goin' to bother stakin' this claim for yourself. Wa-al, now, suppose you win the widder! You'll have won her fair, gamblin' with your old Dan-pardner, the same as you won his half interest in this here strike. You ain't a-goin' to welsch if you win the widder, be you, Charles Wilfred?"

Long Shorty shook his head.

"Wa-al, then, lemme tell you somethin', pardner," Dan continued. "Right now we know where we stand about the Big Strike; but, when it comes to the widder, just who's



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"But what is the use of getting competitive bids if I don't accept the low price?"

"The chief value of competitive bids, Mr. Briggs, is to find out which is the poorest printer. The printer who has the hardest work to get business usually makes the lowest bid."

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Little Flocks on City Lots

in next week's issue, is the first article in a series about poultry for the man with a small place in town or country.



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a-goin' to bell the cat is some news we got a-comin'. Ain't that good logic?"

Long Shorty admitted it was.

"All right," Dan continued; "then let's run our lines an' put up our monuments, an' stake half a dozen claims. When we break the news o' this strike up in Goldfield, or over in the Owens Valley, there'll be a stampede in here; an' you know, Charles Wilfred, there's been more money made in minin'-camp real estate than's been made in mines. We'll lay out the town site off there to the north o' the Johnny Mine an' you can gimme the town site for mine. Meantime let's get busy an' stake this here strike in both our names —"

"Oh, Dan'l, ol' pardner," Long Shorty exclaimed gratefully; "then all bets is off!"

"Nary bit! Remember, we ain't looked at that stone we rolled this mornin'. After we've looked at it I'll like as not have a proposition to unload."

Long Shorty, hopeful that it would be one to which both could with entire honor subscribe, made no further protest. By nightfall they had run their lines, erected their monuments, and prepared to stake the entire hill in their own names and those of every dependable friend they could think of.

They planned to record their locations at their own expense in the land office at Independence, the county seat of Inyo County; then, without divulging the news of their rich strike, they would prepare deeds to those claims they had staked in the names of their friends, pay the said friends one dollar for the said claims, and after receiving and recording the deeds the mining laws would be circumvented, as is the custom, and all the locations would be the property of Dan and Long Shorty.

They would then consolidate, incorporate, sell sufficient stock to operate the property, and — But the imagination of the average desert rat never ranges beyond that. Sufficient unto the day is his concept of life.

The names Dan Purdy and Long Shorty Ferguson gave to their claims were reminiscent of recent personalities, animals and events. There was the Dead Sheep Claim, the White Mule Claim, the Gentle Annie Claim, the Lost Tenderfoot Claim, Big Strike, and, last of all, the Beeby Fraction. Dan Purdy suggested the name in sheer desperation at his inability to think of anything else and not out of compliment to Mrs. Beeby.

Just before dark they returned to camp, dog-dirty and hungry enough to eat a chuckwalla. By mutual albeit unspoken consent they agreed to leave the fateful boulder and its fateful secret until morning.

The widow, clad in a new, clean, starched chambray dress, had dinner cooked and waiting for them. During their absence she had completely overhauled the camp, polished pots and pans, inventoried and arranged their grub supply, and assailed the carcass of the mountain sheep, from which she had cut a rib roast.

It had been many months since Dan and Long Shorty sat down to a better meal. Usually they drank their canned tomatoes out of the original package, but to-night the widow had the tomatoes boiled and thickened with cracker meal. Also, she had canned soup, which, with roast mountain sheep, roast brown potatoes, pan gravy, hot cakes and real coffee, soothed and comforted Dan and Long Shorty to a considerable degree. From her own stock of provisions she had supplied a can of pineapple for dessert.

She was unaffectedly glad to see them. Both reflected that the Beeby nature must be powerful, indeed, to permit her to conquer her grief and adapt herself to circumstances which were obviously enough quite new to her. Her strength of character and evident capability and industry quite won their grudging admiration; and when, with the keen intuition of woman, which precludes speech while the male is feeding, she gave her agile tongue a rest, hope, which springs eternal in the human breast, commenced to well up in Dan Purdy's tufted bosom until he made the frightful discovery that no longer were he and Long Shorty the captains of their own camp!

Following the housekeeping habits of all males, neither Dan nor Long Shorty had ever washed a dish or rinsed out a pot after a meal. It was their practice to leave their kitchen and dining-room equipment soiled until the necessity for using it again was apparent, when regretfully they would give it a lick and a promise and let it go at that. Both gentlemen were wont to brag that a little clean dirt never hurt anybody.

Following, therefore, the habit of a lifetime, Mr. Purdy, after inquiring whether

anybody wanted any more coffee and being answered in the negative, elected to empty the pot of the remaining coffee and grounds. In doing this he followed the line of least resistance. Without rising from his seat at the packing box that did duty as a dining table, Mr. Purdy seized the coffee-pot and hurled its contents as far from him as he could—which was not very far. Then he carelessly tossed the pot aside, to lie in the sand until the next morning's breakfast, when he or Long Shorty might or might not rinse it out.

To his great embarrassment the widow rose, picked up the pot, washed it at the waterhole, wiped it and hung it on a convenient sagebrush.

"I can't abide shiftlessness," she explained severely, and Dan and Long Shorty had their lesson.

That night after the widow had retired Mr. Purdy walked out into the desert and Mr. Ferguson followed.

"Wa-al, Dan'l, she's shore a sergeant, like that Molly relative o' hern," began Long Shorty sympathetically. "I noticed her a-takin' liberties with our coffee-pot. I tell you what, Dan'l, if we don't train that widder in the way she should go she'll be runnin' our camp for us. Did you notice she set out a pair o' tin cans with some warm water in 'em?"

"Yes, I did, Charles Wilfred. Whatever did she do that for?"

"Finger bowls," replied Mr. Ferguson hoarsely. "Finger bowls!"

"No!" breathed Mr. Purdy softly.

Fell on them one of their frequent long, restful silences.

Then, from Long Shorty:

"Wa-al, Dan'l, you got to admit she cooked a good meal." Long Shorty was striving to be fair to the last. "You got to admit she's a rustler. If you wed the widder, Dan'l, you're a-goin' to get an A-Number-One housekeeper an' no mistake."

"Who in blue blazes wants a housekeeper when half the time he ain't even got a tent to live in?" Dan roared wrathfully. "Not that I'm like the old dawg that can't learn new tricks, but just becuz I'm too old to care to learn 'em. I spent a week in Reno once, seein' the sights—that time you was laid up with typhoid fever at the Miners' Hospital in Toquima City. You'll remember we had a stake at the time and I belled round in sassiety a little along o' some o' them high-toned de-vorays; an' I want to tell you, Charles Wilfred, some o' 'em was shore lulu-birds! A-lookin' at them de-vorays then, I used to wonder what tarnation kind o' he-lizards they married that couldn't be happy with 'em—they all looked that sweet an' purty! But I know now, you bet! They just natchelly talked an' interfered with their husbands."

"Dan'l," said Mr. Ferguson, disregarding this hark back to happier days, "do you still figger we ought to wait a month before poppin' the question to the widder?"

"Why, yes," Dan replied, a little mystified. "Whether we pop the question now or a month from now, we got her on our hands just the same. Me an' you, Long Shorty, we give our word to stay here till the first of April, an' we can't send her away, even if she declines our hands. Married or single, Long Shorty, we're elected to live with this talkin' widder until help comes."

"Yes; but a married man has his rights," Long Shorty declared ominously. "Once me or you gits tied up to this widder, we're in a position to give orders; an' the first order'll be: 'Speak when you're spoken to!' Silence in camp would help a heap."

Dan reflected long and seriously.

"Wa-al," he admitted finally, "one of us has got to make a quick run out, widder or no widder, to file the location notices on the Big Strike. It's takin' some resk, but mebbe we won't be found out by the Syndicate; an', anyhow, I've got a notion there won't be no claim jumpin', now that the first o' the year is passed an' the assessment work done by us. The one that goes out to file the locations can git a marriage license at Independence, hire a preacher an' bring him back in one o' them otter-mo-biles. They're dangerous, but people do say you can travel as high as a hundred miles a day in the desert in one o' 'em."

Long Shorty nodded.

"I was thinkin', Dan'l, mebbe it ain't such a bad notion to propose to the widder to-morrer mornin'. A-forcin' our hands thataway an' trustin' to luck, I've got a notion that mebbe, on account o' not knowin' us more'n long enough to git a

(Continued on Page 44)

Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce



IT pleases me greatly to know that so many of my good friends now enjoy my Sauce in their private clubs and homes.

It was for a long time they ask me how they may have Oscar's Sauce, and I try different ways. Then my good friends, The Beech-Nut Company, make my Sauce *parfaitement*.

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A thousand thanks for the appreciation of my friends and patrons, and wishing them *un joyeux Noël*—

(Signed) Oscar

of The Waldorf-Astoria

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(Continued from Page 42)

noddin' acquaintance, she ups and declines our hands. After that we've done our dooty an' the widder's reputation ain't no concern o' ours."

"That's a right good idee, Charles Wilfred," Dan declared heartily. "As soon as we see what that rollin' stone has to say in the mornin', we'll go to it an' know the wust at onet."

This decision was productive of considerable optimism in both Dan and Long Shorty, and even the widow's snore failed to disturb their rest that night.

Immediately after breakfast they hastened out into the desert to consult the granite arbiter of their fate. It lay soiled side up; and, inasmuch as Long Shorty had staked his luck on the clean side, the horrible truth was borne in on him that he was to have the dubious privilege of proposing to the widow. He was quite overcome. He sat down on the accursed boulder and held his throbbing head in his horny hands.

"Dan'l," he groaned, "this fool gamblin' has plumb ruined our lives! You're out your half-interest in the Big Strike an' I own it all. On t'other hand, you're a free man—an' I got to take on a new pardner!"

Dan Purdy laid his hand affectionately on Long Shorty's shoulder.

"Charles Wilfred," he said solemnly, "I told you yester'y I might have a proposition to unload after seein' what luck the rollin' stone brought us. For an' in consideration of a half-interest in the Big Strike I'm a-willin' to assume your risk an' ask the widdy first."

Long Shorty stared at him incredulously. "Why are you willin' to do this thing, Dan'l?" he asked presently.

"Becuz I ain't a-lookin' to change pardners at this late date, Charles Wilfred. If I win her she'll have to accept separate maintenance; an' me an' you—we'll be out in the desert just the same. An' that's the only way I can accept a half-interest—by assumin' your risk."

Long Shorty knew his Dan-pardner. He realized that here, at last, was the only solution to the tragedy that would encompass them should the widow decide to accept the first offer made, and he rose and held out his hand.

"It's worth tryin'," he said, and together they returned to the camp.

Long Shorty, tremendously excited and consumed with curiosity, crawled into their tent under the canvas at the rear and lay there silent, quivering, eager, while Dan approached the widow's tent. She was seated on her camp cot, sewing a button on Long Shorty's shirt, and looked up with her aggravating, simpering smile. Dan removed his hat and bowed like an aged squinch owl.

"Mrs. Beeby, ma'am," he began, "me an' my pardner's been a-discussin' o' your case; an' both of us allow as how you, bein' a lone widdy woman without no friends in this country, an' so far as we know without visible means o' support—dependin' on the cold charity o' this world for help an' sympathy—is in what the feller calls a mighty mean fix."

She bowed her head and nodded briefly while Dan went on to explain to her in detail exactly how matters stood with himself and Long Shorty, and their inability to aid her to return to her people, despite their entire willingness so to do.

"Owin' to circumstances over which you ain't got no control nohow," he added, coming to his desperate peroration, "you find yourself, Mrs. Beeby, holed up here with two old desert rats that's got to plead guilty to every crime in the book 'cept murder, theft an' tarnelin' the good name of a woman. It occurs to me that you're in what the feller calls a mighty ambeiguous position, an' that the best you git out o' the deal is a reputation for loose conduct. Them's plain words, ma'am; but this ain't no time for backraisin' the bet on our hand."

"I fully realize the delicacy and unconventionality of my position, Mr. Purdy," the widow faltered; "but I trust the Beeby nature will enable me to live down any scandal."

"Ma'am," Dan interrupted, "I ain't no hell on looks; but if the honest heart an' corn-kivered hands of a plain prospector with a half-interest in a group o' claims that's going to be worth millions would be any inducement to help you avoid the waggin' tongue o' scandal, you're welcome to Dan'l Richard Purdy. In plain English I'm askin' you to marry me—an' damn 'em all!"

At his earnest speech Mrs. Beeby cast down her eyes and a rosy flush mantled her

scrawny neck and face. Then she raised her glance timorously, simpered, and in a perfect agony of ecstasy replied:

"Oh-h-h-h, Mis-ter Purdy!"

"That's the proposition, ma'am. Take it or leave it. If you take it I hit the trail for the county seat to-night, an' inside o' ten days I'll be back here with a marriage license an' a preacher an' a weddin' ring. I'm a hellbender onet I'm started!"

"But this is so sudden, Mr. Purdy! Really, I hadn't the slightest idea—"

"You've got it now, ma'am. No further room for speculation. I've made up my mind. How about you?"

She rose and stepped timidly toward him. He backed away, slightly apprehensive, as she emerged from her tent. Whereupon she paused, blushed furiously and favored him with a coy glance, intimating that he might open his arms and claim his own; but he did not understand this, and her reticence annoyed him. He thought she was but striving to blunt the edge of her refusal.

"Wa-al, we won't say anything more about it," he began joyously. "I see I made a mistake; an' I asks yore pardon, ma'am—"

"Darling!" she cried.

It was a shrill little note of pure delight. She sprang at Mr. Purdy; her bony arms went round his neck; she strained him to her flat breast. All was over!

"Keno!" groaned Mr. Ferguson, and came forth from the tent to tender his shameless congratulations.

When Dan could disengage himself from the embrace of his fiancée he sealed the compact in characteristic fashion—he took the widow's hand, pumped it awkwardly, and said simply:

"All right, then, Mrs. Beeby. It's a go!"

"Call me Arabella, Daniel," she pleaded.

"All right, Arabella!" Dan replied dully.

He ignored a flagrant invitation to seal the compact in something more conventional than a mere handshake and excused himself on the ground of having to make out the location papers for their claims, cache them in the monuments on the hill, and prepare duplicates for filing in the Land Office. He was not desirous of tarrying to taste of the Dead Sea fruits of victory; so he turned his back on her and entered the tent with Long Shorty, where together they filled in the blank forms of their locations. As they were about to depart for the Big Strike some hint of the proprieties managed to percolate through Dan's agitated ego and he turned to his fiancée.

"Wa-al, Arabella darlin'," he called to her, "I s'pose you're a-goin' to have a nice engagement dinner cooked when me an' Long Shorty comes rompin' in to-night?" Then sotto voce to Long Shorty: "Ain't I the most amazin' old hypocrite you ever heard tell of?"

Arabella's plain features lit up with a smile that was singularly wistful. She blew him a kiss and said:

"You wait and see, Danny boy!"

Mr. Purdy moaned in his wretchedness and commenced the ascent of the hill. Long Shorty followed. Within the hour they had completed the caching of their location notices in the monuments; and they spent the remainder of the day prospecting up the cañon, for Mr. Purdy lacked the courage to return to the scene of his triumph, and Long Shorty, intuitively realizing that now, of all times, Dan Purdy required the comforting presence of his partner, resolutely refused to desert him.

"I s'pose she'll be expectin' a true lover's kiss when I git back," Mr. Purdy complained drearly. "Whatever would you do if you was in my place, Charles Wilfred?"

"I'd let the tail go with the hide, Dan'l. I'd kiss her! Might as well play the game like a sport, now she's accepted you."

Mr. Purdy sighed ponderously. Nevertheless, he accepted Long Shorty's advice; and on their return to camp for dinner, when the widow approached him shyly he tilted her chin and implanted a light kiss on her cheek. Her bright little dark eyes beamed love and adoration, and Mr. Purdy wondered whether the Almighty did not reserve a special hell for such as he.

The widow had prepared another excellent dinner, to which our heroes did ample justice. Immediately after the meal Dan prepared for his journey out to civilization, though he had some little difficulty in overcoming the widow's objection to a start at night. However, since it would be moonlight practically all night and Dan could make faster time than during the day, her consent was finally won. Dan packed some

food in a canvas bag, filled two canteens with water, shook hands with Long Shorty, took a hurried, embarrassed and pseudo-affectionate farewell of Arabella, and departed into the soft hush of the desert night.

As the crow flies he had approximately eighty miles to travel; but he had to cross the Funeral Range, Death Valley, the Panamint, and the rolling hills between them and the Coso Range, down the Cosos, and up Owens River Valley to Independence, and this necessitated long detours that would almost double the distance. It was a journey that would have appalled many men; but to Dan Purdy, who knew his private estates so well, it was less than nothing.

Back at the camp by the waterhole that night the widow listened, blushing pleasantly, to the reiterated and wholly insincere congratulations of Long Shorty Ferguson. He related many anecdotes calculated to impress her with the sterling character of his partner and spoke alluringly of their joint fortune on the hill. He fondly hoped she might return his confidences, now that she was one of the family, so to speak; but for all his craft in leading questions she retired to her tent that night without so much as divulging her maiden name. Long Shorty sought his own virtuous couch feeling very lonely and disheartened and cursing the day a cruel fate had foisted her on them.

Now that Dan was irrevocably engaged, Long Shorty deemed it the part of propriety to stay round camp and keep the widow company during his partner's absence. As a result he was all but driven insane by her seemingly inexhaustible line of conversation, until at last, on the third day, unable longer to endure her, he climbed the hill to the Big Strike for a little peace and pleasurable prospecting.

Here, during the course of his operations, he happened to glance down into the Valley of the Amargosa, and in a vista of brown desert, miles away among the Charleston Buttes, his attention was caught by a little white cloud of dust moving rapidly across it and coming toward him. It required no great amount of cogitation on Long Shorty's part to convince himself that visitors in an automobile would shortly arrive.

For about five minutes he stood there on the hill, his hand, after the fashion of the desert rat, shading his eyes from below instead of above. He was thinking hard; and suddenly, as the reward of his labors, the Great Idea popped into his simple old brain.

Necessity is the mother of invention, as we have once before remarked, and, given an ally in the shape of the feeblest of forlorn hopes, Long Shorty Ferguson was not the man to surrender without striking one mighty blow for Dan Purdy's freedom; for Long Shorty loved his partner as never brother loved brother, and, all the hand-shake agreements on earth to the contrary notwithstanding, he would not stand idly by and see that honest heart offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of duty.

Also, he was alone with the devil now, free from human espionage and the steady effects of Dan's puritanical presence; wherefore it is small wonder that honor and duty and chivalry to woman fled the Ferguson brain.

His triumphant Ya-hoo! rent the empyrean; his disgraceful old sombrero went sailing skyward.

"Dan!", he murmured, "if them folks in that there otter-mo-bile is half human I'll save you yit!"

He met them a mile out in the desert—two men in a huge, chain-driven ninety-horse-power roadster, breaking a trail through the clinging sage and sand. Ensnared half an hour of very earnest conversation; and then the big roadster stayed where Long Shorty had halted it, while that arch conspirator betook himself to the camp. As he went he expressed his entire satisfaction with the universe in a joyous rendition of a border ballad more popular than proper.

Along toward sunset of the eighth day following Dan Purdy's departure afoot for the county seat that candidate for hymeneal hara-kiri returned to the locus of his labors in an automobile. He was accompanied by the shepherd of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Independence, a sturdy gentleman, native to the soil and one to whom a trip into the Death Valley country meant no more than a journey to Los Angeles. With the exception of the five-hundred-dollar nugget which Mr. Purdy

had given him in advance for his professional services all the world was rocks and dirt to this parson; and he was here now in a hired automobile, a little dusty and skin-cracked, but willing and bubbling with enthusiasm for the task before him.

Long Shorty was roasting a sage hen over the camp fire when Dan Purdy chugged into camp with the parson. He looked up calmly.

"Howdy, parson?" he saluted. "I'm right glad to see you. Peel yore overcoat an' wash up, an' by that time this here sage hen'll be done an' you can tie into her." And without paying the slightest attention to Dan he resumed his air of watchful waiting over the rapidly browning carcass of the fowl in question.

Mr. Purdy descended stiffly and walked over to the fire.

"Well, Long Shorty," he saluted, "you all talked out?"

"I be most rekindled by now, Dan'l. I been alone goin' on four days."

"Why, wherever's the widder?"

Long Shorty turned the sage hen carefully, jabbed it with a fork to test its condition—and said nothing; wherefore Mr. Purdy realized that any further discussion was inappropos. The parson, however, was impatient to meet the bride, and the total absence of the party of the second part piqued his curiosity to such an extent that presently he ventured to inquire into the matter.

"Parson," replied Long Shorty, "you're askin' me whatever becomes o' the lady Dan brings you out here to jine to him in holy wedlock." He turned the sage hen slowly and jabbed it once more before continuing: "Parson, as a ree-ligious man, I take it you're tolerably familiar with the ways o' the Almighty. Did you ever know Him to tell you somethin' you wanted particular to find out? If you did you'd better ask Him about this here bride o' Dan'l's. All I can say is that Arabella lit out o' here in an otter-mo-bile an' she ain't a-comin' back. Whatever's become of Arabella the good Lord only knows. He won't tell an' I don't give a hoot! Better git yore mind an' your mouth on to this sage hen, parson; an' as you an' Dan'l must be wore out after ridin' this far we'll hit the bunk early, so's you can git up early. When you leave to go back Dan'l'll give you another nugget, the inference bein' that for an' in consideration o' the same you plumb forget you ever heard o' Dan'l and his engagement."

"I believe I comprehend," the parson said solemnly. "Fork over a section of that sage hen, Long Shorty."

The volleying of the open cut-out on the parson's car as he headed back to his flock in Independence was still plainly audible when Dan Purdy turned to Long Shorty for an explanation.

"Whatever have you done with my bride, Long Shorty?" he demanded eagerly; whereupon Long Shorty sat down and commenced the longest speech of his entire career.

"Widder!" he snarled scathingly. "Widder! Huh! Dan'l, that female ain't no widder. No, sir! None whatever! She's an old maid!" Mr. Purdy quailed and winked rapidly, as though somebody had struck at him. Long Shorty went ruthlessly on. "She's more'n an old maid. She's the Boston Syndicate!"

"Great sufferin' hull snakes!" Mr. Purdy gasped weakly. "Me engaged to wed the Boston Syndicate! 'Tain't possible."

"'Tis possible. More'n that, it's a fact. If you'd wedded that lady, Dan'l, you'd have controlled seventy-five per cent o' the stock in the Johnny Mine; an' since me an' you did the assessment work on it, you know the least that means is a million dollars alone, besides her other property. Yes, sir, Dan'l; that Beeby female is worth nigh on to three million blue chips, with all the ore in sight an' blocked out. Tyin' up to her shorely beats prospectin' all to glory! Just think, Dan'l, how close you come to payin' yourself your own wages for your winter's work! Yes, sir. Arabella's shore pay dirt from the grass roots; but, as the feller says, all is not gold that glitters; so I took it on myself to git shet of her."

"Gawd bless you for that, old pardner!" Dan breathed fervently. "What next?"

"Wa-al, it seems this young feller that represents the Boston Syndicate and sends me an' you down here to do the assessment work gits a notion that he'd better get shet o' the minority interest or he's liable to lose his job. They're a-pawin' the earth an' bellerin' for his resignation; so he thinks



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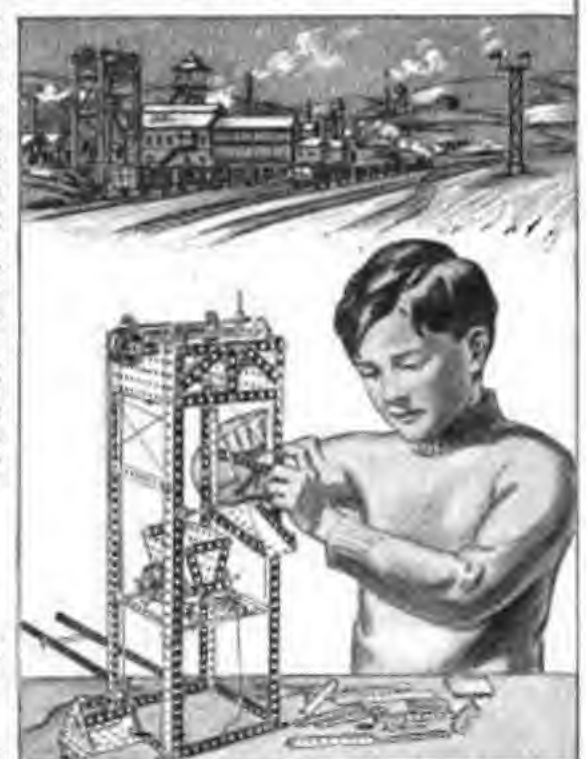
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he'll go back to Boston an' line up this rich Miss Arabella Beeby to buy out the kickers an' git control. Arabella's his aunt. She's just turned the forty post, everythin' bid an' nothin' offered—an' her just plumb crazy to git married. It don't look to Arabella like she's goin' to rest easy in her grave with O. M. chiseled on her tombstone; an' she's plumb set on grabbin' off some kind of a man before the prunin' knife o' Time cuts her down, as the feller says. But, aside from these here yearnin's for a mate, Arabella's there like a bank president when it comes to business affairs; so when this boss of ours spreads his hand she 'lows as how it might be well for her to take a trip West and mebbe kill two birds with the same stone. She hears as how women's scarce in the desert an' men plentiful, an' figgers as how mebbe she stands a fightin' chance; besides which, she 'lows she ain't goin' to drop no hundred thousand dollars down the Johnny shaft until she has a look at it herself.

"Wa'al, Dan'l, she don't confide none whatever to her nevvie—just tells him she'll think it over, an' the minute he leaves her house she's a-streakin' it for the railroad station; an' in the course o' time she lights in Goldfield, with her otter-mo-bile in the express car an' her private chuffer in the tourist coach. Right away she begins prospectin' for p'inters on the best way to git down into the Amargosa Valley. Some good-natured feller gives her the gentle hint as how it's safest for her to leave her Boston chuffer behind an' hire a native that knows the trails an' waterholes—which she does; an' that's the duffer we eliminates with that rolling rock.

"Wa'al, Dan'l, three days after you've left I'm up on the mesa projectin' round when I spot an otter-mo-bile down among the buttes a-comin' my way to beat four of a kind; and in a second I have a vision o' that bogus widder a-streakin' back to Goldfield, leavin' me an' you in peace. So I goes down an' meets that otter-mo-bile a mile outside o' camp.

"Dan'l, it's the syndicate engineer an' Arabella's Boston chuffer! It seems when our boss gits back to Goldfield he finds his maiden aunt's name on the hotel register; later he meets her chuffer in the Casey Bar an' the secret's out. O' course, him knowin' me an' you're down at the Johnny, he don't worry none about the mine gittin' a black eye when the ol' gal comes prospectin' round for information, but as time wears on an' Arabella's overdue on the return trip the boss gits anxious; so he takes his own otter-mo-bile an' her chuffer an' comes poundin' down here to see whatever's become o' his aged relative. They git news of her at Furnace Creek an' are a-follerin' her when I halts 'em an' gits the whole story.

"You seen anything o' my Aunt Arabella, Long Shorty?" he says.

"Seen anything o' her?" I says. "Boss, I've seen too much o' her."

"Wa'al," he says, "sing the song or tell the story." An' I unloaded.

"He like to 'a' died laughin'. Seems as if he seen somethin' funny in it; but after a while he braced up an' said it was a darn' shame to see you deceived thataway. An' I 'lowed as how if he'd stand in we'd fix up a little rannikiboo on the bride an' git you a absolute divorce. He was agreeable; so I unfolds my scheme an' he puts the finishing touches on it, until she shore looms up like a work of art!

"After we've gone over the details an' got 'em all squared round in our heads, I mosey along back to camp. I'm there mebbe half an hour, a-chinnin' with the widder on a lowgrade proposition she calls the doctrine o' determinism, an' labor an' capital, an' somethin' else that she calls sabotage—though I never eat none of it myself—when the boss an' the chuffer come rackin' along in the otter-mo-bile. Arabella, she hears 'em comin' before they're in sight; an' a-fearful o' her reputation, bein' seen there alone with me, she lets out a squawk an' does a high dive for her tent, a-tyin' the flaps tight after her.

"The boss pulls up right in front of Arabella's tent.

"Wa'al," he says, plenty loud, "if here ain't my ol' friend an' faithful employee, Long Shorty Ferguson!" An' I stepped up an' we shook hands. "Long Shorty," he says, "whatever got into you that you let Dan Purdy git away from camp an' lose himself?"

"He were for goin' out on some pers'nal business, boss," I says, "an' six men an' a boy couldn't hold him! Wherever did you meet the old skunk?"

"Long Shorty," he says, very quiet, an' a-layin' one hand sympathetic-like across my shoulder for the benefit of Aunt Arabella, who's a-peerin' at him from the slit between the tent flaps, "I've got some awful bad news for you about yore pardner!"

"I could hear Arabella a-swallerin' that, but I don't let on none whatever. I just says, excited-like:

"Why, whatever's the matter o' Dan'l? When he left here he was that happy an' cheerful it'd done yore eyes good to look at him. The Boston Syndicate ain't gone bust owin' me an' Dan'l our wages, be it?"

"Worse'n that, Long Shorty!" he says. "Worse'n that! Ol' Dan'l's went an' cashed in his chips an' set back from the game forever. You ain't a-goin' to see yore ol' pardner no more, Long Shorty." We planted Dan'l at Furnace Creek last night.

"You don't mean to tell me Dan'l's a goner?" I says, low an' horrified, an' a-grabbin' on to the side o' the otter-mo-bile for support. "Pore ol' Dan'l!" I says, commencin' to cry. "He were the only pardner I ever had!" An' I gits out my bandanna an' blows my nose like a mu-el smellin' Injuns.

"Yes," he says; "ol' Dan'l's went before. Brace up now, Long Shorty, an' take it like a man. Seems like Dan he comes a-staggerin' into Furnace Creek Ranch on the evenin' o' the eighteenth, just a-burnin' up with fever an' out o' his head. The folks at Furnace Creek gets him into bed an' feeds him a quart bottle o' whisky an' quinine, an' bathes his hoofs in hot mustard water, an' does everythin' in reason for him; but it sorter seems like he's too far gone. In spite o' everythin', pore Dan'l develops pneumonia in both lungs an' kicks the bucket yester'd mornin'. We happen along about an hour before his sperrit takes its flight; an' when he hears I'm at the ranch he sends for me an' tells me to give you what wages he's got a-comin' from the Johnny people. Seems, too, as if he had a last message he was a-honin' to send to somebody he loved—his sister, I guess. He give it to me, with instructions to give it to you, Long Shorty; an' you was to carry it whar it belonged."

"Wa'al, Dan'l, it seems like the widder's fuse has about burned down to the fulminatin' cap by this time, an' she blows up with a loud noise. She lets out one devastatin' screech: 'Oh, Danny, my beloved!' An' then she bogs down on her bed an' kicks her heels agin it like a ten-stamp mill an' falls a-blattin' an' a-sobbin' an' a-smillin' like a old air-compressor with sand in her valves.

"Whoever's makin' all that to-do?" says the boss; but, o' course, I'm too broke up to answer, so he gets down an' looks inside the tent.

"Why," he says, "if it ain't my dear ol' Aunt Arabella!" An' he picks her up an' wants to know whatever she a-doin' there in a camp with a dad-burned ol' prospector without no chaperony!

"Dan'l, mebbe she didn't come to at that! It takes a long acquaintance an' a heap o' grief to make a old maid forgit she's triffin' with her reputation—more particular when one o' her kin happens round an' catches her in an embarrassin' pre-dicament. She sets up, wall-eyed, like a nigger seein' ghosts, an' fer a minute she hasn't nary a word to say, even if her nevvie gives her time—which he don't.

"You don't have to tell me nothin'!" he yells. "I know the worst. Them two ol' skunks has waylaid my Aunt Arabella. One o' 'em's dead; but I'll make the family honor clean agin. I'm a-goin' to start in by killin' that low-flung, wuthless man, Ferguson!" An' he comes b'llin' out o' that tent with his gun an' whangs away at me, a-settin' sobbin' on the box by the fire. O' course I takes to the sage, an' he follers, bangin' away, with Arabella a-follerin' him an' a-beggin' him not to kill me.

"When his gun's empty I draw an' cover him; an' then she's a-beggin' me not to kill her nevvie."

"Play actin'? I should tell a man! Dan'l, I just plumb missed my vocation! I'm a-holdin' down on the boss, an' him with both hands up, foammin' an' tremblin'; while Arabella, she tells the long, sad story. Her nevvie kisses her an' says he's sorry he acted hasty, an' asks me to shake hands an' forgit."

"Boss," I says, "I ain't got nothin' to forgive an' forget. I allers honor a man that honors his family honor." An' I fanned him, an' all hands set down to talk it over. "Arabella, she's pretty much broke up an' goes to her tent to cry some more; an' when I judged her mildewed ol' heart had

plugged along an hour without breakin' I look in on her an' say:

"Arabella—you'll excuse me for callin' you Arabella, but since you're the promised bride o' my best friend an' pardner for twenty years, an' him dead an' gone, mebbe it ain't such a liberty after all—before Dan'l hit the trail for the Great Not Yet he leaves a message. "Tell Charles Wilfred," he says, "to hoof it along the best he can without me; an' tell him to tell my darlin' I kissed her in sperrit, an' my last thoughts was of her.""

Long Shorty paused to bite into his chewing, the while he glanced expectantly at his partner as though he expected some slight evidence of the latter's appreciation of his histrionic genius; but Dan only stared at him, fascinated and popeyed, and presently Long Shorty took up his recital again.

"Wa'al, Dan'l—to git right down to bed-rock—the chuffer takes Arabella's things an' puts 'em in her otter-mo-bile that afternoon, an' lights out ahead, forty mile an hour, for Furnace Creek, with instructions to wise up all hands at the Ranch about yore death, how you died, an' what all; an' to fix up a little pile o' fresh dirt like a new grave under one o' them weepin' willer trees along the creek an' nail a board with some fittin' inscription on it to the tree.

"We gives the chuffer a good start; an' then the boss an' Arabella says good-by, with Arabella vowin' you're her hero. She 'lows she'll light at Furnace Creek to plant a rose on yore grave an' water it with her tears.

"Dan'l, I'll take an oath before the District Recorder, if that old human phony-graft ain't happier'n she's ever been before I'm an ore thief! She's gone away exultin' in the thought that once she had a true love an' lost him; an' she says to me at partin':

"Charles, 'tis better to have loved an' lost than never to have loved at all."

"Right you are, Arabella!" I says. "An' dang my wicked heart, Dan'l, I felt like a dog caught suckin' eggs. I wisht there'd been some other way o' savin' you, but desperate circumstances requires desperate measures, as the feller says; an' I wasn't takin' no chances on havin' Arabella light on me for a subitote. Still, Dan'l, a man might 'a' done wuss. Though Arabella's one o' these old damsels that's got to the p'int in life where they're plumb desperate an' willin' to snatch at the tail feathers o' anything respectable that's white an' flies by in pants, still, I've got a notion she'd 'a' been kind to you in her way, Dan'l, an' played the game like a sport, red or black."

"What else did she say?" Dan demanded eagerly.

"Wa'al, she said you was only a plain, uneducated prospector, but you was a rough diamond set in twenty-four-carat platinum; an' when it come to real old-fashioned chivalry to women she'd pick a man an' let somebody else have the gentleman."

"Huh!" said Mr. Purdy, and thereafter said no more until late that night when he and Long Shorty faced each other across their camp fire.

For hours they had sat in perfect silence, each old brain busy with its own particular daydream. The vagrant night wind brought a tang of sage and greasewood to mingle with the aroma of the wood smoke; afar in the dim starshine the jagged Furnace Creek brooded like grim guardians over the Valley of the Amargosa; from a distant butte a coyote gave tongue to its primeval plaint of famine; and over the mystic souls of Dan Purdy and Long Shorty Ferguson, to whom twenty years in the desert had brought a subconscious appreciation of the littleness of man and the glory of their Creator, there slowly settled that sublime peace that passeth understanding.

Presently Mr. Purdy stirred slightly and spat into the fire. Long Shorty, knowing Dan was about to speak and vaguely resenting the impending outburst, looked up quickly. He knew exactly what Mr. Purdy was going to say and he was prepared to wither him.

"Charles Wilfred," said Mr. Purdy, "that was an evil deed you done! You saw me fin Arabella when she accepted me, an' then you turn right round and make me bust a handshake agreement. An', what's wuss, you got me hog-tied, an' I've got to stand for it!"

"Shet up, you chatterin' magpie!" Mr. Ferguson retorted ferociously. "You're dead!"

(THE END)



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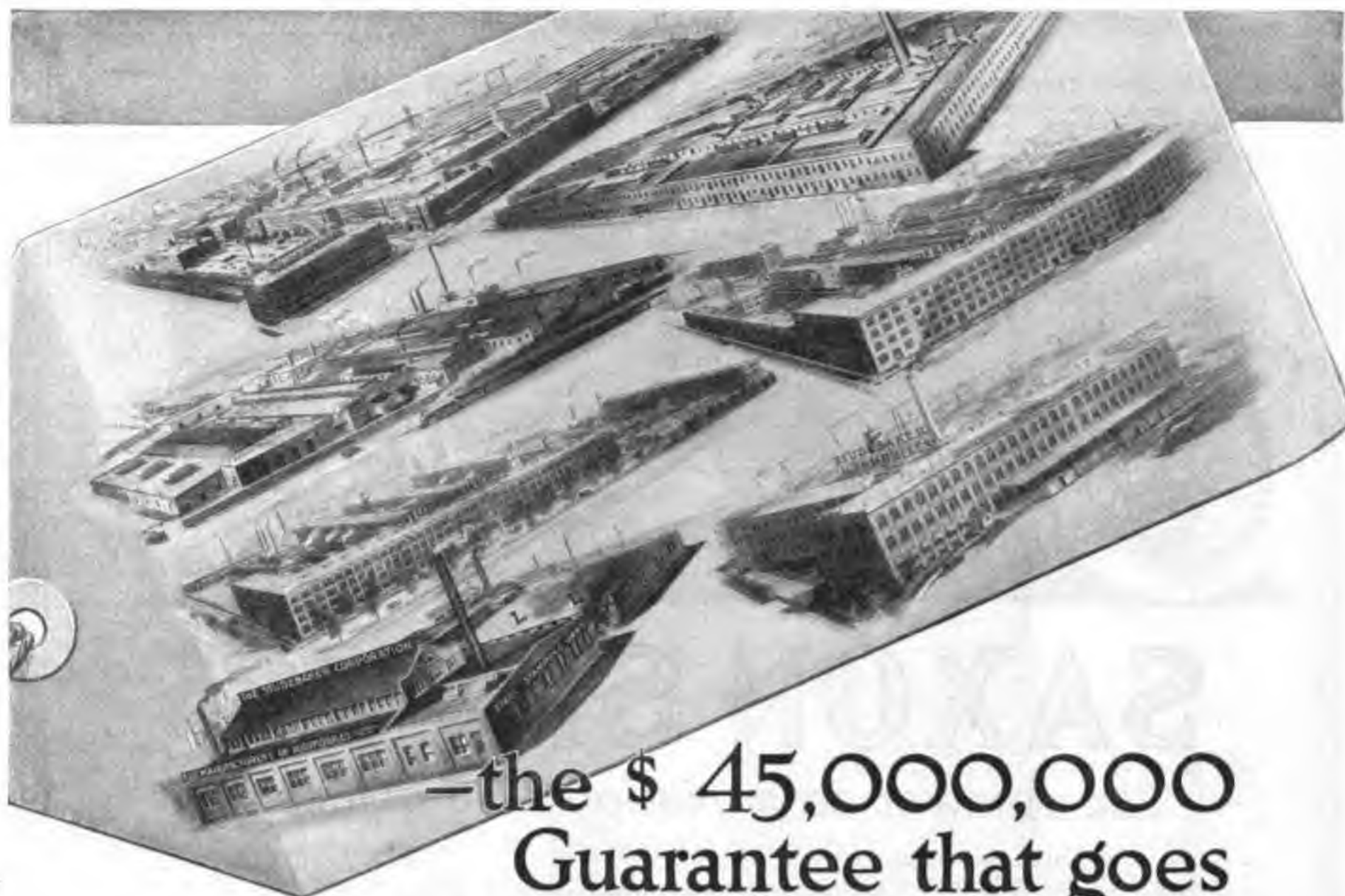
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It is for this that Studebaker guarantees a Service of the highest type. And it is for this that Studebaker in the years gone by has picked and chosen only the best, the most dependable dealers who could insure the giving of such service. It is, in brief

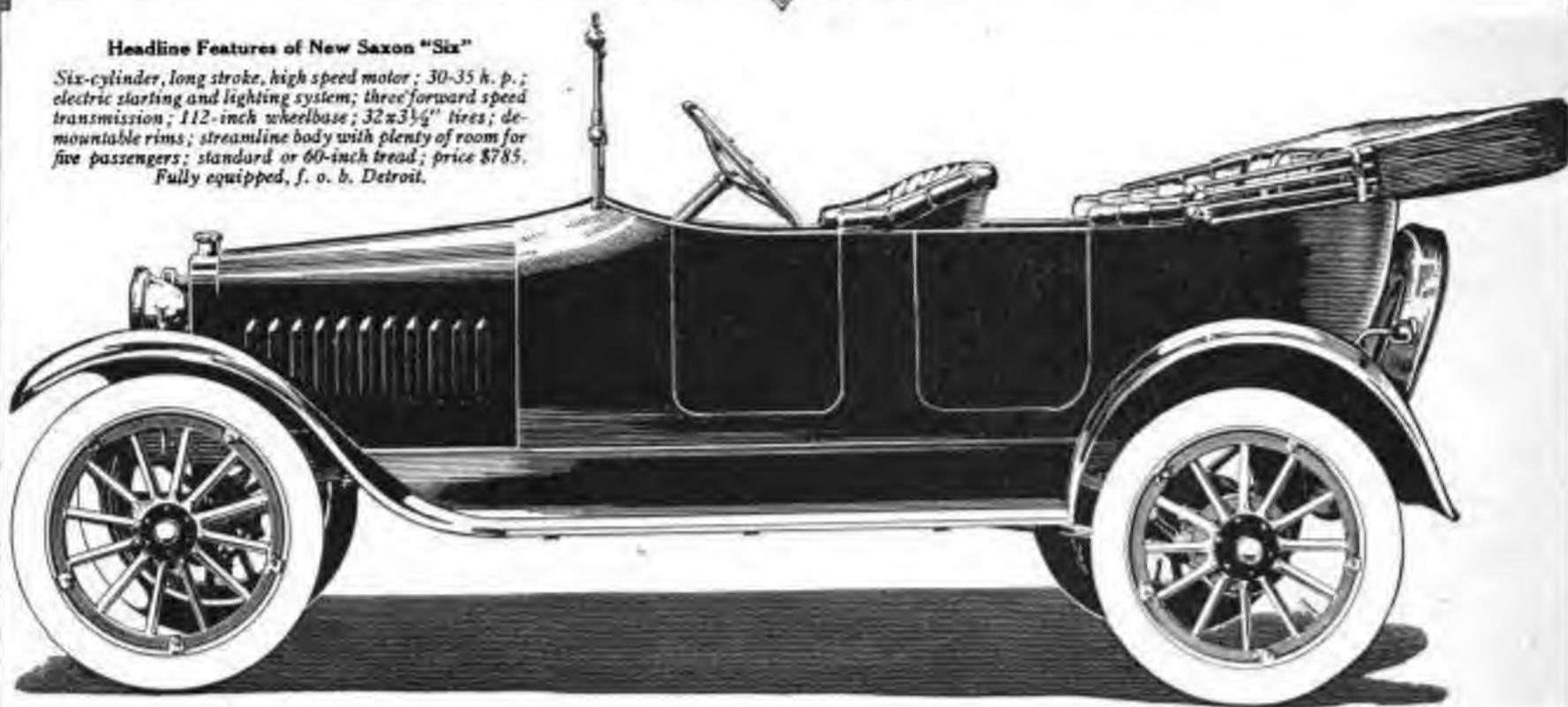
—because it's a
Studebaker

And "—because it's a Studebaker," backed by that \$45,000,000 guarantee and all the wealth of experience and resources and ideals of manufacture, you can not in justice to yourself fail to see the Studebaker Car. Go to your local Studebaker dealer. See the Cars—both the **FOUR** and the **SIX**—and judge them for yourself. And if you are interested in knowing how good a car can be made when the manufacturer wants to, write for "The Story of Studebaker."

STUDEBAKER—DETROIT
Canadian Factories, Walkerville, Ontario

Headline Features of New Saxon "Six"

Six-cylinder, long stroke, high speed motor; 30-35 h. p.; electric starting and lighting system; three forward speed transmission; 112-inch wheelbase; 32x3 1/4" tires; demountable rims; streamline body with plenty of room for five passengers; standard or 60-inch tread; price \$785. Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit.



SAXON SIX \$785

The Answer to a Nation-Wide Question

The most impressive single feature of this car at the price of \$785 is, of course, the six-cylinder motor.

Superiority of a six-cylinder motor for a touring car is generally admitted in the automobile trade—and understood by the automobile-buying public.

Six-cylinder merit does not, therefore, require argument here. It is enough merely to state that practically all leading makers of high and medium priced touring cars have within the past few seasons been converted to belief in the six-cylinder principle and are now building that type exclusively.

The principle of the six-cylinder motor is right. Therefore its progress cannot be stopped. The "Six" provides a superior and generally more satisfactory performance. It is a finer thing to own.

Realizing these facts, the whole nation has been asking: "Why doesn't someone build a good low-priced six-cylinder car?" We are glad to be first to answer this logical question.

Unlooked-For Features

Saxon six-cylinder motor is of the L-head type, with cylinders cast en bloc, and develops 35 horse power on block test. Oiling system of the splash type, with pump circulation.

Wheelbase of the Saxon is 112 inches. No other car selling below \$1250 has an equal wheelbase.

Frame is 4 1/2" x 1 1/2" x 1 1/8" of the best grade 25-point carbon steel, deep channel section.

Front axle is an I-beam forging; the rear axle is three-quarter floating type with full Hyatt bearing equipment throughout.

Transmission is three speeds forward and reverse, on the rear axle.

Springs are of the modern Saxon cantilever type, found elsewhere only on much higher priced cars. They are of vanadium steel and provide unusual riding steadiness and comfort.

Saxon clutch is dry plate, the same design found on many high priced cars, and constructed of the very best materials.

This new Saxon is full five-passenger capacity; only one other car selling under \$1250 has equal inside width of the tonneau seat, and none has more. The body is full streamline, very graceful and pleasing to the eye.

Saxon History Repeats Itself

Saxon is the first company to offer a six-cylinder car at a price as low as \$785—just as we were the first to offer a two-passenger car of real automobile-size specifications at a price below \$400.

How can we do it, you ask? There are two chief reasons: First, good designing and good building—"knowing how." Second, big production.

Some of America's most successful automobile engineers designed Saxon cars. In designing Saxons those engineers have profited by all they have learned in many years of automobile progress and by what the industry as a whole has learned.

Saxon cars are modern cars. They embody in every feature what engineers generally concede to be the best principles of automobile design.

It would have been impossible two years ago for anyone to produce the Saxon "Six" at our price. That long ago, however, we saw that some day such an achievement would be possible, and we began working. Our car is not, therefore, an overnight

conception hastily thrown together. Our test models have been on the roads many months. We know we are offering a good car—truly fine value.

Because we build high-value cars we get big sales—big volume of production,—and, as a result—down come prices!

Only really good things sell in big quantities; and only by very big quantities do you get goodness and low prices combined.

An Unequaled Record

The good value we gave in our two-passenger car brought us success even beyond our expectations: *The Saxon Company shipped more cars in its first year than any other company in the history of the automobile industry—a record of which we feel justly proud.*

Now we are doubling our output of two-passenger cars, and the price of our "Six" is based on an annual volume of 25,000 cars.

We have made adequate plans to effect such production. Our sources of supply are of the best. Our organization is complete and efficient. We have ample finances. And we are just moving into a big, new factory which will provide plenty of room and facilities for rapid and good production.

Send for "Saxon Days"

We have an interesting magazine, "Saxon Days," that tells complete details of Saxon cars and gives many facts and stories of interest to owners and prospective owners of automobiles. This magazine will answer for you many questions we haven't space to handle here. Yours for the asking. May we not hear from you?

Saxon Motor Co., Detroit



The Saxon "Six" will be shown for the first time at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows. We invite the fullest inspection and comparison.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing
Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 26, 1914

Number 26

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AT SIX-THIRTY in our Paris apartment I had finished the Honorable George, performing those final touches that make the difference between a man well turned out and a man merely dressed. In the main I was not dissatisfied. His dress waistcoats, it is true, no longer permit the inhalation of anything like a full breath and his collars clasp too closely—I have always held that a collar may provide quite ample room for the throat without sacrifice of smartness, if the depth be at least two and one-quarter inches. And it is no secret to either the Honorable George or our intimates that I have never approved his fashion of beard, a reddish, enveloping, brushlike affair never nicely enough trimmed. I prefer, indeed, no beard at all, but he stubbornly refuses to shave, possessing a difficult chin. Still, I repeat, he was not nearly impossible as he now left my hands.

"Dining with the Americans," he remarked as I conveyed the hat, gloves and stick to him in their proper order.

"Yes, sir," I replied. "And might I suggest, sir, that your choice be a grilled undercut or something simple, bearing in mind the undoubted effects of shellfish upon one's complexion?" The hard truth is that after even a very little of lobster the Honorable George has a way of coming out in spots. A single oyster patty, too, will often spot him quite all over.

"What cheek! Decide that for myself," he retorted with a lame effort at dignity that he was unable to sustain. His eyes fell from mine. "Besides, I'm almost quite certain that last time it was the melon. Wretched things—melons!"

Then, as if to divert me, he rather fustily refused the correct evening stick I had chosen for him and seized a knobby bit of thorn wood—suitable only for moor or upland work—and brazenly quite discarded the gloves.

"Feel a silly fool wearing gloves when there's no reason," he exclaimed pettishly.

"Quite so, sir," I replied, freezing instantly.

"Now don't play the juggins," he retorted. "Let me be comfortable. And I don't mind telling you I stand to win a hundred quid this very evening."

"I dare say," I replied. The sum was more than needed, but I had cause to be thus cynical.

"From the American Johnny with the eyebrows," he went on with a quite pathetic enthusiasm. "We're to play their American game of poker—drawing poker as they call it. I've watched them play for near a fortnight. It's beastly simple. One has only to know when to bluff."

"A hundred pounds—yes, sir. And if one loses——"

He flashed me a look so deucedly queer that it fair chilled me.

"I fancy you'll be more interested than I, if I lose," he remarked in tones of a curious evenness that were somehow rather deadly.

The words seemed pregnant with meaning indeed, but before I could weigh them I heard him noisily descending the stairs. It was only then I recalled having noticed that he had not changed to his varnished boots, having still on his feet the cloggish and battered pair he most favored. It was a trick of his to evade me with them. I did for them each day all that human boot cream could do, but they were things no sensitive gentleman would endure with evening dress. I was glad to reflect that doubtless only Americans would observe them.

So began the final hours of a fourteenth of July in Paris that must ever be memorable. My own birthday—it is also chosen by the French as one on which to celebrate with carnival some one of those regrettable events in their own distressing past.

To begin with, the day was marked first of all by the breezing-in of his Lordship, Earl of Brinstead, brother of the Honorable George, on his way to England from the Engadine. More peppery than usual had his lordship been, his grayish side whiskers in



"Believe Me, Mrs. Effie is Jone Wildcat!"

angry upheaval and his inflamed words exploding quite all over the place, so that the Honorable George and I had both perceived it to be no time for admitting our recent financial reverse at the gaming tables of Ostend. On the contrary we had gamely affirmed the last quarter's allowance to be practically untouched—a desperate stand indeed! But there was that in his lordship's manner to urge us to it, though even so he appeared to be not more than half deceived.

"No good greening me," he exploded to both of us. "Tell in a flash: gambling or a woman—typing-girl, milliner, dancing person, what, what! Guilty faces, both of you. Know you too well. My word, what, what!"

Again we stoutly protested while his lordship on the hearthrug rocked in his boots and glared. The Honorable George gamely rattled some loose coin of the baser sort in his pockets and tried in return for a glare of innocence foully aspersed. I dare say he fell short of it. His histrionic gifts are but meager.

"Fools, quite fools, both of you!" exploded his lordship anew. "And, make it worse, no longer young fools. Young and a fool, people make excuses. Say, 'Fool? Yes, but so young!' But old and a fool—not a word to say, what, what! Silly rot at forty." He clutched the side whisks with frenzied hands. He seemed to comb them to a more bristling rage.

"Dare say you'll both come croppers. Not surprise me. Silly old George, course, course! Hoped

better of Ruggles, though. Ruggles different from old George. Got a brain, but can't use it. Have old George wed to a charwoman presently. Hope she'll be a worker. Need to be—support you both, what, what!"

I mean to say he was coming it pretty thick, since he could not have forgotten that each time I had warned him so he could hasten to save his brother from distressing misalliances. I refer to the affair with the typing-girl and to the later entanglement with a Brixton milliner encountered under the portico of a theater in Charing Cross Road. But he was in no mood to concede that I had thus far shown a scrupulous care in these emergencies. Peppery he was indeed.

"Greened me fair, haven't you, about money? Quite so, quite so! Not hear from you then till next quarter. No telegraphing—no begging letters. Shouldn't a bit know what to make of them. Plenty you got to last. Say so yourselves." He laughed villainously here. "Morning!" said he, and was out.

"Old Nevil been annoyed by something," said the Honorable George after a long silence. "Know the old boy too well. Always tell when he's been annoyed."

So we had come to the night of this memorable day and to the Honorable George's departure on his mysterious words about the hundred pounds.

Left alone I began to meditate profoundly. It was the closing of a day I had seen dawn with the keenest misgiving, having had reason to believe it might be fraught with significance if not disaster to myself. The year before a gypsy at Epsom had solemnly warned me that a great change would come into my life on or before my fortieth birthday. To this I might have paid less heed but for its disquieting confirmation on a later day at a psychic parlor in Edgware Road. Proceeding there in company with my eldest brother-in-law, a plate-layer and surfaceman on the Northern—he being uncertain about the Derby winner for that year—I was told by the person for a trifle of two shillings that I was soon to cross water and to meet many strange adventures. True, later events proved her to have been psychically unsound as to the Derby winner, so that my brother-in-law, who was out two pounds ten thereby, threatened to have an action against her; yet her reference to myself had confirmed the words of the gypsy, so it will be plain why I had been anxious the whole of this birthday.

For one thing I had gone on the streets as little as possible, though I should naturally have done that, for the behavior of the French on this Bank Holiday of theirs is

repugnant in the extreme to the sane English point of view. I mean their frivolous public dancing and marked conversational levity. Indeed in their sober moments they have too little of British weight. Their best-dressed men are apparently turned out not by menservants but by modistes. I will not say their women are without a gift for wearing gowns, and their *chefs* have unquestionably got at the inner meaning of food, but as a people at large they would never do with us. Even their language is not based on reason. I have had occasion, for example, to acquire their word for bread, which is *pain*. As if that were not wild enough they mispronounce it atrociously. Yet for years these people have been separated from us only by a narrow strip of water!

By keeping close to our rooms, then, I had thought to evade what of evil might have been in store for me on this day. Another evening I might have ventured abroad to a cinema palace, but this was no time for daring, and I took the further precaution of locking our doors. Then indeed I had no misgiving save that inspired by the last words of the Honorable George. In the

event of his losing the game of poker I was to be even more concerned than he! Yet how could evil come to me, even should the American do him in the eye rather frightfully? In truth I had not the faintest belief that the Honorable George would win the game. He fancied himself as a card-player, though why he should no one knows. At bridge every hand with him is a no-trumper. I need not say more. Also it occurred to me that the American would be a person not accustomed to losing—there was that about him.

More than once I had deplored this rather Bohemian taste of the Honorable George, which led him to associate with Americans as readily as with persons of his own class; and especially had I regretted his intimacy with the family in question. Several times I had observed them on the occasion of bearing messages from the Honorable George, usually his acceptance of an invitation to dine. Too obviously they were rather a handful. I mean to say they were people who could perhaps matter in their own wilds, but they would never do with us.

Their leader, with whom the Honorable George had consented to game this evening, was a tall, careless-spoken person, with a narrow dark face marked with heavy black brows that were rather tremendous in their effect when he did not smile. Almost at my first meeting him I divined something of the public man in his bearing, a suggestion perhaps of the confirmed orator—a notion in which I was somehow further set by the gesture with which he swept back his carelessly falling forelock. I was not surprised, then, to hear him referred to as the Senator. In some unexplained manner the Honorable George, who is never as reserved in public as I could wish him to be, had chummed up with this person at one of the race tracks and had thereafter been almost quite too pally with him and with the very curious other members of his family—the name being Floud.

The wife might still be called youngish, a bit florid in type, plumpish, with yellow hair, though to this a stain had been applied, leaving it in deficient consonance with her eyebrows; these shading grayish eyes that crackled with determination. Rather on the large side she was, forcible of speech and manner, yet curiously eager, I had at once detected, for the exactly correct thing in dress and deportment.

The remaining member of the family was a male cousin of the so-called Senator, his senior evidently by half a score of years, since I took him to have reached the late fifties. Cousin Egbert he was called, and it was at once apparent to me that he had been most direly subjugated by the woman, whom he addressed with great respect as Mrs. Effie. Rather a seamed and drooping chap he was, with mild whitish-blue eyes like a porcelain doll's, a mournfully drooped gray mustache and a grayish jumble of hair. I early remarked his hunted look in the presence of the woman. Timid and soft-stepping he was beyond measure.

Such were the impressions I had been able to glean of these altogether queer people during the fortnight since the Honorable George had so lawlessly taken them up. Lodged they were in an hotel among the most expensive, situated near what would have been our Trafalgar Square,



"Feels, Quite Feels, Both of You! And, Make it Worse, No Longer Young Feels!"

Meantime let me be pictured as reposing in fancied security from all evil predictions while I awaited the return of the Honorable George. I was only too certain he would come suffering from an acute acid dyspepsia, for I had seen lobster in his shifty eyes as he left me; but beyond this I apprehended nothing poignant and I gave myself up to meditating profoundly upon our situation.

Frankly it was not good. I had done my best to cheer the Honorable George, but since our brief sojourn at Ostend, and despite the almost continuous hospitality of the Americans, he had been having, to put it bluntly, an awful hump. At Ostend, despite my remonstrance, he had staked and lost the major portion of his quarter's allowance in testing a system at the wheel which had been warranted by the person who sold it him in London to break any bank in a day's play. He had meant to pause but briefly at Ostend, for little more than a test of the system, then proceed to Monte Carlo, where his proposed terrific winnings would occasion less alarm to the managers. Yet at Ostend the system developed such grave faults in the first hour of play that we were forced to lay up in Paris to economize. For myself I had entertained doubts of the system from the moment of its purchase,

for it seemed awfully certain to me that the vendor would have used it himself instead of parting with it for a couple of quid, he being in plain need of fresh linen and smarter boots, to say nothing of the quite impossible lounge suit he wore the night we met him in a cab shelter near Covent Garden. But the Honorable George had not listened to me. He insisted the chap had made it all enormously clear, that these mathematical Johnnies never valued money for its own sake, and that we should presently be as right as two sparrows in a crate.

Fearfully annoyed I was at the dénouement. For now we were at Paris, rather meanly lodged in a dingy hotel on a narrow street leading from what with us might have been Piccadilly Circus. Our rooms were rather a good height, with a carved cornice and plaster enrichments, but the furnishings were musty and

and I later recalled that I had been most interestedly studied by the so-called Mrs. Effie on each of the few occasions I appeared there. I mean to say she would not be above putting me intimate questions concerning my term of service with the Honorable George Augustus Vane-Basingwell, the precise nature of the duties I performed for him, and even the exact sum of my honorarium. On the last occasion she had remarked—and too well I recall a strange glimmer in her competent eyes—"You are just the man needed by poor Cousin Egbert there—you could make something of him. Look at the way he's tied that cravat!"

The person referred to here shivered noticeably, stroked his chin in a manner enabling him to conceal the cravat and affected nervously to be taken with a sight in the street below. In some embarrassment I withdrew, conscious of a cold speculative scrutiny bent upon me by the woman.

If I have seemed tedious in my recital of the known facts concerning these extraordinary North American natives, it will I am sure be forgiven me in the light of those tragic developments about to ensue.

the general air depressing, notwithstanding the effect of a few good mantel ornaments that I have long made it a rule to carry with me.

Then had come the meeting with the Americans. Glad I was to reflect that this had occurred in Paris instead of London. That sort of thing gets about so. Even from Paris I was not a little fearful that news of his mixing with this raffish set might get to the ears of his lordship either at the town house or at Chaynes-Wotten. True, his lordship is not overliberal with his brother, but that is small reason for affronting the pride of a family that attained its earldom in the fourteenth century. Indeed the family had become important quite long before this time, the first Vane-Basingwell having been beheaded by no less a personage than William the Conqueror, as I learned in one of the many hours I have been privileged to browse in the Chaynes-Wotten library.

It need hardly be said that in my long term of service with the Honorable George, beginning almost from the time my mother nursed him, I have endeavored to keep him up to his class, combating a certain laxness that has hampered him. And most stubborn he is and willful. At games he is almost quite a duffer. I once got him to play outside left on a hockey eleven and he excited much comment, some of which was of a favorable nature, but he cares little for hunting or shooting and, though it is scarce a matter to be gossiped of, he loathes cricket. Perhaps I have disclosed enough concerning him. Although the Vane-Basingwells have quite almost always married the right people, the Honorable George was beyond question born queer.

Again, in the matter of marriage he was difficult. His lordship, having married early, but into a family of poor lives, was now long a widower, and meaning to remain so he had been especially concerned that the Honorable George should contract a proper alliance. Hence our constant worry lest he prove too susceptible out of his class. More than once had he shamefully funk'd his fences. There was the distressing instance of the Honorable Agatha Cradleigh. Quite all that could be desired of family and dower she was, thirty-two years old, a bit faded though still eager, with the rather immensely high forehead and long, thin, slightly curved Cradleigh nose.

The Honorable George at his lordship's peppery urging had at last consented to a betrothal and our troubles for a time promised to be over, but it came to precisely nothing. I gathered it might have been because she wore beads on her gown and was interested in uplift work, or that she bred canaries—these birds being loathed by the Honorable George with remarkable intensity—though it might equally have been that she still mourned a deceased fiancé of her early girlhood, a curate I believe, whose faded letters she had preserved and would read to the Honorable George at intimate moments, weeping bitterly the while. Whatever may have been his fancied objection—that is the time we disappeared and were not heard of for near a year.

Wondering now I was how we should last until the next quarter's allowance. We always had lasted, but each time it was a different way. The Honorable George at a crisis of this sort invariably spoke of entering trade, and had actually talked of selling motor cars, pointing out to me that



"Wonderful! Now He Looks Like Some One!"

even certain rulers of Europe had frankly entered this trade as agents. It might have proved remunerative had he known anything of motor cars, but I was more than glad he did not, for I have always considered machinery to be unrefined. Much I preferred that he be a company promoter or something of that sort in the city, knowing about bonds and debentures, as many of the best of our families are not above doing. That seemed all he could do with propriety, having failed in examinations for the army and the church and being incurably hostile to politics, which he declared silly rot.

Sharply at midnight I aroused myself from these gloomy thoughts and breathed a long sigh of relief. Both gypsy and psychic expert had failed in their prophecies. With a lightened heart I set about the preparations I knew would be needed against the Honorable George's return. Strong in my conviction that he would not have been able to resist lobster, I made ready his hot foot bath with its solution of brine crystals and put the absorbent fruit lozenges close by, together with his sleeping suit, his bed cap and his knitted night socks. Scarcely was all ready when I heard his step.

He greeted me curtly on entering, swiftly averting his face as I took his stick, hat and topcoat. But I had seen the worst at one glance: the Honorable George was more than spotted—he was splotchy. It was as bad as that.

"Lobster and oysters," I made bold to remark, but he affected not to have heard and proceeded rapidly to disrobe. He accepted the foot bath without demur, pulling a blanket well about his shoulders, complaining of the water's temperature and demanding three of the fruit lozenges.

"Not what you think at all," he then said. "It was that cursed Bar-le-Duc jelly. Always puts me this way, and you quite well know it."

"Yes, sir, to be sure," I answered gravely, and had the satisfaction of noting that he looked quite a little foolish. Too well he knew I could not be deceived, and even now I could surmise that the lobster had been supported by sherry. How many times have I not explained to him that sherry has double the tonic vinosity of any other wine and may not be trifled with by the sensitive! But he chose at present to make light of it, almost as if he were chaffing above his knowledge of some calamity.

"Some book Johnny says a chap is either a fool or a physician at forty," he remarked, drawing the blanket more closely about him.

"I should hardly rank you as a Harley Street consultant, sir," I swiftly retorted, which was slinging him enormously, because he had turned forty. I mean to say there was but one thing he could take me as meaning him to be, since at forty I considered him no physician. But at least I had not been too blunt, the touch about the Harley Street consultant being rather neat, I thought, yet not too subtle for him.

He now demanded a pipe of tobacco and for a time smoked in silence. I could see that his mind worked painfully.

"Stiffish lot, those American chaps," he said at last.

"They do so many things one doesn't do," I answered. "And their brogue is not what one could call top hole, is it now? How often they say 'I guess'! I fancy they must say it a score of times in a half hour."

"I fancy they do, sir," I agreed.

"I fancy that Johnny with the eyebrows will say it even oftener."

"I fancy so, sir. I fancy I've counted it well up to that."

"I fancy you're quite right. And the chap guesses when he awfully well knows too. That's the essential rabbit. To-night he said, 'I guess I've got you beaten to a pulp,' when I fancy he wasn't guessing at all. I mean to say I swear he knew it perfectly."

"You lost the game of drawing poker?" I asked coldly, though I knew he had carried little to lose.

"I lost —" he began.

I observed he was strangely embarrassed. He strangled over his pipe and began anew.

"I said that to play the game soundly you've only to know when to bluff. Studied it out myself, and jolly well right I was, too, as far as I went. But there's farther to go in the silly game. I hadn't observed that to play it greatly one must also know when one's opponent is bluffing."

"Really, sir?"

"Oh, really; quite important I assure you. More important than one would have believed, watching their silly ways. You fancy a chap's bluffing when he's doing nothing of the sort. I'd enormously have liked to know it before

we played. Things would have been so awfully different for us —" He broke off curiously, paused, then added: "For you."

"Different for me, sir?" His words seemed gruesome to me. They seemed open to some vaguely sinister interpretation. But I kept myself steady.

"We live and learn, sir," I said lightly enough.

"Some of us live and some of us learn too late," he replied, increasingly ominous.

"I take it you failed to win the hundred pounds, sir?"

"I have the hundred pounds; I won it—by losing." Again he evaded my eye.

"Played indeed, sir," I said.

"You jolly well won't believe that for long."

Now as he had the hundred pounds I couldn't fancy what the deuce and all he meant by such prattle. I was half afraid he might be having me on, as I have known him do now and again when he fancied he could get me. I fearfully wanted to ask questions. Again I saw the dark, absorbed face of the gypsy as he studied my future.

"Rotten shift life is," now murmured the Honorable George, quite as if he had forgotten me. "If I'd have but put through that Monte Carlo affair I dare say I'd have chucked the whole business—gone to South Africa perhaps and set up a mine or a plantation. Shouldn't have come back. Just cut off, and good-by to this mess. But no capital.



"I Take It You Failed to Win the Hundred Pounds, Sir?"

Can't do things without capital. Where these American Johnnies have the pull of us! Do anything. Nearly do what they jolly well like to. No sense to money. Stuff that runs blind. Look at the silly beggars that have it —"

On he went quite alarmingly with his tirade. Almost as violent he was as an ugly-headed chap I once heard ranting when I went with my brother-in-law to a meeting of the North Brixton Radical Club. Quite like an anarchist he was. Presently he quieted. After a long pull at his pipe he regarded me with an entire change of manner. Well I knew something was coming—coming swift as a rocketing woodcock. Word for word I put down our incredible speeches:

"You are going out to America, Ruggles."

"Yes, sir; North or South, sir?"

"North, I fancy; somewhere on the West coast—Ohio, Omaha, one of those Indian places."

"Perhaps Indiana or the Yellowstone Valley."

"The chap's a sort of millionaire."

"The chap, sir?"

"Eyebrow chap. Money no end—mines, lumber, domestic animals, that sort of thing."

"Beg pardon, sir! I'm to go —"

"Chap's wife taken a great fancy to you. Would have you to do for the funny sad beggar. So he's won you. Won you in the game of drawing poker. Another man would have done as well, but the creature was keen for you. Great strength of character—determined sort. Hope you won't think I didn't play soundly, but it's not a forthright game. Think they're bluffing when they aren't. When they

are you mayn't think it. So far as hiding one's intentions—a most rottenly immoral game. Low, animal cunning—that sort of thing."

"Do I understand I was the stake, sir?" I controlled myself to say. The heavens seemed bursting about my head.

"Ultimately lost you were by the very trifling margin of superiority that a hand known as a club flush bears over another hand consisting of three of the eights—not quite all of them, you understand, only three—and two quite other meaningless cards."

I could but stammer piteously, I fear. I heard myself make a wretched failure of words that crowded to my lips.

"But it's quite simple, I tell you. I dare say I could show it you in a moment if you've cards in your box."

"Thank you, sir. I'll not trouble you. I'm certain it was simple. But would you mind telling me what exactly the game was played for?"

"Knew you'd not understand at once. My word, it was not too bulky simple! If I won I'd a hundred pounds. If I lost I'd to give you up to them but still to receive a hundred pounds. I suspect the Johnny's conscience pricked him. Thought you were worth a hundred pounds and guessed all the time he could do me awfully in the eye with his poker. Quite set they were on having you. Eyebrow chap seemed to think it a jolly good wheeze. She didn't though. Quite off her head at having you for that glum one who does himself so badly."

Dazed I was to be sure, scarce comprehending the calamity that had befallen us.

"Am I to understand, sir, that I am now in the service of the Americans?"

"Stupid! Of course, of course! Explained clearly, haven't I, about the club flush and the three eights? Only three of them, mind you. If the other one had been in my hand I'd have done him. As narrow a squeak as that, but I lost. And you may be certain I lost gamely, as a gentleman should. Nolaughingmatter, but I laughed with them—except the funny sad one. He was worried and made no secret of it. They were good enough to say I took my loss like a dead sport."

More of it followed, but always the same. Ever he came back to the sickening concise point that I was to go out to the American wilderness with these grotesque folk, who had but the most elementary notions of what one does and what one does not do. Always he concluded with his boast that he had taken his loss like a dead sport. He became vexed at last by my painful efforts to understand how precisely the dreadful thing had come about. But neither could I endure more. I fled to my room. He had tried again to impress upon me that three eights are but slightly inferior to the flush of clubs.

I faced my glass. My ordinarily smooth, full face seemed to have shriveled. The marks of my anguish were upon me. Vainly had I locked myself in. The gypsy's warning had borne its evil fruit. Sold I'd been; even as once the poor blackamoors were sold into American bondage. I recalled one of their pathetic folk songs in which the wretches were wont to make light of their lamentable estate; a thing I had often heard sung by a black with a banjo on the pier at Brighton—not a genuine black, only dyed for the moment he was—but I had never lost the plaintive quality of the verses:

*Away down South in Michigan,
Where I was so happy and so gay,
'Twas there I mowed the cotton and the cane —*

How poignantly the simple words came back to me! A slave, day after day mowing his owner's cotton and cane, plucking the maize from the savannahs—yet happy and gay! Should I be equal to this spirit? The Honorable George had lost; so I, his pawn, must also submit like a dead sport.

How little I then dreamed what adventures, what adversities, what ignominies—yes, and what triumphs—were to be mine in those back blocks of North America! I saw but the bleak wilderness—a distressing contact with

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THE RED GLUTTON



Paper Fractional Currency Issued by Municipalities in France



German Troops Marching Through Maubeuge Toward the Front

AS WE came along through the town of Maubeuge we heard singing; and singing was a most rare thing to be hearing in this town. In a country where no one smiles any more who belongs in that country, singing is not a thing which you would naturally expect to hear. So we turned off of our appointed route.

There was a small wine shop at the prow of a triangle of narrow streets. It had been a wine shop. It was now a beer shop. There had been a French proprietor; he had a German partner now. It had been only a few weeks—you could not as yet measure the interval of time in terms of months—since the Germans came and sat themselves down before Maubeuge and blew its defenses flat with their 42-centimeter earthquakes and marched in and took it. It had been only these few weeks; but already the Germanizing brands of the conqueror were seared deep in the galled flanks of this typically French community. The town-hall clock was made to tick German time, which varies by an even hour from French time. Tacked upon the door of the little café where we ate our meals was a card setting forth, with painful German particularity, the tariff which might properly be charged for food and for lodging and drink and what not; and it was done in German-Gothic script, all very angular and precise; and it was signed by His Excellency, the German commandant; and its prices were predicated on German logic and the estimated depth of a German wallet. You might read a newspaper printed in German characters, if so minded; but none printed in French, whether so minded or not.

So when we entered in at the door of the little French wine shop where the three streets met, to find out who within had heart of grace to sing O Strassburg, O Strassburg, so lustily, lo and behold, it had been magically transformed into a German beer shop. It was, as we presently learned, the only beer shop in all of Maubeuge, and the reason for that was this: No sooner had the Germans cleared and opened the roads back across Belgium to their own frontiers than an enterprising tradesman of the Rhein country, who somehow had escaped military service, loaded many kegs of good German beer upon trucks and brought his precious cargoes overland a hundred miles and more southward. Certainly he could not have moved the lager caravan without the consent and aid of the Berlin war office. For all I know to the contrary he may have been financed in that competent quarter. That same morning I had seen a field weather station, mounted on an automobile, standing in front of our lodging place just off the square. It was going to the front to make and compile meteorological reports. A general staff that provided weather offices on wheels and printing offices on wheels—this last for the setting up and striking off of small proclamations and orders—might very well have bethought itself that the soldier in the field would be all the fitter for the job before him if stayed with the familiar malts of the Vaterland. Believe me, I wouldn't put it past them.

Herr Hauptmann Sets Them Up

ANYWAY, having safely reached Maubeuge, the far-seeing Rheinishman had effected a working understanding with a native publican, which was probably a good thing for both, seeing that one had a stock of goods and a ready-made trade but no place to set up business, and that the other owned a shop, but had lost his trade and his stock-in-trade likewise. These two, the little, affable German and the tall, grave Frenchman, stood now behind their counter drawing off mugs of Pilsener as fast as their four hands could move. Their patrons, their most vocal and boisterous patrons, were a company of musketeers who had

By IRVIN S. COBB

marched in from the north that afternoon. As a rule the new levies went down into France on troop trains, but this company was part of a draft which for some reason came afoot. Without exception they were young men, husky and hearty and filled with a beefish joviality at having found a place where they could ease their feet, and rest their legs, and slake their week-old thirst upon their own soothing brews. Being German they expressed their gratefulness in song.

We had difficulty getting into the place, so closely was it filled. Men sat in the window ledges, and in the few chairs that were available, and even in the fireplace, and on the ends of the bar, clunking their heels against the wooden baseboards. The others stood in such close order they could hardly clear their elbows to lift their glasses. The air was choky with a blended smell derived from dust and worn boot leather and spilt essences of hops and healthy, unwashed, sweaty bodies. On a chair in a corner stood a tall, tired and happy youth who beat time for the singing with an empty mug and between beats nourished himself on drafts from a filled mug which he held in his other hand. With us was a German officer. He was a captain of reserves and a person of considerable wealth. He shoved his way to the bar and laid down upon its sloppysurface two gold coins and said something to a petty officer who was directing the distribution of the refreshments.

The "noncom" hammered for silence and, when he got it, announced that the Herr Hauptmann had donated twenty marks' worth of beer, all present being invited to cooperate in drinking it up, which they did, but first gave three cheers for the captain and three more for his American friends and afterward, while the replenished mugs radiated in crockery waves from the bar to the back walls, sang for us a song which, so far as the air was concerned, sounded amazingly like unto Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All its Own. Their weariness was all fallen away from them; they were like schoolboys on a frolic. Indeed, I think a good many of them were schoolboys.

As we came out a private who stood in the doorway spoke to us in fair English. He had never been in America, but he had a brother living in East Saint Louis and he wanted to know if any of us knew his brother. This was a common experience with us. Every third German soldier we met had a brother or a sister or somebody in America. This soldier could not have been more than eighteen years; the down on his cheeks was like corn silk. He told us he and his comrades were very glad to be going forward where there would be fighting. They had had no luck yet. There had been no fighting where they had been. I remembered afterward that "luck" was the word he used.

We went back to the main street and for a distance the roar of their volleying chorus followed us. Men and women stood at the doors of the houses along the way. They were silent and idle.

Idleness and silence seemed always to have fallen as grim legacies upon the civilian populace of these captured towns; but the look upon their faces as they listened to the soldiers' voices was not hard to read. Their town was raked with cannonballs where it was not scarified with fire; there was sorrow and the abundant cause for sorrow in every house; commerce was dead and credit was killed; and round the next turning their enemy sang his drinking song. I judge that the thrifty Frenchman who went partner with the German stranger in the beer traffic lost popularity that day among his fellow townsmen.

The Great Vauban's Useless Citadel

WE WERE bound for the railway station, which the Germans already had rechristened *Bahnhof*. Word had been brought to us that trains of wounded men and prisoners were due in the course of the afternoon from the front, and more especially from the right wing; and in this prospect we scented a story to be written. To reach the station we crossed the river Sambre, over a damaged bridge, and passed beneath the arched passageway of the citadel which the great Vauban built for the still greater Louis XIV, thinking, no doubt, when he built it, that it would always be potent to keep out any foe, however strong. Next to its stupid massiveness what most impressed us this day was its utter uselessness as a protection. The station stood just beyond the walls, with a park at one side of it, but the park had become a timber deadfall. At the approach of the

enemy hundreds of splendid trees had been felled to clear the way for gunfire from the inner defenses in the event that the Germans got by the outer circle of fortresses. After the Germans took the forts, though, the town surrendered, so all this destruction had been futile. There were acres of ragged stumps and, between the stumps, jungles of overlapping trunks and interlacing boughs from which the dead and dying leaves shook off in showers. One of our party, who knew something of forestry, estimated that these trees were about forty years old.

"I suppose," he added speculatively, "that when this war ends these people will replant their trees. Then in another forty years or so another war will come and they will chop them all down again. On the whole I'm rather glad I don't live on this continent."

The trains which were expected had not begun to arrive yet, so with two companions I sat on a bench at the back of the station, waiting. Facing us was a line of houses. One, the corner house, was a big black char. It had caught fire during the shelling and burned quite down.

Name:	
Rank:	
Regiment:	
Place Where Wounded:	
Nature of Injury and Nature of Treatment Applied:	
If Both Red-Edged Perforations are Left on the Card He is Too Seriously Wounded to be Moved from the Field Hospital; If One Red Edge is Left He Can be Transported to the Base; If Both are Removed He Can March to the Rear Without Assistance	

Tag Which is Tied to the Arm or Breast of Every Wounded German Soldier as Soon as Field Surgeons Reach Him—Blanks to be Filled in Giving His Name, Rank, Regiment, Place Where Wounded, Nature of Injury and Nature of Treatment Applied. If Both Red-Edged Perforations are Left on the Card He is Too Seriously Wounded to be Moved from the Field Hospital; If One Red Edge is Left He Can be Transported to the Base; If Both are Removed He Can March to the Rear Without Assistance

Its neighbors were intact, except for shattered chimneys and smashed doors and riddled windows. The concussion of big gunfire had shattered every window in this quarter of town. There being no sufficient stock of glass with which to replace the broken panes, and no way of bringing in fresh supplies, the owners of the damaged buildings had patched the holes with bits of planking filched from more complete ruins near by. Of course there were other reasons, too, if one stopped to sum them up: Few would have the money to buy fresh glass, even if there was any fresh glass to buy, and the local glaziers—such of them as survived—would be serving the colors. All France had gone to war and at this time of writing had not come back, except in dribbling streams of wounded and prisoners.

These ragged boards, sparingly nailed across the window sockets, gave the house the air of wearing masks and of squinting at us through narrow eye slits. The railroad station was windowless, too, like all the other buildings round about, but nobody had closed the openings here, and it gaped emptily in fifty places, and the raw, gusty winds of a North European fall searched through it.

In this immediate neighborhood few of the citizens were to be seen. Even those houses which still were humanly habitable appeared to be untenanted; only soldiers were about, and not so very many of them. A hundred yards up the tracks, on a siding, a squad of men with a derrick and crane were hoisting captured French field guns upon flat cars to be taken to Berlin and exhibited as spoils of conquest for the benefit of the stay-at-homes. A row of these cannons perhaps fifty in all, were ranked alongside awaiting loading and transportation. Except for the agonized whine of the tackle-blocks and the buzzing of the flies the place where we sat was pretty quiet. There were a million flies, and there seemed to be a billion. You wouldn't have thought, unless you had been there to see for yourself, that there were so many flies in the world. By the time this is printed the cold weather will have cured Europe of its fly plague, but during the first three months I know that the track of war was absolutely sown with these vermin. Even after a night of hard frost they would be as thick as ever at midday—as thick and as clinging and as nasty. Go into any close, ill-aired place and no matter what else you might smell, you smelled flies too.

The Democracy of the Hospital

AS I SIT and look back on what I myself have seen of it, this war seems to me to have been not so much a sight as a stench. Everything which makes for human happiness and human usefulness it has destroyed. What it has bred, along with misery and pain and fatted burying grounds, is a vast and loathsome stench and a universe of flies.

The smells and the flies; well, they were here in this railroad station in sickening profusion. I call it a railroad station, although it had lost its functions as such weeks before. The only trains which ran now were run by the Germans for strictly German purposes, and so the station had become a victualing point for troops going south to the fighting and a way hospital for sick and wounded coming back from the fighting.

What, in better days than these, had been the lunch room was a place for the redressing of hurts. Its high counters, which once held sandwiches and tarts and wine bottles, were piled with snowdrifts of medicated cotton and rolls of



Correspondents at German Field Hospital at Chimay, Belgium

lint and buckets of antiseptic washes and drug vials. The ticket booth was an improvised pharmacy. Spare medical supplies filled the room where formerly fussy customs officers examined the luggage of travelers coming out of Belgium into France. Just beyond the platform a wooden booth, with no front to it, had been knocked together out of rough planking, and here relays of cooks, with greasy aprons over their soiled gray uniforms, made vast caldrons of stews—always stews—and brewed so-called coffee by the gallon against the coming of those who would need it. The stuff was sure to be needed, all of it and more too. So they cooked and cooked unceasingly and never stopped to wipe a pan or clean a spoon.

At our backs was the waiting room for first-class passengers, but no passengers of any class came to it any more, and so by common consent it was a sort of rest room for the Red Cross men, who mostly were Germans, but with a few captured Frenchmen among them, still wearing their French uniforms. There were three or four French military surgeons—prisoners, to be sure, but going and coming pretty much as they pleased. The tacit arrangement was that the Germans should succor Germans and that the Frenchmen should minister to their own countrymen among the prisoners going north, but in a time of stress—and that meant every time a train came in from the south or west—both nationalities mingled together and served, without regard for the color of the coat worn by those whom they served.

Probably from the day it was put up this station had never been really and entirely clean. Judged by American standards Continental railway stations are rarely ever clean, even when conditions are normal. Now that conditions were anything but normal, this Maubeuge station was incredibly and incurably filthy. No doubt the German nursing sisters who were brought here tried at first, with their German love for orderliness, to keep the interior reasonably tidy; but they had been swamped by more important tasks. For two weeks now the wounded had

been passing through by the thousands and the tens of thousands daily. So between trains the women dropped into chairs or down upon cots and took their rest in snatches. But their fingers didn't rest. Always their hands were busy with the making of bandages and the fluffing of lint.

By bits I learned something about three of the women who served on the so-called day shift, which meant that they worked from early morning until long after midnight. One was a titled woman who had volunteered for this duty. She was beyond middle age, plainly in poor health herself and everlastingly on the verge of collapse from weakness and exhaustion. Her will kept her on her feet. The second was a professional nurse from one of the university towns—from Bonn, I think. She called herself Sister Bartholomew, for the German nurses who go to war take other names than their own, just as nuns do. She was a beautiful woman, tall and strong and round-faced, with big, fine gray eyes. Her energy had no limits. She ran rather than walked. She had a smile for every maimed man who was brought to her, but when the man had been treated, and had limped away or had been carried away, I saw her often wringing her hands and sobbing over the utter horror of it all. Then another sufferer would appear and she would wipe the tears off her cheeks and turn to again. The third—so an assistant surgeon confided to us—was the mistress of an officer at the front, a prostitute of the Berlin sidewalks, who enrolled for hospital work when her lover went to the front. She was a tall, dark, handsome girl, who looked to be more Spaniard than German, and she was graceful and lithe even in the exceedingly shapeless costume of blue print that she wore. She was less deft than either of her associates but very willing and eager. As between the three—the noblewoman, the working woman and the woman of the street—the medical officials in charge made no distinction whatsoever. Why should they? In this sisterhood of mercy they all three stood upon the same common ground. I never knew that slop jars were noble things until I saw women in these military lazarets bearing them in their arms.

Augean Stables Without a Hercules

LACKING women to do it, the head surgeon had intrusted the task of clearing away the dirt to certain men and a sorry job they made of it. For accumulated nastiness that waiting room was an Augean stable and the two soldiers who dawdled about in it with brooms lacked woefully in the qualities of Hercules. Putting a broom in a man's hands is the best argument in favor of woman's suffrage that I know of, anyhow. A third man who helped at chores in the transformed lunch room had gathered up and piled together in a heap upon the ground near us a bushel or so of used bandages—grim reminders left behind after the last train went by—and then he had touched a match to the heap in an effort to get rid of it by fire. By reason of what was upon them the clothes burned slowly, sending up a smudge of acrid smoke to mingle with smells of carbolic acid and iodoform, and the scent of boiling food, and of things infinitely less pleasant than these.

Presently a train rolled in and we crossed through the building to the trackside to watch what would follow. Already we had seen a sufficiency of such trains; we knew before it came what it would be like. In front the dumpy locomotive, with a soldier engineer in the cab; then two

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A Street Corner in Maubeuge. Gateway of the Citadel in the Background. Correspondents' Car in the Foreground



What One 42-Centimeter Shell Did in the Underground Barracks of a Fort Near Maubeuge—Wrecks of Officers' War Beds are Still Hanging on the Bare Walls

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By Frank Goewey Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

DAY strode into his partner's office and dropped his valise.

"Hello, Will!" he greeted.

Conroy bounced from his desk to shake hands.

"Back already?" He peered up at the younger man's face. "Didn't Wharton sign, Jim?"

"Yes." Day slumped into a chair and stretched his long legs. "Whew, but I'm tired! Couldn't sleep on the train." He scowled reflectively. "Yes, he signed; that's what worries me. I lay awake all night puzzling over it. He was too willing."

Relief ironed out the wrinkles of anxiety on the round face of the senior partner and left the smooth, lustrous surface of complacency. Conroy sat down. He hitched his creased trousers loose from his plump knees, then dug into the breast pocket of his natty brown cutaway and proffered his cigar case.

"You need a good smoke, Jim," he prescribed.

Day indifferently reached for a cigar, bit off the end and scratched a match. Within three seconds he was belching smoke like a locomotive.

Conroy made a votary's punctilious preparations for a sacrament. He delicately extracted from the leather sheath a plump perfecto which closely resembled himself in shape and sleekness. He held it under his sensitive nose and judged its aroma, then snipped its tip with a gold cutter pendent from his watch chain. Next he struck a wax match, waited until the flame had burned away from the knob of charred phosphorus, set the cigar carefully between his white teeth and held the taper to the end as if he were a high priest starting an altar fire. The smoke of the oblation to contentment curled from his pursed lips like incense.

"So you're worried, eh? Think they've got something cooked up for us?" Conroy flourished his cigar aloft and wafted a scroll of smoke in the air like a professor of penmanship demonstrating calligraphy. "All your imagination, my boy! Wharton saw there wasn't anything for him to do but take his medicine."

Day tilted his head and tugged quizzically at his cropped mustache.

"Did you ever see a man swallow a mouthful of powdered quinine?" he drawled.

Conroy mistook the sarcasm for mere drollery. He grinned his appreciation and leaned forward, all eagerness to hear the amusing details of his partner's adventures in New York.

"Well," Day continued with dry deliberation, "Wharton did not look that way. He didn't make a wry face; he smacked his lips. I tried to jolly myself into believing I was the doctor and that I just had forced a bitter dose down his throat, but"—he stared reminiscently into a cloud of smoke—"I felt like a mouse. Wharton actually purred when we signed the contract."

"Did he make you change anything or insert some new clauses?" Conroy guessed anxiously.

"Never suggested the revision of a line." Day leaned far back in his chair and shut his eyes. Half a dozen puffs of smoke popped in rapid succession from his lips.

"I wish I could see his game."

"He hasn't any," boomed the senior partner's positive opinion. Conroy straightened his rumpled white vest with a tug at the bottom and patted his paunch comfortably. "It simply is good business—sensible, money-saving business—for the Consolidated Electric Company to buy Conroy & Day controllers instead of fighting an expensive lawsuit. Undoubtedly their attorneys have told them that any compression-type machine infringes on our rights. So they license us to use their special circuits, we build the apparatus under our patents but according to their designs and specifications, and we agree not to sell that particular style of solenoid controller to anybody else. They are fully protected on their circuits, and we are just as safe about our patents. It's plain business on both sides."

"You're right about one part anyway," Day conceded with a grim smile. "The Consolidated is fully protected. You'd be justified in borrowing an orphan's last dollar to put up on that. But don't you bet a red cent that we're



"I stood there and went over every line of the contract."

so cussed safe we don't need a whole lot of burglary insurance. Wharton isn't in the habit of making fair contracts with little one-horse concerns like us."

This ruffled Conroy's gloss, but the junior partner proceeded ruthlessly:

"Well, that's the way you'd feel, too, if you just had come from that enormous plant down in New York. You know the history of the Consolidated Electric Company as well as I do. You understand why it maintains the biggest legal department in the business. Whenever it has gone hunting for a small competitor or a poor inventor the other fellow always got clawed through a knot hole in the end. Now why should the cat turn angel to Conroy & Day? I tell you, Will, Wharton's playing with us. We're just mice."

"Have it your own way," Conroy assented cheerily. "But plenty of mice grow fat from drinking old Tom's milk while he's asleep. For instance, look at the manufacturers that are getting rich making accessories for automobiles. I suppose Wharton would pounce on us if we gave him a good chance. That'd be only business. We've got to be careful. But we want that milk, don't we?"

"Y-e-s," Day replied with the slowness of deep reflection. "We—certainly—want—that—milk. It's—almost—a—third—cream." He took a paper from his pocket and unfolded it. "Here's the first requisition under the contract. I figured it up on the train; we ought to make thirty-two hundred and eighteen dollars on this one job."

Conroy snatched the order greedily. His eyes glistened over the brief paragraph of typewriting on the printed form.

"Straight as a string, by George!" he chortled. "A few more of these and we can buy automobiles, Jim!"

"Don't count your punctures until they're patched," Day paraphrased.

He remained rooted in his distrust of the Consolidated Electric Company. A dozen times, in the course of the little firm's dealings with its giant customer, intuition warned him of danger in peculiarly worded specifications and equivocal requisitions submitted. He scrutinized through the microscope of suspicion every word of typewriting that came into the office from the headquarters of the trust. Whenever the junior partner mailed the firm's acceptance of an order he incorporated into his letter in clear language his version of all the obscure phrases in the tender.

Invariably and with uniform readiness the purchasing department of the Consolidated Electric Company confirmed Day's interpretation of ambiguous points. And not once was complaint made that any of the apparatus shipped was unsatisfactory or inefficient. Day had expected finical faultfinding; compliments came instead.

He had anticipated, too, a severe strain on the firm's meager capital and credit. The labor and materials that entered into the manufacture of the intricate solenoid machines were very expensive, and several months were required to fill an order in the cramped factory. Day believed that the Consolidated Electric Company on various trumped-up pretexts would evade and delay payments after shipments had been made, for the purpose of financially embarrassing the firm.

At the outset, therefore, he had insisted to his partner that no large orders, however tempting, should be accepted for at least a year. Conroy had grumbled but agreed. Day's precaution proved needless. The firm received no big requisitions for controllers. The Consolidated Electric Company appeared to be testing the new apparatus in trial installations. The partners learned that the electrical engineers of the trust were carefully observing the performances of all the machines in service. But no criticisms were reported to the manufacturers. Moreover, every bill rendered by Conroy & Day not only was undisputed, but was discounted promptly.

A more satisfactory business relation could hardly have been wished.

Still the junior partner, usually an optimist, never was entirely free from the disquiet he had felt when the contract was signed. But when three or four checks had been received in due course from New York, Conroy became buoyantly confident that he and his business associate had set their feet in the path toward riches. He took delight in twitting Day on his bad judgment about Wharton's good faith.

"Here's that Consolidated voucher for thirty-eight hundred and fifty dollars!" he chuckled one morning when the contract was almost a year old. He referred to a memorandum on his desk, then made a check mark on it. "That's twenty-two in a row without a single hitch."

Day felt no enthusiasm, though he had to concede that his persistent suspicions of the big customer had not been justified by the events of the past twelve months.

"Maybe I was wrong," he slowly made his first admission of doubt. "According to the newspapers some of the trusts actually have had consciences scared into them by the Government. Perhaps the Consolidated does intend to be square with us. But I can't get over feeling worried about our close association with such an enormous concern. I never forget that we're mice and that one swipe of the cat's paw would crush us."

"I like to make money as well as the next man and I expect to take sensible risks. Every once in a while, though, I remember that nobody ever signed a fair patent contract with Wharton and lived to bank the profits he figured on. I admit everything seems all right, but I'll bet there are flowers and fountains in the front yard of hell. You can't tell anything by appearances. Every step I take in this business with the Consolidated I feel as if I were walking over dynamite. If we ship those people goods for ten years, I'll earn every dollar of my share of the returns in the blood I'll sweat."

Conroy of late had taken to smoking even choicer cigars than had previously been his wont. He had blossomed forth only that morning in an expensive business suit fitted perfectly to his globular figure by the most fashionable tailor in the city of Huron. His vision recently had extended his horizon far beyond the environs of Lakeport. He laughed now at his partner's groundless fears.

"We're out of the woods already," he declared. "The controller business we have done so far has paid the experimental and patent expenses. Pretty soon our dies and tools will be velvet. Yet we've had only a few little sample orders. Not a bug has developed in the machines and we haven't heard a kick from a user. The Consolidated doesn't buy fast enough to suit me—that's all. They ought to be convinced by this time that the stuff is all right. I hope they decide to use our apparatus in their own Pittsburgh

extension. That would mean big money for us." He paused and frowned. "I've got a hunch they're going to offer us that job. I suppose, though, you'd think it wasn't safe to tackle it?"

The question was caustic with satire. Conroy recently had been showing impatience at his obstinate partner's pessimism.

The strain of many months of bickering with his business associate had stretched thin the skin of good humor that covered the younger man's self-control. Conroy's innuendo bit through, and the raw nerves smarted.

"Now look here, Will," Day remonstrated testily, "I want you to cut out that kind of talk! I'm no kill-joy. I haven't held back on this thing from cussedness; I've only been prudent. I agree right now to take any chances you say, provided we both keep our eyes wide open. And if we get clawed I shan't blame you. But don't let me hear you holler, either!"

He flung out of the office and into the factory. Whenever Day was angry or disgusted, or just plain blue, it soothed and heartened him to see pulleys whirl, to hear belts whiz and flap, to smell machine oil and to feel the pulse of the big engine beating through shafting. Half an hour after he left his partner he was thoroughly ashamed of his display of temper. He turned back in contrition to the office. In his hand he carried as a peace offering some freshly punched jam nuts, perfect products of a new multiple die that just had been tested on the big press. He would slap Conroy on the back, and they would grin happily together over the saving of six cents on every controller that the improved method of making jam nuts insured.

As Day walked briskly into the general office from the shipping department, Conroy burst out of the sanctum. Across the room he beckoned excitedly to his partner. The face of the older man was beaming; but beneath the radiance tense lines made it appear almost haggard too. Conroy looked as if he were afraid to reach out his hand for something that dazzled and fascinated him, lest it prove to be a live coal instead of the flashing jewel it seemed. Day on the qui vive leaped across the general office and followed his partner into the sanctum.

Conroy dropped weakly into the first chair. He panted as if he had collapsed after a hard run. For a moment he was speechless. He pointed a trembling finger at the table.

Day sprang forward with tigerish ferocity. He had recognized at sight the dark-brown document envelope on the blotter and beside it the light-green cover sheet of a Consolidated Electric Company specification. Before he snatched up the folded papers he guessed their contents. His savage eyes tore over them as if he ripped off the words with claws. He tossed aside the specification like a bone stripped bare and crouched to defy his partner.

"We mustn't take it!" he roared.

Conroy quivered and flinched. Then all at once he went crazy with rage at the threatened despoliation. He bounced from his chair to the table—a pug dog gone mad. He clutched the papers on the blotter desperately, as if afraid the other man would try to wrest them away. His lips curled back from his teeth in a challenging snarl.

"We will take it!" he snapped viciously. "I'm not a coward, if you are!"

Day's right arm stiffened and crooked. His long fingers gnarled into a white-knuckled fist. Then they relaxed. This half-insane man who faced him in such fierce defiance was not only his partner but his lifelong friend. Day smiled, albeit a little bitterly.

"You didn't mean that, Will." The low voice shook. "I promised I'd take chances with you if we both keep our eyes open. Let's sit down and look that thing over. If it's all right we'll tackle it together." He held out his hand.

Conroy did not accept it for a few seconds. He glared suspiciously at his business associate. But Day's blue, unswerving eyes never had lied to him;

he grabbed the younger man's fingers and they gripped back hard. He dropped the papers on the table.

"I'll leave it to you, Jim," Conroy made gruff amends to his friend.

His round face squared as he clenched his jaws. It was not easy for the senior partner to admit that he had been wrong.

As dispassionately as though they were starting a discussion of shop routine the two men took chairs side by side at the table. They spread out the specification for the rheostat equipment of the Consolidated Electric Company's factory in Pittsburgh. The formal requisition that accompanied it included over eighty thousand dollars' worth of controllers. Day's pencil slowly moved from word to word. Occasionally it made a brief pause. Twice the partners debated a minor point and the junior took notes on a memorandum pad. At the end of twenty minutes they leaned back and looked at each other. Conroy's face was eagerly anxious, Day appeared very grave. He spoke first:

"I was wrong, Will. The Consolidated intends to give us a square deal on our contract. There isn't a joker anywhere in that specification and the order is as plain and explicit as we could ask. Those two little matters I jotted down are mere trifles. We can call attention to them and have them corrected. The only question is whether we're able to swing the job. It'll tie up close to fifty thousand dollars, and we'll have to go in debt for almost all of it."

Day thought, also, that if any contretemps should occur the firm might be ruined; for all the personal capital of both partners was invested in the business. But he made no reference now to risks. He had given Conroy his promise to take them; he did not recede from his position an inch.

The senior partner impetuously picked up the Consolidated Electric Company order. He pointed to the shipping instruction:

"They allow us until the first of November, Jim. We can put on a night crew and won't have to buy any additional machinery or make extra tools. All we have to figure on is the raw material and the labor. Forty thousand dollars ought to cover them—forty-five at the most."

"Can we borrow the money?" Day brushed aside the minor detail of the exact amount.

Conroy had a plan ready. "I'm sure I can take this order," he urged, "with our cost records and the Consolidated contract and get twenty-five thousand from our Chicago bank for six months. And I know we can arrange to give our notes to the mills where we buy the copper and brass and iron if we explain the situation to them. Our credit always has been first grade; certainly we ought to be able to finance a juicy order like this. Do you realize, Jim, that this one job will net us close to thirty thousand dollars?"

The junior partner gripped the arms of his chair. He was fighting his better judgment. But, after all, would it not be best to end the suspense? The intrinsic value of the firm's contract must be tested. If this big order should go through without a hitch and should be paid for promptly, Conroy & Day practically might be sure that their



Next Morning Day Saw His Partner Standing in the Office Doorway Just Where He Had Left Him

powerful customer contemplated no knavery. It was inconceivable that the trust should allow them to make thirty thousand dollars in profits if it intended to fight the firm thereafter. Sometime the issue must be faced. The only alternative now was to refuse the business. They had no good reason for doing that. Day told himself that his personal suspicions about Wharton were chimerical. He crunched his teeth on his hesitation and leaped erect.

"You go to Chicago to-night," he directed Conroy decisively. "If you can borrow twenty-five thousand for six months we'll take the job. I'll write the Consolidated to-day about those two points we found in the specifications; that'll give us time to learn exactly where we stand regarding money before we accept the order. I'll sign a blank note for you to take along, so you can close the loan on the spot if the bank is agreeable."

Conroy's elation was a little subdued by the seriousness of his partner's manner. "It'll all come out right, Jim," he declared his conviction.

"We'll make it!" replied Day grimly.

Conroy left on his errand that night. A telegram from him arrived next day at noon:

JAMES L. DAY, CHICAGO, June 3, 19—
Lakeport, Michigan.
Closed deal entire amount needed six months hence to-morrow.
WILLIAM H. CONROY.

The following morning the senior partner came to the office from the train instead of going home to his breakfast. He found Day already at his desk.

"It was easy, Jim!" he boasted. "Hargrave treated me like a prince. He went over my papers and asked me how much we'd need to swing the job and how long it'd take us. I told him we'd have to tie up about fifty thousand, but could manage ten without borrowing. I explained that we planned to give our notes to the mills for the metal, and that we'd need only about twenty-five thousand in money to carry us through. He had a suggestion to make on that. He said it would be liable to hurt our general credit to issue notes for raw material, and proposed that we borrow from the bank the whole amount we require, instead of just part of it. He said the bank always preferred to put out its money on quick turns, and that he thought the president would approve a forty-thousand-dollar loan to us for six months."

"Of course I hadn't expected any such luck, but I saw right away Hargrave's point about giving our notes for metal. It probably would hurt our commercial rating if Dun and Bradstreet should get hold of it. So I said we'd be glad to have the forty thousand and Hargrave went to talk with the president about it. Pretty soon he came back smiling and told me it'd be all right. He said they knew the Consolidated Electric Company very well and that an order from them was as good security as anybody could want."



"We'll Have to Ask You to Pay Ten Per Cent Extra if We Ship Them at Once"

So he made out a note at six per cent and I executed a collateral assignment of the order and contract. Here's a copy."

The junior partner took the duplicate of the assignment agreement and read it carefully.

"I wouldn't have put my name to that," was his quiet comment. "You have assigned as security not only the order and the account to become due but also our contract with the Consolidated to which our original patent is attached. That collateral form is so worded that in case we do not pay our note at maturity the bank will be subrogated in our rights to all the papers deposited with it. It can sell us out at private vendue without notice if we should default. The Consolidated, acting through a dummy, could buy in its contract with us, together with the basic patent itself, and thereafter wouldn't have to pay a cent of royalties to anybody!"

Conroy staggered, and crumpled into a chair.

"I never thought I was doing that!" he gasped. "All I intended to assign was the order and the account. The contract fixes the prices for the requisition; so Hargrave said that should be left with the bank too. It never occurred to me there would be any objections."

"There wouldn't be except for the patent's being included in the contract." Day handed the assignment copy to his partner. He cogitated while Conroy read in a new light what he had signed. "Will, I don't like the fact that our Chicago bank is so well acquainted with the Consolidated. They may be working together in this to trap us some way."

"How could they be?" Conroy argued desperately. "Hargrave had no idea I was coming to see him yesterday. And he didn't have time to talk on the phone with anybody while he was away from me. He came back from the president's office in about two minutes."

"All that is suspicious," Day retorted. "It isn't natural. Wharton thinks a long way ahead. He knows where we bank, of course; naturally if we needed money to swing a big order that's the place we'd go first. He probably notified the bank to expect us. Hargrave wasn't at all surprised when you walked in and asked for a bigger loan than we ever made before. That forty thousand came too easy, just as Wharton signed the contract with me too readily last year."

"But we haven't spent any of the money yet!" Conroy reminded eagerly. "We can pay it back right away!"

The junior partner had stiffened in determination as the senior's courage melted. He declared unequivocally against a temporizing policy:

"No. We must face this sort of thing sometime—now is as good as later will be. I believe I see Wharton's scheme. He wants us to make and ship the whole lot of controllers; then he'll find fault, reject the bunch and force us to sue. Our note will have matured meanwhile and we won't be able to pay it. The bank, in cahoots with him, would snap up our contract and sell us out of our patent rights for a song."

"Of course that all may be only a nightmare. Perhaps the Consolidated does not intend to do us dirt. But even if I knew positively that they did, I'd say to take the risk now rather than later. If their present scheme falls through and they realize we've guarded against skulduggery from the beginning they are not likely to try it again. My idea is to fight for that thirty thousand dollars in profits. We'll make our contract really valuable for the future if we lick them on this job."

Day's brain had been working fast. He already had in mind the general outline of a plan. He proceeded to state it as if Conroy's assent were a matter of course:

"We'll go ahead with the order and say nothing to anybody of what we suspect. I know Cameron, one of the vice presidents of the Manufacturers' National Bank in Huron. I'll run down there and make him a proposition. He knows we're growing steadily, and two or three times he's told me he'd like to have us bank with them. I'll offer to open an account with the Manufacturers' National immediately. We can put in ten thousand of the forty you got in Chicago. I'll tell Cameron that in about four months we'll probably need to borrow twenty-five thousand to carry us over until spring. I shall propose to him that if he'll loan us the money in October we'll clean up with our Chicago bank and do all our business thereafter with the Manufacturers'."

"I think he'll discount our six months' note on our assets-and-liabilities statement without indorsements or collateral. Then we can give the metal people our notes just as we planned before Hargrave offered you all the money we need. If the Consolidated try any sharp tricks they won't snap us up. We'll have the money to pay on the nail when it's due in Chicago and five months' leeway after that before our indebtedness in Huron matures. Wharton will need those controllers in Pittsburgh by the first of the year. They are planning to start their new plant next spring. I'll bet he comes to time when he sees he has failed to break us. He won't know how we managed to outwit him. I'm willing to take the risk if you are. What do you say?"

Conroy, who had been cocksure of his ground before the snare was pointed out to him, now vacillated. It took Day half an hour to convince him that the proposed course was the only practicable way to test the value of the firm's contract.

"It's a big gamble!" the older man groaned. "But we've got to chance it. Go ahead, Jim. I'll stand by you."

Within a week after the junior partner made his trip to Huron the new account was opened with the Manufacturers' National Bank.

The vice president had agreed to discount the firm's six months' note for twenty-five thousand dollars in October, provided that the average deposit balance kept meanwhile should justify the credit line.

Thereafter Conroy & Day mailed to Huron about half their receipts from miscellaneous customers. They took precautions against disclosing to their Chicago bank the fact that they had opened a new account. In the meantime the raw material for the big Pittsburgh installation was purchased and arrangements were made with the mills to settle with notes for the heaviest items. The partners had resolved that they would not in any circumstances check out more than twenty-five thousand of the forty thousand dollars they had secured on their collateral loan. They kept the extra fifteen thousand in a lump sum as if they did not have it at all. It was used only for the purpose of maintaining a substantial balance in the Manufacturers' National, to which it was transferred gradually in checks for odd amounts so as not to arouse the suspicions of the Chicago bank.

The controllers on the big order were nearly all completed October first. In ten days more every item included in the requisition would be ready for testing. The Consolidated Electric Company had written occasional letters in which it inquired regarding the progress of the apparatus and had been kept informed by the firm's answers. And once a traveling inspector of the Consolidated had called at Conroy & Day's factory to verify a report.

Day feared only one hitch in his program—at the twelfth hour the Huron bank might fail him. It was not impossible that Wharton had ferreted out the ruse. He might have thwarted its success by a word in Cameron's ear. Apprehensions on this score, however, proved groundless. The junior partner went again to the Manufacturers' National shortly after October first. The firm's note for twenty-five thousand dollars which he proffered was promptly discounted.

He was fully convinced when he returned to Lakeport that any perfidious scheme of the big trust to ruin him and

his partner had been checkmated. The new money borrowed and the fifteen thousand dollars untouched aggregated the amount of their obligation to the Chicago bank due two months thereafter. When that should have been paid in full they could stand a siege four months longer without disaster. The Consolidated Electric, as was generally known in the trade, planned to open its new Pittsburgh plant before spring. Therefore it would have to install the controllers some time in the course of the winter. Day meant to stand pat and force a show-down before the firm's note should mature in Huron.

About three weeks prior to the delivery date specified in requisition 118697-P a second Consolidated Electric Company inspector came to Conroy & Day's factory. He checked up the controllers in the testing and shipping rooms where all the machines for the Pittsburgh installation now were assembled.

Five days later a registered letter from the Consolidated Electric Company arrived. Conroy opened and read it. He ran in utter consternation to his partner's desk.

"Jim, look at this!" he gasped. "They're canceling the order! They can't do that!"

Day's chin jutted forward like the undershot jaw of a bulldog. He took the letter and swept his eyes over it. Then he read it aloud very precisely:

"NEW YORK, October 11, 19—.

"CONROY & DAY,
Lakeport, Michigan.

"Gentlemen: Please take notice that we shall not require the material listed in our requisition 118697-P, specification 84791-K thereto attached. Said requisition is hereby canceled in accordance with the right reserved therein.

"Respectfully,

"Consolidated Electric Company,
A. F. LEWIS, Manager of Supplies."

"They can't do that!" frantic Conroy screamed. "It's against the law!"

"Wharton's got lawyers who can dodge any law ever passed!" snarled Day. "One of 'em dictated that letter. See how it reads: 'Said requisition is hereby canceled in accordance with the right reserved therein!' Now, what's the meaning of that? They've hid a joker on us and we have got to find it." He ran to the filing cabinet in the corner, rummaged among the contents and ripped out what he wanted. "Here are our shop copies of that order and specification. We'll go through 'em with a fine-tooth comb. They're exact duplicates of the originals the bank's got in Chicago. I compared 'em myself when Miss Bell typed them."

For fifteen minutes the partners bent tensely over the papers outspread on the table. At the end of their fierce scrutiny they stared at each other baffled. Suddenly another idea flashed to Day. He darted to the files again and brought to Conroy one of the Consolidated Electric Company's minor requisitions that had been filed and paid for.

"The catch must be in the printed part, Will," he surmised. "We're so familiar with their standard form that we never stop to examine one any more as we would an order from a new customer." He read aloud the two lines of type below the signature on the paper in his hand: "This requisition is issued subject to all the terms and conditions on the back hereof." He flipped the sheet over and carefully perused the dozen or more paragraphs of

eight-point type printed on the reverse side. He looked up nonplussed. "This is one of their regular requisition forms just like the Pittsburgh order came on; but there isn't anything here about a reserved right to cancel." He cogitated. "What the devil does that letter mean?"

"That's what I'd like to know!" sputtered hysterical Conroy. "It's—it's a confounded outrage!"

"It's just the sort of thing we've been getting ready for!" the junior partner snapped. "For heaven's sake keep quiet!" he summarily cut off another helpless wail. "I knew it would come, though I didn't guess this particular way. I am thankful we had our eyes open before it hit us."

"But what are we going to do?" begged Conroy, wringing his hands.

Day tramped the floor a minute while his partner slumped in a chair and followed Day's every movement with the eyes of utter despair. Abruptly the younger man halted, faced the older and shot his decision:

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"We Will Take It! I'm Not a Coward, if You Are!"

THE HUMAN FRACTION

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÉMEUX

THERE are two kinds of human fractions: First, the man or woman who was once a whole number, doing a full person's work in the world, naturally aware of the fact, and aware now of the fractional state. But such a fraction at least does not rob any other whole number. Second, the man or woman—and chiefly woman—who could be a whole number, but prefers her particular state because it is comfortable, and because being a whole number would mean that she would have to pay her own way in the world. As a fraction some one else pays for her.

Usually this second sort wins to her fractional position by being pretty, but sometimes she achieves it by making use of a blood tie. John Stuart's womankind were fractions of that kind. His mother was "genteel"—the sort of woman who did her own housework under protest, which she hid from the world though not from her husband. She let her husband see that she thought there was something wrong with him or he'd have been able to provide her with a servant; but she told her friends that it was easier for her to do things herself than to be always showing lazy creatures how. Every one called her "genteel," her reputation arising chiefly because she taught her son John and his sister Cora how to read French. She also taught Cora how to paint pretty water-color pictures of pink and green orchards. Cora could also play Weber's Last Waltz and Monastery Bells on the piano. So she passed as accomplished.

John Stuart's mother had broken her husband's pride with her gentility and what lay behind it. He was not a strong soul, of course, or he would have refused to let it be broken. Some men of shattered pride turn melancholy and listless, and some turn meek and sweet. John Stuart's father was of the latter type. The children grew up vaguely pitying their mother for being married to a man who, however agreeable in his filial relationships, was not congenial and not big enough for her. He had had no voice in the bringing up of his children. Cora was taught that she must always be a lady; John was taught that he must always be a gentleman and take care of his mother and sister. Cora, being a lady, must not be allowed to work for her living. Her parents would take care of her till she married. Cora was not pretty, but her mother was sure that some day a gentleman would appear who would appreciate the accomplishments of a genteel young lady and marry her.

Girls That are Too Refined to Work

ONE day Mrs. Stuart's husband died. It was very inconvenient, for it happened to be at a time of especial merrymaking in the little Eastern town in which they lived. Some new patent-medicine factories had been started and there were unmarried managers and bookkeepers on hand. Cora could ill spare the time to go into mourning, for she was twenty-five and so far had not appealed to any prospective husband. Her brother, who believed in her as devoutly as he did in his mother, was almost her sole escort. But death chooses his own hours without regard to matrimonial schemes. The dead man's sister, who was neither a fraction nor genteel, asked the widow what her plans were, knowing that there was left only a trifle of insurance and the house the family lived in.

"Do?" the widow said. "Live for my children of course."
"I expect that means live on John," thought the sister-in-law. Aloud she said: "I was wondering if you'd try to get a place as housekeeper or something, since you've not got enough to live on."

The widow bridled.
"None of my people have ever had to work in that way. I shall make a home for my son and daughter."

"Hm!" reflected John's aunt. "Well, maybe it can be done. John gets only a hundred a month managing the electric-light plant, and he'll never get more in this place. But you own the house, and if you'll have a little vegetable garden, and be economical with your clothes, why things may run on in the old way till John gets ready to marry."

John's mother put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"What's Cora going to do?" asked her sister-in-law; "for of course John can't support her too. If he did he'd

never be able to save anything, and he'd never have a penny for his own amusements."

"Work!" cried Mrs. Stuart. "Work, do you mean? She'd spoil all her chances for marriage. None of the refined girls in this town work."

"Well, all those refined girls you are thinking of have fathers to support them. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: Cora is quick with her fingers, and her uncle and I will pay for a course in typewriting and stenography for her. Then she can earn her own living and won't be a burden on John."

Mrs. Stuart broke into sobs and incoherent sounds from which could be disentangled such words as "genteel" and "insulted" and "unappreciated." When John came in she flung herself on his neck and asked him if it was true that he felt her and Cora to be burdens, and that all he had to do was say so and they would go away. John gathered that his aunt had been brutal to his mother in her time of bereavement. He was gentle, like his father, so he avoided a family dispute, merely saying to his aunt that of course she meant well, but that he would take care of his mother and sister.

"Maybe I won't be here to burden you long," his mother said.

From time to time during the months that followed she repeated that remark, whenever she thought John was growing restive in his curtailed life. For curtailed it certainly was. Cora and her mother did their best to get Cora married; indeed, the girl spent ten times more energy on that than she would have on a course in stenography. But somehow those men in town who were marriageable went on looking past Cora. Mrs. Stuart said none of them was worth marrying, and that Cora was young yet; but her eyes had a strained look. John said nothing, but when he had to wear an overcoat that was four years old, when he smoked cheap cigars and few of them, when he took no vacation more elaborate than a few days' camping beside lakes near home, then he went so far as to wish that Cora had been a boy. Mrs. Stuart was not unobserving. She knew when John had said "No" to friends who wanted him to join them in this and that pleasure. It was at such times that she hinted to John that she would not burden him much longer. Then John would be seized with remorse at the slight rebellion he had felt over his restricted lot, and would take a fresh grip on his duty.

Mrs. Stuart was not exactly a human fraction. She was willing to pay her way to a certain extent as a home maker; but she insisted on laying down the lines of her work herself,

and her system of mathematics required that John should be a whole number, plus a fraction, in order that Cora should genteelly remain a fraction. To John his mother was a type of noble womanhood, and his reason for thinking so was that from babyhood she had pressed that inference upon him. Cora, who had all her mother's selfishness and none of her perceptions, took as a matter of course all her brother did for her. She remarked once to her mother that except for John she would doubtless have been married long before; other men counted on her brother's looking after her.

Because John was always Cora's escort, and because he had no money to spend, he showed no special attention to any girl. He had his dreams, to be sure, but he knew well that they were dreams. When he was twenty-six a new girl came to town, Azalia Blair. Her father and mother came, too, Mr. Blair being the manager in one of the patent-medicine factories; but it was only Azalia who counted in their opinion and in hers, and also in John's. Azalia was a lovely, fluffy, appealing creature, the youngest of a large family, and quite thoroughly spoiled. She, like Cora, was a human fraction; but John did not know this. He did not know either that he was attracted to Azalia because it was time for him to fall in love, and because Azalia was the only girl he knew with whom he had not grown up. He did not suppose he was in love with her, because he understood that it was illogical for him to fall in love as long as his mother and Cora were dependent upon him; but he did definitely say to himself that if ever he fell in love it would be with a little blue-eyed, rounded girl like Azalia. His mother and sister were rather angular and tall. Azalia danced with him rather less impartially than she did with the

other young men she knew, for John was very handsome. Though Azalia was thinking of marriage, she was not doing it so unreservedly and whole-heartedly as Cora was, for she was younger than Cora, and her own intentions were rather well concealed from herself by her romantic bent. Azalia was not yet tired of dancing and flirting.

Azalia, the Clinging Vine

A YEAR or two passed, and then sheer accident relieved John of his two human fractions and gave him the chance to add to himself another human fraction. Mrs. Stuart went to Buffalo to meet her only brother, who was passing from the Far West, where he had a ranch, to the Far East, to see what New York was like. He was accompanied by a friend who had never before crossed the Divide. This friend, who had lived a lonely bachelor life, was charmed by the atmosphere of home which Mrs. Stuart managed to cast about herself after she found he liked it. He was touched by her devotion to her children, for whom only, as she frequently told him, she was living. At the end of a week he had got her to promise to live for him. They went to New York on their honeymoon, while the delighted Cora packed her trunks to go back with them to the West, where men were plentiful. John journeyed to Buffalo to meet his mother and to see them both off. His mother told him with tears that she did not regret any of the sacrifices she had made for him, and that she would not leave him now but that she felt that she and Cora had been hanging too long about his neck and that he deserved his freedom. John almost wept too. He told his stepfather in all sincerity that there wasn't a woman in the world like his mother, and that he didn't see how he was going to get along without her.

After his mother and sister were gone and the place was rented, John lived in a boarding house and missed them sincerely. Then by degrees he missed them less, for he was beginning to taste the youth he had lost after his father's death. He was buying the clothes he wanted and making calls without having first to consider the plans of his mother and sister. His pleasure in being able to offer entertainment to his friends was almost pathetic. The person he singled out for his chief attention was Azalia Blair.

By this time Azalia was twenty-four, still a belle, but not quite so popular as she had been. This was partly because a new group of seventeen and eighteen year old girls had swum into the social pool of the town, and partly because all the eligible and attractive men of her own group were



"I Can Support My Wife Without Calling on My Father-in-Law"

married or engaged. Azalia was ready to be engaged, too, and as she liked John, his assiduous courtship, assisted by her romantic tendency, changed her liking into as much love as she was capable of feeling.

Cora Stuart did not possess the outer appearance of a human fraction, but Azalia did. In her cradle she had looked so tender and fragile that her parents had given her the name of Azalia. As she grew she developed an alluring helplessness. She was not allowed to do anything without aid, except cry and get her teeth, and even then she had her devoted parents and elder sisters suffering with her. Somebody always dressed her and got her lessons for her, and later on sewed for her. She could not, of course, have lived in a household where no servant was kept without learning a little bit about cooking. That is, she could boil an egg, or make toast or coffee; but she had never broiled a steak in her life, and did not know how long any given vegetable should cook. She had never made a bed or washed a pan. In all her twenty-four years she had never done one useful thing for the benefit of anyone else, and but few useful things for herself.

Yet she was as unconscious of selfishness as the fire is of burning. She had lived in an atmosphere of love and admiration, and a sweet response seemed to her all that was required of her. She expected life to be easy for her. She must have known that there was a large percentage of sick or unlucky human beings for whom life was not easy, but it never occurred to her to ask herself why she should expect more than they received. Her lot must have softness and happiness because she required and demanded these qualities.

The Helpless, Appealing Azalia

AZALIA'S parents were delighted at her engagement to John. They said that a man who had been so good to his mother and sister would surely be good to his wife. Some of Azalia's friends—young married women—said to their husbands that it did seem a pity that after John's experience with his mother and Cora he hadn't chosen a wife who would help him instead of demanding to be carried in his arms all the way. The husbands, who had been charmed with Azalia's appealing helplessness, said they guessed she'd take responsibility when she was married. The wives made various replies, but they all knew that the average girl must come to marriage with a knowledge already gained, or else she never can meet adequately the many problems involved in settling down with another personality that will inevitably prove itself to be strange, though beloved.

John's relatives were not so well pleased as Azalia's. His aunt came from her home in a neighboring town to look Azalia over. She carried away the conviction that John

had got another Old Man of the Sea on his back, and that this one would cling longer than his mother and sister had. John's mother told her husband that it was hard, indeed, considering the example she had set of abnegation and duty, that her son should pick up a mollusk like Azalia. Her husband, a little disillusioned, though not so much so as he would have been had he not been a determined idealist, reflected that maybe John had been overfed with duty and wanted a change. He heard a good deal about it himself.

Cora had married a well-to-do rancher, and had proved to herself by various methodical calculations that by and large, and other things being equal, she had done better matrimonially than any of her friends. She, therefore, was inclined to think that John had stooped to Azalia. She said to her husband that Mr. and Mrs. Blair had brought up a large family, and it stood to reason that they could not have much saved; it would have been better if John, who could never hope to earn much more than twelve hundred a year, had proposed to some girl with money of her own. Cora had, of course, brought no money to her husband, but neither of them thought of that.

He suggested that Cora give up to John her prospective share in the little place in New York State. John's mother was called into consultation, and the upshot was that the small property was given to John as a wedding present.

That act, which meant little to the two women whose husbands had given them farms worth much more, clinched in John's mind the conviction that his mother and sister were the best women in the world outside Azalia.

John had assumed that he and Azalia would live in his house; but Azalia showed him his mistake.

"Oh, but darling," she protested, "it rents for three hundred a year, and we can do so much more with the money."

"But—but surely you don't think of boarding, Azalia!" he said. "A man wants a home."

"Oh, and so does a woman," she murmured, nestling to him; "and a home with you —"

But presently John, who in some ways was very tenacious, came back to the main discussion.

"But then if we don't board we'll have to rent, and that would cost us much —"

"I thought we'd live with father and mother," Azalia said. "That would combine a home and boarding."

"I see," John said doubtfully.

"They've always had me," Azalia said plaintively; "and they've been so sweet about giving me up to you. I know they would rather I just belonged to them forever, but they've no thought but for our happiness. They love you too. They're getting old and I don't like to leave them."

"Yes, but we could live near them. You could see them every day."

"It would be less responsibility for me too," Azalia said. "I'm not so useful and strong as some girls, John. Sometimes I wonder if I'm doing right to let you marry me. At first I thought it would be just enough if I were an inspiration to you, sweetening your life. But if I were the sort of girl who could wash and scrub as well as do all the cooking, maybe I would make a better wife for a poor man. It's not too late yet, darling. I don't want to wrong you. If you think it wiser to break off now—it would kill me, but if it's for your good —"

Azalia's words had all the conviction of self-centeredness, sentimentality and self-deception, and they were addressed to a chivalric man deeply in love. John felt as if he had been a brute.



"Work! She'd Spoil All Her Chances for Marriage"

He protested that she suited him just as she was, that he would not want her changed in any respect, and that, of course, they would live with her father and mother if she wished it. Azalia had the unconscious cunning that often goes with lack of self-knowledge—a cunning that somehow includes a grasp on the psychology of other people, and that supplies the skill with which to manage them.

"Darling," she cooed, "promise me that if ever I disappoint you, then you will remember that I was ready to give you up. The choice of going on is yours."

John assumed all responsibility, with many compliments on her noble generosity.

"I love you devotedly," she went on, "but we must each give what we can in this partnership of marriage. By living with father and mother I can not only give a good deal to them, but much more to you. Mother and I will share the cares of the house, and then I can keep my youth and freshness all the longer for you."

John's Kind-Hearted Mother-in-Law

HE SAID just what all men deeply in love say, and with the same belief that no one would ever mean his vows so deeply as he did. So they were married, and after their honeymoon they went to live with the Blairs. The difference that having Azalia in the house as a married woman meant to Mrs. Blair was simply that she had one more person to work for and board money from two persons. The money was put in the bank, in a joint account for herself and Azalia. She felt that she could not take pay from her own children. John soon ceased to feel that he was in another man's home, for both the Blairs were tactful and self-effacing. As his affection for his mother-in-law increased he began to wonder if Azalia helped her very much. He knew that his wife not only never had any share in getting breakfast, but always came late to the meal. He returned for the midday dinner, and he saw that it was Mrs. Blair who carried in the food and did whatever waiting was necessary. At night he noticed that Azalia never helped with the dishes. He asked his wife about it.

"Oh, I help a lot during the day," she said vaguely. "Of course I keep the evenings free for you."

The explanation sufficed John. It never occurred to him to consider that perhaps Mrs. Blair's evenings should be kept free for Blair. Besides, Blair always helped with the evening dishes.

John discovered that Azalia required a good deal of money for clothes—as much as his mother and Cora together had expected. He was carrying life insurance and saving a little besides, but to pay his wife's bills he had to be as rigid in his own expenditures as he had been before his marriage. He reflected that if they had been keeping house Azalia would have had to do without many of her pretty things. She went out constantly, more even than she had as a girl, and he told himself that of course that took more clothes. She explained to him that she was going out for his sake. When she went out alone it gave her something to bring back to him, and when they went out together it gave them more to do in common. John might have reflected that very often all she brought back to him was tired nerves, and that when they went out together it was



"No, John. You've Got to Make Good at Your New Job, and for a While It'll Take Every Dunce of Energy You Have to Do That"

not so much a case of doing things in common as of talking to and dancing with other people. He was not observing enough to see that Azalia dressed better than any woman in town, and took pleasure in doing it. His aunt knew that people were talking of Azalia's extravagance and wondering how John could afford it. Some thought that he was spending every cent he earned, and others thought that Blair was helping to support his daughter.

Several times Azalia overran her allowance. John at last took a stand. He told her very gently that she must spend less for clothes, that he was giving her all that he could afford.

"But I must have this dress," she said. "I've danced all my other evening dresses into rags."

"Maybe you can make some of them over," he suggested.

"How like a man you talk!" Azalia said with a charming pout. "But never mind, dear, I'll ask father for the money."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Azalia," John said sharply. "I can support my wife without calling on my father-in-law. You must manage with your allowance as other women do."

"Very well, dear," Azalia said softly. "I'm sorry I'm not a better manager, but I'll try very, very hard."

Azalia never made scenes. She always got her way more surely by a mixture of submission and helplessness. On this occasion she expected John to say he would get her the money she needed somehow this time. Azalia never looked beyond "this time," for she trusted her future always. But John made no such offer, so Azalia went pathetically to her mother, and Mrs. Blair told her the secret of the bank account in their two names. Thereafter when Azalia ran beyond her allowance she drew on the board money her husband paid.

For three or four years Azalia's care-free life went on. Then she was a prospective mother. She welcomed the thought of the baby. Everybody had children. They seemed to be a great happiness, and she was tired of her empty life. She was aware that John was vaguely disappointed, and she was sure that if they had children there wouldn't be anything for which he could blame her. John was indeed vaguely disappointed. Azalia was always sweet and lovely and a joy to look at, but she was utterly without

ideas or ideals. She could talk only personalities; she knew nothing of his work or interests. A conversation with anything like a thought in it bored her. Yet John blamed himself, if he blamed any one, for expecting more than he got. Every marriage, he was sure, must lack something.

But the prospects of the baby effaced all feelings of disappointment. That was what he and Azalia needed to make their life complete. The old happiness of his courtship days came back, and his tenderness and chivalry increased tenfold. They had need to, for after Azalia was unable to go out and when she began to feel the discomfort of her condition, her surface sweetness wore away. She became fretful and exacting. Mrs. Blair told John that women often acted out of character under such circumstances. John's aunt spoke more plainly and told Azalia that she wasn't the only woman in the world that was expecting a baby, and that plenty of women suffered more than she did and had no loving care whatever. She asked Azalia what she supposed she was in the world for, and begged her to remember that there were several million human beings deserving just as much consideration as herself, and in the opinion of John's aunt decidedly more. John's aunt, once she let herself go, prided herself on plain speaking. She spoke herself out of John's home, for Azalia had hysterics and demanded that that dreadful woman be sent away forever.

The baby was born with as much trouble as the average baby, but Azalia and her mother, who had herself borne six children, acted as if Azalia were suffering as no woman had ever suffered. John felt humble and guilty, and Azalia made the most of his abasement. She nursed the little girl herself, taking great credit for the circumstance, but she did little for the baby beyond this. All the strenuous care fell to her mother's lot, Blair and John helping out by getting breakfast and washing the supper dishes. In these days John heard a good deal of the energy a mother gives to her nursing child. When the baby was a few months old, and had developed unusual prettiness, Azalia took a good deal of pride in wheeling her out in her carriage. The remarks of friends and strangers upon the child's beauty fed her vanity. She named the child Patricia, and bought her extravagant clothes to match the

name. She was never done praising the child to John, and any reservation he had ever felt toward her disappeared in his admiration for her sense of motherhood. He did not realize that of a mother's service, beyond nursing, she gave her child precisely nothing, and that her sense of satisfaction in little Patricia was merely a manifestation of egotism.

If two children are better than one, John's belief in Azalia's sense of motherhood should have received a severe shock at the way she acted when she found that she was to have another baby. Seeing her husband's hurt amazement she explained to him that it was not of herself she was thinking, but of the new baby. She did not consider that she was yet physically strong enough to bring another child into the world. Her parents and her husband took the best of care of her, and she imposed on them all with her usual sweet selfishness. When the baby came it was a strong girl, and John, in his wild relief, teased Azalia about her unnecessary fears.

Azalia was tired of going out to the extent to which she had gone in the past. She had developed a languid laziness during Patricia's nursing days. She liked the pose and clung to it. She fell into the manner of semi-invalidism, and this was largely self-deception. She couldn't put herself in the wrong; and so since she had said she did not have energy enough to give to a second child, it meant that in bearing a strong baby she had robbed herself. She told John with great sweetness that she did not mind. What did it matter if her health was sapped if only her little Beatrix were well! She said nobody was to blame, but the way she said it made John feel that if she had had less sweetness and charity she would have blamed him.

John's aunt, allowed to come to see the baby as a mark of Azalia's sweet forgiveness, remarked to her husband—about the safest confidant a woman has—that Azalia was nothing but a fat lump of selfishness, and that the only good she'd do in the world would be indirect and heavily mixed with evil. She would make of John a saintly workhorse, and would probably kill him off as John's father had been killed; and she would breed unselfishness in her daughters, as vampires always did. The result would be one husband and father in an early grave, and two angelic girls on whom two selfish husbands would later prey.

(Concluded on Page 29)

MIND-CAT! By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

POETS and painters, cartoonists and beautifying cold cream advertisements, life-insurance statisticians and medical science have all conspired to endow the figure of Old Age with hardened arteries and empty gums, senility and the deep ravages of crow's-feet.

As a matter of fact, on the white heads of the world rest crowns, seven-figure corporations and international golf championships. Grandfather's easy-chair is oftener than not the swivel. Yet character actors still gum out their front teeth and collapse to an angle of debility and forty-five degrees when called on to portray threescore and ten.

But the hand that rocks the cradle of the grandchild is oftener than not manicured rather than palsied. It is as though the skinny fingers of Father Time had been trained by the modern skill of a Delaarte to descend—not like the touch of Midas to turn into yellow gold, but to mellow.

So descended the immortal hand on Mrs. Shapiro—gently, as apple blossoms flutter down to whiten the floor of an orchard; gently, like snow covering a garden to give it warmth. Lines lay on her face, but lightly, as the finely written characters of an old love letter fade into the paper; and on her bosom, only slightly withered, even the remaining softness of motherhood, as though still warm from the heads of children that had couched there; and behind her irises, shining through them, the perpetual light of motherhood, which, like the ever-lighted lamp for the dead, burns on and on.

You who have eyes which see know that light. It burned far back in Mrs. Shapiro's eyes, through their dimness, as sunshine struggles through the opacity of fog; through her thick-lensed, high-powered spectacles, through the cloud of growing uneasiness in her gaze.

At seven o'clock an onyx clock chimed roundly from the parlor; and out over the city bells rang of the impending New Year; and in the street,



"Gee! We Ain't Fore got How to Cat, Haze We, Ma?"

three flights below, a horn squawked here and there, as though a small boy or two were already sounding the signal for the midnight call to popguns and feather ticklers.

Mrs. Shapiro leaned forward in her chair in further unease and drew apart the lace curtains. Below, the tide of the street bent into a mild December wind and flowed through the first darkness of early evening. But there was nothing more telling to her anxiety than the mirage of lights that flash by o' city nights into the black throat of round the corner; the mystery of figures that vanish into nothing—silhouettes that hurry and flurry with the hither and thither of windblown leaves.

Mrs. Shapiro let fall the curtains and the warmth of the dining room closed her in. A square room, appropriately papered in ocher, grapevine design, with a built-in ledge of plate rack enhancing the border and the apartment rental. A round table spread for three in the room's center, and depending over it, on a heavy-linked chain swung from the ceiling, a colored glass dome, diffusing a white shower of light. The mahogany set, reflecting pools of this light; the cut-glass fruit bowl on the sideboard; and the glass doors of the china closet, reflecting deeper pools; and between the windows the inevitable speckled partridge mounted on an oval wooden slab in inevitable agony. From the kitchen beyond came the pungency and the torpedolike explosions of frying stuffs.

"Lizzie!" (The spattering and sharp reports of cooking grease.) "Lizzie!"

"Yes'm."

"So often ain't I asked you please, when Mr. Aaron is late for supper, you should wait with his chops? So often ain't I asked you, Lizzie?"

"Mrs. Gertie says —"

"Once you should listen to what I say, Lizzie. Little enough I meddle in your kitchen, even when my hands itch enough."

The clatter of wares and the continued sparking, and a haze as blue as a veil drifting between the cracks of the swinging doors.

"Liz-zie! I — Ah, Aaron! Aaron, my boy!"

Enter Mr. Aaron Shapiro in a great flurry of depositing bundles on the neat-laid table, sliding out from his fur-collared greatcoat, switching on the side lights, and, in the sudden radiance, scooping the short, rotund form of his mother out of her chair and placing lips already cold with the kiss of December against hers.

"Little mamma! I wish seventy kisses I could give you. Gertie, where are you? Dark they've got it in the parlor and all, like they was savin' light—and on my little mamma's birthday! Gertie baby!"

Mrs. Shapiro stiffened against her son's embrace and looked up into his face, a virile replica of her own, each feature emphasized as though cut from harder stuff—the hair crisper, the flesh buoyant and, with a vigorous tendency to bleed, shaved to the blood.

"Gertie ain't home yet, Aaron."

"What? She —"

"Some friends where she used to work, Aaron, stopped by in a new automobile they got—Miss Sophie Berkovitch and her brother Max; and to the skatin' rink she went with them."

"Where do they come in, that crowd?"

"Max Berkovitch, what worked as city salesman for Loeb Millinery Company when she was hat model there. Right well he must be doin', Aaron—new little automobile and all! Him and his sister, Aaron. Such fun they got skatin', I guess how late it is they forget."

He was suddenly quiet, as though the blood in his veins had ceased to fizz, and flashed out his watch, a gold one with a gold-mounted elk's tooth dangling from the fob.

"Why didn't you and her go to the matinee on your birthday, like I said, mamma? Why —"

"I—I—Gertie's old friends, Aaron, when they came for her, what could she do?"

"Max Berkovitch and his sister! What does she want to be runnin' round with that sporty gang for? If he's got an automobile he made it on the side gamblin'. How he holds his job at Loeb's I don't know! For us he couldn't sell sunbonnets. What does she wanna be runnin' round with him for?"

"And his sister, Aaron. When they came what could she do? I was the one said she should go, Aaron. For the theater I don't care anyway. Always you remember how poor papa used to beg me to go to the German Theater and always asleep I used to go? A shame for the money —"

"That ain't the thing; she —"

"Ach, Aaron; for what you make a long face? To-night is New Year's Eve; and if you want it so much that I go to the theater on my birthday, I go to-night with you and Gertie. But balcony seats, Aaron!"

"Sophie and Max Berkovitch she has to run with yet! Such a sporty crowd! It's bad enough she used to have to work in the same firm with him."

"I said 'No' at first, too, Aaron, but when I seen how she wanted it I didn't have the heart to meddle."

He let his hand fall heavily on her shoulder and patted it with that same heaviness.

"Ah, mamma, I know you; for peace you say anything!"

"Look, Aaron, right here under my picture of poor papa, I got on me the breastpin you and Gertie give me for my birthday—see, right under poor papa's picture."

"Yes, yes, mamma; on that lace collar it looks good."

"Such extravagance, Aaron! Never before a real diamond I had in my life. Poor papa he wasn't a money-maker like you, Aaron—always only a poor tailor; but, ach, Aaron, that he could have lived to see that in one year in the wholesale millinery his boy makes what poor papa never knew how to make in ten!"

"You was happy on less, mamma. What's the difference?"

"Ach, Aaron, how happy!" Tears flowed in her voice.

"Yes, yes, mamma!" But his tones were preoccupied and his attitude strained, like one who listens for a footstep and, listening, watches. "Yes, yes, mamma!"

"Poor papa, Aaron! Five years already. Always he made such a fuss on my birthday. Sometimes next to his picture I got on my table, Aaron, I sit and sit and look in its eyes till I can just feel us back in the old flat over the shop, and hear the machines goin' downstairs, and you playin' little tailor on the floor."

"Mamma, you shouldn't let yourself ever get the blues. You're in a new flat now, with grand comforts."

"It ain't the blues I get, son; I like to live back them days. I can live 'em so plain that when I get through, and see it's nothin' but poor papa's picture I been pretending with, I—I just feel like I could lay my head down right next to his picture, Aaron, and —"

"Mamma, you mustn't—you —"

"I'm just a silly old woman, but it's only on birthdays; and—and on our anniversary I get like that, Aaron. I—I get to thinkin' and all. Such a good man he was—just so good a husband as you a son, Aaron; and I—I could lay my head down right next to his picture and—and —"

More tears swam in her voice, the ever-ready tears for the beloved dead, which lie in a perpetual pool in the heart.

"Sh-h-h, mamma! You mustn't talk so solemn."

"Right next to him, Aaron, and —"

"Five minutes after seven! She should be home, mamma." He drew the lace curtains sharply aside and peered through the improvised cup of his hands into the street below. "For her to be out after dark ain't so nice! She knows how you worry about automobiles."

"I—any minute she comes now, Aaron. I ain't worried."

"Skatin' she has to go yet! Such a little devil and so full of life, skatin' she has to go."



"I Ain't Hurt Your Little Feelin's, Have I, Kiddo?"

But in spite of himself Aaron's lips trembled to smile and his frown would relax.

"I'll tell her when she comes home, right in the beginnin' we cut out that sporty crowd. Too fast that young Berkovitch makes money to suit me. But such a kid she is, mamma! Honest, I want that she should stay young!"

"Yes, Aaron."

"To-night we all have your birthday party together—not, mamma? I telephone now for seats. We go to see the Merry Belles, if I have to pay three dollars a seat from a speculator. To-night, mamma, the three of us have a birthday party and a New Year's party together—eh?"

"Ach, Aaron, a old woman like me, with —"

"If you get tired, mamma, right after the theater we come home. Such a noisy New Year's we don't have to have."

"But balcony seats, Aaron; why such extravagance when —"

In the very face of her remonstrance, however, he was gone into the outer hall, and she could hear the tink of the telephone receiver in the hooking and unhooking; and when he returned he pushed back the soft white hair from her forehead and kissed her on a deep furrow.

"Box seats I had to take, mamma; and don't you say a word."

"But —"

"For what you got a son, with a good business, if he can't blow his mother and his little wife to the right kind of a New Year's Eve? If you ain't careful a taxicab we have too!"

"Ach, Aaron, didn't you promise to mind me and —"

"I didn't mean it, mamma; we don't have a taxi then. Do I ever break my promise?"

"Never, Aaron; all boys should mind their mothers when they promised like you. So afraid of them automobiles I am, Aaron! Even when you talk about buyin' one, right away the pain in my heart I get."

"You ain't got that pain again, mamma, have you? Tell me, mamma!"

"No, no; but that's how scared I am of automobiles. Such speed, Aaron—it's terrible!"

"All right, then, mamma—la, no taxicab. When I promise to mind my little mamma—la, don't I always do it just like I was a kid?"

"Ja, ja, my boy!"

He leaned back in the slim mahogany chair; it groaned beneath his sturdiness.

"Can you beat it? The new furniture won't even hold me. My little wife buys furniture what won't even hold her husband."

"You had more comfort on the old horsehair in the old flat—not, Aaron?"

"It's a good thing we got one stylister in the family; if I didn't sneak off one night and get married you and me would be livin' in the same old flat yet, with the same two rooms and the shop downstairs—eh, mamma?"

"Them was good times, Aaron."

"You can feel like a lady now, mamma, with Lizzie for the cooking and gold furniture for the parlor."

"Yes, Aaron; all big ideas—a flat up here on Ninety-third Street with an elevator in the hall; I hope you got just so big a pocketbook."

"Two Lizzies I can afford if you want them, mamma. When Gertie fusses you should keep your hand out of the housekeeping. You mustn't feel bad, mamma; she wants to show me what a good little housekeeper she can be herself. And for her friends it don't look nice you should always be in the kitchen like in the old flat. She wants you to have it easy, mamma."

"But, Aaron, how glad I am to be in the kitchen you should know; all day I got nothin' to do."

"To play the lady, ain't that enough for one little mamma—la?" And he must pinch her aging cheek and waggle a forefinger.

"Such a help I could be if she'd let me, Aaron. Since that day you walked off and got married right out of the store, I made up my mind not to interfere with husband and wife; but such a waste in the household I could save you, Aaron."

"She don't mean nothin', mamma; she's so full of life like a kitten."

"A good girl, Aaron—not raised like the girls we know, but a good girl."

"Always till now, mamma, she had to work hard enough; and a little temper like hers don't mean nothin'. Sometimes I think it only makes her prettier when she gets sorry like a baby afterward."

"A pretty girl, Aaron."

"Style she likes, because always before she couldn't have had any. The first day she came over to work for me, mamma, right away I thought such a pretty girl I never seen. You should have seen her! The first hat I put on her was for Morris Stern, of Kansas City. What a tight buyer he is you know. Without asking the price, right away he ordered three gross. High-crown rough straws I thought I was stuck with for the season. Like a picture she looked in it—right away three gross he ordered."

"A pretty girl, Aaron."

"Glad enough I am I can give you and her a easy time, mamma—glad enough."

"Like I always say, I ain't got no right to interfere between husband and wife; it's bad enough you got to have with you your old mother."

"Mamma!"

"I ain't got nothin' to say against Gertie, Aaron; she's a beautiful girl, and, like you say, a little temper, when right away she gets over it, don't mean nothin'."

"I was a lucky man, mamma."

"It's just if she'd let me take hold a little, Aaron. Such a waste I see under my own eyes—the lace cover on your bed she don't like me to fold back at nights, so you don't spoil it; grease like Lizzie throws out when in it she's only fried once—it's a shame! A young girl like Gertie don't know them things, Aaron; she has to be learnt."

"Such a little devil she is, mamma—so full of life sometimes I feel like her father."

"Always I save grease from —"

"Why that girl ain't home yet I don't know. I put on my coat and —"

"Sh-h-h, Aaron! There she is—sh-h-h, Aaron! That you, Gertie?"

Into the light, like a highly colored butterfly—red fox furs that lay close and warm; red lips and cheeks whipped redder still by the lash of winter—fluttered Mrs. Gertie Shapiro, her quick eyes darting to the clock, explanations bubbling to her lips; and, regarding her with the clemency of Selpio and the myopic eyes of Love, her young husband, rising from his chair, advancing:

"Bad baby, you!"

"Hello, Shap! Gee, you beat me home, didn't you? Hello, ma! Hello, Shap! I was afraid you'd beat me home, hon."

He gathered her to him in an embrace and kissed her fruity lips in their center, where they curved most.

"Shame on you, baby, for staying so late! It ain't nice, honey; and me and mamma was beginning to worry."

She tossed her furs on the sideboard, and her hat, with a spray of fine feathers, and sent the flash of a glance to Mrs. Shapiro sitting placid in her chair beside the window, with features carefully composed to deny any mental travail.

"I—I would 'a' gone to the matinee with ma, Shap, but she herself said I should go with Max and Soph. I would 'a' gone, Shap, even after they said we should go to the rink in Max's new car. A beauty, Shap! If only we had one like it!"

"I told him, Gertie, I didn't want to go to the matinee. The pain in my heart I get like anything when I go to the matinee and come out again in the daylight."

"See? But such a car, Aaron! For six-fifty we —"

"Sh-h, baby; you know how scared mamma is of 'em."

"I wanted her to go to the matinee, Shap; she was the one who said No."

"Gertie's right, Aaron."

He pinched his wife's cheek, and pinched it again.

"Such a kid! But how, all of a sudden, did that old crowd bob up?"

"A week ago I met Sophie at a matinee, Shap; she invited herself."

"Look! See! Lizzie knows when the big noise in the family comes home; right away she brings supper in. Come; we have supper. Um-m-m! Chops I smell like mamma used to make. Um-lala! Um-lala! Come; on New Year's Eve we have a supper march!"

And, suiting action to words, he linked his mother's fingers in the curve of his arm, suited his stride to the less buoyant stride of rheumatic joints, and drew ruthlessly under his free arm the head of his wife, until her curls lay awry against his sleeve.

"Quit, Shap! Look—and me payin' seventy-five cents for that Marcel wave this very morning! Look! Ain't he the limit? Right away you got to pay me seventy-five cents damages. Ouch, Shap—my favorite spit curl!"

"Aaron! When seventy-five cents Gertie pays to have her hair combed, for such nonsense you shouldn't spoil it. Seventy-five centses don't grow on mulberry trees."

Mrs. Aaron Shapiro shot her parent-in-law the arrow of a glance.

"No; they grow on mulberry bushes."

"Sh-h-h, Gert! Mamma didn't mean anything."

"Then she shouldn't always be —"

"Sh-h-h, Gert!"

They drew up to the table in silence, except that Mr. Shapiro exhaled a loud sigh of satisfaction.

"Gimme three chops to begin with, Gertie; such a appetite I got."

"The rare ones, Gertie, give to him. Never, when I cooked, rare enough could I get 'em for him."

"I know."

The light clatter of cutlery; the passing hither and thither of dishes; and in and out through the swinging doors a maid, whose feet rose with a sough out of every step of her slippers, and over her checked apron a semi-fresh white one applied.

Mr. Shapiro tussled for a moment with a brittle chop on his plate.

"Always, Gertie dear, tell Lizzie not to cook the chops till just before we sit down. Such chops like these ain't fit, dearie. You ought to taste how mamma used to cook 'em."

"I know, Shap; but Lizzie's new yet. After supper I'll tell her."

"I told her before you came home, children, not to cook them too soon."

Mrs. Aaron Shapiro laid down her knife and fork.

"You wasn't in the kitchen getting her all mixed up, was you, ma?"

"No, no! Not once near the kitchen did I go, Gertie—so help me! Only once I called out."

"We should worry, mamma! We should worry, Gert! When my chops ain't rare I'll eat 'em well done—not? Ain't it?"

Gertie Shapiro minced her rose-pink lips together like a bird.

"Grease! That grease stuff again in the cookin'! These potatoes ain't cooked in lard; that's the goose grease—that goose-grease stuff!"

"I told Lizzie to use just a little, Gertie; Aaron, he likes it so. To use lard it goes against me when I even smell it! When from the old flat yet I got grease what I rendered from the geese myself—jars of it, Gertie. So grand for cookin' and a cold on the chest! Always with it I used to rub Aaron when a cold on the chest was on him."

"I—ugh!—not on my chest, such stuff! If you'd lemme run my own house once like I want to, ma, I—I —"

"Gert!"

"Well, Shap, I can't eat the stuff; I can't even smell it! Ain't I begged and begged her to keep out of the kitchen? I — Gee! Gimme some of that salad, Shap; I gotta eat somethin'. I—I guess I better bite off my tongue if I wanna stay here!"

"Ach, Gertie!"

"Ma ain't going into the kitchen no more, are you, mamma? It's hard for her, Gert, to get used to bein' made a fine lady of. Come; such nonsense we ain't got no time for. Come; we have our dessert right away, quick—we got a big time on to-night."

Light flashed into Mrs. Aaron Shapiro's eyes and the smile swam back into them.

"Such a scheme we got for to-night, Aaron, I —"

"Pie for dessert, Gert! Pie! The cake, Gert—the cake for mamma, with seventy candles on it, what I told you to order? Bring it on, Lizzie."

"The cake, sir?"

"The cake, Gert? To-night we got a little mamma with seventy candles on her cake. Ach! Right now I got to get up and kiss her one big kiss for seventy little ones."

And he leaned across the table, with the elk's-tooth fob dangling perilously in his plate, and stamped a long kiss on his mother's cheek.

"You next, Gert—seventy little ones in a big one!"

But Gertie set down her coffee cup suddenly and the blood drained out of her face, bleaching it.

"I—I—honest, Shap, I forgot!"

"It's all right, children; I —"

"Gee, I—I'm so ashamed! I forgot. On my way to the rink and all, I meant to get out of the auto; but Max and Soph was cuttin' up so I—I just never thought of it till this minute. We can send Lizzie across the street right now to Bingley's for one, Shap; we—I—I —"

"It's all right, children; enough birthday cakes in my life I've had —"

Mr. Shapiro's face was suddenly cold, the cold of tallow, the cold of stale ashes at dawn; his lips quivered and drew back, nor could he control them.

"Shap, I—I can send Lizzie; I—I forgot —"

"Lizzie!" His voice was like the crack of a whip that, descending, leaves a welt.

"Ach, Aaron, will you please be so kind? Don't throw the money away now to buy a cake. When poor papa always had for me a cake it was different; but —"

"Lizzie!"

"Yes, sir."

"Go across the street to Bingley's. Lizzie, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

He tossed a bill on the table and his voice lay carefully within his throat.

"Buy a cake!"

"Ach, Aaron! Aaron, my boy!"

"A angel cake; and while you wait they should put on seventy little candles that burn, Lizzie—like they put on birthday cakes."

"Yes, sir."

The slouching of her retreating feet; the slam of a door; the loud ticking of a clock.

"You—you must excuse me, ma; I—I forgot."

"That you should never do anything worse in your life, Gertie!"

"I'm sorry, Shap; I—I couldn't help it. Just like that, it slipped my mind, Shap. Please!"

Her eyes were suddenly bluer behind their film of tears; and even as he regarded her the lines of his face quivered and softened, as though they had broken their conspiracy.

"Three times this morning I reminded you, Gertie! It stabs me like a knife that you forgot that! Forgot—her!"

"Please, Shap, don't make me cry. I'm sorry; but don't make me cry. I—I —"

"Aaron, for my own boy I'm ashamed."

He leaned to his wife and placed his hand over hers.

"It's all right, baby. See, mamma don't care, and I don't care neither. Come; don't cry, baby. It's all right."

"I—you—you're always pickin' on me, Shap; you —"

"Don't cry, Gertie; Aaron don't mean nothin' by it."

"Sh-h-h, baby! You know, lovie, I didn't mean nothin'."

And he kissed her cheek where the tears lay.

"I—try—to—do—the—best—I—can."

"Yes, yes. Sh-h-h!"

"Aaron didn't mean nothin', Gertie."

"No, no; I didn't. There! Dry your eyes, baby. To-night I got a grand surprise. A little surprise party all

by ourselves—us three. Box seats I got, Gertie, for the Merry Belles. Just us three—eh, baby? Sh-h-h! Such a little cry-baby! Just us three—eh?"

She looked up out of her lacy trifle of a handkerchief suddenly, and with a little intake of breath.

"To-night! I—why, you—you heard me start to tell you there's goin' to be a crowd at the rink to-night; and I—we promised —"

"What?"

"All the old gang, Shap, that we—I ain't seen since we're married. Max and Soph, Maurie Bernstein and Ray Borritz, Dave Fineberg and the Goldstein girls, and all that crowd, Shap. I—I told Max and Soph we'd go to—kinda chaperon that crowd of unmarries. I—I promised we'd come, Shap."

"For that sporty gang we ain't got time no more, Gertie. I didn't want to say much; but when mamma told me you was out with that Berkovitch crowd I wasn't so glad. A automobile that fellow can afford just so well as our Lizzie! How he gambles on the side I heard enough. All that gang, Gert, them fly models and them city salesmen ain't much. We want a nice, quiet married crowd now, Gert; we —"

"They was good enough for me when I was workin' myself! I promised we'd come, Shap, and kinda chaperon."

"Chaperon! That's a rich one! Chaperon that crowd! They can chaperon us better."

"We gotta go—just to-night, Shap. To-morrow all day I take mamma round wherever she wants to go; down to the old Grand Street Schule in the evenin' if you want it, mamma. They got services. We gotta go just to-night, Shap. There's going to be a real New Year's blow-out and all. Honest, Shap, you oughta seen 'em all sit up and take notice when I got out on my skates this afternoon—you could never tell I was out of practice. I—we gotta go to-night, Shap. I—we promised."

"No, no, Gertie; you telephone Sophie that —"

"We gotta go, Shap. I—I promised."

A sob rose in Gertie's throat that ended in a choke; and Mrs. Shapiro pushed backward her chair and half rose.

"Children! Children, you go! You take Gertie if she wants it, Aaron."

"We're goin' to the theater to-night, Gertie—you and me and mamma."

He tossed his napkin in a tumbled heap on the center of the table and rose as though dismissing the subject. A perpendicular furrow lay black between his eyes.

"Ach, Aaron, my boy —"

"Sh-h-h, mamma! I'm talking."

"I promised the crowd, Shap."

"We're goin' to the theater to-night; and, for great heaven's sake, Gertie, if you don't want to drive me crazy with your nonsense, don't say no more. Mamma, go get on your bonnet; you, too, Gertie."

His wife regarded him with her lips trembling for composure, and her eyes as hard and wintry as his.

"I've promised 'em, Shap."

"She promised 'em, Aaron, my boy. Don't be stubborn; she promised 'em."

"Sh-h-h, mamma! You ain't got no put in! I say we're goin' to the theater to-night, and that settles it."

"Ain't I said —"

"For Max Berkovitch, a fellow what you yourself said was so fresh, you was afraid to work on the same floor with him—for such a nix as him I don't leave my mother on her birthday night."

"That's right! Run down my friends!"

"Enough you've done already to-night, Gertie, to drive me crazy. I can't hold in much longer. We're goin' to the theater to-night. Go get your bonnet, mamma. I say we're goin'!"

"And I say we ain't!"

Silence.

"Gert!"

"And I say we ain't!"

"Ach, mein Gott, children!"

"I—I ain't! I ain't no kid to be bossed round. She says herself she don't wanna go."

"I wanna go, Gertie; but—but —"

"If you ain't goin' with me to the rink to-night I—I'm goin' alone. I ain't goin' to spend the first New Year's Eve we're married like a funeral. I promised; and to-morrow I'll take her where she wants. I—I — Always against me, ain't you? Always with her you side, till—till I—I can't stand it! I—I —"

"Mamma, go get on your bonnet."

"Ach, Gertie, don't get him in a temper. All right, Aaron; I—I get on my bonnet."

"Go get on your hat, Gertie. Go get on your hat!"

"I—I—ain't —"

"Go get on your hat!"



"Hello, Everybody! Jay, Ain't You All Good for Sure Eyes!"

The medley of her emotions broke leash at once.

"I ain't goin'! I ain't goin' to be bossed one step out of this house! Oh, I know what's been goin' on round here! I know she's been runnin' me down to you. I smelt the mouse just now when I came in and seen you both touching heads. I know she's been runnin' me down to you; and you're such a mind-cat, whatever she says you— you ain't man enough to do what you want to. I know she's been runnin' me down to you. Before I'd be a mind-cat and afraid of my own shadow—if I was a man!"

"You—you take them words back!"

"No, I won't! I ain't goin' to have my whole life dictated to like yours is. I ain't nobody's mind-cat! I know how she's run me down to you without comin' right out and sayin' it. Always preaching extravagance—the way I run my own house; and you ain't man enough to stand up for your own wife! You seen for yourself how for a seventy-five-cent Marcel I had to apologize. You seen for yourself the scene because I slept under the lace cover on my own bed. You and her are always against me. The whole ten months it's been that way—her bossin' this shebang and you afraid not to mind her! I remember how you was afraid in the beginning to even break the news you was married. I remember how she —"

"Gert! You swallow them words right here before you've had 'em out five minutes! You apologize to my mother for them words. You apologize to my mother for them words or—I—by heaven, I—I'll make you!"

His voice rose to a crescendo beyond his control, he was choking and inarticulate; and she receded from him back against the china closet.

"I ain't apologizing for a word; it's all true—only I ain't said enough."

"Ach, Gertie, ain't you 'shamed? Ach, Gertie!"

"No, I ain't. I'm sick of you and him against me."

"You take back them words, Gertie! You apologize to her!"

"No, I won't! I'm goin' to the rink to-night if I have to go alone. I ain't apologizing; and whatta you goin' to do about it? I'll leave the two of you to run me down behind my back all you want. You stay home and mind her; but I'm sick of the two of you against me. I'm dead sick of it—dead sick!"

She was working into her hat and wraps and furs, breathing heavily between sobs—buckling; buttoning.

"I'm goin' if I gotta go alone. We'll see now if I gotta be bossed and run down behind my back all the time. I'm goin'; and if you don't believe me you watch me!"

"You—you bet you're goin'! You're goin', and quick too! You're goin', or—or swallow them words; and quick too!"

"Watch me—you just watch me! You —"

"Ach, Gott in Himmel! My boy! Ach!"

"Watch me; just you watch—just you —"

The door slammed on her words; and on Mrs. Shapiro, weak and tottering against the sideboard; and on her son, standing petrified as though he had been struck a blow and died, with the terror of sudden death stamped on his face. And through the swinging doors, in a right merry whirl of air, came Lizzie, a smile on her wide features and balancing in her outstretched hands a bridal white cake, with seventy lighted tapers bending to the draft.

On entering the Crescent Skating Rink the cold and peculiarly aromatic atmosphere of refrigeration rolled out to nip the nose and cloud the breath of the entrant, even before he bought his admission ticket and crossed a wide wooden promenade which led quite suddenly onto a ballroom floor of ice.

All was as though Nature had moved her studio to the habitat of men: An orchestra played behind an artificial cascade cunningly contrived to represent a wild mountain torrent caught in the very moment of leaping highest, and held there in the glittering shackles of ice; the taste of frost in the air; hoar-etchings done in rime on gilt-edged mirrors and crystal balustrades. Truly strange canvases for the artist whose studio is all-outdoors!

Crystal domes of light glittering on ice; skaters, with muffers flying out straight over one shoulder, skimming, darting, swooping, cutting; the flashing of steel-shod feet; the wild passion of violins from the icebound orchestra; young bloods lunging to their limit, the fine frenzy of sport in their thrust-forward faces; heels flashing backward.

On the wooden promenade at eight o'clock a party gathered in the pleasant buzz and confusion of prearranged meeting. Greetings, handshakes over heads and round backs, each new arrival swelling the buzz and the laughter and the clanking of skates. And so on, with more ado and still more ado until into their midst smiling-lipped Mrs. Aaron Shapiro came, with the red fox fur about her face and eyes that were bluer than ice.

"Well, look who's here!"

"Hello, everybody! Gee, I'm last, ain't I? Hello, everybody!"

"Gertie! Gertie Cohn Shapiro! Well, bless me, if it ain't! Where's Shap? Where's Shapiro? Where's Shap?"

"Hello yourselves—everybody! Say, ain't you all good for sore eyes! Say, it's just like I never quit the business to see you all again. Hello, Ray—Dave—hello!"

"Looka them cheeks! Say, I guess married life ain't been some little tonic for you! Where's Shap, Gert?"

"Quit kiddin', Maurie."

"Happy New Year, Gert!"

"Happy New Year yourself, Alex! Hello, Max!"

"Hello! Swell little night we're goin' to have, with the marrieds of the crowd doing the chaperon act. Where's Shap?"

"He ain't comin', Max. It's his mother's birthday, and—he took her to—to a show. Where's Soph, Max? Aw, ain't that a shame now? And she was fine and dandy this afternoon. I got tonsils myself and know what it is. We pair off even, then, Max, don't we? Both of us are stags. Say, look! Ain't that floor swell? Here, buckle on my skates—quick, Max. Here—ouch! Too tight!"

Mr. Berkovitch smiled upward like a faun, white teeth flashing in his dark, narrow face.

"I guess this ain't my lucky night!"

He bent a slim, high-arched back over Mrs. Shapiro's slim, high-arched foot and let out a hole of skate strap. Above his narrow collar flowed the dusky red of pleasure and exertion.

"Seems like old times, don't it, kiddo?"

"Yes; and I knew you before you was a automobile swell too. What you goin' to do—take the crowd of us out joy-riding to-night?"

"Swell chance in a three-seated runabout! But I'm game to take you out for a spin all by your little self, all-righty."

"Freshie! Same old freshie, ain't you! Didn't I quench you enough this afternoon?"

"Peachie! Same little peachie, ain't you! Gee, this is like old times! Remember the night before you went over to the Shapiro Millinery Company? You and me did an exhibition tango at the fall buyers' dance. Remember? You hadn't even met Shap yet; and you got old man Cobblits, of Cobblits & Kann, Artificial Flowers, right on the floor with you—just like he wasn't worth half a million!"

"Do I remember!"

"There ain't never been a hat model could touch you, kiddo, since you quit the business. Sophie always said you was a level-headed little kid and you would fix yourself comfortable enough. I gotta hand it to you, Gert."

"Freshie!"

"You was a neat model, all-righty. There was somethin' about your head size, Peachie —"

"G-e-r-t is the way it's spelled in the dictionary, Max."

"Gert, that could make a thirty-six-dollars-a-dozen toque look like a Paris label!"

"Just the same, when I quit Loeb's and went over to Shapiro's you and the rest of the crowd said I wasn't a good head size and profile anyway, and —"

"I never did, Gert. You know yourself I was strong for you. Didn't you turn me down and —"

"Aw, cut that, Max! You never was as serious as a funny paper about it. With your temper and mine we'd have spent the honeymoon in the dog-and-cat hospital."

"I liked your temper, kiddo. I liked to see you flare up like a fire with the gasoline hose turned on it, and then die down and put the fire out with your own briny tears."

"Hurry, Max! Look, the crowd's all on the floor."

She rose to her feet, steadying herself with a hold of his coat sleeve; and together they clanked across the wooden floor. Once on the ice, she shot suddenly from his side, bent forward from the waist, with the red fox tippet flying. Careening a great semicircle with the beautiful skill of a gull, he skimmed after her. Captured, she linked her arm with his, tandem; and, matching their easy motion to the rhythm of the orchestra, they cut forward, like two young gods racing with clouds.

"Gee-whillikens!"

"Whoop-see-la!"

"Gee! We ain't forgot how to cut, have we, Max?"

"Forgot! We're the neatest pair on the floor—just like we used to be."

"So!"

"Swoop!"

"Swoop!"

Faster! Faster! And, to steady her, his arms lay round her waist and their heads swayed close. Skaters not so skillful paused to gasp. Members of their party waved to them in high glee: the music gained momentum and carried them with it. The furs at Mrs. Shapiro's neck lay flat-napped, like a fox running in the face of high wind; and in her eyes the artificial brilliancy of footlights, the cold sunshine of the calcium.

"This is sure my lucky night, kiddo!"

"And mine, Max!"

"Shap ain't such a smart husband as he is a business man. A mother he could trust out of his sight; but a live wire of a wife like you—um-m-m!"

"Humph!"

"Huh?"

"Nothin'."

"I'm wise, kiddo."

"Nix you are!"

At intervals they rested at marble-topped tables in the café adjoining, the whole merry party of them. Young men in natty, ready-to-wear suits and with natty ready-to-smile faces. The smooth-jowled new generation of them emerged from the melting pot shaved and boiled down to sleek young Americanism. Their backs straight, that had never borne a pack; hands uncalledoused, that had never pushed a cart.

Slim young women, whose eyes were bright with the desire to live, and whose forms were not marred by the pangs of too-early motherhood. Trim-waisted daughters, who had never span flax nor plowed a field.

Ready wine and still more laughter. Miss Ray Borritz smiled across the table and batted her hand toward Mrs. Shapiro and Mr. Berkovitch, attendant at her side.

"It ain't so nice, Max, that you should carry on with the good-lookin' chaperon just because hubby ain't along."

(Laughter.) Mrs. Shapiro wafted a kiss to no one in particular.

"How you like me, boys, for a chaperon for your party? I only got eyes in my head to see when they should see." (Laughter.) "When I live in a glass house myself I pull down the shade." (More laughter.)

Mr. Maurie Bernstein, of Bernstein & Fineburg, Ribbon Velvets, sprang suddenly to his feet, and the wine swayed out of his glass into a little pool on the tabletop.

"To our chaperon! To our chaperon, the merry little widow!"

The scraping back of chairs and the pledging of glasses over the center of the table; and above the din Mr. Bernstein's insistent protest:

"To our chaperon—a swell little looker that only looks when she oughta look! To our chaperon!"

Higher and higher in Mrs. Shapiro's face ran the red; and her eyes, which were bluer than ice, began to thaw.

"Tra-la-la; for I'm the merry widow!"

Mr. Berkovitch reached round her little figure and refilled her glass.

"No fair huggin' the chaperon!"

"All right; if I can't hug her, then I'll pin a medal on her."

And he must stab a blue-and-white celluloid button on her coat lapel, and she read it, squinting, with one eye closed:

"Loeb Millinery Company—we deliver the goods! Swell ad, ain't it?"

Miss Ray Borritz caught the refrain and sang upward an air from a current musical comedy, but broke ignominiously.

"Cut it, Ray! You may be a perfect thirty-six, but you can't sing in my opera."

Mrs. Shapiro tugged an engraved gold watch from Mr. Berkovitch's waistcoat pocket and dangled it aloft.

"An hour left of the old year! Come on; let's finish with one grand old skate and meet back here for the big noise."

"Good!"

"Give you leave for ice tango with me, Max."

"Ready!"



"I'm Goin'; and if You Don't Believe Me You Watch Me!"

(Continued on Page 32)

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

XXXIV

THE breaking up of Mr. Grex's luncheon party was the signal for a certain amount of maneuvering on the part of one or two of his guests. Monsieur Douaille, for instance, was anxious to remain the escort of Lady Hunterleys, whose plans for the afternoon he had ascertained were unformed. Mr. Grex was anxious to keep his daughter and Lady Weybourne, whose relationship to Richard Lane he had only just apprehended, apart, while he himself desired a little quiet conversation with Monsieur Douaille before they paid the visit that had been arranged for to the Club and the Casino. In the end Mr. Grex was both successful and unsuccessful. He carried off Monsieur Douaille for a short ride in his automobile, but was forced to leave his daughter and Lady Weybourne alone. Draconmeyer, who had been awaiting his opportunity, remained by Lady Hunterleys' side.

"I wonder," he said, "whether you would step in for a few minutes to see Linda."

She had been looking at the table where her husband and his companion had been seated. Draconmeyer's voice seemed to bring her back to a present not altogether agreeable.

"I am going back to my room for a little time," she replied. "I will call in to see Linda first, if you like."

They left the restaurant together and strolled across the square to the Hôtel de Paris, ascended in the lift, and made their way to Draconmeyer's suite of rooms in a silence that was almost unbroken. When they entered the large saloon with its French windows and balcony they found the apartment deserted. Violet looked questioningly at her companion. He closed the door behind him and nodded.

"Yes," he admitted, "my message was a subterfuge. I have sent Linda over to Mentone with her nurse. She will not be back until late in the afternoon. This is the opportunity for which I have been waiting."

She showed no signs of anger or indeed disturbance of any sort. She laid her tiny white silk parasol upon the table and glanced at him coolly.

"Well," she said, "you have your way then. I am here."

Draconmeyer looked at her long and anxiously. Skilled though he was in physiognomy, closely though he had watched for many months the lights and shades, the emotional changes, in her expression, he was yet at that moment completely puzzled. She was not angry. Her attitude seemed to be in a sense passive. Yet what did passivity mean? Was it resignation, consent, or was it simply the armor of normal resistance in which she had clothed herself? Was he wise, after all, to risk everything? Then as he looked at her, as he realized her close and wonderful presence, he suddenly told himself that it was worth while risking all for the joy of holding her for once in his arms. She had never seemed to him so maddeningly beautiful as at that moment. It was one of the hottest days of the season and she was wearing a gown of white muslin, curiously simple, enhancing somehow or other her fascinating slenderness—a slenderness that had nothing to do with angularity but possessed its own soft and graceful curves. Her eyes were bluer than gentians. And while his heart was aching and throbbing with doubts and hopes she suddenly smiled at him.

"I am going to sit down," she announced carelessly. "Please say to me without reserve just what is in your mind. It will be better."

She threw herself into a low chair near the window. Her hands were folded in her lap. Her eyes for some reason were fixed upon her wedding ring. Swift to notice even her slightest action, he frowned as he discerned the direction of her gaze.

"Violet," he said, "I think that you are right. I think that the time has come when I must tell you what is in my mind."

She raised her eyebrows slightly at the sound of her Christian name. He moved over and stood by her chair.

"For a good many years," he began slowly, "I have been a man with a purpose. When it first came into my mind—not willingly—its accomplishment seemed utterly hopeless. Still it was there. Strong man though I am, I could not root it out. I waited. There was nothing else to do but wait. From that moment my life was divided. My whole-souled devotion to worldly affairs was severed. I had one dream that was more wonderful to me even than complete success in the great undertaking that brought me to London. That dream was connected with you, Violet."

She moved a little uneasily, as though the repetition of her Christian name grated. This time, however, he was rapt in his subject.

"I won't make excuses," he went on. "You know what Linda is, what she has been for ten years. I have tried to

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFF



"And There is a Woman's Answer to It"

be kind to her. As to love, I never had any. Ours was an alliance between two great moneyed families, arranged for us, acquiesced in by both of us as a matter of course. It seemed to me in those days the most natural and satisfactory form of marriage. I considered myself as others have considered me—a cold, bloodless man of figures and ambition. It is you who have taught me that I have as much sentiment as other men, and perhaps more, a heart and desires that have made life sometimes hell and sometimes paradise. For two years I have struggled. Life with me has been a sort of passionate compromise. For the joy of seeing you sometimes, of listening to you and watching you, I have borne the agony of having you leave me to take your place with another man. You don't quite know what that meant and I am not going to tell you, but always I have hoped and hoped."

"And now," she said, looking at him, "I owe you four thousand pounds, and you think perhaps that your time has come to speak."

He shivered as though she had struck him a blow. "You think," he exclaimed, "that I am a man of pounds, shillings and pence! Is it my fault that you owe me money?"

He snatched her checks from his inner pocket and ripped them in pieces, then lit a match and watched them while they smoldered away. She, too, watched with emotionless face.

"Do you think that I want to buy you?" he demanded. "There, you are free from my money claims! You can leave my room this moment, if you will, and owe me nothing."

She made no movement, yet he was vaguely disturbed by a sense of having made but little progress—a terrible sense of impending failure. His fingers began to tremble, his face was the face of a man stretched upon the rack.

"Perhaps these words of mine were false," he went on. "Perhaps, in a sense, I do want to buy you—buy the little kindnesses that go with affection, buy your kind words, the touch sometimes of your fingers, the pleasant sense of companionship I feel when I am with you. I know how proud you are. I know how virtuous you are. I know that it's there in your blood—the Puritan instinct, the craving for the one man to whom you have given yourself, the involuntary shrinking from the touch of any other. Good women are like that. Mind, in a sense it's narrow; in a

sense it's splendid. Listen to me: I don't want to declare war against that instinct. I can't. Perhaps even now I have spoken too soon.

craved too soon for the little I do ask. Yet I can keep the seal upon my lips no longer! Don't let us misunderstand each other because we fail to use plain words. All I ask of you is that you shall take from me what makes life brighter for you. I ask for your confidence, for your affection, your companionship. I ask to see you every day that it is possible, to know that you are wearing my gifts, are surrounded by my flowers, and that the rough places in your life are being made smooth by my efforts. I am your suppliant, Violet. I ask only for the crumbs that fall from your table, so long as no other man sits by your side. Violet, can't you give me as much as this?"

His hand, hot and trembling, sought hers, touched and gripped it. She drew her fingers away. It was curious how in those few moments she seemed to be gifted with an immense clear-sightedness. She knew very well that nothing about the man was honest save the passion of which he did not speak. She rose to her feet.

"Well," she said, "I have listened to you very patiently. If I owe any excuse for having appeared to encourage any one of those thoughts of which you speak, here it is. I am like thousands of other women. I absolutely don't know until the time comes what sort of a creature I am, how I shall be moved to act under certain circumstances. I tried to think last night. I couldn't. I felt that I had gone half way. I had taken your money. I had taken it, too, understanding what it means to be in a man's debt. And still I waited. And now I know. I won't even question your sincerity. I won't even suggest that you would not be content with what you ask for —"

"I have sworn it!" he interrupted hoarsely. "To be your favored friend, to be allowed near you—your guardian, if you will —"

The words failed him. Something in her face checked his eloquence.

"I can tell you this now and for always," she continued: "I have nothing to give you. What you ask for is just as impossible as though you were to walk into your picture gallery and kneel before your great masterpiece and beg Beatrice herself to step down from the canvas. I began to wonder yesterday," she went on, rising abruptly and moving across the room, "whether I really was that sort of woman. With your money in my pocket and the gambling fever in my pulses I began even to believe it. And now I know that I am not. Good-by, Mr. Draconmeyer. I don't blame you. On the whole perhaps you have behaved quite well. I think that you have chosen to behave well because that wonderful brain of yours told you that it gave you the best chance. That doesn't really matter though."

He took a quick, almost a threatening step toward her. His face was dark with all the passions that had preyed upon the man.

"There is a man's last resource," he muttered thickly. "And there is a woman's answer to it," she replied, her finger suddenly resting upon a bell in the wall.

They both heard its summons. Footsteps came hurrying along the corridor. Draconmeyer turned his head away, struggling to compose himself. A waiter entered. Lady Hunterleys picked up her parasol and moved toward the door. The man stood on one side with a bow.

"Here is the waiter you rang for, Mr. Draconmeyer," she remarked, looking over her shoulder. "Wasn't it coffee you wanted? Tell Linda I'll hope to see her some time this evening."

She strolled away. The waiter remained patiently upon the threshold.

"Coffee for one or two, sir?" he inquired.

Mr. Draconmeyer struggled for a moment against a torrent of words that scorched his lips. In the end, however, he triumphed.

"For one, with cream," he ordered.

XXXV

SELINGMAN, who was leaning back in a leather-padded chair and smoking a very excellent cigar, looked round at his companions with a smile of complete approval.

"Our host," he declared, bowing to Mr. Grex, "has surpassed himself. For a hired yacht I have seen nothing more magnificent. Excellent wines and cigars, the best of company and an isolation beyond all question. What place could suit us better?"

There was a little murmur of assent. The four men were seated together in the wonderfully decorated saloon of what was beyond doubt a most luxurious yacht. Through the open porthole were visible every few moments, as the

yacht rose and sank on the swell, the long line of lights that fringed the shore between Monte Carlo and Mentone; the mountains beyond, with tiny lights flickering like spangles in a black mantle of darkness; and, farther round still, the stream of light from the Casino reflected far and wide upon the black waters.

"None," Mr. Grex asserted confidently. "We are at least beyond reach of these bungling English spies. There is no further fear of eavesdroppers. We are entirely alone. Each may speak his own mind. There is nothing to be feared in the way of interruption. I trust, Monsieur Douaille, that you appreciate the altered circumstances."

Monsieur Douaille, who was looking very much more at his ease, assented without hesitation.

"I must confess," he agreed, "that the isolation we now enjoy is to a certain extent reassuring. Here we need no longer whisper. One may listen carefully. One may weigh well what is said. Sooner or later it must come to the crucial point. This, if you like, is a game of make-believe. Then in make-believe Germany has offered to restore Alsace and Lorraine, has offered to hold all French territory as sacred, provided France allows her to occupy Calais for one year. What is your object, Herr Selingman? Do you indeed wish to invade England?"

Selingman poured out for himself a glass of wine from the bottle that stood at his elbow.

"Good!" he said. "We have come to plain questions. I'll answer in plain speech. I will tell you now in a few words all that remains to be told. Germany has no desire to invade Great Britain. If one may believe the newspapers, there is scarcely an Englishman alive who would credit this simple fact, but it is nevertheless true. Commercially, England and a certain measure of English prosperity are necessary to Germany. Geographically there are certain risks to be run in an invasion of that country which we do not consider worth while. Besides, an invasion, even a successful one, would result in making an everlasting and bitter enemy of Great Britain. We learned our lesson when we took territory from France. We do not need to repeat it. Several hundred thousands of our most worthy citizens are finding an honest and prosperous living in London. Several thousands of our merchants are in business there, and are prospering. Several hundreds of our shrewdest men of affairs are making fortunes upon the London Stock Exchange. Therefore, we do not wish to conquer England. Commercially that conquest is already effected. I want you, Monsieur Douaille, absolutely to understand this, because it may affect your views. What we do require is to strike a long and lasting blow at the navy of Great Britain. As a somewhat larger Holland, Great Britain is welcome to a peaceful existence. When she lords it over the world, talks of an empire upon which the sun never sets, then the time is at hand when we are forced to interfere. Great Britain has possessions she is not strong enough to hold. Germany is strong enough to wrest them from her, and means to do so. The English fleet must be destroyed. South Africa then will come to Germany, India to Russia, Egypt to France. The rest follows as a matter of course."

"And what is the rest?" Monsieur Douaille asked.

Herr Selingman was no longer content to sit in his place. He rose to his feet. His face had fallen into different lines. His eyes flashed, his words were inspired.

"The rest," he declared, "is the crux of the whole matter. It is the one great and settled goal toward which we who have understood have schemed and fought our way. With the British Navy destroyed the Monroe Doctrine is not worth a sheet of writing paper. South America is Germany's natural heritage by every right worth considering. It is our people's gold that founded the Argentine republic, the brains of our people that control its destinies. Our El Dorado is there, Monsieur Douaille. That is the country which sooner or later Germany must possess. We look nowhere else. We covet no other of our neighbors' possessions. Only I say that the sooner America makes up her mind to the sacrifice, the better. Her Monroe Doctrine is all very well for the Northern States. But when she quotes it as a pretext for keeping Germany from her place in South America she crosses swords with us. Now you know the truth. You know, Monsieur Douaille, what we require from you, and you know your reward."



"There, You are Free From My Money Claims!"

"Our host has already told you, and will tell you again as often as you like, the feeling of his own country. The Franco-Russian alliance is already doomed. It falls to pieces through sheer lack of common interests. The Entente Cordiale is simply a fetter and a dead weight upon you. Monsieur Douaille, I put it to you as a man of common sense: Do you think that you, as a statesman—you see I will put the burden upon your shoulders, because if you choose you can speak for your country—do you think that you have a right to refuse from Germany the return of Alsace and Lorraine? Do you think that you can look your country in the face if you refuse on her behalf the greatest gift that has ever yet been offered to any nation—the gift of Egypt? The old alliances are out of date. The balance of power has shifted. I ask you, Monsieur Douaille, as you value the prosperity and welfare of your country, to weigh what I have said and what our great Russian friend has said word for word. England has made no sacrifices for you. Why should you sacrifice yourself for her?"

Monsieur Douaille stroked his little gray imperial.

"That is well enough," he muttered; "but without the English Navy the balance of power upon the Continent is entirely upset."

"The balance of power only according to the present grouping of interests," Mr. Grex pointed out. "Selingman has shown us how these must change. Frankly, although no one can fail to realize the immense importance of South America as a colonizing center, it is my honest opinion that the nation that scores most by my friend Selingman's plans is not Germany, but France. Think what it means to her. Instead of being a secondary Power she will of her own might absolutely control the Mediterranean. Egypt with its vast possibilities, its ever-elastic boundary, falls to her hand. Malta and Cyprus follow. It is a great price that Germany is prepared to pay."

Monsieur Douaille was silent for several moments. It was obvious that he was deeply impressed.

"This is a matter," he said, "that must be considered from many points of view. Supposing that France were willing to bury the hatchet with Germany, to remain neutral or to place Calais at Germany's disposal. Even then, do you suppose, Herr Selingman, that it would be an easy matter to destroy the British Navy?"

"We have our plans," Selingman declared solemnly. "We know very well that they can be carried out only at great loss both of men and of ships. It is a gloomy and terrible task that lies before us, but at the other end of it is the glory that never fades."

"If America," Douaille remarked, "were to have an inkling of your plan her own fleet would come to the rescue."

"Why should America know of our ultimate aims?" Selingman rejoined. "Her politicians to-day choose to play the part of the ostrich in the desert. They take no account, or profess to take no account, of European happenings. They have no secret service. Their country is governed from within for herself only. As for the rest, the bogie of a German invasion has been haunted so long in England that few people stop to realize the absolute futility of such a course. London is already colonized by Germans—colonized, that is to say, in urban and money-making fashion. English gold is flowing in a never-ending stream into our country. It would be the most foolish scheme an ambitious statesman could conceive of to lay violent hands upon a land teeming with one's own children. Germany sees farther than this. There are richer prizes across the Atlantic, richer prizes from every point of view."

"You mentioned South Africa," Monsieur Douaille murmured.

Selingman shrugged his shoulders.

"South Africa will make no nation rich," he replied. "Her own people are too stubborn and powerful, too rooted to the soil."

Monsieur Douaille for the first time stretched out his hand and took up the wine-glass that stood by his side. His cheeks were very pale. He had the appearance of a man tortured by conflicting thoughts.

"I should like to ask you, Selingman," he said, "whether you have made any definite plans for your conflict with the British Navy? I admit that the days of England's unique greatness are over. She may not be in a position to-day, as she has been in former years, to fight the world."



"My Father is on That Yacht, and I Cannot Imagine Why He Does Not Return"

"I am a citizen of France," he said, "an envoy without powers to treat. My one province is to listen."

"But your personal sympathies?" Selingman persisted.

"I have sometimes thought," Monsieur Douaille confessed, "that the present grouping of European powers must gradually change. If your country, for instance," he added, turning to Mr. Grex, "indeed embraces the proposals of Herr Selingman, France must of necessity be driven to reconsider her position toward England. The Anglo-Saxon race may have to battle then for its very existence. Yet it is always to be remembered that in the background is the United States of America, possessing resources and wealth greater than those of any other country in the universe."

"And it must also be remembered," Selingman proclaimed in a tone of ponderous conviction, "that she possesses no adequate means of guarding them, that she is not a military nation, that she has not the strength to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Things were all very well for her before the days of wireless telegraphy, of aeroplanes and airships, of superdreadnoughts and cruisers with the speed of express trains. She was too far away to be concerned in European turmoils. To-day science is annihilating distance. America, leaving out of account altogether her military impotence, would need a fleet three times her present strength to enforce the Monroe Doctrine for the remainder, not of this century, but of this decade."

Then the bomb fell. A strange voice suddenly interposed, a voice the American accent of which seemed more marked than usual. The four men turned their heads. Selingman sprang to his feet. Mr. Grex's face was marble in its whiteness. Monsieur Douaille, with a nervous sweep of his right arm, sent his glass crashing to the floor. They all looked in the same direction, up to the little music gallery. Leaning over in a careless attitude, with his arms folded upon the rail, was Richard Lane.

"Say," he begged, "may I take a hand in this little discussion?"

XXXVI

OF THE four men Selingman was the first to recover himself.

"Who the hell are you and how did you get up there?" he roared.

"I am Richard Lane," the young man explained affably, "and there's a way up from the music room. You probably didn't notice it. And there's a way down, as you may perceive," he added, pointing to the spiral staircase. "I'll join you if I may."

There was a dead silence as for a moment Richard disappeared and was seen immediately afterward descending the round staircase. Mr. Grex touched Selingman on the arm and whispered in his ear. Selingman nodded. There were evil things in the faces of both men as Lane approached them.

"Will you kindly explain at once your presence here, sir?" Mr. Grex ordered.

"I say!" Richard protested. "A joke's a joke, but when you ask a man to explain his presence on his own boat you're coming it just a little thick, eh? To tell you the truth, I had some sort of an idea of asking you the same question."

"What do you mean—your own boat?" Draconmeyer demanded.

He was, perhaps, the first to realize the situation. Richard thrust his hands into his pockets and sat upon the edge of the table.

"Seems to me," he remarked, "that you gentlemen have made some sort of a mistake. Where do you think you are anyway?"

"On board Schwann's yacht, the Christabel," Selingman replied.

Richard shook his head.

"Not a bit of it," he assured them. "This is the steam yacht Minnehaha, which brought me over from New York and of which I am most assuredly the owner. Now I come to think of it," he went on, "there was another yacht leaving the harbor at the same time. Can't have happened that you boarded the wrong boat, eh?"

Mr. Grex was icily calm, but there was menace of the most dangerous sort in his look and manner.

"Nothing of that sort was possible," he declared, "as you are, without doubt, perfectly well aware. It appears to me that this is a deliberate plot. The yacht I and my friends thought we were boarding to-night was the Christabel, which my servant had instructions to hire from Schwann of Monaco. I await some explanation from you, sir, as to your purpose in sending your pinnace to the landing stage of the Villa Mimosa and deliberately misleading us as to our destination."

"Well, I don't know that I've got much to say about that," Richard replied easily.

"You are offering us no explanation?" Selingman demanded.

"None," Richard assented coolly.

Selingman suddenly struck the table with his clenched fist.

"You were not alone up in that gallery!"

"Getting warm, aren't you?" Richard murmured.

Selingman turned to Grex.

"This young man is Hunterleys' friend. They've fixed this up between them. Listen!"

A door slammed above their heads. Some one had left the music gallery.

"Hunterleys himself!" Selingman cried.

"Sure!" Richard assented. "Bright fellow, Selingman," he continued amiably. "I wouldn't try that on, if I were you," he added, turning to Mr. Grex, whose hand was slowly stealing from the back of his coat. "That sort of thing doesn't do nowadays. Revolvers belong to the last decade of intrigue. You're a bit out of date with that little weapon. Don't be foolish. I am not angry with any of you. I am willing to take this little joke pleasantly, but —"

He raised a whistle to his lips and blew it. The door at the farther end of the saloon was opened as though by magic. A steward in the yacht's uniform appeared. From outside was visible a very formidable line of sailors. Grex, with a swift gesture, slipped something back into his pocket, something that glittered like silver.

"Serve some champagne, Reynolds," Richard ordered the steward who had come hurrying in, "and bring some cigars."

The man withdrew. Richard seated himself once more upon the table, clasping one knee.

"Look here," he said, "I'll be frank with you. I came into this little affair for the sake of a pal. It was only by accident that I found my way up yonder—more to look after him than for any other reason. I never imagined that you would have anything to say that was interesting to me. Seems I was wrong though. You've got things very nicely worked out, Mr. Selingman."

Selingman glared at the young man, but said nothing. The others, too, were all remarkably bereft of words.

"Don't mind my staying for a little chat, do you?" Richard continued pleasantly. "You see I am an American, and I am rather interested in the latter portion of what you had to say. I dare say you're quite right in some respects. We are a trifle too commercial and a trifle too cocksure. You see things have always gone our way. All the same we've got the stuff, you know. Just consider this: If I thought there was any real need for it—and I begin to think that perhaps there may be—I should be ready to present the United States with a dreadnought to-morrow, and I don't know that I should need to retrench as a result of doing so. And," he went on, "there are thirty or forty others who could and would do the same. Tidy little fleet we should soon have, you see, without a penny of taxation. Of course I know we should need the men, but we've a grand reserve to draw upon in the West. They are not bothering about the navy in times of peace, but they'd stream into it fast enough if there were any real need."

The chief steward appeared, followed by two or three of his subordinates. A tray of wine was placed upon the table. Bottles were opened, but no one made any attempt to drink. Richard filled his own glass.

"Prefer your own wine?" he remarked. "Well, now, that's too bad. Hope I'm not boring you?"

No one spoke or moved. Richard settled himself a little more comfortably upon the table.



"Just Consider This: If I Thought There Was Any Real Need for It, I Should Be Ready to Present the United States With a Dreadnought To-morrow"

"I can't tell you all," he proceeded, "how interested I have been, listening up there. You seem to possess quite a gift of putting things clearly, if I may be allowed to say so, Mr. Selingman. Now here's my reply, as one of the poor Anglo-Saxons from the West who've got to make room in the best parts of the world for your German colonists: If you make a move in the game you've been talking so glibly about, if my word counts for anything, if my persuasions count for anything—and I've facts to go on, you know—you'll have the American fleet to deal with as well as the English, and I fancy that will be a trifle more than you can chew up, eh?"

"I'm going back to America a little earlier than I anticipated. Of course they'll laugh at me at first in Washington. They don't believe much in these round-table conferences and European plots. But all the same I've got some friends there. We'll try to remember this amiable little statement of policy of yours, Mr. Selingman. Nothing like being warned, you know."

Mr. Grex rose from his place.

"Sir," he said, "since we have been and still are your unwilling guests, will you be so good as to arrange for us at once to relieve you of our presence?"

"Well, I'm not so sure about that," Richard remarked meditatively. "I think I'd contribute a good deal to the comfort and happiness of this generation if I took you all out to sea and dropped you overboard one by one."

"As I presume you have no such intention," Mr. Grex persisted, "I repeat that we should be glad to be allowed to land."

Richard abandoned his indolent posture and stood facing them.

"You came on board, gentlemen, without my invitation," he reminded them. "You will leave my ship when I choose—and that," he added, "is not just at present."

"Do you mean that we are to consider ourselves your prisoners?" Draconmeyer asked with an acid smile.

"Certainly not—my guests," Richard replied with a bow. "I can assure you that it will be a matter of only a few hours."

Monsieur Douaille hammered the table with his fist.

"Young man," he exclaimed, "I leave with you! I insist upon it that I be permitted to leave. I am not a party to this conference. I am merely a guest, a listener, here wholly in my private capacity. I will not be associated with whatever political scandal may arise from this affair. I demand permission to leave at once."

"Seems to me there's something in what you say," Richard admitted. "Very well, you may come along. I dare say Hunterleys will be glad to have a chat with you. As for the rest of you," he concluded as Monsieur Douaille rose promptly to his feet, "I have a little business to arrange on land which I think I could manage better while you are at sea. I shall therefore, gentlemen, wish you good evening. Pray consider my yacht entirely at your disposal."

My stewards will be only too happy to execute any orders—supper, breakfast or dinner. You have merely to say the word."

He started toward the door, closely followed by Douaille, who in a state of great excitement refused to listen to Selingman's entreaties.

"No, no!" the former objected, shaking his head. "I will not stay. I will not be associated with this meeting. You are bunglers, all of you. I came only to listen, on your solemn assurance of entire secrecy. We are spied upon at the Villa Mimosa, we are made fools of on board this yacht. No more unofficial meetings for me!"

"Quite right, old fellow," Richard declared as they passed out on to the deck. "Set of wrong 'uns, those chaps, even though Mr. Grex is a grand duke. You know Sir Henry Hunterleys, don't you?"

Hunterleys came forward from the gangway, at the foot of which the pinnace was waiting.

"We are taking Monsieur Douaille ashore," Richard explained as the two men shook hands. "He really doesn't belong to that gang and he wants

to cut adrift. You understand my orders exactly, captain?" he asked as they stepped down the iron gangway.

"Perfectly, sir," was the prompt reply. "You may rely upon me. I am afraid they are beginning to make a noise downstairs already!"

The little pinnace shot out—a stream of light across the dark, placid sea. Douaille was talking earnestly to Hunterleys.

"Pleasantest few minutes I ever spent in my life," Richard murmured as he took out his cigarette case.

XXXVII

THE sun was shining brilliantly and the sky was cloudless as Richard turned his automobile into the grounds of the Villa Mimosa soon after nine o'clock on the following morning.

The yellow-blossomed trees, slightly stirred by the west wind, formed a golden arch across the winding avenue. The air was sweet, almost faint with perfume. On the terrace, holding a pair of field glasses in her hands and gazing intently out to sea, was Fedora. At the sound of the motor horn she turned quickly. She looked at the visitor in surprise. A shade of pink was in her face. Lane brought the car to a standstill, jumped out and climbed the steps of the terrace.

"What has brought you here?" she asked in surprise.

(Continued on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newspapers.
To Canada—By Subscription \$1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.50).
Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, \$3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 26, 1914

Wasteful Competition

THE opening of the Panama Canal has subjected railroads to the most serious competition of recent years. Rates by way of the canal are so much lower than by rail that the boats draw shipments destined for the Pacific Coast from points far west of the Atlantic Seaboard. The great question is whether the roads shall meet this competition by lowering transcontinental rates.

Those rates are already exceptionally low. Probably they yield no profit to the rail carriers—in which case still lower rates would, of course, result in outright loss; and if the roads do a certain business at a loss when some other agency could do it at a profit the net result is economic loss to the country.

Finally, the country cannot afford to have railroad capital unprofitably employed. Everybody would see the folly of building a horse-car line to compete with a trolley line when the latter could do business profitably at rates that would be ruinous to the former. People would say: "To build this line is simply to throw away so much capital." There must be a similar waste of capital if railroads haul freight at a loss in order to keep the business away from ships that could haul it at a profit.

It is true that transcontinental business cannot be sharply set aside from the roads' other business, and that shipments which repay only the direct out-of-pocket expenses—or even fail to do that—may, on a broad view, be really profitable by keeping equipment employed that would otherwise lie idle, and so on. But it seems doubtful that decidedly lower transcontinental rates would, on the broadest view, be profitable, and there is no permanent gain in competition which brings loss to the competitors.

Never Enough

PROBABLY the book most quoted in the English-speaking world of late is Friedrich von Bernhardi's *Germany and the Next War*, expounding the doctrine of the right and the duty of a growing nation to make war. The book is drawn on to prove that, with so truculent a spirit abroad, this country ought to arm for her own protection; but our militarists overlook the point that Bernhardi wrote the volume as a solemn warning to his countrymen against their dangerous unpreparedness for war.

Germany, with her immense army and rapidly expanding navy, seemed to us the type of a militarist state when Bernhardi wrote, three years ago. To him she seemed quite different. Her pindling navy he views with alarm. True, the army is large, but he questions the spirit that animates and directs it. Formerly, he says, the Germans were the most warlike people of Europe, by which virtue they attained their present lofty position; but of late—through love of ease and of philosophic speculations and by absorption in the sordid business of making money—they have degenerated into a peace-loving nation. "A rude shock is needed to awaken their warlike instincts"—which shock he proceeds to administer.

There you have the logical completion of the militarist program. A nation may pile dreadnought on dreadnought, and train the whole male population to arms; but all that

is nothing unless she keeps her warlike instincts alive by fighting. For national security, army corps and battle-ships are of little account unless you have the warlike spirit that is nourished by war. No matter to what length you go in accumulating all the instruments of war, that is not enough unless you keep them efficient by using them.

Bernhardi is the best exponent of militarism. If you accept his premises you can hardly avoid his conclusions.

Tinkering the Constitution

NEW YORK has elected one hundred and sixty-eight delegates to the Constitutional Convention that will meet at Albany next spring to recast the organic law. We do not expect much from their labors. For years the Empire State has been one of the worst-governed commonwealths in the Union. Disclosures of public works badly constructed and public institutions badly run have been a standing feature of her political history. The legislature has supplied a major scandal about every other session. Each revelation of inefficiency, waste, graft and undemocratic ring control has been met with the cry: "We must elect better men next time."

Now and then better men are elected, and there is a comparatively clean page—only comparatively. In any other field of human endeavor a machine which functioned so badly so much of the time would give rise to a profound suspicion that it was ill suited for the work and never could be depended on to function properly. And the New York government is only a little better or a little worse than that of forty-odd other states.

That good government, especially for a state having the immense and complex interests of New York, can ever come from a numerous legislature, which will inevitably be composed mostly of men of little weight, experience or ability—each of whom, moreover, thinks first of the interests of the petty district that elected him, or the interests of the dominant political clique in that district—seems to us clearly impossible. Several notorious court decisions that blocked social progress show another constitutional defect.

The framers of the Federal Constitution practically disregarded the organic law that then existed and struck out on new work. Their success might—after a century and a quarter of the most extraordinary social and economic development in history—inspire present-day constitution makers with more courage.

A Difference

THERE are some great paintings in New York, belonging to the Morgan collection, which, according to current report, will be offered for sale as soon as times are once more propitious for the marketing of such haubles. We could imagine France so impoverished by war taxes that she hardly knew where her next meal was coming from, but still striving mightily—by mortgaging the cook-stove, pawning the bedstead and selling her shoes—to scrape together a few hundred thousand dollars for a pick of those canvases. On the other hand we could not imagine the United States—even with a bursting treasury—buying those pictures at a dollar a yard.

This profound national difference suggests that any great nation may cherish its own greatness without disparaging the greatness of another nation.

A Great Gain

BANKS are rapidly retiring—or have already retired—the clearing-house loan certificates issued in August, and in all probability we have seen the last of that unique American device for meeting a financial crisis.

Heretofore every sharp shock to confidence has put a deadlock on bank credit. Now every bank with sound assets in the form of commercial paper can always convert those assets into currency by rediscounting the paper at a Federal Reserve Bank; so no solvent bank need fear a sudden drain on its cash. No sound merchant need fear that he will be unable to borrow for his actual needs, because his paper is always convertible into money.

This is a great gain for the country. No credit system can be panic-proof, as Europe discovered when this war-earthquake happened; but against a collapse of credit from any such causes as those of 1893 or 1907 we should now be secure—which is worth more to the nation than all the battleships that ever have been constructed.

Unemployment

EVERY commercial country has a banking reserve—a certain large sum in gold that is set apart and lies untouched from month to month and year to year in ordinary times, but which may be drawn on in an emergency. Thus, in the war crisis gold that may have lain unmoved for a long period passed out of the Bank of England.

We believe it would be possible for a country to create an industrial reserve. Every important nation's labor statistics show a pretty constant recurrence of unemployment. For three or four years labor may be quite fully

employed. Then business slackens and the number of men out of work rises until times improve. These recurring seasons of large unemployment take a heavy toll of labor. Savings disappear; debts accumulate; families formerly self-supporting become dependent.

As a matter of fact we know the dull seasons are going to recur, because they always have. In every country there is a vast deal of public work done by the cities, states and central governments. In every country the public employs labor most freely exactly when private employers do—that is, when times are good and credit is easy. When times are poor and bonds not easily salable the public cuts down employment. It ought to be the other way. By intelligent forethought it might be made so—public work, that is, might be made a sort of industrial reserve to fall back on when private work slackened.

Big Business

THERE is no fundamental difference between big business and little business except in size. The sound country bank is run on exactly the same principles as the biggest bank in Wall Street. The Steel Corporation or the International Harvester Company is essentially just the village hardware store magnified a million diameters.

Profit is the motive of all business, and the quest is as keen in little business as in big. The dividing line between good business and bad business has no relation whatever to the line between big and little. On both sides of the latter line you will find integrity and fairness, or chicanery and oppression.

The important superficial difference is that big business is most subject to criticism and most often called to account. It tends, therefore, to become consciously charged with a certain public interest and to become socially educated. The so-called welfare work for the health and recreation of employees, in which nearly all big businesses engage more or less extensively, is a result.

It is not that big business is more sinful than little business, but that its sins may be more readily discovered.

Murder as a Pastime

CHICAGO counts up one hundred and eighty-odd murders in the year 1914. A very recent case painfully suggests that murder is still a professional occupation in New York. Roughly speaking, as to statistics of crime those cities differ from other American towns only in proportion to their size. No other country that can be called civilized has any such record.

Various profound reasons for this national disgrace have been adduced; but the actual reason, in our opinion, is very simple and lies right on the surface: By making the criminal law a game we make murder a pastime. Every sloppy-minded jury that acquits a murderer under the unwritten law, or liberates a female homicide because of her sex, helps to advertise that it is safe to kill.

Every murder trial that is only a protracted and theatrical contest of wits between opposing counsel, and every successful technical appeal, helps to broaden and deepen the general impression that a man with blood visible on his hands can play a game of checkers with the law under conditions that give him an advantage.

We do not expect any improvement in our murder record until our method of dealing with murder is improved. This is a political subject, since improvement can come only through political action; but it is almost impossible to get politics interested in subjects of immediate, tangible and indubitable importance. You can stir up no end of political interest in a topic such as whether one man ought to be a director of two railroads; but a propaganda to discourage murder addresses itself mostly to empty benches.

Peace Before a Year Passes

THE German Crown Prince is quoted as saying: "Undoubtedly this is the most stupid, senseless, unnecessary war of modern times." Undoubtedly every one of the belligerents will agree with him in that—each, however, claiming, as he does, that somebody else was responsible for it. Undoubtedly this war has sickened the whole world, including those engaged in it, as no other war ever did.

There are differences of opinion as to who is responsible, but the reaction of civilized men from its monstrous cruelties and wastes is almost universal. So we do not believe it will last a year. No matter what the fortunes of the battlefield are, a cumulative load of disgust and abhorrence and a steadily increasing economic pressure will stop it. If the situation of the first week of December could have been foreseen in the last week of July, if European chancelleries could have had at the former date the same consciousness of what war means that they had at the latter date, there would certainly have been no war.

In the first days, of course, they all talked about dying in the last ditch, as everybody does when he begins a fight; but after half a dozen kicks in the stomach any belligerent begins to comprehend the beauties of peace.

THE BLIGHT

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

WHY is it one writer or one magazine becomes greatly popular while others never obtain any considerable hearing?

A writer like Poe is universally read. The imitators of Poe, Conan Doyle, and the like, continue to enjoy great popularity, while our most conspicuous modern writers, claiming an elevated literary standard, remain with their pages uncut.

Certain magazines published in this country run swiftly into a circulation of millions, while others, long established, are barely able to find a few hundred thousand readers. Those of the first class become great and powerful; those of the second fall into decay.

The explanation does not lie wholly in the superior energy and business ability of the one as against the other. It would scarcely do to affirm that the popularity of Poe and Doyle arose from a superior skill in advertising.

It is a complete answer to say that these authors and these popular magazines give the public what it wants. And here one reaches a vital interest—confining the inquiry to fiction: What is it the public does want?

The reader is not looking for any form of instruction. If he wishes information in this day he goes to a textbook. The primary object of all fiction is to entertain the reader. If, while it entertains, it also ennobles him this fiction becomes a work of art; but its primary business must be to entertain and not to educate or instruct him.

These latter benefits are incidental. They can never be the direct object of fiction. Nor must it appear that the intent of fiction is to ennoble the reader. All attempted uplift is instinctively resented. Did not Thoreau say that if he should hear that one was coming to his house to do him good he would flee as for his life? The great primary object, then, in all fiction is to entertain.

What sort of fiction is it that has the most nearly universal appeal?

If one reflects one will immediately see that the human mind everywhere is engaged almost exclusively with problems. It is the problem that holds the mind with a consuming interest. The astronomer, as Mr. Lowell so aptly puts it, is merely a detective of the heavens; the chemist, a detective of the laboratory; the biologist, a student of clues. We are encircled by a frontier of vast mysteries. We advance by finding the solutions to these mysteries.

False Ideals in Modern Letters

THE human mind is essentially an implement for the solving of problems and the untangling of mysteries. This being true, it would seem to be also true that the writer who presents a problem to be solved or a mystery to be untangled will be offering those qualities in his fiction which are of the most nearly universal appeal.

Immediately one meets the reply that literature of this character is not of the highest order. Writers and magazine publishers who avoid these elements of universal interest, we are told, are dealing with a higher type of literature.

This idea has been very deeply rooted. It has happened that certain men who had the public attention—men of culture, of education and refinement—have taken this position. They have inspired the textbooks taught in the schools and thereby given this theory wide credence. It has also happened that the mystery or problem story, from the very fact that it contained elements of the most nearly universal appeal, has been the vehicle usually chosen by the unskillful. This has given such fiction a general air of inferiority.

Persons of refinement and culture wish to distinguish themselves by producing something unlike that produced by the incompetent.

Thus it has happened in this country that a few men, commanding the older and more

established publications, have, in a measure, created the impression that the absence of the problem or mystery in a work of fiction is in some sense a distinguishing mark of the elevated literary class.

The result was that the writers and magazines who adopted this course lost their audience and restricted themselves to a narrow hearing. It was a tremendous loss; and, unless they gained something of a superior value—markedly and conspicuously superior—the thing was suicidal.

Pride and the desire to be distinguished are not enough to justify a magazine in moving toward bankruptcy or an author toward a single edition. These men must be certain that the fiction which omits the problem or mystery is superior to that which contains it; and their case must be established beyond all doubt to justify the enormous losses it entails—losses of money and of popularity.

It is not an answer to cite Mr. Galsworthy's story of the popular author who was urged by a critic to write "literature," and who continued to write better and better "literature," omitting the elements of popular appeal, until he finally produced a piece so excellent that not even the critic could read it! Nor can we dodge it with the single comment:

"I do not know whether the gentlemen of this school have any talent, for I cannot read their books; but I do know there has been no genius in this country since Edgar Allan Poe."

With the possible exception of Hawthorne, there has been no genius in this country since Edgar Allan Poe; but men of ability and talent may produce literature in the absence of genius, and it is with the literature produced by these men that we are primarily concerned.

Let us inquire into the statement that the highest order of literature omits the problem or mystery.

High-standing names count for much; but a high-standing name that produces literature omitting the problem or mystery will not take precedence over an equally high-standing name which discusses literature with no air of special pleading.

In the fifth century before the Christian era there flourished along the Aegean Sea a race of people that not only produced works of art but, what is far more extraordinary, were able to say precisely how works of art ought to be produced.

Few of the records of this golden civilization have descended to us, but enough have come down to demonstrate that no subsequent civilization compares with it, in either artistic feeling or the products of it.

This great people pointed out that a work of art in literature could not be merely a representation of life. "It is not the function of the poet to relate what has happened, but what may happen. . . . The work of Herodotus might be put into verse, and it would still be a species of history, with meter no less than without it. The true difference is that one relates what has happened, the other what may happen."

When Aristotle, in his *Poetics*, undertook to lay down the principles by which tragedy ought to be constructed he gave the common and essential principles for the construction of all fiction—especially for the construction of the short story.

The doctrines of the *Poetics* and its rules are fundamental.

They deal with the elements at the basis of all fiction that would be considered a work of art. They are especially applicable to that brief form of fiction which we call the short story,



Under the Scheme of the Universe it is the Tragic Things That Seem the Most Real

and which we seek to make a work of art in our day.

In spite of all books that have been written in our modern languages on the subject, we do not find anyone who is able to tell us how to make the short story a work of art. A few men seem to know how to do it, but they are unwilling or unable to tell us how they go about the thing.

Aristotle, however, in his *Poetics*, does tell us. He lays down the rules. He does not shirk over any difficulty. He points out precisely how such a work of art ought to be constructed; in fact, how it must be constructed. He is the greatest authority we know, of the greatest age we know. And if high-standing names count for anything we have a right to say we are going to the one above all others. Aristotle begins his great essay by taking a position directly contrary to those who tell us that the highest form of literature omits the problem or mystery—that is to say, has no distinctive plot.

Rules Laid Down by One Who Knew

"FOR Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of an action and of life, and life consists in action, and its end is a mode of action, not a quality. Now, character determines men's qualities, but it is by their actions that they are happy or the reverse. Dramatic action, therefore, is not with a view to the representation of character; character comes in as subsidiary to the actions. Hence the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy; and the end is the chief thing of all. Again, without action there cannot be a tragedy; there may be without character. . . ."

"Again, if you string together a set of speeches expressive of character, and well finished in point of diction and thought, you will not produce the essential tragic effect nearly so well as with a play which, however deficient in these respects, yet has a plot and artistically constructed incidents. Besides which, the most powerful elements of emotional interest in Tragedy—Peripetia, or Reversal of the Situation, and Recognition Scenes—are parts of the plot. A further proof is that novices in the art attain finish of diction and precision of portraiture before they can construct the plot. It is the same with almost all the early poets."

"The Plot, then, is the first principle and, as it were, the soul of a tragedy: Character holds the second place. A similar fact is seen in painting. The most beautiful colors, laid on confusedly, will not give as much pleasure as the chalk outline of a portrait."

It seems, then, that the age of the very highest artistic conception held a theory adverse to those of our own age who claim the most elevated literary standard.

It must not be imagined that Aristotle was writing an arbitrary treatise on literature, or formulating rules out of

(Continued on Page 25)



The Great Painters Began With the Most Careful and Accurate Drawings of the Picture They Intended to Paint



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Upholstery; deep
and soft
Windshield; rain-vision,
ventilating type,
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Electric starter
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axle; floating type springs; extra mud underslung; elliptic steel base, 114 inches; 34" tires;ountable rims—extra.	Left-hand drive Center control Body; beautiful new Brewster green finish Mohair top and boot High-grade magnetic speedometer Robe rail, foot rest and curtain box
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MERCANTILE AGENCIES

How They Can Help the Local Business Man

By ROGER W. BABSON

DO YOU know why men often shake hands after a trade? If you are not acquainted with the origin of this custom you will be interested to learn how it came to enter into our everyday life. Back in the early days barter constituted the only method of trading, and both parties had with them the commodities they intended to swap.

As neither the Indian nor the trader gave up his wares until the other fellow did likewise, no credit system was necessary. Moreover, as both men's hands were fully occupied holding skins, beads or other articles, there was no opportunity for either to draw a knife or a tomahawk.

As trade became more extensive and the Indians were unable to bring their wares with them, some sign was needed to signify whether they were coming to fight or to trade.

At this point the shaking of hands was developed to signify trade, for with hands clasped both traders were unable to draw a knife. Hence, with the arrival of the day when a man shook hands to assure himself that the other man did not contemplate murder, there began the foundation of a new business era. Thus it will be seen that the shaking of hands was the origin of the credit movement. Now let me tell you how it has developed.

A long period of evolution ensued, until finally there was attained a great achievement, on which is founded the entire business structure of the world. I refer to credit, without which we should be as the aborigines in the days of old. It was a long and tedious process; but commercial relations became so extensive and complex that some radical change was absolutely necessary. The growth and extent of trade, both domestic and foreign, made the old system unendurable.

At first it was difficult to learn what was needed; but the patient was finally diagnosed as needing credit. Though the credit methods first employed were crude, yet they were suitable for those days. Moreover, the great credit structure of the business world to-day is but a development of the original plan, frail as it was.

The ultimate outcome was the foundation of central mercantile agencies, the sole functions of which were to compile and distribute reports—for private subscription and circulation—on the business acumen, integrity and resources of individuals, firms and corporations. Primarily and, indeed, up to the present time, these reports have been utilized almost entirely by the larger commercial interests for both getting and giving credit.

This means that the smaller business men have neglected a golden opportunity. Therefore I earnestly urge every local business man to learn more about mercantile agencies, especially concerning their value and adaptation to his work.

To begin with, the primary advantage of having a rating by a reputable mercantile agency is the additional credit afforded thereby. If you are a humbug it will not help you to have such a fact spread broadcast; but if you are an honest man a published statement of that fact must be to your benefit.

The jobbing interests, from which retail distributors buy their goods, give credit information about themselves to mercantile agencies, and if the jobber is not too proud to do so certainly the small merchant should not object.

Sauce for the Gander

Notice of the refusal of a small business man to give a few facts concerning his business is always forwarded to the party who instigates an inquiry. Readers must not think they are injuring in any way the mercantile agency by refusing to grant an interview to a reporter. Quite the contrary. A mercantile agency is, in fact, an agent working for the jobber or manufacturer who requests it to procure credit information concerning the local business man. Few jobbers or manufacturers will sell goods to a man who will not let those of whom he buys

know whether or not he can pay for the goods. No careful retail merchant will extend credit to a customer he does not know. Why should the jobber do differently? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Of course the retail merchant does not ask for a statement from his customers; but that is generally because he knows them personally. We should remember that the jobber has not the advantage of such a personal acquaintance. The uses, therefore, are as outlined above. The abuses are really quite negligible.

Moreover, agencies are, practically speaking, unbiased. Their functions are to collect and distribute accurate information about the individuals or companies they are requested to investigate. As their income ultimately depends on their accuracy they earnestly strive to be fair. It is of no advantage to them to distribute partisan information, because they have no ax to grind. They are public servants and their only stock in trade is to serve their clients to the best of their ability.

How the Agencies Work

It may be supposed by some readers that it is possible to beat an agency at its own game and give an inflated statement. Do not fool yourself, however, by supposing that a mercantile agency depends entirely for its rating and reports on what a business man tells it of himself.

Quite the contrary. The statement supplied by a business man is but the starting point. The man is then carefully looked up through intimates and business acquaintances of his home town, through the firms from whom he purchases, supplemented by trade opinions, which may be as extensive as the inquirer wishes.

The methods employed by agencies are somewhat as follows: An inquiry comes to a branch office of the mercantile agency about you, for instance, in some distant city. This inquiry is at once directed through the central office to a reporter located in the same territory where you, concerning whom the information is desired, live. The reporter makes a personal call on you and endeavors to procure the information requested by the inquirer. In addition he asks certain stock questions, of which I shall speak later and which all agencies always ask. Should you live in a locality not covered by an agency reporter, the information is solicited by mail.

After the reporter has received all the information you will give him, he goes for whatever other information he may gather to friends, business men and bankers located in your town or city.

Furthermore, information is asked of out-of-town dealers with whom you trade. One point I want to emphasize here is that a mercantile agency always gets some information about every person it looks up; so it behooves every one to provide first-hand as much information as he can safely afford to give.

I will now speak of the two forms most commonly used by mercantile agencies. One form is used in case information is solicited concerning an individual or members of a partnership firm; and the other, if information is desired of an incorporated company.

The blanks to be filled in by an individual or a partner in a firm are briefly as follows: Name; address; kind of business; age; married or single; statement of failures; assets; liabilities; mortgage indebtedness; insurance; references, and so on. The blanks to be filled in by a corporation call for the corporate name; date and locality of incorporation; officers and directors; capitalization; assets; liabilities; dividend record; all forms of indebtedness; insurance; other interests of directors, and trade references.

I give below a sample form similar to that used by one of the principal agencies when

seeking information concerning an individual or a partner in a firm.

On the Financial Condition of
Location _____ County of _____ State of _____
From Inventory of _____ 19 _____ Business _____
Dated _____ 19 _____

Full names of all partners
Age _____ Married or single _____
Age _____ Married or single _____
Age _____ Married or single _____

How long in business here?

Whom do you succeed, if any one?

Where from, town and state?

Former occupation?

Ever fail? If so, when and where?

ASSETS*

Merchandise on hand at cash value \$ _____

Outstanding accounts at realizable value \$ _____

Bills receivable, notes, and so on, at realizable value \$ _____

Cash on hand \$ _____

Cash in bank \$ _____

Machinery, furniture and fixtures \$ _____

Other personal assets consisting of \$ _____

Total Assets \$ _____

LIABILITIES*

For merchandise not due \$ _____

For merchandise past due \$ _____

Loans from bank \$ _____

Loans from friends or relatives \$ _____

Chattel mortgage \$ _____

Other obligations, consisting of \$ _____

Total Liabilities \$ _____

Surplus \$ _____

REAL ESTATE—Describe, locate and value separately and in whose name held:

Total value of real estate \$ _____

Mortgage, or amount unpaid thereon \$ _____

Equity in real estate \$ _____

Total worth in and out of business—according to purchasing figures \$ _____

Do you borrow on accounts receivable?

If any of above accounts are pledged state amount \$ _____

Ever suffer fire loss?

If so, where and when?

Did fire originate on your premises?

Insurance on merchandise \$ _____ On real estate \$ _____

Annual business amounts to \$ _____ Bank with _____

Give names and locations of houses from which largest purchases are made:

References { _____ Sign here full name of firm

By whom signed—number of firm

*Where no figures are entered, use the word zero.

The above form will give readers a very good idea of what questions an agency asks; so I will confine my remarks to the most important points the small business man should know.

The assets of an individual and a firm vary; but they may usually be listed under these nine headings: Merchandise; Notes Receivable; Accounts Receivable; Cash in Bank; Cash on Hand; Machinery and Plant; Furniture and Fixtures; Real Estate; Personal and Other Property.

The principal elements, however, that credit departments of jobbing houses, wholesalers and manufacturers consider are those having the greatest degree of tangibility, such as cash, accounts and bills receivable, merchandise and real estate. These are arranged in the order of their customary relative value. If the real estate is mortgaged the equity alone is considered.

As great stress is laid on a firm's latest inventory, I earnestly urge every local business man to keep his inventory up to date. This is what I mean: We will suppose that hats are purchased at ten dollars a dozen; if the price at the time of inventory is twelve dollars a dozen the merchandise should be listed on the inventory slip at cost—namely, ten dollars. On the other hand, if the wholesale price at the time of inventory has declined to eight dollars a dozen the merchandise should be listed at eight dollars, and not at cost.

Dead stock, especially, should not be carried on the inventory sheet at too high a value, because credit men are usually keen enough to draw a decisive line between active and dead stock. When the reporter of a mercantile agency goes into your store he takes in at a glance whether you are a live merchant with a live stock or a dead one with a dead stock.

Accounts and Bills Receivable should be carefully scrutinized before being submitted for rating. In almost every bills-receivable account there are some individual items that are not collectible. Due allowance should be made for such and the agency should be so informed. Unless a dealer admits it credit men will make some deduction of their own accord, and it will usually be too large.

Machinery and Plant, and Furniture and Fixtures raise neither the hopes nor the rating of a credit man. Your machinery and plant are of value only so long as they are in operation. If from competition, business reverses, or some other cause, the plant shuts down, how much can be realized on it? It is from this standpoint your credit is based.

The same reasoning applies to Furniture and Fixtures. A local merchant or manufacturer may put all his money into elaborate fixtures when plain, ordinary fixtures would be just as efficient. Take, for example, an ice-cream establishment or a drug store which puts in an elaborate individual soda-fountain equipment. The fact that a dealer has a two-thousand-dollar soda distributor does not give him that much additional credit over a competitor who has a two-hundred-dollar fountain. The only way to get rid of such a fixture is to sacrifice it at auction. The fountain manufacturer will not buy it back, for he is in the business of selling and not buying.

Real Estate Assets

Of course standard equipment and standard machines of universal use will always have some convertibility. A drug store, however, that puts a given amount of money into stock will get a much higher rating than a dealer who puts the same amount into fixtures and equipment.

Real Estate, so far as the small merchant is concerned, is of questionable value for credit purposes. Indeed, a great many credit men disregard it entirely. Moreover, if real estate is mortgaged credit men attach very little if any value to the equity behind it. Hence real estate is considered a very slow asset at best.

Personal assets depend largely on each individual case. If the personal assets of an individual consist solely of his business, or of some other business of like kind, he will be given a smaller rating than if his surplus funds were in another kind of business, especially if long-established and with a high percentage of goodwill.

Now turn to the liability column. A great many credit men look at the liability column of a statement before they look at any other item. Under this heading the following nine items are embodied: Merchandise bills not due; merchandise bills due; loans from banks; loans from friends or relatives; salaries, wages, and so on, clerks and other employees; money left on deposit; chattel mortgages; mortgages on plant, machinery, and so on; all other forms of indebtedness.

Another question asked by some agencies is: How much, if any, of the above indebtedness is past due?

As with assets there are some features on which credit men lay the greatest stress.

These are merchandise carried in open account; notes and accounts payable; and mortgage indebtedness, if any.

My advice to the local business man, therefore, is to have the principal items in the liability column incorporated under these three headings—and preferably under the first two. In other words, do away with mortgage indebtedness as much as possible.

My readers will note that goodwill, patents, trade-marks, and so on, have no place in a credit man's schedule of assets; and, after all, what does goodwill amount to? Suppose a dealer has been in a certain locality for a great many years; then suppose a competing store starts in the next block and advertises: No Shopworn Goods!

There is not much sentiment in business; and, to the extent that a competing firm may take away the business of an established firm, readers can see that goodwill is not of sufficient value to be considered under a credit man's schedule of assets.

Briefly, the local business man can secure the highest rating by having under Assets a good, live merchandise account, collectible accounts and bills receivable, cash and unmortgaged real estate; and under Liabilities a minimum amount of merchandise in open-account notes, as few accounts payable as possible, and very little mortgage indebtedness.

I will now turn to the answers solicited from an incorporated company. In the first place the name of the corporation must not sound too much like that of another corporation. If the name is similar to another, and there is in any way a possibility of an injunction or any legal trouble, the credit rating will be correspondingly lower, according to—shall I call it the daring of the incorporators?

The nature and location of the business have much to do with a favorable rating. If there are a great many merchants similarly engaged due allowance must be made, as

the fewer there are engaged in a business, the greater will be the rating in proportion. For instance, a shoe dealer will get a larger amount of credit in a town where there are few shoe dealers and no shoe manufacturer than if located in a town where he would have a lot of competition.

The state in which the company is incorporated comes in for its own share of importance. A company incorporated in a state that is a mother of corporations may receive smaller credit consideration than a company incorporated in a state where the incorporation requirements are severe and more costly. In the same way the item calling for the predecessor, if any, is not to be overlooked. It makes a great difference whether a company succeeds a paying or a bankrupt concern.

The list of officers and directors is always carefully scrutinized. More and more are credits expanded or contracted on the personnel of a company's management or directorate. It is, therefore, to the advantage of every local business to have at its head men of sterling character and habits—men whose integrity and business acumen are proved and unquestionable.

Capital is always an important factor. The credit man judges whether or not for each particular line of business it is excessive; whether it is paid in full; the proportionate amounts of common and preferred stock; where the control lies, and so on. The method by which stock is paid—whether in cash, patents, trade-marks, patterns, goodwill, or other property—also has its own individual credit value. Credit men always insist on knowing of what each classification consists and the value attributed thereto by the owners.

As an additional check, data concerning the other interests and pursuits of the board of management are invaluable. Moreover, the merchant seeking credit is asked for

trade references, especially from the jobbers, wholesalers or manufacturers from whom he purchases his goods.

Referring to forms, I will speak of some points that must be answered by all. Information is sought as to the amount of annual business; overhead expense; dividend record; annual surplus accounts; indebtedness to owners; insurance on merchandise and raw materials; insurance on buildings, plants and interior fixtures; depreciation and allowance; and methods of charging off.

The mercantile agencies, after they have collected sufficient information, issue periodically a rating book, which is loaned to subscribers for a nominal sum. In this rating book there are the names of a majority of the mercantile interests of our country; and, in accordance with a table of credits given in the first part of the book, the subscriber may, by looking at the key numbers opposite a name, ascertain the estimated wealth and credit standing of any person whose name is given in the book.

Direct information is also secured on such factors as character and business record—whether a man is temperate, economical, businesslike, progressive, inclined to speculate; facts as to his business ability, failures, methods of paying—whether fair or slow; whether capital is invested as a result of his own industry or inherited; liens; indebtedness; suits or judgments; kind of business; fire losses, and so on.

Of course it is to one's benefit to be able to make as strong a statement as possible. Whenever you buy goods, especially from a new concern, or give an extra large order to a "regular," it helps you to secure the advantage of a lower price if the jobber knows you are "good." Most large concerns rely on a central agency; and when a representative thereof calls on you do not be secretive or show the reporter the door, but, on the

contrary, give him an honest, frank statement, playing up as strongly as possible the points I have emphasized.

The central agency is out to get information about you, and, as I have stated, it is much better for you that it shall get the information first-hand; in fact, if you refuse to give a reputable agency the information sought you may wake up some day to find that your credit has been contracted, and that you can buy no more goods except for cash.

In closing I quote from a letter one of the largest agencies sends when asking for information:

"It is claimed that the tendency of business is toward direct dealings between producer and consumer; and, if true, the farmer participates in this movement. And as his business relations extend beyond the home market his credit position becomes the subject of commercial inquiry. Credit is founded on confidence, and that on knowledge as to character, capital and ability."

"Believing you wish to keep pace with the times, and in order that you may be properly represented, you are invited to answer the questions on this blank and return it to us in the stamped envelope inclosed for that purpose."

"This agency is the recognized repository for information concerning every class of business, which is accumulated for the purpose of furnishing subscribers with data on which to determine the propriety of granting credit. Should it not be convenient to fill out the inclosed form, or if you do not wish to do so, we shall be pleased to hear from you to that effect."

Let me say Amen! to this advice. The next time the representative of a mercantile agency calls on you and begins to pry into your business, do not get mad, but answer his questions pleasantly.

THE BLIGHT

(Continued from Page 21)

his head, as we say. His statements are merely the result of the accumulated experiences of a highly intellectual age. He was undertaking to arrange and formulate the structural rules that the observation of all literary people of his time had justified.

It was the opinion of those men that the plot was the most important feature of any literary composition pretending to be a work of art and undertaking to move the emotions of the people; and so they were accustomed to say that the poet was a maker of plots rather than of verses.

The greatest attention was given to the construction of the plot. The other features of the composition were taken up after that. The plot, as Aristotle says, was considered to be the soul of the thing, and unless a good plot were constructed it was of no use to go farther. Mere delineation of character would never make a work of art; nor could it be made a work of art by any strength or beauty of diction. It was like undertaking to weave a tapestry without first having a design or to put beautiful colors on a canvas without first having the outline of the picture drawn in.

Nothing could have so astonished the literary men of that age as this idea of our own—that the highest form of literary structure may omit the framework of the plot and be merely a fragment of life or the delineation of character.

Short Stories Like Plays

Authorities of that age, like Aristotle, would have pointed out at once that to omit a carefully prepared plot would be to destroy or omit the machinery by which the interest of the people was held and their emotions moved. It would be to omit the two most powerful elements of all human interest—surprise and the orderly evolution of tragic incident; for in the moving of all events it is the possibility of surprise that holds the mind, and it is the evolution of tragic incident that moves the emotions.

That this great authority of the most intellectual age of the world was speaking of the drama, and especially of tragedy, does not disturb the truth of this position. He was dealing with a form of literature intended to interest and move the people; and we, also, are speaking of precisely that.

Writers of the short story in this age are endeavoring to do with it precisely what the Greeks in their age were attempting to do with the drama—that is to say, we are

endeavoring to interest and move the people by a piece of literature complete in itself and able to be grasped at a single sitting.

The slightest reflection would make it clear to anybody that those qualities which cause the reader to follow a story through to the end, and to be moved by it, are precisely the same qualities that cause an auditor to sit through a play and be moved by it. There must be a surprise somewhere in the thing, and there must be an orderly evolution of incident—in other words, a problem or mystery to be unraveled, and virile incident to move the public to either fear or pity.

The short story or the play may do these things, either strongly and with great effect, or mildly and with slight effect; but if it is to have any effect whatever it must in some degree present these elements. It may be comedy; but, if so, it will be better if it contains the element of surprise in its structure, and if it also moves us in some degree to either fear or pity.

The highest form of the short story will be found to run parallel with the highest form of the play, in that both require a carefully constructed plot, including the element of surprise and an orderly evolution of tragic incident.

"As to that poetic imitation which is narrative in form . . . the plot manifestly ought, as in a tragedy, to be constructed on dramatic principles. It should have for its subject a single action, whole and complete, with a beginning, a middle and an end. It will thus resemble a single and coherent organism, and produce the pleasure proper to it."

"It will differ in structure from historical compositions, which of necessity present not a single action but a single period, and all that happened within that period to one person or to many, little connected together as the events may be. For as the sea fight at Salamis and the battle with the Carthaginians in Sicily took place at the same time, but did not tend to any one result, so, in the sequence of events, one thing sometimes follows another, and yet no single result is thereby produced."

If we take the highest form of literature, as the Greeks took it, to be that which will hold the interest of an intelligent public to the closest attention and move its emotions to the greatest degree, then our fiction, on which we depend for this effect, must have the strongest plot, including the element of

surprise and the most virile tragic incidents we can assemble.

The reason why a plot of the first order must contain a problem or mystery—that is to say, something to unravel—is that the mind may be led step by step to the surprise. And the surprise is the end we are after.

The reason tragic incidents must be assembled is because the human mind is more moved by tragic incident than by any other. If we would move men in the greatest degree it is tragic incident we must use. Under the scheme of the universe it is the tragic things that seem the most real. Things pleasing and comfortable do not strike us with the same emotions of fear and pity as do things terrible and tragic. Moreover, as Taine says, we must deal with tragic incidents to produce our greatest effects, because it is the tragic incident that epitomizes life.

The age that produced the greatest works of art, and also wrote down for us precisely how those works of art ought to be constructed, gave the first and greatest attention to the structure of the plot. If one stops to reflect one will see that there must always be what one would call a plot even in the mildest form of the short story. Even in what one calls "a fragment of life" or "a human document," it must be; for nothing in life is complete. Things happen there, as Maupassant pointed out, always on the same plane, and the sequence of events there does not tend to a unity of result.

A work of art cannot be a mere segment of either Nature or life. It must be a completed thing—a unity. It must have a beginning, a middle and an end. We must be satisfied with it, when it is finished, as a complete thing in itself. It cannot be a fragment, only to be understood by being joined to other fragments. A work of art cannot be a leaf torn out of a storybook; it cannot be a strip slashed out of a tapestry; it cannot be a segment cut out of a picture. It must be a whole story—a whole tapestry—a whole picture.

Therefore, no matter what one may pretend, or what refined and elevated work one may assume, one cannot produce any work of art in fiction except by assembling elements and constructing something that is complete in itself.

One must have a plan of some character to begin with. If one would weave a tapestry one must have a design; if one would

paint a picture one must first have a drawing; and if one would write a story one must have a plot or skeleton structure into which to put one's incidents.

It would be a strange doctrine that advised a tapestry weaver to go ahead without a design, or a painter to go ahead without a sketch or drawing; as well advise an architect to build his house without a plan or a contractor to build a railroad without a survey.

If one will go into the Louvre, in Paris, or into any good art gallery, and examine the unfinished work of the great painters, one will find they began with the most careful and accurate drawings of the picture they intended to paint. If one takes down any great short story one will find it to be built on a plan equally as laboriously constructed. The reader does not usually see this, as he does not see the painstaking drawings behind the picture; but, nevertheless, it is there.

Men Who Lose the World's Ear

It is a matter of profound regret that men of talent and culture in this country have got the idea, in order to distinguish themselves from the common run of writers, they must avoid the very elements essential to the highest form of literature. Because surprise in the plot and virile incident have the widest appeal, and are therefore usually undertaken by the unskillful, these men have determined to avoid them altogether.

Alas! In doing so they abandon the highest forms of literature. Their publications, holding to this theory, must give up the whole people and confine themselves to a narrow circle of readers; and such writers must give up the whole people as readers of their works and be content with the few who are of like opinion with themselves.

This is a great loss. The people lose the benefit of these men of advanced learning and culture, and these men lose the ear of the world. One may claim to have so much refinement that one ceases to be a factor in great affairs; and lesser men, who are not afraid to take hold of the realities of life, come in and supplant one.

In spite of every pretense the orator wishes to have a large audience, and the writer desires to have the whole people read his work. One may shut oneself up and pretend that the opinion of the world does not concern one; but one deceives oneself.

Meredith, when he was dying, lamented because the English people did not read his books. It was his own fault. He chose an involved and unnatural style, in which things were purposely made difficult to understand rather than easy; and he suffered from it. He did not lack plot and tragic incident, but his peculiarities became more marked as he grew older and his style more involved and difficult.

Long before him, Doctor Johnson pointed out that nothing unusual survives. Before him was the great example of King James' translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, showing how literature can always be simple, noble and of the highest order and yet plain to everybody. Chrysippus was an involved writer, as in our day is Mr. Henry James; and Epictetus said of him:

"When some one may exalt himself, in that he is able to understand and expound the works of Chrysippus, say then to thyself: 'If Chrysippus had not written obscurely this man would have had nothing whereon to exalt himself.'"

If one points out the excellences of a work produced by men who do not believe in plot and tragic incident, he must remember,

if these men do so well with literature of their kind, how wonderfully they would have done if they had dealt with the highest form of the short story. It is a fine thing to have the learning, the culture and the talent of these men; but it is an ill thing to put this ability to the delineation of trifling things, lacking elements of universal interest.

If the unskillful, with a rough plot and badly assembled incidents, can get a hearing, these men, with skillful plots and properly assembled incidents, could reach and move the whole people. They would be a great force in our literature. They would be moving factors in our civilization. Their publications would flourish and their editions would be read by everybody.

The basic element in the taste of the public is correct. The demand of the human mind for mystery or problem—something to unravel—is universal. It is the desire of everybody to know how persons will act in tragic situations; how men of individuality and power in high places will conduct themselves under certain conditions of stress. We shall never cease to be interested in these things, and the author who presents them to us will have our attention.

It has, therefore, happened in this country that the men who have had the foresight and courage to give the reading public these universal elements of interest in their fiction have built up great and prosperous publications, while those who have denied the public these elements of interest have fallen into bankruptcy.

Resolute editors, refusing to be influenced by the pretensions of the smaller dilettante class, have been able to run the circulation of their periodicals into incredible figures.

They have foreseen—that the great Greeks so conclusively knew—that a piece of fiction, to interest the whole people, must have a plot containing surprises, and must be elaborated by virile incident. They have not been afraid to seek and encourage fiction of this character.

They have seen that fiction containing these elements, even though badly done, was of more interest to the people than excellently drawn character studies that do not get anywhere, or faithful portraiture of life that lacks unity and completeness.

These men would be glad if the fiction containing the organic elements of interest

were better done. They would be glad to have faithful portraiture of life and excellent characterization in these stories, combined with the basic elements of universal interest; for if they had they would have not only the highest type but also the literature of widest appeal.

It is not in the hands of the cloistered professor of English, nor yet in the embalmed pages of the exclusive magazine pretending to have an elevated standard, that the future of our literature lies, but across the knees of the men who are going to the whole people with their publications.

These men are dealing with to-day. They are handling what Taine called the "hot vitals of life." They will not be bound by any Chinese veneration of old precedents. They will reject the exaggerated imagery of the Elizabethan Age as readily as the inanities of the Victorian, and as readily the complacent instructions of the newest British novelist.

Nor will they be bound by the excessive suppressions of a sterile dilettantism. They will insist that the language shall become clear, direct and virile, and that those who write must have a story in their heads to tell.

THE RED GLUTTON

(Continued from Page 7)

or three box cars of prisoners, with the doors locked and armed guards riding upon the roofs; then two or three shabby, misused passenger coaches, containing injured officers and sometimes injured commonsoldiers, too, if there was a lack of accommodation; and then, stretching off down the rails, a long string of box cars, each of which would be bedded with straw and would contain for furniture a few rough wooden benches ranging from side to side. And each car would contain ten or fifteen or twenty, or even a greater number, of sick and crippled men.

Those who could sit were upon the hard benches, elbow to elbow, packed snugly in. Those who were too weak to sit sprawled upon the straw and often had barely room in which to turn over, so closely were they bestowed. It had been days since they had started back from the field hospitals where they had had their first-aid treatment. They had moved by sluggish stages with long halts in between. Always the wounded must wait upon the sidings while the troop trains from home sped down the cleared main line to the smoking front; that was the merciless but necessary rule. The man who got himself crippled became an obstacle to further progress, a drag upon the wheels of the machine; whereas the man who was yet whole and fit was the man whom the generals wanted. So the fresh grist for the mill was expedited upon its way to the hoppers; that which already had been ground up was relatively of the smallest consequence.

Rough-and-Ready Surgery

Because of this law, which might not be broken or amended, these wounded men would, perforce, spend several days aboard train before they could expect to reach the base hospitals upon German soil, Maubeuge being at considerably less than midway of the distance between starting point and probable destination. Altogether the trip might last a week or even two weeks—a trip that ordinarily would have lasted less than twelve hours. Through it these men, who were messed and mangled in every imaginable fashion, would wallow in the dirty matted straw, with nothing except that thin layer of covering between them and the car floors that jolted and jerked beneath them. We knew it and they knew it, and there was nothing to be done. Their wounds would fester and be hot with fever. Their clotted bandages would clot still more and grow stiffer and harder with each dragging hour. Those who lacked overcoats and blankets—and some there were who lacked both—would half freeze at night. For food they would have slops dished up for them at such stopping places as this present one, and they would slake their thirst on water drawn from contaminated wayside wells and be glad of the chance. Gangrene would come, and blood poison, and all manner of corruption. Tetanus would assuredly claim its toll. Indeed, these horrors were already at work among them. I do not tell it to sicken my reader, but because I think I should tell it that he may have a fuller conception of

what this fashionable institution of war means—we could smell this train, as we could smell all the trains which followed after it, when it was yet fifty yards away from us.

Be it remembered, furthermore, that no surgeon accompanied this living freightage, that not even a qualified nurse traveled with it. According to the classifying processes of those in authority on the battle lines these men were lightly wounded men, and it was presumed that while en route they would be competent to minister to themselves and to each other. Under the grading system employed by the chief surgeons a man, who was still all in one piece and who probably would not break apart in transit, was designated as being lightly wounded. This statement is no attempt upon my part to indulge in levity concerning the most frightful situation I have encountered in nearly twenty years of active newspaper work; it is the sober, unexaggerated truth. And so these lightly wounded men—men with their jaws shot away, men with holes in their breasts and their abdomens, men with their spine tips splintered, men with their arms and legs broken, men with their hands and feet shredded by shrapnel, men with their scalps ripped open, men with their noses and their ears and their fingers and toes gone, men jarred to the very marrow of their bones by explosives—these men, for whom ordinarily soft beds would have been provided and expert care and special food, were rolled up alongside that noisome station; and, through the door openings from where they were housed like beasts, they looked out at us with the dumb glazed eyes of suffering beasts.

As the little toylike European cars halted, bumping together hard, orderlies went running down the train bearing buckets of soup, and of coffee and drinking water, and loaves of the heavy, dark German bread. Behind them went other men—bull-necked strong men picked for this job because of their strength. Their task was to bring back in their arms or upon their shoulders such men as were past walking. There were no stretchers. There was no time for stretchers. Behind this train would be another one just like it and behind that one, another, and so on down an eighty-mile stretch of dolorous way. And this, mind you, was but one of three lines carrying out of France and Belgium into Germany victims of the war to be made well again in order that they might return and once more be fed as tidbits into the maw of that war; it was but one of a dozen or more such streams, threading back from as many battle zones to the countries engaged in this wide and ardent scheme of extermination.

Half a minute after the train stopped a procession was moving toward us, made up of men who had wriggled down or who had been eased down out of the cars, and who were coming to the converted buffet room for help. Mostly they came afoot, sometimes holding on to one another for mutual support. Perhaps one in five was borne bodily by an orderly. He might be hunched in the orderly's arms like a weary child, or he might be traveling upon the orderly's

back, pack-fashion, with his arms gripped about the bearer's neck; and then, in such a case, the pair of them, with the white hollow face of the wounded man nodding above the sweated red face of the other, became a monstrosity with two heads and one pair of legs.

Here, advancing toward us with the gait of a doddering grandsire, would be a boy in his teens, bent double and clutching his middle with both hands. Here would be a man whose hand had been smashed, and from beyond the rude swathings of cotton his fingers protruded stiffly and were so congested and swollen they looked like fat red plantains. Here was a man whose feet were damaged. He had a crutch made of a spade handle. Next would be a man with a hole in his neck, and the bandages had pulled away from about his throat, showing the raw inflamed hole. In this parade I saw a French infantryman aided along by a captured Zouave on one side and on the other by a German sentry who swung his loaded carbine in his free hand. Behind them I saw an awful nightmare of a man—a man whose face and bare cropped head and hands and shoes were all of a livid, poisonous, green cast. A shell of some new and particularly devilish variety had burst near him and the fumes which it generated in bursting had dyed him green. Every man would have, tied about his neck or to one of his buttonholes, the German field-doctor's card telling of the nature of his hurt and the place where he had sustained it; and the uniform of nearly every one would be discolored with dried bloodmarks, and where the coat gaped open you saw that the stiff, white cambric lining was made stiffer still by long, brownish-red streakings.

In at the door of the improvised hospital filed the parade, and the wounded men dropped on the floor or else were lowered upon chairs and tables and cots—anywhere that there was space for them to huddle up or stretch out. And then the overworked surgeons, French and German, and the German nursing sisters and certain of the orderlies would fall to. There was no time for the finer, daintier proceedings that might have spared the sufferers some measure of their agony. It was cut away the old bandage, pull off the filthy cotton, dab with antiseptics what was beneath, pour iodine or diluted acid upon the bare and shrinking tissues, perhaps do that with the knife or probe which must be done where incipient mortification had set in, clap on fresh cotton, wind a strip of cloth over it, pin it in place and send this man away to be fed—providing he could eat; then turn to the next poor wretch. The first man was out of that place almost before the last man was in; that was how fast the work went forward.

One special horror was spared: The patients made no outcry. They gritted their teeth and writhed where they lay, but none shrieked out. Indeed, neither here nor at any of the other places where I saw wounded men did we hear that chorus of moans and shrieks with which fiction always has invested such scenes. Those newly struck seemed stunned into silence;

those who had had time to recover from the first shock of being hit appeared to be buoyed and sustained by a stoic quality which lifted them, mute and calm, above the call of tortured nerves and torn flesh. Those who were delirious might call out; those who were conscious locked their lips and were steadfast. In all our experience I came upon just two men in their senses who gave way at all. One was a boy of nineteen or twenty, in a field hospital near Rheims, whose kneecap had been smashed. He sat up on his bed, rocking his body and crying fretfully like an infant. He had been doing that for days, a nurse told us, but whether he cried because of his suffering or at the thought of going through life with a stiffened leg she did not know. The other was here at Maubeuge. I helped hold his right arm steady while a surgeon took the bandages off his hand. When the wrapping came away a shattered finger came with it—it had rotted off, if you want to know that detail—and at the sight the victim uttered growling, rasping, animal-like sounds. Even so, I think it was the thing he saw more than the pain of it that overcame him; the pain he could have endured. He had been enduring it for days.

A Giant's Fortitude

I particularly remember one other man who was brought in off this first train. He was a young giant. For certain the old father of Frederick the Great would have had him in his regiment of Grenadier Guards. Well, for that matter, he was a grenadier in the employ of the same family now. He hobbled in under his own motive power and leaned against the wall until the first flurry was over. Then, at a nod from one of the shirt-sleeved surgeons, he stretched himself upon a bare wooden table which had just been vacated and indicated that he wanted relief for his leg—which leg, I recall, was incased in a rude, splintlike arrangement of plaited straw. The surgeon took off the straw and the packing beneath it. The giant had a hole right through his knee, from side to side, and the flesh all about it was horribly swollen and purplish-black. So the surgeon soused the joint, wound and all, with iodine; the youth meanwhile staring blandly up at the ceiling with his arms crossed on his wide breast. I was right by him, looking into his face, and he didn't so much as bat an eyelid. But he didn't offer to get up when the surgeon was done with treating him. He turned laboriously over on his face, pulling his shirt free from his body as he did so, and then we saw that he had a long, infected gash from a glancing bullet across the small of his back.

He had been lying on one angry wound while the other was being redressed. You marveled, not that he had endured it without blenching, but that he had endured it at all.

The train stayed with us perhaps half an hour, and in that half hour at least a hundred men must have had treatment of sorts. A signal sounded and the orderlies lifted up the few wasted specters who still remained and toted them out. Almost the

last man to be borne away was injured in both legs; an orderly carried him in his arms. Seeing the need of haste the orderly sought to heave his burden aboard the nearest car. The men in that car protested; already their space was overcrowded. So the patient orderly staggered down the train until he found the crippled soldier's rightful place and thrust him into the straw just as the wheels began to turn. As the cars, gathering speed, rolled by us we could see that nearly all the travelers were feeding themselves from pannikins of the bull-meat stew. Wrappings on their hands and sometimes about their faces made them doubly awkward, and the hot tallowy mess spilt in spattering streams upon them and upon the straw under them.

They were on their way. At the end of another twenty-four-hour stretch they might have traveled fifty or sixty or even seventy miles. The place they left behind them was in worse case than before. Grease spattered the earth; the floor of the buffet room was ankle deep, literally, in discarded bandages and blood-stiffened cotton; and the nurses and the doctors and the helpers dropped down in the midst of it all to snatch a few precious minutes of rest before the next caravan of misery arrived. There was no need to tell them of its coming; they knew. All through that afternoon and night, and through the next day and night, and through the half of the third day that we stayed on in Maubeuge, the trains came back. They came ten minutes apart, twenty minutes apart, an hour apart, but rarely more than an hour would elapse between arrivals. And this traffic in mangled and mutilated humanity had been going on for four weeks and would go on for nobody knew how many weeks more. No doubt it still goes on, nor will there be any relief from it until midwinter stops the heavy fighting.

When the train had creaked out of sight beyond the first turn to the eastward I spoke to the head surgeon of the German contingent—a broad, bearded, middle-aged man who sat on a baggage truck while an orderly poured a mixture of water and antiseptics over his soiled hands.

"A lot of those poor devils will die?" I suggested.

"Less than three per cent of those who get back to the base hospitals will die," he said with a snap of his jaw, as though challenging me to doubt the statement. "That is the wonder of this war—that so many are killed in the fighting and that so few die who get back out of it alive. These modern scientific bullets, these civilized bullets"—he laughed in self-derision at the use of the word—"they are cruel and yet they are merciful too. If they do not kill you outright they have a little way, somehow, of not killing you at all."

Suffering for a Smoke

"But the bayonet wounds and the saber wounds?" I said. "How about them?"

"I have been here since the very first," he said; "since the day after our troops took this town, and God knows how many thousands of wounded men—Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Turks, some Belgians—have passed through my hands; but as yet I have to see a man who has been wounded by a saber or a lance. I saw one bayonet wound yesterday or the day before. The man had fallen on his own bayonet and driven it into his side. Shrapnel wounds? Yes. Wounds from fragments of bombs? Again, yes. Bullet wounds? I can't tell you how many of those I have seen, but surely many thousands. But no bayonet wounds. This is a war of hot lead, not of cold steel. I read of these bayonet charges, but I do not believe that many of those stories are true."

I didn't believe it either.

The train which followed after the first, coming up out of France, furnished for us much the same sights the first one had furnished, and so, with some slight variations, did the third train and the fourth and all the rest of them. The station became a sty where before it had been only a kennel; the flies multiplied; the stench increased in volume and strength, if such were possible; the windows of the littered waiting room, with their cracked half panes, were like ribald eyes winking at the living afflictions which continually trailed past them.

A train came, whose occupants were nearly all wounded by shrapnel. Wounds of the head, the face and the neck abounded among these men—for the shells, exploding

in the air above where they crouched in their trenches, had bespattered them with iron pebbles. Each individual picture of suffering recurred with such monotonous and regular frequency that after an hour or so it took something that was out of the common run—an especially vivid splash of daubed and crimson horror—to quicken our imaginations and make us fetch out our note books. I recall a young lieutenant of Uhlans who had been wounded in the breast by fragments of a grenade, which likewise had smashed in several of his ribs. He proudly fingered his newly acquired Iron Cross while the surgeon relaced his battered torso with strips of gauze. Afterward he asked me for a cigar, providing I had one to spare, saying he had not tasted tobacco for a week and was perishing for a smoke. We began to take note then how the wounded men watched us as we puffed at our cigars, and we realized they were dumbly envying us each mouthful of smoke. So we sent our chauffeur to the public market with orders to buy all the cigars he could find on sale there. He presently returned with the front and rear seats of the automobile piled high with bundled sheaves of the brown weed—you can get an astonishingly vast number of those domestic French cigars for the equivalent of fifteen dollars in American money—and we turned the whole cargo over to the head nurse on condition that, until the supply was exhausted, she give a cigar to every hurt soldier who might crave one, regardless of his nationality. She cried as she thanked us for the small charity.

"We can feed them—yes," she said, "but we have nothing to give them to smoke, and it is very hard on them."

The Sheffield Sergeant's Story

A little later a train arrived which brought three carloads of French prisoners and one carload of English. Among the Frenchmen were many Alpine Rangers, so called—the first men we had seen of this wing of the service—and by reason of their dark blue uniforms and their flat blue caps they looked more like sailors than soldiers. At first we took them for sailors. There were thirty-four of the Englishmen, being all that were left of a company of the West Yorkshire Regiment of infantry. Confinement for days in a bare box car, with not even water to wash their faces and hands in, had not altogether robbed them of a certain trim alertness which seems to belong to the British fighting man. Their puttees were snugly reefed about their shanks and their khaki tunics buttoned to their throats.

We talked with them. They wanted to know if they had reached Germany yet, and when we told them that they were not out of France and had all of Belgium still to traverse, they groaned their dismay in chorus.

"We've 'ad a very 'ard time of it, sir," said a spokesman, who wore sergeant's stripes on his sleeves and who told us he came from Sheffield. "Seventeen hours we were in the trench, under fire all the time, with water up to our middles and nothing to eat. We were 'olding the center and when the Frenchies fell back they didn't give our chaps no warning, and pretty soon the Dutchmen they 'ad us flanked both sides and we 'ad to quit. But we didn't quit until we'd lost all but one of our officers and a good 'alf of our men."

"Where was this?" one of us asked.

"Don't know, sir," he said. "It's a blooming funny war. You never knows the name of the place where you're fighting at, unless you 'ears it by chance."

Then he added:

"Could you tell us, sir, 'ow's the war going? Are we giving the Germans a proper 'iding all along the line?"

We inquired regarding their treatment. They didn't particularly fancy the food—"nasty slop," the sergeant called it—although it was reasonably plentiful; and, being true Englishmen, they sorely missed their tea. Then, too, on the night before their overcoats had been taken from them and no explanations vouchsafed.

"We could 'ave done with them," said the speaker bitterly; "pretty cold it was in this 'ere car. And what with winter coming on and everything I call it a bit thick to be taking our overcoats off of us."

We went and asked a German officer who had the convoy in charge the reason for this, and he said the overcoats of all the uninjured men, soldiers as well as prisoners, had been confiscated to furnish coverings for such of the wounded as lacked blankets. Still, I

observed that the guards for the train had their overcoats. So I do not vouch for the accuracy of his explanation.

It was getting late in the afternoon and the fifth train to pull in from the south since our advent on the spot—or possibly it was the sixth—had just halted when, from the opposite direction, a troop-train, long and heavy, panted into sight and stopped on the far track while the men aboard it got an early supper of hot victuals. We crossed over to have a look at the new arrivals.

It was a long train, drawn by one locomotive and shoved by another, and it included in its length a string of flat cars upon which were lashed many field pieces, and commandeered automobiles, and even some family carriages, not to mention baggage wagons and cook wagons and supply wagons. For a wonder, the coaches in which the troops rode were new, smart coaches, seemingly just out of the builders' hands. They were mainly first and second class coaches, varnished outside and equipped with upholstered compartments where the troopers took their luxurious ease. After the German fashion the soldiers had decorated each car with field flowers and sheaves of wheat and boughs of trees, and even with long paper streamers of red and white and black. Also, the artists and wags of the detachment had been busy with colored chalks. There was displayed on one car a lively crayon picture of a very fierce, two-tailed Bavarian lion eating up his enemies—a nation at a bite. Another car bore a menu:

Russian caviar	English roast beef
Servian rice meat	French pastry
Belgian ragout	

Upon this same car was lettered a bit of crude verse which, as we had come to know, was a favorite with the German private. By my poor translation it ran somewhat as follows:

*For the Star, a kick we have,
And for the Jap a slap;
The Briton too—we'll beat him blue,
And knock the Frenchman flat.*

Altogether the train had quite the holidaying air about it and the men who traveled on it had the same spirit too. They were Bavarians—all new troops, and nearly all young fellows. Their accouterments were bright and their uniforms almost unsoiled, and I saw that each man carried in his right boot top the long, ugly-looking dirk-knife that the Bavarian trooper fancies. The Germans always showed heat when they found a big service clasp-knife hung about a captured Englishman's neck on a lanyard, calling it a barbarous weapon because of the length of the blade and the long sharp bradawl which folded into a slot at the back of the handle; but an equally grim bit of cutlery in a Bavarian's bootleg seemed to them an entirely proper tool for a soldier to be carrying.

The Fire-Eating Bavarian

The troops—there must have been a full battalion of them—piled off the coaches to exercise their legs. They skylarked about on the earth, and sang and danced, and were too full of coltish spirits to eat the rations that had been brought from the kitchen for their consumption.

Seeing our cameras, a lieutenant who spoke English came up to invite us to make a photograph of him and his men, with their bedecked car for a background. He had been ill, he said, since the outbreak of hostilities, which explained why he was just now getting his first taste of active campaigning service.

"Wait," he said vaingloriously, "just wait until we get at the damned British. Some one else may have the Frenchmen—we want to get our hands on the Englishmen. Do you know what my men say? They say they are glad for once in their lives to enjoy a fight where the policemen won't interfere and spoil the sport. That's the Bavarian for you—the Prussian is best at drill, but the Bavarian is the best fighter in the whole world. Only let us see the enemy—that is all we ask!"

"I say, what news have you from the front? All goes well, eh? As for me I only hope there will be some of the enemy left for us to kill. It is a glorious thing—this going to war! I think we shall get there very soon, where the fighting is. I can hardly wait for it." And with that he hopped up on the steps of the nearest car and posed for his picture.

Having just come from the place whither he was so eagerly repairing I might have

told him a few things. I might for example have told him what the captain of a German battery in front of Laon had said, and that was this:

"I have been on this one spot for nearly three weeks now, serving my guns by day and by night. I have lost nearly half of my original force of men and two of my lieutenants. We shoot over those tree tops yonder in accordance with directions for range and distance which come from somewhere else over field telephone, but we never see the men at whom we are firing. They fire back without seeing us, and sometimes their shells fall short or go beyond us, and sometimes they fall among us and kill and wound a few of us. Thus it goes on day after day. I have not with my own eyes seen a Frenchman or an Englishman unless he was a prisoner. It is not so much pleasure—fighting like this."

Hospital Sights

I might have told the young Bavarian lieutenant of other places where I had been—places where the dead lay for days unburied. I might have told him there was nothing particularly pretty or particularly edifying about the process of being killed. Death, I take it, is never a very tidy proceeding, and in battle it acquires an added unemptiness. Men who are suddenly and sorely stricken have a way of shrinking up inside their clothes; unless they die on the instant they have a way of tearing their coats open and gripping with their hands at their vitals, as though to hold the life in; they have a way of sprawling their legs in grotesque postures; and finally they have a way of putting their arms up before their faces as though at the very last they would try to shut out a dreadful vision. Those contorted, twisted arms with the elbows up, those spraddled stark legs, and, most of all, those white dots of shirts—these I had learned to associate in my own mind with the accomplished fact of mortality upon the field.

I might have told him of sundry field hospitals which I had lately visited. I could re-create in my memory, as I shall be able to re-create it as long as I live and have my senses, a certain room in a certain schoolhouse in a French town where seven men wriggled and fought in the unspeakable fatal torments of lockjaw; and another room filled to capacity with men who had been borne there because there was nothing humanly to be done for them, and who now lay very quietly, their suet-gray faces laced with tiny red stripes of fever, and their paling eyes staring up at nothing at all; and still another room given over entirely to stumps of men, who lacked each a leg or an arm, or a leg and an arm, or both legs or both arms; and still a fourth room wherein were men—and boys too—all blinded, all learning to grope about in the everlasting black night which would be their portion through all their days.

Indeed for an immediate illustration of the fruitage of the business toward which he was hastening I might have taken him by the arm and led him across two sets of tracks and shown him men in the prime of life who were hatched like flax, and mauled like blocks, and riddled like sieves, and macerated out of the living image of their Maker.

But I did none of these things. He had a picture of glory before his eyes. He wanted to fight, or he thought he did, which came to the same thing. So what I did was to take down his name and promise to send him a completed copy of his picture in the care of his regiment and brigade; and the last I saw of him he was half out of a car window waving good-by to us and wishing us *auf wiedersehen* as he was borne away to his ordained place.

As we rode back through the town of Maubeuge in the dusk, the company which had sung O Strassburg in the Franco-German beer shop at the prow of the corner where the three streets met were just marching away. I thought I caught, in the waving gray line that flowed along like quicksilver, a glimpse of the boy who was so glad because he was about to have some luck.

In those two days fourteen thousand wounded men came back through Maubeuge, and possibly ten times that many new troops, belonging to the first of October draft of a million, passed down the line. In that week fifty thousand wounded men returned from the German right wing alone.

He's a busy Red Glutton, and there seems to be no satisfying his greed.



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THE HUMAN FRACTION

(Concluded from Page 13)

It was about this time that Azalia's father told John that he found himself getting on; a man at sixty-five couldn't do the work of a man of forty. He said that he ought to have been taken into partnership by his firm, and that their consciences were pricking enough about it so that he thought they would let him appoint his own successor. It was an eighteen-hundred-a-year job, and in the future it might be more. He wanted to break John in to the work, so that some day, when John's expenses were heavier, he'd have the money to meet them. It was clear to old Blair that he and his wife would not live forever, and that when John was no longer doing partnership housekeeping with them he'd find his financial burdens too heavy, unless his salary were increased. John agreed with him. For though Azalia no longer spent the money she had been accustomed to on clothes, she did spend it on massage and various kinds of psychotherapy.

When the children were eight and ten years old Mrs. Blair died. Most of her relatives and friends, and John's aunt, said that Azalia had worn her out; that she had done two women's work in order that Azalia shouldn't do one woman's work. That was their way of calling Azalia a human fraction. Azalia took to her bed, and a trained nurse had the care of her for two weeks. No trained nurse paid any attention to Blair, but that was not the reason he suddenly broke and showed his employers what an old man he was. His head wouldn't work any more. When he wanted to put his mind on his business he found himself dreaming of the old days when he had first courted his wife. His position gave him up and his son-in-law took his place.

So Blair, too, became a human fraction, not Azalia's kind, but the other kind. This other kind is more pathetic because it is self-conscious, as Azalia's kind or Corn's kind is not. No household is really complete without such a human fraction, and thousands of homes possess them. We see them in the parks—old men or women, wheeling baby-carriages or holding toddlers by the hands. Many such an old man's face carries signs of the last battle bravely fought—the struggle to be patient under dependence for bread; to be patient when he craves for quiet, in a crowded house where he is little more than a relief from an unnecessary generation; to be patient under a sense of failing powers, and under a sense of haste to be gone to some other world where old age blossoms into glorious fresh strength.

From Bad to Worse

Such human fractions we see in the streets going on errands, and in the shops trying painfully to do justice to the errands. We see them in the nurseries dressing the children, or in the kitchen doing the hardest and least particular work. These people, who have once done a full work in the world and have now become mere fillers-in, mere feeders to richer lives than their own, mere annexes put away on the side lines, nevermore to count in the big race in life, these people surely must be written large in that Great Book of the Spirit where a man's final value is accurately set down, past power of any human hand to blot or any human eye to misread.

Blair had been a fine, competent man in his day. He could never have taken his place with big managers in big cities, but in his country town he had ranked high—none higher. He had had a sound grasp on his business and had won the respect of his fellows. He had been a good citizen; he had brought up six children self-sacrificingly. Now he was an old man with his grasp gone, and nothing in a money way to show for all his years of hard work except an endowment policy of some ten thousand dollars.

Azalia said she couldn't bear to live in a house where dear mother had died. She added that the neighborhood was running down, and that it would be better for the children

to live in John's own house. Azalia's plans were always based on John's good and the children's good, and the fact that they worked out to Azalia's advantage chiefly did not strike John. In the new home Blair began to realize his function as a human fraction. The other house had been in his name. Though the housekeeping had been in common, yet he had been the head. Now he was an annex in Azalia's house. He had been an eighteen-hundred-dollar-a-year man, whose tastes had been considered by his wife at least. Now he was a nothing-a-year man, whose tastes were not considered by Azalia. He had done a man's work in the world, and now he did a servant's work.

For when the trained nurse had gone Azalia's invalidism still kept her in bed. Blair got the breakfast and saw the children off to school. He didn't have to dress them, for their grandmother had taught them to do that for themselves. Perhaps she realized her mistakes in Azalia's training. John would have helped his father-in-law, but the old man objected.

A Typical Episode

"No," he said. "No, John, I don't want you to wear yourself out before your time. You've got to make good at your new job, and for a while it'll take every ounce of energy you have to do that."

John realized the sense in this. "We've got to take care of Azalia," Blair said. "Later on the children can help more." By and by the household organized itself on a comfortable working basis, especially for Azalia. Blair made the breakfast and washed the dishes. A neighboring woman prepared the midday meal, and Blair and the little girls got the supper. A woman came twice a week to wash and iron and clean. Azalia accomplished a little languid bed-making and dusting. Blair did all the real planning for the household, all the marketing and all the errands.

"Father is wonderfully useful to me," Azalia would say in Blair's hearing to her husband, with a sweet smile.

Blair wanted no higher praise than this. To John, Azalia would add:

"I am of so little real physical use to you and the children that at least I want to be appreciative. I told you long ago, dearest, when you insisted on my marrying you, that if I couldn't do coarse work for you I would try to be an inspiration."

John told her she was. He and the children and her father went on adoring her. John never really knew that his wife was a human fraction. The nearest he came to it was a few years later, shortly after his father-in-law's death. Sixteen-year-old Patricia was at home, washing up the dishes after the Sunday dinner, which she and Beatrix had got and served. The family no longer kept a servant, for the cost of living had gone up, and John was carrying, considering his salary, a very heavy endowment policy, so that Azalia's old age would be sure to be comfortable. On this Sunday afternoon he had walked to the graveyard, where Azalia had preceded him to decorate the graves of her father and mother. She had driven in the little electric car which she had bought out of her share of her father's estate. She had taken Beatrix with her. Beatrix was even more beautiful than Patricia, and her type contrasted with Azalia's, so that mother and daughter made a beautiful picture together. After the flowers were put in the car there was not room left for another passenger without crowding Azalia, and so John had said he preferred walking. As he approached the Blair plot he saw two women looking at Azalia.

"There's a woman that's had an easy life," said one in a bitter tone.

"She got it because she took it," her companion replied.

John walked on. No, Azalia had taken nothing, he thought; but much had been given her. She did not think she had an easy life, and yet what trouble had ever befallen her? Only the death of her parents and indifferent health.

John didn't consider Azalia spoiled, simply because she never lost her temper, never nagged, and only showed a martyr's face when any duty arose that she was determined to evade. Yet he knew that she had always been carried, first by her parents and now by himself and her children. He did not in his own mind call her or think of her as a human fraction, but he knew she had not done an ordinary woman's work in the world. Yet immediately his stirring doubt of Azalia's share in the success of their marriage was quelled by a remembrance of something Patricia had said a few days before. She had been ironing after school and had got the supper, and after that had been too tired to go with Beatrix to a party to which they had both been invited.

When John had told her that he wished he need not put anything but her school work on her shoulders, she had smiled at him out of eyes like Azalia's, and had said to him with a spirit like his own:

"I don't mind, Daddy. It's all in the family. Mother makes it up to us by her sweetness and love, and because we love her we can share up among us what she can't do."

"Yes, I guess it's love that does it," John said.

He did not say what love did or whose love it was. But he went forward, an affectionate look on his face, to where his wife stood by her mother's gravestone. Beatrix was stooping to arrange the flowers, because Azalia had to think of her back. One hand was pressed to her side, to remind John and Beatrix of what any exertion might do to her. But she dropped her hand when John approached, as if to minimize her own sufferings, and she looked at him with a sweet and patient smile.

Fog-Prevention

A PROMISING method of preventing fogs on rivers and harbors has been worked out by a French scientist, and was undergoing practical tests at Lyons when the experiments were stopped by the present war. His idea has seemed reasonable to a number of scientists of other countries, and so we may not have to wait for results until the conclusion of the war.

At Lyons bothersome fogs rise from the rivers Rhone and Saône. The problem was to prevent fog from forming above the water. The solution was to cover the rivers with a thin film of oil, in order to shut the air off from the water at all times.

An oil film could readily be provided at large expense; but the Frenchman's effort was to provide a film which should not be so costly that daily treatment of the flowing rivers, some miles above the city, would be impracticable. He sought for an oil or combination of oils that would spread over the surface in a very thin film and would not break too easily into surface pools of oil, like the grease drops on the surface of poorly made soup. After extensive experiments vegetable oils were found to possess those two qualities best.

At the time the experiments were stopped the scientist was confident he had discovered oils which would spread out so thinly

that the film would be very much less than a millionth of an inch thick. A gallon of this combination would cover more than one hundred acres. He estimated that a daily dose of oil for the two rivers would cost about thirty dollars, which would not be high if the scheme succeeded on the large scale as well as it had succeeded in the experiments.



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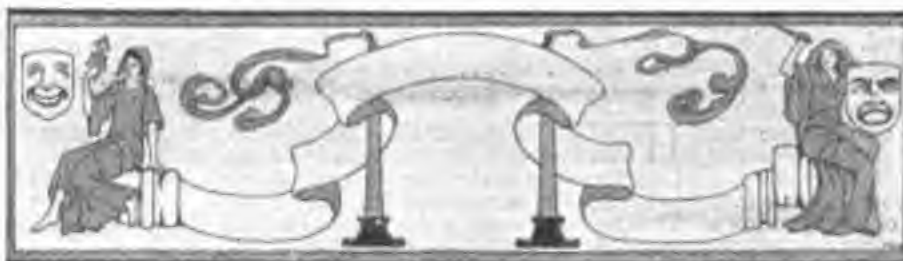
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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 19)

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"I have just come to pay you a little visit," he remarked easily. "I was only afraid you mightn't be up so early."

She bit her lip. "You have no right to come here at all," she said severely; "and to present yourself at this hour is unheard of."

"I came early entirely out of consideration for your father," he assured her.

She frowned. "My father?" she repeated, looking through the glasses again. "Please explain at once what you mean. My father is on that yacht, and I cannot imagine why he does not return."

"I can tell you," he answered, standing by her side and looking out seaward. "They are waiting for my orders before they let him off."

She turned her head and looked at him incredulously.

"Explain yourself, please," she insisted.

"With pleasure," he assented. "You see, I just had to make sure of being allowed to have a few minutes' conversation with you free from any interruption. Somehow or other," he added thoughtfully, "I don't believe your father likes me."

"I do not think," she replied coldly, "that my father has any feelings about you at all, except that he thinks you are abominably presumptuous."

"Because I want to marry you?"

She stamped with her foot upon the ground.

"Please do not say such absurd things! Explain to me at once what you mean by saying that my father is being kept there by your orders."

"I'll try," Lane answered. "He boarded that yacht last night by mistake. He thought that it was a hired one; but it isn't, it's mine. I found him there last night entertaining a little party of his friends in the saloon. They seemed quite comfortable, so I begged them to remain on as my guests for a short time."

"To remain?" she murmured bewildered.

"For how long?"

"Until you've just read this through and thought it over."

He passed her a document which he had drawn from his pocket. She took it from him wondering.

When she had read a few lines the color came streaming into her cheeks. She threw it to the ground. He picked it up and replaced it in his pocket.

"But it is preposterous!" she cried.

"That is a marriage license!"

"That's precisely what it is," he admitted. "I thought we'd be married at Nice. My sister is waiting to go along with us. I said we'd pick her up at the Hôtel de Paris."

Severe critics of her undoubted beauty had ventured at times to say that Fedora's face lacked expression. There was at that moment no room for any such criticism. Amazement struggled with indignation in her eyes. Her lips were quivering, her breath was coming quickly.

"Do you mean— Have you given her or anyone to understand that there was any likelihood of my consenting to such an absurd scheme?"

"I merely told her what I hoped," he said quietly. "That is all I dared say even to myself. But I want you to listen to me."

His voice had grown softer. She turned her head and looked at him. He was much taller than she was, and in his gray tweed suit, his head a little thrown back, his straw hat clasped in his hands behind him, his clear gray eyes full of serious purpose, he was certainly not an unattractive figure to look upon. Unconsciously she found herself comparing him once more with the men of her world, found herself realizing even against her will the charm of his naïve and dogged honesty, his youth, his tenacity of purpose. She had never been made love to like this before.

"Please listen," he begged. "I am afraid that your father must be in a tearing rage by now, but that can't be helped. He is out there, and he hasn't got an earthly chance of getting back until I give the word. We've got plenty of time to reach Nice before he can land. I just want you to realize, Fedora, that you are your own mistress. You can make or spoil your own life. No one else has any right to interfere. Have you ever seen anyone yet, back in your own country, among your own people, that you felt that you really cared for; that

you honestly believed would be willing to lay down his life to make you happy?"

"No," she confessed simply, "I do not know that I have. Our men are not like that."

"That," he went on, "is because there is no one back there who cares as I do. I have spent some years of my life looking—quite unconsciously, but looking all the same—for some one like you. Now that I have found you I am glad I have waited. There couldn't be anyone else. There never could be, Fedora. I love you just in the way a man does love once in his life, if he's lucky. It's a queer sort of feeling, you know," he continued, leaning a little toward her. "It makes me quite sure that I could make you happy. It makes me quite sure that if you'll give me your hand and trust me, and leave everything to me, you'll have just the things in life that women want. Won't you be brave, Fedora? There are some things to break through, I know, but they don't amount to much, they don't really. And I love you, you know. You can't imagine yet what a wonderful difference that makes. But you'll find out and then you'll be glad."

She stood quite still. Her eyes were still fixed seaward, but she was looking beyond the yacht now, to the dim line where sky and sea seemed to meet. The vision of her past days seemed to be drawn out before her, a little monotonous, a little wearisome even in their splendor, more than a little empty. And underneath it all she was listening to a new music and her heart was telling her the truth.

"You don't need to make any plans," he said softly. "Go and put on your hat and some wrap to wear motoring. Bring a hand bag if you like. Flossie is waiting for us and she is rather a dear. You can leave everything else to me."

She looked timidly into his eyes. A new feeling was upon her. She gave him her hand almost shyly. Her voice trembled.

"If I come," she whispered, "you are quite sure that you mean it all? You are quite sure that you will not change?"

He raised her hand to his lips. "Not in this world, dear," he answered with sublime confidence; "nor in any other!"

She stole away from him. He was left alone upon the terrace; alone, but with the exquisite conviction of her return, promised in that last half tremulous, half smiling look over her shoulder. Then suddenly life seemed to come to him with a rush—a new life filled with a new splendor. He was almost humbly conscious of bigger things than he had ever realized, a nearness to the clouds, a wonderful, thrilling sense of complete and absolute happiness. Reluctantly he came back to earth. His thoughts became practical. He went to the back of his car, drew out a rocket on a stick and thrust it firmly into the lawn. Then he started his engine and almost immediately afterward she came. She was wearing a white silk motor coat and a thick veil. Behind her came a bewildered French maid, carrying wraps, and a manservant with a heavy dressing case. In silence these things were stowed away. She took her place in the car. Lane struck a match and stepped on to the lawn.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "Here goes!"

A rocket soared up into the sky. Then he seated himself beside her and they glided off.

"That means," he explained, "that they'll let your father and the others land in two hours. We'll have plenty of time to get to Nice. Have you left any word for him?"

"I have left a very short message," she answered, "to say that I was going to marry you. He will never forgive me, and I feel very wicked and very ungrateful."

"Anything else?" he whispered, leaning a little toward her.

She sighed.

"And very happy," she murmured.

XXXVIII

HUNTERLEYS saw the Right Honorable Meredith Simpson and Monsieur Douaille off to Paris early on the morning following the happenings on the yacht. Then he called round at the hospital to find that Sidney Roche was out of danger, and went on to the villa with the good news. On his way back he stayed chatting with the bank manager until rather later than usual

and afterward strolled on to the terrace, where he looked with some eagerness toward a certain point in the bay. The Minnehaha had departed. Mr. Grex and his friends, then, had been set free. Thoughtfully Hunterleys returned to the hotel. At the entrance he noticed two or three trunks being wheeled out which seemed to him somehow familiar. He stopped to look at the initials. They were his wife's.

"Is Lady Hunterleys leaving to-day?" he asked the luggage porter.

"By the evening train, sir," the man announced. "She would have caught the Côte d'Azur this morning, but there was no place on the train."

Hunterleys was perplexed. Some time after luncheon he inquired for Lady Hunterleys and found that she was not in the hotel. A reception clerk thought that he had seen her pass on her way to the Sporting Club. Hunterleys, after some moments of indecision, followed her. He was puzzled at her impending departure, unable to account for it. The Draconmeyers, he knew, proposed to stay for another month. He walked thoughtfully along the private way and climbed the stairs to the club. He looked for his wife in her usual place. She was not there. He made a little promenade of the rooms, and eventually he found her among the spectators round the baccarat table. He approached her at once.

"You are not playing?"

She started at the sound of his voice. She was dressed very simply in traveling clothes, and there were lines under her eyes as though she were fatigued.

"No," she admitted, "I am not playing."

"I understood in the hotel," he continued, "that you were leaving to-day."

"I am going back to England," she announced. "It does not amuse me here any longer."

He realized at once that something had happened. A curious sense of excitement stole into his blood.

"If you are not playing here, will you come and sit down for a few moments?" he invited. "I should like to talk to you."

She followed him without a word. He led the way to one of the divans in the roulette room.

"Your favorite place," he remarked, "is occupied."

She nodded.

"I have given up playing," she told him. He looked at her in some surprise. She drew a little breath and kept her eyes steadily averted.

"You will probably know sometime or other," she continued, "so I will tell you now: I have lost four thousand pounds to Mr. Draconmeyer. I am going back to England to realize my own money, so as to be able to pay him at once."

"You borrowed four thousand pounds from Mr. Draconmeyer?" he repeated incredulously.

"Yes! It was very foolish, I know, and I have lost every penny of it. I am not the first woman, I suppose, who has lost her head in Monte Carlo," she added a little defiantly.

"Does Mr. Draconmeyer know that you are leaving?" he asked.

"Not yet," she answered after a moment's hesitation. "I had an interview with him yesterday, and I realized at once that the money must be paid, and without delay. I realized, too, that it was better I should leave Monte Carlo and break off my association with these people for the present."

In a sense it was a sordid story, yet to Hunterleys her words sounded like music.

"I am very pleased indeed," he said quietly, "that you feel like that. Draconmeyer is not a man to whom I should like my wife to owe money for a moment longer than was absolutely necessary."

"Your estimate of him was correct," she confessed slowly. "I am sorry, Henry."

He rose suddenly to his feet. An inspiration had seized him.

"Come," he declared, "we will pay Draconmeyer back without sending you home to sell your securities. Come and stand with me."

She looked at him in amazement.

"Henry!" she exclaimed, "You are not going to play? Don't! Take my advice and don't!"

He laughed.

"We'll see," he replied confidently. "You wouldn't believe that I am a fatalist,

would you? I am though. Everything that I had hoped for seems to be happening to-day. You have found out Draconmeyer, we have checkmated Mr. Grex, I have drunk the health of Felicia and David Briston —"

"Felicia and David Briston?" she interrupted quickly. "What do you mean?"

"You knew, of course, that they were engaged?" he explained. "I called round at the villa this morning after I had been to the hospital, and found them busy fixing the wedding day."

She looked at him vaguely. "Engaged?" she murmured. "Why, I thought —"

A spot of color suddenly burned in her cheeks. She was beginning to understand. It was Draconmeyer who had put those ideas into her head. Her heart gave a little leap.

"Henry!" she whispered. He was already at the table, however. He changed five thousand-franc notes deliberately, counted his plaques and turned to her.

"I am going to play on your principle," he declared. "I have always thought it an interesting one. See, the last number was twenty-two. I am going to back twenty and all the *carrés*."

He covered the board round number twenty. There were a few minutes of suspense, then the click as the ball fell into the little space.

"*Vingt-huit, noir, passe et pair!*" the croupier announced.

Hunterleys' stake was swept away. He only smiled.

"Our numbers are going to turn up," he insisted cheerfully. "I am certain of it now. Do you know that this is the first time I have played since I have been in Monte Carlo?"

She watched him half in fear. This time Hunterleys staked on twenty-nine, with the maximum *en plein* and all the *carrés* and *chevaux*. Again the few moments of suspense, the click of the ball, the croupier's voice:

"*Vingt-neuf, noir, impair et passe!*"

She clutched at his arm.

"Henry!" she gasped.

He laughed.

"Open your bag," he directed. "We'll soon fill it."

He left his stake untouched. Thirty-one turned up. He won two *carrés* and let the table go once without staking. Ten was the next number. Immediately he placed the maximum on number fourteen, *carrés* and *chevaux*. Again the pause; again the croupier's voice:

"*Quatorze, rouge, pair et manque!*"

Hunterleys showed no exultation and scarcely any surprise. He gathered in his winnings and repeated his stake. This time he won one of his *carrés*. The next time *quatorze* turned up again. For half an hour he continued, following his few chosen numbers according to the run of the table.

At the end of that time Violet's satchel was full and he was beginning to collect thousand-franc notes for his plaques. He made a little calculation in his mind and decided that he must already have won more than the necessary amount.

"Our last stake," he remarked coolly.

The preceding number had been twenty-six. He placed the maximum on twenty-nine, the *carrés*, *chevaux*, the column, color and last dozen. He felt Violet's fingers clutching his arm. There was a little buzz of excitement all round the table as the croupier announced the number:

"*Vingt-neuf, noir, impair et passe!*"

They took their winnings into the ante-room beyond, where Hunterleys ordered tea. There was a little flush on Violet's cheeks. They counted the money. It amounted to nearly five thousand pounds.

"Henry!" she exclaimed. "I think that that last coup was the most marvelous win I ever saw!"

"A most opportune one at any rate," he replied grimly. "Look who is coming."

Draconmeyer had entered the room and was peering everywhere as though in search of some one. He suddenly caught sight of them, hesitated for a moment and then approached. He addressed himself to Violet.

"I have just seen Linda," he said. "She is broken-hearted at the thought of your departure."

"I am sorry to leave her," Violet replied, "but I feel that I have stayed quite long enough in Monte Carlo. By the by, Mr. Draconmeyer, there is that little affair of the money you were kind enough to advance to me."

Draconmeyer stood quite still. He looked from husband to wife.

"Four thousand pounds, my wife tells me," Hunterleys remarked coolly as he began to count out the notes. "It is very good of you indeed to have acted as her banker. Do you mind being paid now? Our movements are a little uncertain, and our settling up now will avoid the necessity of sending you a check."

Draconmeyer laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh, nor was it in the least mirthful.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I had forgotten that little matter. As you will, certainly."

He accepted the notes and stuffed them into his pocket.

"By the by," he continued, "I think that I ought to congratulate you, Sir Henry. That last little affair of yours was wonderfully stage-managed. Your country owes you more than it is ever likely to pay. You have succeeded at any rate in delaying the inevitable."

"I trust," Hunterleys inquired politely, "that you were not detained upon the yacht for very long?"

"We landed at the Villa at twelve o'clock this morning," Draconmeyer replied. "You know, of course, of the little surprise our young American friend had prepared for Mr. Grex?"

Hunterleys shook his head.

"I have heard nothing definite."

"He was married to the daughter of the Grand Duke Augustus at midday at Nice," Draconmeyer announced. "His Serene Highness received a telephone message only a short time ago."

Violet gave a little cry. She leaned across the table eagerly.

"You mean that they have eloped?"

Draconmeyer assented.

"All Monte Carlo will be talking about it to-morrow," he declared. "The grand duke has been doing all he can to get it hushed up, but it is useless. I will not detain you any longer. I see that you are about to have tea."

"We shall meet, perhaps, in London?"

Hunterleys remarked as Draconmeyer prepared to depart.

Draconmeyer shook his head.

"I think not," he replied. "The doctors have advised me that the climate of England is bad for my wife's health, and I feel that my own work there is finished. I have received an offer to go out to South America for a time. Very likely I shall accept."

He passed on with a final bow. Violet looked across at her husband and her eyes shone.

"It seems like a fairy tale, Henry," she whispered. "You don't know what a load on my mind that money has been, and how I was growing to detest Mr. Draconmeyer."

He smiled.

"I was rather hating the beast myself," he admitted. "Tell me, what are your plans really?"

"I hadn't made any," she confessed, "except to get away as quickly as I could."

He leaned a little across the table.

"Elopements are rather in the fashion," he said. "What do you think? Couldn't we have a little dinner at Ciro's and catch the last train to Nice, have a look at Richard and his wife, and then go on to Cannes and make our way back to England later?"

She looked at him and as she looked his face grew younger. There was something in her eyes that reminded him of the days which for so many weary months he had been striving to forget.

"Henry," she murmured, "I have been very foolish. If you can trust me once more I think I can promise that I'll never be half so idiotic again."

He rose to his feet blithely.

"It has been my fault just as much," he declared, "and the fault of circumstances. I couldn't tell you the whole truth, but there has been a villainous conspiracy going on here. Draconmeyer, Selingman and the grand duke were all in it, and I have been working like a slave. Now it's all over—finished this morning on Richard's yacht. We've done what we could. I'm a free lance now and we'll spend the holidays together."

She gave him her fingers across the table and he held them firmly in his. Then she, too, rose and they passed out together. There was a wonderful change in Hunterleys. He seemed to have grown years younger.

"Come," he exclaimed, "they call this the City of Pleasure, but these are the first happy moments I have spent in it. We'll gamble in five-franc pieces for an hour

or so. Then we'll go back to the hotel and have our trunks sent down to the station, dine at Ciro's and wire Richard. Where are you going to stake your money?"

"I think I shall begin with number twenty-nine," she laughed.

A few days later they lunched with Richard and his wife at the Casino at Cannes. The change in the two young people was most impressive. Fedora had lost the dignified aloofness of Monte Carlo. She seemed to have found her girlhood, and she was brilliantly, supremely happy. Richard, on the other hand, was more serious. He took Hunterleys to one side as they waited for the cars.

"We are on our way to Biarritz," he said, "by easy stages. The yacht will meet us there and we are going to sail at once for America."

"Fedora doesn't mind?" Hunterleys asked.

"Not in the least," Richard declared exultantly. "She knows what my duty is and, Hunterleys, I am going to try to do it. The people over there may need a lot of convincing, but they are going to hear the truth from me and have it drummed into them. It's going to be 'Wake up, America!' as well as 'Wake up, England!'"

"Stick at it, Richard," Hunterleys advised. "Don't mind a little discouragement. Men who see the truth, and aren't afraid to keep on calling attention to it, get laughed at a great deal. People speak of them tolerantly, listen to what they say, doubt the reasonableness of it and store it at the back of their heads; but in the end it does good. Your people and mine are slow to believe and slow to understand, but the truth sinks in if one proclaims it often enough and loudly enough. We are going through much the same thing in our own country just now—with regard to national service, for one thing. Here come your cars. You travel in state, Richard."

The young man laughed good-naturedly. "There's nothing in life that I can give her that Fedora won't have," he asserted.

"We spent the first two days absolutely alone. Now her maid and my man come along with the luggage in the heavy car and we take the little racer. Jolly hard work they have to keep anywhere near us, I can tell you. Say, may I make a rather impertinent remark, Sir Henry?"

"You have earned the right to say anything to me you choose," Hunterleys replied. "Go ahead."

"Why, it's only this," Richard continued a little awkwardly: "I have never seen Lady Hunterleys look half so ripping, and you seem years younger."

Hunterleys smiled.

"To tell you the truth, I feel it. You see, years ago, when we started out for our honeymoon, there was a crisis after the first week and we had to rush back to England. We seem to have forgotten ever to finish that honeymoon of ours. We are doing it now."

The two women came down the steps, the cynosure of a good many eyes, the two most beautiful women in the Casino. Richard helped his wife into her place, wrapped her up and took the steering wheel.

"Hyères this evening and Marseilles to-morrow," he announced. "Biarritz on Saturday. We shall stay there for a week, and then—'Wake up, America!'"

The cars glided off. Hunterleys and his wife stood on the steps of the Casino waving their hands.

"Something about those children," Hunterleys declared as they vanished, "makes me feel absurdly young. Let's go shopping. Violet, I want to buy you some flowers and chocolates."

She smiled happily as she took his arm for a moment.

"And then?"

"What would you like to do afterward?" he asked.

"I think," she replied, leaning toward him, "that I should like to go to that nice Englishman who lets villas. Perhaps we could find one right at the edge of the sea, quite hidden. Then we could lock the gates and give no one our address, and have you forget for just one month that there was any work to do in the world, or anyone else in it except me."

"Just to make up," he laughed softly.

"Women are like that, you know," she murmured.

"The man's office is this way," Hunterleys said, turning off the main street.

(THE END)

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"Gee, I could skate from here to Bronxville if anybody would lend me a rink big enough!"

And even as she spoke they were gliding forward, always his close arm engulfing her, and, when his head grazed hers, the breath of pomade in her nostrils.

"Whew! Let's stop, Max."

"Stop?"

"Whew! All of a sudden I kinda gave out. I—I'm tired, Max. Let's quit. I guess I gotta go home."

"Home!"

"I'm tired, I tell you."

"Come, then; we'll go over to the table and wait for the big show."

"I— They just giggle and giggle; and—and I'm tired."

The light of inspiration flashed into his narrow face, illuminating it.

"Wanna cut it, Gert, and go out for a spin?"

"Like fun, freshie!"

"I got the car outside, Gert. It's a swell night and I got a fur rug and all."

"Nix. The Subway's my limit."

"I dare you, Gert! A little spin through the Park and then I'll shoot you home, so Shap won't shoot me first."

"The crowd—they'll get sore."

"Sore nothin'! They ain't got time to miss us. Looka them out there—all lit up like Christmas trees, already!"

"I—"

"The minute you say home, Gert, I'll turn in. Just a little spin. Gee, ain't you no kind of a sport no more?"

"I— You should know what's eatin' me! You—you should know!" Her lips quivered, and she made a motion as though to tighten her skate strap. "If you was in my shoes you'd wish you was dead!"

"Aw, what's hurtin' you, kiddo? I seen all along you was deep blue under your coat. I ain't hurt your little feelin's, have I, kiddo?"

She rose with the gesture of throwing off an imaginary cloak, and her lips curled consciously back into their conscious smile.

"Nothin' you could say could gimme the kind of blues I got, Max. I—I am as blue as the navy. Aw, what's the use of airin' my troubles on you? Come on; I—I'm all right now."

He blinked his eyes in a series of rapid winks and stroked her muff.

"Poor kid! I seen as soon as Shap was missing there was somethin' wrong."

"It ain't nothin'."

"You ain't been real on that joy stuff you been spraying round all evening, little kiddo."

He continued to stroke her muff, with the ingratiating movement calculated to bring out the purr in a cat; and his smile, surmounted by a black mustache as neat and as trimmed as a hedge, came closer.

"Poor kiddo, you!"

She drew back.

"Honest, Max, I—I think you're drunk."

"Nix."

"Come; let's skate."

"Let's dodge 'em, Gert. I don't wanna get in no New Year's rough-house with that cheap gang. You better lemme take you a spin and then home."

"You—you ain't steady enough."

"Such a nerve! Look! I'm as steady as a lamp-post."

"Nothin' doin'!"

"Come on, Gert—a little spin. It's a large night and it'll brace you up!"

"I—can't."

"Come on!"

"I—I feel just like I gotta get some air or I—I'll topple."

"Sure you will!"

"Undo my skates!"

Skates off and across the wooden promenade stealthily, with backward glances at the merry-makers.

"They'll never miss us, kiddo."

Through the blazing entrance they hurried and out into a night as blue as ink and as deep as a well, and a million stars that trembled on the brink of the New Year.

"Whew, but this feels good!"

"Sure it does! Wait till I crank up."

"Swell little car. He promised his mother or we'd have one too—one swell little car like this!"

He climbed in beside her and tucked the robe carefully about her, folding it round and under her feet—pushing into his heavy gauntlet-top gloves, throwing his clutch, jerking forward, turning about with careful

MIND-CAT!

(Continued from Page 16)

avoidance of the merry traffic. Up a dark aisle of side street they went, across the busy maze of Columbus Circle, and into the quiet recesses of the Park, whizzing under the trees, the wind vivifying as wine.

"I guess this ain't got it all over sitting in a café with that gang of cheap sports! I know a little café of my own, on Hudson Road, that is some real café."

Wind sang in her ears.

"Gee, Max, this is great!" Her voice came remotely from the cloud of fur rug, her face in its center, like a rosy flower.

"Gee!"

The lake lay alongside the road under a thin sheen of ice, broken in places, with the water filming it over and freezing again. Week-old snowdrifts lay in rocky crevices, white patches in the gloom; but the road was smooth and cold and as shiny as a steel rail; and always the singing and stinging of the wind.

"I told you, Peachie, that this would take the blues out of you, didn't I?"

"It takes more even than this to get rid of the kinda blues I got. Gee, slow up a little, Max! My middle name ain't speed, like yours."

"This ain't nothin'; wait till we get out a ways."

"Whoa! Where are you goin', there, Max? Don't go out of the Park. Don't go up Seventh Avenue. Where you takin' me, Max? Quit! Just turn back and take me once more round the Park—and then home. I gotta go home."

"I'm going to get them blues out of you or know the reason why, kiddo. A spin out a ways and a drink on the road ain't goin' to hurt you. I'm goin' to get them blues out of you."

"No, no, Max; I gotta go home."

They were on a long, shining stretch of street as wide as a boulevard, a strip of the Park dividing it and naked trees meeting over their heads.

"I gotta get home. Do you hear?"

"Listen!"

A low bleat, rising to the clarion call of a long-winded whistle; chiming ringing out suddenly and full of resonance on the clear air; bells; windows shrieking up in block-long and block-high apartment houses; horns; shouts from the thin stream of up-town pedestrians; a blank cartridge fired from an automobile that whizzed past them on the road; more chiming!

"Happy New Year, kiddo!"

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

"Aw, you ain't cryin', are you, kiddo? Aw, I wish I knew who was hurtin' you; I'd wipe up this road with 'em! Here, lemme dry them tears—lemme dry 'em."

"No, no; I ain't crying, Max; only I—I—"

"Aw! Aw! Cryin' like a spout! Aw! Aw! Here; lemme dry 'em."

"Quit!"

A sudden turn that jerked her sharply backward, the hollow sound of riding over a bridge, and they were out on an open ledge of highway. Below them the river ran thick, persistently fighting off the shackles of ice, as a half-swooning man walks the night through to fight off the sleep of morphia.

"I'm goin' to stop this old car right here in this very road, and take 'oo little baby right in my arms and dry them tears."

"Max! You—you dare! Max! Whatta you think I am?"

"The cutest, tootsiest little—"

"Quit! I wanna go back, Max. Look! We're way out in the country and I gotta get back."

"Just a little farther, Tootsie! Gee, you oughta see them cheeks of yours! A kid that likes spinnin' like you oughta have a car of her own. Shap can afford one."

"It's her—his mother. He promised the old lady he—he wouldn't buy one. He promised; and when Shap promises—well, you know!"

"It's a darn shame! Gee, which one is his wife—the old dame or you? I seen how things stood this afternoon—the way you had to handle her to make the get-away with us. When she heard the word auto she nearly threw a fit."

"We gotta turn, Max."

"Aw, be a sport, Gert! Didn't I promise to get them blues out of you?"

"You! Why, you couldn't get the blues out of my cat!"

"Watch me! Arrow Inn is only two miles out, Tootsie—one of the grandest

little roadhouses round here. I wanna warm you up before I dump you home on the old lady."

"You cut that!"

"Poor little Tootsie!"

He slowed until they were running silently; and, high above the river and under the robe, his hand moved toward hers.

"Poor little Tootsie!"

"Quit!"

"Aw, touchy, what am I doin'?"

"Don't you—don't you get fresh with me!"

"Sure I won't."

"Take me home!"

"Tell me all about the row at home, Tootsie. I'm the best little sympathizer you ever seen. Why you beatin' it round alone on New Year's Eve, kiddo—Tootsie?"

"It's none of your business, Max Berko-vitch!"

"I ain't buttin' in; but for a fellow to let his queen down cold on New Year's Eve, to do the mamma-boy act, ain't —"

"Lots you know about it, Max Berko-vitch! You—you'd do worse than that."

"Nix! You got me wrong there, kiddo. But I know what's hurtin' you, all-righty. If he's havin' his night like he wants, you deserve yours too, Toots."

"Fine chance of me makin' a night of it with you! I'd rather walk across the river."

"You don't mean that, Toots; but it's a game little bluff you're putting up."

"You quit lettin' out speed there! You turn round."

For answer he leaned to the wheel and released a score of miles, so that lights, bridges and trees hurtled recklessly past; and she grasped his sleeve.

"Max!"

And above the wind his voice:

"Hold your hat!"

"Max!"

At a curve they slowed.

"Take a tip from me, Tootsie; don't start wrong and let an old hag lord it over you. I've seen too much of the mother-in-law gag. Stand up for your rights; he won't do it for you. There ain't a hag living could —"

"You cut that!"

"The next time the old dame cackles too much just you send for your Uncle Fuller, and I'll take care of you. If Shap ain't there with the rescue ladder, just you send for me—eh, Tootsie? I wanna see a lot of you from now on."

He flung out one arm suddenly—right hand guiding the wheel; left drawing her to him, rug and all.

"We'll fix the old dame, kiddo; we will —"

"You ferret, you! You ain't even fit to breathe that old lady's name! You keep her name out of your mouth; she's too white for you to even touch her name, you—you—!"

"Go your bluff, kiddo; I like it when you do it!"

She withdrew herself to the remotest corner of the seat.

"You ain't fit to breathe that old lady's name—or his name, that treats her like she ought to be treated. You—don't you dare to breathe their names! Don't you dare to touch me! I might 'a' known you was still a rat, just like you used to be. You take me home! Home, I say!"

"Gad, I like your temper, kiddo!"

"You take me home or I—I'll jump! I'll jump!"

"That's right; fire up!" He leaned to the wheel as though he would gouge out the very darkness, his white teeth flashing. "Fire up! Gee, ain't it a shame a fellow can't do two things at once—hug the day-lights out of his girl and put on speed at the same time! You're a good little actress, queenie. Anybody'd think you was real on that stuff you're pullin'."

"Old wiseacre, you!" She threw out her arm to his coat sleeve and her face came round to his suddenly with the smile of a rogue in her eyes. "Old wiseacre, you! Not to fall for the tragedy-queen stuff!"

He laughed shortly.

"I knew you wasn't real, kiddo—and I knew you wasn't goin' to do the movie-thriller jump act any more'n I was; but you're cute, all right, and I like you. Cute ain't no name for it!"

They were running at low gear, the engine turning over slowly; and his face was nearing hers, so that she could feel the

warmth of his smile and under the rug the warmth of his fingers approaching hers.

"Just once on the lips, kiddo!"

"Ugh! Ugh!"

With a lunge that tore at her strength she thrust the far end of the fur robe over his head, so that for a moment he was enveloped; and with the force of her arms she pushed him sharply from her, forcing his hand until the machine veered sharply.

"Bluffin', was I?"

A violent tugging at the door and she was suddenly out in the center of the road, running the few involuntary steps of momentum like a man alighting from a moving train, staggering, but landing on her feet and keeping them.

"Gert! You —"

The automobile came to an immediate halt; and, untangling himself—dropping oaths, ejaculations and more oaths—he came toward her, running bareheaded down the center of the road.

"Are you crazy, girl? Are you loony? Cut out the melodrama stuff and get back in. Get back in or I'll shove you back in!"

"Don't you come near me!"

The light of sudden anger lay in his eyes. "Get back in or I'll shove you in! That was a swell little play of yours to get me to slow, wasn't it? Get back in, I say, or I'll —"

"Don't you come near me! I'm goin' home if I have to walk. Don't you dare come near me!"

"Some little walk you'll have, sister! You get back in there or I'll shove you in! Quit makin' a fool of me, or —"

"You just try comin' near me!"

"Look! Here comes a whole string of machines. I ain't going to have a row out here on a pike road where they know me. If you know what's good for you you'll get back in, or I —"

"If—if you come near me I—I'll yell! I'll yell for help to the first one that passes if you come near me. I'll yell! I'll yell! I'll yell!"

They were suddenly enveloped in the white glare from a pair of approaching acetylene lamps. With an oath he dodged and ran down the bit of road.

"Some walk home you'll have, you little devil, you! Some walk home! You little devil! You devil, you!"

For answer she turned and ran down the semi-steep embankment that bordered the road. The skeletons of summer's brambles struck up sharply through the frozen earth and tore her skirt.

From the blackness of an open field, standing panting like a hare in the torture of the chase, her hat knocked backward, her cheek snagged and a red rim beginning to outline the three-cornered wound, she beheld Mr. Berkovitch mount and, without a backward glance, plunge into the long, clean darkness of the road. Following him came a swift procession of flashing automobiles and the foamy laughter of revelry, which hung for a moment and died into the stillness of the countryside.

Sudden, terrifying silence, and a night so wide and full of depth that it rose up round her as though she were at its very bottom!

"Shap! Aaron! Ma! Shap!"

In the lonely place the wind was like moans rising up behind her.

"Shap! Ma!"

A bramble snapped at her feet and she began to run in a diagonal across the open field; across a ditch gone dry, and its rocks cut up through her soles; up an embankment; and twice she fell backward into the rocky ditch and the palms of her hands bled through her torn gloves. Once, in the distance, a street car, vague as a mirage and small as a toy, flashed past. She gathered her strength and in the fine frenzy of panic cried out; and her voice was like the cry of a plover in a bog.

Dawn is born with a veil over her face. The moment before it is torn aside to reveal the pinkness of her flesh is gray and full of the mystery of life and death; the mystery of shrouded figures walking silently down into a valley; of hooded women with dead babes.

In this grayest hour, when the veil lay thickest, Mrs. Aaron Shapiro turned into the marble-foyer of her marble-foyer apartment house, tiptoed past a hall boy asleep in the elevator and up three flights of fireproof stairs, blind with

tears, half fainting as she mounted. Within her apartment a light burned—a yellow slit of it lay beneath the door; and such a trembling laid hold of her for the moment that she sat down on the topmost step, tears flowing down the dirt-smeared course of her cheeks and over the zigzag welt.

Finally she rose and plucked some of the clinging brambles off her skirt hem, straightened her hat, dried her eyes, and rang the bell.

Her husband opened the door wide, so that he himself disappeared behind it; and she was suddenly in the shadow of the sideboard, opposite the uncleared table, with the white uncut cake in its center, the candles long since guttered out. And from a chair beside the window, gray as the dawn itself, Mrs. Shapiro was essaying to rise.

"Ach Gott! Gott sei Dank! Ach, Gertie! Gertie! My boy! Aaron, didn't I told you? Didn't I? Gertie! My boy! My boy—please!"

Mr. Shapiro emerged into the light slowly, his voice quiet enough.

"You get your things! You get your things and get out!"

"No, Shap! No, Shap—please! I—no!"

"You get your things and get out! Get out while I got it in me to keep down. Get out—please, Gertie, while I got it in me!"

"Aaron, my boy—please, my boy! Don't go, Gertie. Sh-h-h! He don't mean it—men talk when they get crazy; but he don't mean—Aaron, my boy, won't you promise to mind me—the last time what I ask you, my boy; the —"

"Go in your room, mamma!"

"No, no, ma; you stay—you stay!"

She backed farther into the shadow, clutching the form of her mother-in-law.

"Don't go, ma; for heaven's sake, don't go!"

"You get your things and get out—you hear! You get 'em and get out or I—I'll throw them out!"

"Aaron—my boy!"

"No woman of mine comes home at four—four o'clock in the morning, like a—like a —"

"Shap!"

"Aaron! Before your mother you don't got the right to talk such things! She ain't been had—have you, Gertie? She ain't been a bad girl. A foolish girl—yes; but not a bad girl, Aaron—not a bad girl."

"No—no, I ain't, ma. I—I swear it! I—I ain't, ma. Don't let him come near me, ma; he—he's crazy to-night. Don't let him, ma—don't let him!"

"I ain't comin', Gert, if you get out—so help me!—if you get your things and get out while I got it in me to keep down. Get out, Gertie; that's all I ask. Get out to that low-down rat—that —"

"Shap! It ain't that, Shap. Tell him, ma, it ain't. I swear it, Shap—on my knees I swear it. I swear it!"

"Say it to him, Gertie; say it ain't—it ain't —"

"It ain't, Shap. I—I swear it!"

"She swears it, my son. Ain't it enough when she swears it? Aaron, my boy, won't you promise to mind me just this last time what I ask? She swears it, Aaron."

And into her mothering arms his mother folded the trembling girl, and her fingers, which trembled still more, crept to Mrs. Aaron Shapiro's very heart and lay there; and up farther, to the coat lapel, where the furs fell away to reveal it, paused there, and drew away again gently, with the blue-and-white celluloid button close to the deep-seamed palm, even pricking it.

"She swears it, Aaron."

"I—I swear it, Aaron."

"You think I believe your lyin', snivelin' ways, you—street-runner, you! You —"

"Aaron!"

"You got me wrong, Shap. I—I swear it. I am ready to keel over, Shap. I—I can't stand no more. Ain't it enough when I swear? I swear I—I'm sorry, Shap. Just lemme tell you about it though. Anything you want me to say I—I'm ready, Shap. You know my temper, Shap. To mamma I've been bad; but never no more will I be. I—I swear it! Just like a devil was eatin' me it used to be to see you divvy up on lovin' me with her—just like a devil; but no more, Aaron. Nobody can't say nothin' to me against her. Nobody ain't fit to wipe her

shoes, Aaron; I ain't—nobody ain't. Ten times—a thousand times, Shap, on my knees I apologize to her, Shap! Ten times on my knees to her and to you, Shap—please, Shap —"

"If you promise to mind me just this last time, Aaron—to mind me just this last time, Aaron! She's your wife, my boy; she —"

"I apologize, Shap. I—I—ten thousand times I apologize."

She half staggered toward him, so that the light fell suddenly on the blood-driven face with the red zigzag on the cheek, her gloves torn into slits and her palms bleeding through.

"Gott, Gertie! You're bleedin', Gertie! Ach, Aaron, run; she's bleedin', Gertie—she's bleedin', Aaron. Help me, Aaron!"

Mr. Shapiro leaped forward as though oil had been poured on the flame of his anger.

"I knew she was lyin'! All evenin' I've been sittin' here seein' it. I knew it. I knew it—the skunk! Joy-ridin' with that rat! I knew it! All evenin' I—I've been sittin' here seein' 'em fall into the ditch. I seen 'em both layin' there dead—I seen 'em both layin' there dead—that rat and her! I seen 'em—I—I —"

"Only it didn't kill her like I wanted it should! I knew it. I knew it. I seen 'em layin' there dead. I seen 'em! Now you get out—you—you get out or I'll —"

Even as he lunged to her, she fell back gently against his shoulder in a swoon that was as deep as a chasm.

At sunrise Mrs. Shapiro opened her eyes slowly, so that they fell in slow succession on the cool pink-and-white wall paper of her bedroom, then on the lace coverlet drawn up about her neck, and then on Mrs. Shapiro bending over her from the close side of the bed, and on a dark figure couchant beside her. Slowly she returned, with the reluctance of those who emerge from dreamless sleep.

"Ma! That you?"

"It's me, Gertie. See, Aaron, my boy; didn't I tell you that goose grease rubbed on would be fine—didn't I?"

"More, ma; it feels good and—and warm. More, ma—that you, ma? Sure?"

"That's it, dearie; that's it! Take your time and get used to being awake. See—it's me, dearie; and here, next to you, is Aaron, waitin'."

"What's this? What's this? Turn it back; turn back the lace cover, ma. Turn it."

"Ach, she begins gettin' well by makin' fun with me right away. That's right; I'm glad when you make fun."

"Turn it back and keep my hand, ma—keep it!"

"Look who's here and waitin', Gertie."

"Who, ma?"

"Look, right down here, next to you."

"Who? I—No—no—no! You stay, ma. No—no—no!"

"It's Aaron, Gertie; and he wants to say good mornin'—Happy New Year! Aaron, Gertie—your Aaron, waitin'."

"No—no!"

"Sh-h-h, dearie! Wake up a little more. See—he ain't goin' to be a bad boy no more. He promised his old mother; and when he promises to mind me—he's a real mind-cat, Gertie—he —"

"Oh, ma, I—I —"

"See—I leave you here with him and go me to bed. I—I'm tired, Gertie. See—it's Aaron; and he wants you all to himself. Don't you, Aaron?"

The dark figure beside the bed moved closer, still on his knees, and raised the little figure from her pillow so that her criss-crossed cheek lay pat on his breast.

"It's me, Gert! Don't be afraid, baby. Go to bed now, mamma-la. Don't be afraid, Gertie—don't—don't!"

Within Mrs. Shapiro's small room flowed the first sunshine of the New Year—pale, but full of geniality. Across the black-walnut bedstead it poured; across an oval, black-walnut table, ripe with years; across an oval-framed daguerreotype of a gray-bearded head, with lifelike eyes and a skullcap.

Beside it Mrs. Shapiro sat down as if pain had suddenly stabbed her through the heart. And while she waited for it to pass away her eyes smiled at the picture; and toward it her trembling hands went out;

and into her out-stretched arms her head dropped, with the smile still warm on her face. In the small room it was suddenly quiet—strangely quiet.

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RUGGLES OF RED GAP

(Continued from Page 5)

people who never for a moment would do with us. I shuddered. I despaired. And outside the windows gay Paris laughed and sang in the dance, ever unheeding my plight!

II

IN THAT first sleep how often do we dream that our calamity has been only a dream! It was so in my first moments of awakening. Vestiges of some grotesquely hideous nightmare remained with me. Wearing the shackles of the slave, I had been mowing the corn under the fierce sun that beats down upon the American savannahs. Sickeningly, then, a wind of memory blew upon me and I was alive to my situation. Nor was I forgetful of the plight in which the Honorable George would now find himself. He is as good as lost when not properly looked after. In the ordinary affairs of life he is a simple, trusting, incompetent duffer, if ever there was one. Even in so rudimentary a matter as collar studs he is like a storm-tossed mariner—I mean to say like a chap in a boat on the ocean who doesn't know what sails to pull up nor how to steer the silly rudder. One rather feels exactly that about him.

And now he was bound to go seedy beyond description—like the time at Mentone when he dreamed a system for playing the little horses, after which for a fortnight I was obliged to nurse a well-connected invalid in order that we might last over till the next remittance day. The havoc he managed to wreak among his belongings in that time would scarce be believed should I set it down, not even a single boot properly treed, and his appearance when I was enabled to recover him—my client having behaved most handsomely on the eve of his departure for Spain—being such that I passed him in the hotel lounge without even a nod: climbing-boots, with trousers from his one suit of boating flannels, a blazer golfing waistcoat, his best morning coat with the wide braid, a hunting stock and a motoring cap, with his beard more discursive, as one might say, than I had ever seen it. If I disclose this thing it is only that my fears for him may be comprehended when I pictured him being permanently out of hand.

Meditating thus bitterly I had but finished dressing when I was startled by a knock on my door, and by the entrance to my summons of the elder and more subdued Floud, he of the drooping mustaches and the mournful eyes of pale blue. One glance at his attire brought freshly to my mind the atrocious difficulties of my new situation. I may be credited or not, but combined with tan boots and wretchedly fitting trousers of a purple hue he wore a black frock coat revealing far, far too much of a blue satin "made" cravat on which was painted a cluster of tiny white flowers—lilies of the valley I should say. Unbelievably, above this monstrous mélange was a rather low-crowned bowler hat.

Hardly repressing a shudder I bowed, whereupon he advanced solemnly to me and put out his hand. To cover the embarrassing situation tactfully I extended my own and we actually shook hands, although my clasp was limply quite formal.

"How do you do, Mr. Ruggles!" he began.

I bowed again, but speech failed me. "She sent me over to get you," he went on. He uttered the word "she" with such profound awe that I knew he could mean none other than Mrs. Effie. It was most extraordinary, but I dare say only what was to have been expected from persons of this sort. In any good-class club or among gentlemen at large it is customary to allow one at least twenty-four hours for the payment of one's gambling debts. Yet here I was being collected by the winner at so early an hour as half after seven. If I had been a five-pound note instead of myself, I fancy it would have been quite the same. These Americans would most indecently have sent for their winnings before the Honorable George had awakened. One would have thought they had expected him to refuse payment of me after losing me the night before. How little they seemed to realize that we were both intending to be dead sportsmen!

"Very good, sir," I said; "but I trust I may be allowed to brew the Honorable George his tea before leaving. I'd hardly like to trust him alone with it, sir."

"Yes, sir," he said, so respectfully that it gave me an odd feeling. "Take your time, Mr. Ruggles. I don't know as I am in any hurry on my own account. It's only account of her."

I trust it will be remembered that in reporting this person's speeches I am making an earnest effort to set them down word for word in all their terrific peculiarities. I mean to say I would not be held accountable for his phrasing; and if I corrected his speech, as of course the tendency is, our identities might become confused. I hope this will be understood when I report him as saying things in ways one doesn't word them. I mean to say that it should not be thought that I would say them in this way if it chanced that I were saying the same things in my proper person. I fancy this should now be plain.

"Very well, sir," I said.

"If it was me," he went on, "I wouldn't want you a little bit. But it's her. She's got her mind made up to do the right thing and have us all be somebody, and when she makes her mind up —" He hesitated, and studied the ceiling for some seconds. "Believe me," he continued, "Mrs. Effie is some wildcat!"

"Yes, sir—some wildcat," I repeated.

"Believe me, Bill," he said again, quaintly addressing me by a name not my own, "believe me, she'd fight a rattlesnake and give it the first two bites."

Again let it be recalled that I put down this extraordinary speech exactly as I heard it. I thought to detect in it that grotesque exaggeration with which the Americans so distressingly embellish their humor. I mean to say it could hardly have been meant in all seriousness. So far as my researches have extended the rattlesnake is an invariably poisonous reptile. Fancy giving one so downright an advantage as the first two bites, or even one bite, although I believe the thing does not in fact bite at all, but does one down with its forked tongue, of which there is an excellent drawing in my little volume, *Inquire Within: One Thousand Useful Facts*.

"Yes, sir," I replied, somewhat at a loss.

"Quite so, sir!"

"I just thought I'd wise you up beforehand."

"Thank you, sir," I said, for his intention beneath the weird jargon was somehow benevolent. "And if you'll be good enough to wait until I have taken tea to the Honorable George —"

"How is the judge this morning?" he broke in.

"The judge, sir?" I was at a loss, until he gestured toward the room of the Honorable George.

"Yes, the judge. Ain't he a justice of the peace or something?"

"But no, sir; not at all, sir."

"Then what do you call him 'Honorable' for, if he ain't a judge or something?"

"Well, sir, it's done, sir," I explained; but I fear he was unable to catch my meaning, for a moment later—the Honorable George, hearing our voices, had thrown a boot smartly against the door—he was addressing him as "Judge" and thereafter continued to do so, nor did the Honorable George seem to make any moment of being thus misnamed.

I served the Ceylon tea together with biscuits and marmalade, the while our caller chatted nervously. He had, it appeared, procured his own breakfast while on his way to us.

"I got to have my ham and eggs of a morning," he confided; "but she won't let me have anything at that hotel but a Continental breakfast, which is nothing but coffee and toast and some of that there sauce you're eating. She says when I'm on the Continent I got to eat a Continental breakfast, because that's the smart thing to do, and not stuff myself like I was on the ranch. But I got that game beat both ways from the jack. I duck out every morning before she's up. I found a place where you can get regular ham and eggs."

"Regular ham and eggs?" murmured the Honorable George.

"French ham and eggs is a joke. They put a slice of boiled ham in a little dish, slosh a couple of eggs on it and tuck the dish into the oven a few minutes. Say, they won't ever believe that hack in Red Gap when I tell it. But I found this here little place where they do it right, account of Americans having made trouble there so

much over the other way. But mind you don't let on to her," he warned me suddenly.

"Certainly not, sir," I said. "Trust me to be discreet, sir."

"All right then. Maybe we'll get on better than what I thought we would. I was looking for trouble with you, the way she's been talking about what you'd do for me."

"I trust matters will be pleasant, sir," I replied.

"I can be pushed just so far," he curiously warned me, "and no farther—not by any man that wears hair."

"Yes, sir," I said again, wondering what the wearing of hair might mean to this process of pushing him, and feeling rather absurdly glad that my own face is smoothly shaven.

"You'll find Ruggles fairish enough after you've got used to his ways," put in the Honorable George.

"All right, judge, and remember it wasn't my doings," said my new employer, rising and pulling down to his ears his fearful bowler hat. "And now we better report to her before she does a hot-foot over here. You can pack your grip later in the day," he added to me.

"Pack my grip—yes, sir," I said numbly, for I was on the tick of leaving the Honorable George helpless in bed. In a voice that I fear was broken I spoke of clothes for the day's wear, which I had laid out for him the night before. He waved a hand bravely at us and sank back into his pillow as my new employer led me forth. There had been barely a glance between us to betoken the dreadfulness of the moment.

At our door I was pleased to note that a taximeter cab awaited us. I had acutely dreaded a walk through the streets, even of Paris, with my new employer garbed as he was. The blue satin cravat of itself would have been bound to insure us more attention than one would care for. I fear we were both somewhat moody during the short ride. Each of us seemed to have matters of weight to reflect upon. Only upon reaching our destination did my companion brighten a bit. For a fare of five francs and forty centimes he gave the driver a ten-franc piece and waited for no change.

"I always get round them that way," he said with an expression of the brightest cunning. "She used to have the laugh on me because I got so much counterfeit money handed to me. Now I don't take any change at all."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Quite right, sir."

"There's more than one way to skin a cat," he added as we ascended to the Flouids' drawing-room—though why his mind should have flown to this brutal sport, if it be a sport, was quite beyond me. At the door he paused and hissed at me: "Remember, no matter what she says, if you treat me white I'll treat you white." And before I could frame any suitable response to this puzzling announcement he had opened the door and pushed me in, almost before I could remove my cap.

Seated at the table over coffee and rolls was Mrs. Effie. Her face brightened as she saw me, then froze to disapproval as her glance rested upon him I was to know as Cousin Egbert. I saw her capable mouth set in a straight line of determination.

"You did your very worst, didn't you?" she began. "But sit down and eat your breakfast. He'll soon change that." She turned to me. "Now, Ruggles, I hope you understand the situation, and I'm sure I can trust you to take no nonsense from him. You see plainly what you've got to do. I let him dress to suit himself this morning so that you could know the worst at once. Take a good look at him—shoes, coat, hat—that dreadful cravat!"

"I call this a right pretty necktie," mumbled her victim over a crust of toast. She had poured coffee for him.

"You hear that!" she asked me.

I bowed sympathetically.

"What does he look like?" she insisted.

"Just tell him for his own good, please."

But this I could not do. True enough, during our short ride he had been reminding me of one of a pair of cross-talk comedians I had once seen in a music hall. This of course was not a thing one could say.

"I dare say, madam, he could be smartened up a bit. If I might take him to some good-class shop —"

"And burn the things he's got on —" she broke in.

"Not this here necktie," interrupted Cousin Egbert rather stubbornly. "It was given to me by Jeff Tuttle's littlest girl last Christmas; and this here Prince Albert

coat—what's the matter of it, I'd like to know? It come right from the One-Price Clothing Store at Red Gap, and it's plenty good to go to funerals in —"

"And then to a barber's shop with him," went on Mrs. Effie, who had paid no heed to his outburst. "Get him done right for once."

Her relative continued to nibble nervously at a bit of toast.

"I've done something with him myself," she said, watching him narrowly. "At first he insisted on having a whole bill of fare for breakfast, but I put my foot down and now he's satisfied with the Continental breakfast. That goes to show he has something in him, if we can only bring it out."

"Something in him, indeed, yes, madam!" I assented; and Cousin Egbert, turning to me, winked heavily.

"I want him to look like some one," she resumed, "and I think you're the man can make him if you're firm with him; but you'll have to be firm because he's full of tricks. If he starts any rough stuff just come to me."

"Quite so, madam," I said; but I felt I was blushing with shame at hearing one of my own sex so slanged by a woman. That sort of thing would never do with us. And yet there was something about this woman—something weirdly authoritative. She showed rather well in the morning light, her gray eyes crackling as she talked. She was wearing a most elaborate peignoir, and of course she should not have worn the diamonds; it seemed almost too much like the morning hour of a stage favorite; but still one felt that when she talked one would do well to listen.

Hereupon Cousin Egbert startled me once more.

"Won't you set up and have something with us, Mr. Ruggles?" he asked me.

I looked away, affecting not to have heard, and could feel Mrs. Effie scowling at him. He coughed into his cup and sprayed coffee well over himself. His intention had been obvious in the main, though exactly what he had meant by setting up I couldn't fancy—as if I had been a performing poodle!

The moment's embarrassment was well covered by Mrs. Effie, who again renewed her instructions, and from an escritoire brought me a sheaf of the pretentiously printed sheets that the French use in place of our bank notes.

"You will spare no expense," she directed; "and don't let me see him again until he looks like some one. Try to have him back here by five. Some very smart friends of ours are coming for tea."

"I won't drink tea at that outlandish hour for anyone," said Cousin Egbert rather snappishly.

"You will at least refuse it like a man of the world, I hope," she replied icily, and he drooped submissive once more. "You see?" she added to me.

"Quite so, madam," I said, and resolved to be firm and thorough with Cousin Egbert. In a way I was put upon my mettle. I swore to make him look like some one. Moreover, I now saw that his half-veiled threats of rebellion to me had been pure swank. I had in turn but to threaten to report him to this woman and he would be as clay in my hands.

I presently had him tucked into a closed taxicab, half-heartedly muttering expostulations and protests to which I paid not the least heed. During my strolls I had observed in what would have been Regent Street at home a rather good-class shop with an English name, and to this I now proceeded with my charge. I am afraid I rather hustled him across the pavement and into the shop, not knowing what tricks he might be up to, and not until he was well to the back did I attempt to explain myself to the shop-walker who had followed us. To him I then gave details of my charge's escape from a burning hotel the previous night, which accounted for his extraordinary garb of the moment, he having been obliged to accept the loan of garments that neither fitted him nor harmonized with one another. I mean to say I did not care to have the chap suspect we would don tan boots, a frock coat and bowler hat except under the most tremendous compulsion.

Cousin Egbert stared at me open-mouthed during this recital, but the shop-walker was only too readily convinced, as indeed who would not have been, and called an intelligent assistant to relieve our distress. With his help I swiftly selected an outfit that was not half bad for ready-to-wear garments. There was a black morning coat, snug at the waist, moderately broad

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at the shoulders, closing with two buttons, its skirt sharply cut away from the lower button and reaching to the bend of the knee. The lapels were, of course, soft-rolled and joined the collar with a triangular notch. It is a coat of immense character when properly worn, and I was delighted to observe in the trying on that Cousin Egbert filled it rather smartly. Moreover, he submitted more meekly than I had hoped. The trousers I selected were of gray cloth faintly striped, the waistcoat being of the same material as the coat, relieved at the neck opening by an edging of white.

With the boots I had rather more trouble, as he refused to wear the patent leathers that I selected, together with the pearl gray spats, until I grimly requested the telephone assistant to put me through to the hotel, desiring to speak to Mrs. Senator Floud. This brought him round—although muttering—and I had less trouble with shirts, collars and cravats. I chose a shirt of white piqué, a wing collar with small, square-cornered tabs, and a pearl ascot.

Then in a cabinet I superintended Cousin Egbert's change of raiment. We clashed again in the matter of sock suspenders, which I was astounded to observe he did not possess. He insisted that he had never worn them—garters he called them—and never would if he were shot for it, so I decided to be content with what I had already gained.

By dint of urging and threatening I at length achieved my groundwork and was more than a little pleased with my effect, as was the shop-assistant after I had tied the pearl ascot and adjusted a quiet tie pin of my own choosing.

"Now I hope you're satisfied," growled my charge, seizing his bowler hat and edging off.

"By no means," I said coldly. "The hat, if you please, sir."

He gave it up rebelliously, and I had again to threaten him with the telephone before he would submit to a top hat with a moderate bell and broad brim. Surveying this in the glass, however, he became perceptibly reconciled. It was plain that he rather fancied it, though as yet he wore it consciously and would turn his head slowly and painfully, as if his neck were stiffened. Having chosen the proper gloves I was, I repeat, more than pleased with this severely simple scheme of black, white and gray. I felt I had been wise to resist any tendency to color, even to the most delicate of pastel tints. My last selection was a smartish Malacca stick, the ideal stick for town wear, which I thrust into the defenseless hands of my client.

"And now, sir," I said firmly, "it is but a step to a barber's shop where English is spoken." And ruefully he accompanied me. I dare say by that time he had discovered that I was not to be trifled with, for during his hour in the barber's chair he did not once rebel openly. Only at times would he roll his eyes to mine in dumb appeal. There was in them something of the confiding helplessness I had noted in the eyes of an old setter at Chaynes-Wotten when I had been called upon to assist the undergardener in chloroforming him. I mean to say the dog had jolly well known something terrible was being done to him, yet his eyes seemed to say he knew it must be all for the best and that he trusted us.

It was this look I caught as I gave directions about the trimming of the hair, and especially when I directed that something radical should be done to the long, grayish mustache that fell to each side of his chin in the form of a horseshoe. I myself was puzzled by this difficulty, but the barber solved it rather neatly, I thought, after a whispered consultation with me. He snipped a bit off each end and then stoutly waxed the whole affair until the ends stood stiffly out, with distinct military implications.

I shall never forget and indeed I was not a little touched by the look of quivering anguish in the eyes of my client when he first beheld this novel effect. And yet when we were once more in the street I could not but admit that the change was worth all it had cost him in suffering. Strangely, he now looked like some one. I cannot say that his carriage was all that it should have been, and he was still conscious of his smart attire, but I nevertheless felt a distinct thrill of pride in my own work and was eager to reveal him to Mrs. Effie in his new guise.

But first he would have luncheon—dinner he called it—and I was not averse to

this, for I had put in a long and trying morning. I went with him to the little restaurant where Americans had made so much trouble about L. and eggs, and there he insisted that I join him in chops and potatoes and ale. I thought it only proper then to point out to him that there were certain differences in our walks of life which should be more or less denoted by his manner of addressing me. Among other things, he should not address me as Mr. Ruggles, nor was it customary for a valet to eat at the same table with his master. He seemed much interested in these distinctions and thereupon addressed me as Colonel, which was, of course, quite absurd; but this I could not make him see. Thereafter I may say that he called me impartially either Colonel or Bill. This was a situation that I had never before been obliged to meet, and I found it trying in the extreme. He was a chap who seemed ready to pal up with anyone, and I could not but believe the strange assertion I had so often heard that in America one never knows who is one's superior. Fancy that! It would never do with us. I could only determine to be on my guard.

Our luncheon done he consented to accompany me to the hotel of the Honorable George, whence I wished to remove my belongings. I should have preferred to go alone, but I was too fearful of what he might do to himself or his clothes in my absence.

We found the Honorable George still in bed, as I had feared. He had, it seemed, been unable to discover his collar studs, which, though I had placed them in a fresh shirt for him, he had carelessly covered with a blanket. Begging Cousin Egbert to be seated in my room, I did a few of the more obvious things required by my late master.

"You'd leave me here like a rat in a trap," he said reproachfully; which I thought almost quite a little unjust. I mean to say it had all been his own doing, he having lost me in the game of drawing poker, so why should he row me about it now? I silently laid out the shirt once more.

"You might have told me where I'm to find my brown tweeds and the body linen."

Again he was addressing me as if I had voluntarily left him without notice, but I observed that he was still mildly speckled from the night before, so I handed him the fruit lozenges, and went to pack my own box. Cousin Egbert I found sitting as I had left him on the edge of a chair, carefully holding his hat, stick and gloves and staring into the wall. He had promised me faithfully not to fumble with his cravat, and evidently he had not once stirred. I packed my box swiftly—my grip as he called it—and we were presently off once more, without another sight of the Honorable George, who was to join us at tea. I could hear him moving about, using rather ultrafrightful language, but I lacked heart for further speech with him at the moment.

An hour later in the Floud drawing-room I had the supreme satisfaction of displaying to Mrs. Effie the happy changes I had been able to effect in my charge. Posing him, I knocked at the door of her chamber. She came at once and drew a long breath as she surveyed him, from varnished boots, spats and coat to top hat, which he still wore. He leaned rather well on his stick, the hand to his hip, the elbow out, while the other hand lightly held his gloves. A moment she looked, then gave a low cry of wonder and delight, so that I felt repaid for my trouble. Indeed as she faced me to thank me I could see that her eyes were dimmed.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Now he looks like some one!" And I distinctly perceived that only just in time did she repress an impulse to grasp me by the hand. Under the circumstances I am not sure that I wouldn't have overlooked the lapse had she yielded to it. "Wonderful!" she said again.

Hereupon Cousin Egbert, much embarrassed, leaned his stick against the wall; the stick fell and in reaching down for it his hat fell and in reaching for that he dropped his gloves; but I soon restored him to order and he was safely seated where he might be studied in further detail, especially as to his mustaches, which I had considered rather the supreme touch.

"He looks exactly like some well-known clubman," exclaimed Mrs. Effie.

Her relative growled as if he were quite ready to savage her.

"Like a man about town," she murmured. "Who would have thought he had it in him until you brought it out?"

I knew then that we two should understand each other.

The slight tension was here relieved by two of the hotel servants who brought tea things. At a nod from Mrs. Effie I directed the laying out of these.

At that moment came the other Floud—he of the eyebrows—and a cousin cub called Elmer, who I understood studied art. I became aware that they were both suddenly engaged and silenced by the sight of Cousin Egbert. I caught their amazed stares, and then terrifically they broke into gales of laughter. The cub threw himself on a couch, waving his feet in the air and holding his middle as if he'd suffered a sudden acute dyspepsia, while the elder threw his head back and shrieked hysterically. Cousin Egbert merely glared at them, and, endeavoring to stroke his mustache, succeeded in unwaxing one side of it so that it at once hung limply down his chin, whereat they renewed their boorishness. The elder Floud was now quite dangerously purple and the cub on the couch was shrieking: "No matter how dark the clouds, remember she is still your stepmother"—or words to some such silly effect as that. How it might have ended I hardly dare conjecture—perhaps Cousin Egbert would presently have roughed them—but a knock sounded, and it became my duty to open our door upon other guests, women mostly; Americans in Paris; that sort of thing.

I served the tea amid their babble. The Honorable George was shown up a bit later, having done to himself quite all I thought he might in the matter of dress. In spite of serious discrepancies in his attire, however, I saw that Mrs. Effie meant to lionize him tremendously.

With vast ceremony he was presented to her guests—the Honorable George Augustus Vane-Basingwell, brother of his Lordship, Earl of Brinstead.

In spite of my aversion to the American wilderness I felt a bit of professional pride in reflecting that my first day in this new service was about to end so auspiciously. Yet even in that moment, being as yet unfamiliar with the rooms' lesser furniture, I stumbled slightly against a hassock hid from me by the tray I carried. A cup of tea was lost, though my recovery was quick. Too late I observed that the hitherto self-effacing Cousin Egbert was in range of my clumsiness.

"There goes tea all over my new pants," he said in a high, pained voice.

"Sorry indeed, sir," said I, a ready napkin in hand. "Let me dry it, sir!"

"Yes, sir; I fancy quite so, sir," said he.

I most truly would have liked to shake him smartly for this. I saw that my work was cut out for me among these Americans, from whom at their best one expects so little.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Don't Worry!

"DON'T WORRY!" signs over the office desk have taken on a new meaning lately, owing to the discovery of the definite method by which worry injures the health. Blame for the evil effects of worry is now placed on the ductless glands of the body—those little organs hidden in various parts of the human anatomy that are constantly busy manufacturing small quantities of strange chemicals to pour into the blood, which are now held responsible for many troubles.

It has been proved that emotions and other operations of the brain often have an effect on these ductless glands, causing them to work overtime.

Dr. E. D. Forest, of Tufts Medical School, has definitely shown that worry is followed by increased action in a number of these strange glands, obviously stimulated by the brain. It is well known that the secretions of these glands have an active effect on the heart, the brain, the blood and the stomach. Thus, the connection between worry and poor health seems to be fairly well established.

Doctor Forest found that adrenalin, the substance manufactured by the adrenals, always appeared in increased quantities during or after a spell of worry. The secretion of the pituitary body also increased and other glands were proved to join in the excitement of the occasion.

When these glands are thrown out of kilter the secretions upset the regular processes of the stomach and the brain; and this will become noticeable in poor digestion and sleeplessness, for instance, and many other serious troubles not so noticeable.

RESERVED RIGHTS

(Continued from Page 10)

"We're going to act just opposite to what the Consolidated expects. We'll make Wharton think we anticipated this very move of his. I'll take the first train to Huron and get a New York draft for forty thousand dollars. I will leave there tonight and be in Chicago to-morrow morning. Then I'll walk in on Hargrave, pay up our note and get back our collateral. That 'reserved right to cancel' is only a blind. Wharton thinks he has thrown dust in our eyes with his mysterious clause. He's just using it as a pretext to stall us off until our note comes due and he can get hold of our contracts and patents at a forced sale of the collateral. He's sure that no other bank would loan us the money now that the special controllers we've made up are worth no more than junk unless he takes them. We can't sell them to anybody else, because they are all wired according to Consolidated patent circuit diagrams that we contracted never to use except on machines furnished to the Consolidated Electric Company."

"It's a mighty cunning trap Wharton built for us. He'd have caught us sure if we hadn't taken the precaution to dig a way out before we went into it. Why, without the contract papers we can't even make a damage case against that gang of pirates. But we're going to fool Wharton this time. We'll get our collateral back right now. We won't wait until our note is due in Chicago. We'll show him we've got the money on the nail."

"And we'll surprise old Captain Kidd in another way too. We won't peep to him about this cancellation. He expects us to telegraph, or to call up on long distance, or to go chasing down to New York lickety-split to see him. We won't open our heads; we'll just stand pat. When he hears from Chicago to-morrow that we've paid our note without a bleat and he gets no protest from us in answer to this letter of Lewis', he'll tumble that we have been next to his little game all along and were fully prepared for what he has done. That puts the next move up to him and he will be so puzzled he won't know what to do."

"Do you feel sure the Consolidated will have to take the machines off our hands in the end?" Conroy pleaded for the gleam of hope he saw.

"They can't open that Pittsburgh plant without them. Maybe we are mice, but we'll make the old cat come to his milk this time."

Conroy smiled wanly. He looked as if he felt a little less worried, but he had no more initiative than a lump of putty. Day realized that he, himself, would have to make all the preparations for the siege that was about to begin.

He hurried out into the factory, where he issued the necessary orders that would stop all work on the Consolidated Electric Company machines. The junior partner did not intend to tie up in dead stock a cent more than was necessary. His final instruction to Conroy before he started for the train was that not a word of their plans must be hinted to anyone.

Early next morning Day was back in Lakeport. As he came up the street to the factory he saw his partner standing in the office doorway just where he had left him. "Hello, Will! Have you been waiting there for me all night?" he joked.

"Did you find out anything?" Conroy voiced his tense anxiety.

"Wait until we get inside."

The moment they were secure in the privacy of their inner office Day began his report: "I walked in on Hargrave about ten o'clock. He barely shook hands, he was so brusque. He asked me right off what I wanted and his tone was very sharp. Of course he thought I'd come to ask for an extension of time on our note, and he was all ready to turn me down cold."

"I didn't beat about the bush either. I told him I was ready to pay our forty thousand dollars, although it wasn't due just yet. Then I plunked down the bank draft I got from Cameron in Huron. Hargrave looked at it nearly half a minute before he picked it up. He acted as if he were stunned and his face got white first, then red. He's only an assistant cashier and didn't know what to do. So he stammered that he'd have to see the president about it. He hustled off with the draft as if it were a bomb timed to explode in about a minute."

"He was gone over a quarter of an hour. When he came back he was like a wilted collar that just had been restarched and ironed. He would have been insolent if he'd been able to look me square in the eye. He slammed our canceled note and the collateral on the counter. Simply to let him know there wasn't anything we wouldn't suspect him and his crowd of, I stood there and went over every line of the contract and requisition to make sure that no changes had been made anywhere. Finally I folded the papers. When I put them in my pocket I told Hargrave they seemed intact. I thought he was going to choke after I said that. I didn't stop to shake hands."

Day took a document envelope from his pocket and extracted a paper. "I found the joker, Will," he informed Conroy calmly. "It is a slick piece of work." He indicated a paragraph printed midway in the list of conditions on the back of requisition 118697-P, and read: "This requisition is not an order for the material listed thereon, and is subject to cancellation any time prior to shipment."

He handed the paper to his partner and proceeded: "That clause was inserted in this particular case to catch us napping. Of course we never noticed it down in the middle of the print on the back. The requisition looks superficially like any other Consolidated form. Wharton knew there wasn't one chance in a thousand that we'd examine the printed conditions. Before we got this order the Consolidated had given us more than twenty others on the same kind of blank, except for that one clause, in order to get us used to their form. They have a legal right to cancel and we can't force them to take the machines."

Conroy was blue and limp as if his heart had stopped beating. The faint whisper that parted his lips was like a dying breath. "We're ruined!"

"Not at all!" Day instantly retorted. His crackling denial galvanically stiffened the spineless man across the table. "The Consolidated can't start its Pittsburgh plant without controllers. It is nearly six months yet before our note in Huron falls due. Meantime we'll have to scratch together enough money to pay what we owe the metal mills. We can manage that by close collections and by cutting down our raw material stock to rock bottom. I made some inquiries among the trade in Chicago and found that Wharton plans to begin running in Pittsburgh on the first of March. All we have to do is hold our nerve a little while and that order will be reinstated. When he sees we've slipped out of his clutches the old pirate will swear his head off, but he'll telegraph us to ship those controllers."

Conroy breathed again, as if a pulmotor had been used on him. But his respite from despair was brief. Day happened to notice on the table a copy of an electrical magazine that had arrived in the mail only that morning. He opened the paper and scanned the columns.

"Maybe there's a news item in here about the new Pittsburgh plant," he guessed. In a minute or two he found what he sought. "Yes, here it is. Let's see if it mentions the date they'll start up." All at once Day's face went ashen. In a hoarse whisper he read: "The controllers will be of a new type designed by the engineers of the Consolidated Electric Company especially for this installation. They now are being assembled in the New York factory."

Day caught at the edge of the table to support himself; his knees almost gave way under him.

"We never thought of that, Will! He's—got—us—after—all!"

The moment after the junior partner confessed defeat he denied it vehemently, passionately: "No, he hasn't got us! Not for six months anyway. We've lost fifty thousand dollars, but we've saved our patent. We'll beg, borrow, or steal enough money to pay all our debts. We'll probably have to sacrifice our machinery and stock and start business over again in a little shop. But Wharton's not going to get that patent!"

Day stepped quickly round the table and thumped his partner's shoulder.

"Buck up, Bill, old fellow!" he exhorted. "We'll beat Wharton yet. His engineers haven't designed a controller that suits him or he wouldn't have taken such pains to trap us. Let's sell everything else we own

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excepting our patent and those machines we have made up for Pittsburgh. The controllers wouldn't bring five thousand dollars as junk anyway. I'll bet you the Consolidated buys them inside of a year. Are you on?"

"I'll die game!" gasped Conroy.

The weeks that followed were longer than any Conroy and Day ever had lived, yet in a sense they were all too short. The partners were like two condemned men awaiting execution. The senior's flesh withered. In a month Conroy had lost his plumpness and looked gaunt. Day aged. His vigor wasted away as a caged lion's strength is spent by futile paces behind bars. The junior partner sought continually to find a way out of the trap, but without success. Though he did not admit it to his associate, he realized that even the sacrifice of all their assets scarcely would avail to pay the firm's debts.

They had ventured on thin ice and had broken through into the depths. If they should sink into bankruptcy at the end of their struggle they probably would lose everything—their patent included.

Still neither cried for help. The yellow streak in Conroy, chilled by the waters of adversity, was tempered to the true blue of steel. As they grimly strained side by side to save their business lives, Day grew to respect anew the old friend whom lately he had begun to hold in contempt.

The morning of the fifteenth of December the senior partner went down town on some errands. Day sat at his desk in the private office alone. The stenographer came in and handed him a card.

"Wharton!" he exclaimed.

He gritted his teeth. A blaze leaped in his eyes. So the old scoundrel thought the firm probably was ready to take a pittance than to lose all! Doubtless he had come to offer a robber-baron's hard terms for the remnants of their property to which his victims yet clung. Day, swollen with hate for the magnate, strode to the door.

"Come in, Wharton!" He flung his ringing defiance like a David to a Goliath.

The stenographer prudently slipped out as the president of the Consolidated Electric Company entered the private office.

"Good morning, Mr. Day," Wharton greeted suavely. He offered his hand.

"Not yet!" The junior partner bluntly refused to pretend amenity. "You shook hands with me in New York when we signed that contract. State your business—don't waste any time."

Wharton had elbowed and fought his way to the head of the electrical trust. His finer feelings were calloused. Uninvited he now sat down beside the table. The junior partner's evident animosity in no wise disconcerted him. No man ever had called the unscrupulous old pirate a coward.

"You and your partner are in deep water," he stated a fact with unhesitating directness. "I've brought you a life preserver. I don't pretend that I have any friendly interest in you and Conroy; but while you are drowning you might lose some papers that it would be worth while for us to own. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars for your patent. We have perfected a machine ourselves, and your rights are valueless unless we buy apparatus from you. You can't build your controllers without our circuits that you have contracted not to furnish to anybody else."

Day held himself in check. He affected to consider the offer. "That would just about let us out even on that lot of machines we made up for your Pittsburgh plant," he remarked sarcastically. "You'll have to do a little better than that."

"I will listen to your counter-proposal," Wharton fenced.

"No you won't! You're not ready for it—yet!" Day answered.

The visitor winced ever so slightly, but Day caught the expression that flickered on and off his face. Instantly the junior partner was alert for any other signs of Wharton's thoughts.

"What do you mean by 'yet'?" inquired the president of the trust with a caustic smile that failed to burn out his eagerness for the answer.

"Nothing—yet!" Day returned the same enigma.

Through narrowed lids Wharton peered at him fiercely.

"When," the sleek old man purred, "will you be ready to talk terms?"

"After you've paid for all the controllers we now have made up waiting for you."

The telltale muscles about Wharton's gray eyes twitched a little again. Day was watching keenly and saw the brief contraction.

"You think, then," the magnate sneered, "we'll do that?"

"I know it!" bluffed the junior partner. He read in a flash the other man's wavering look and decided intuitively to risk the firm's entire stake on his own cards. "I've known it all along. In fact Conroy and I have just been waiting for you to find it out yourself. We've never had any doubt that our controllers would go in at Pittsburgh. That story you put in the magazine about your engineers' getting up a new design for you didn't fool us in the least."

Unexpectedly the shrewd old man asked, "Do you play poker, Mr. Day?"

The question was so very pat that the junior partner grinned.

"Occasionally," he admitted. Then he put on his poker face of inscrutability.

"So do I," Wharton confessed dryly.

The two men eyed each other for a minute. The New Yorker abruptly made the gesture of a confirmed gambler philosophically throwing down a beaten hand of cards.

"You win the pot," he yielded laconically, "though I don't believe you've got even openers. You can ship those machines to Pittsburgh." He reached into his pocket and tossed a paper to Day.

Only a poker player can understand to the full the junior partner's feeling of exultation. Only a poker player will believe that the thrill of triumph was not indicated on his face. Only a poker player who has raked in a big pot on a four flush is able to appreciate why Day felt in honor bound to lie about his own hand.

"We planned to store those controllers for you a little longer, but you can have them now if it'll be any accommodation, Mr. Wharton." The junior partner leisurely opened and read the letter that his caller had handed to him. Then he passed it back. "You still think we were bluffing, eh?" he drawled. "I'll prove we weren't. We just were waiting for you to chip in a little more."

He opened a drawer of his desk and found the contract between the Consolidated Electric Company and Conroy & Day. He pointed out a clause.

"I guess you've forgotten about that," he suggested with the utmost nonchalance. "If I remember the gist of it correctly we reserved the right to charge a bonus for immediate deliveries of apparatus from stock. We'll have to ask you to pay ten per cent extra on those machines if we ship them at once."

The old man sprang to his feet. As quick as lightning he caught the point. "But that is just reinstating the old order!" he protested.

"The contract doesn't say you reserved that right, Mr. Wharton. Your printed requisition blank doesn't say you reserved that right. You ought to hire a better lawyer, my friend."

The face of the president of the great trust was white.

"It's a hold-up!" he snarled. "I'll —"

"No—merely a lesson!" Day interrupted laughingly. "I only wanted to convince you we hadn't been bluffing. Of course I wouldn't rob a friend. You just give us a certified check in advance for those controllers at the contract prices, and we'll throw off the bonus this time."

He offered his hand.

Wharton grabbed it and thrust his other hand into his pocket.

"I brought a bank draft with me," he said. "Take it quick! I want to get back to New York where I can feel safe."

The door opened and Conroy came in.

"Hello, Will!" cried Day. "This is Mr. Wharton. We've just fixed up that little matter about the Pittsburgh order. Here's the New York draft."

The president of the Consolidated Electric Company peered at the bewildered face of the senior partner. Then he whirled accusingly to Day.

"You were bluffing!" he cried.

"No post-mortems allowed!" Day said with a grin.



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Philadelphia
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GOOD OLD DOC LIGMORE

VI—(Continued)

AT THE end of a week Doctor Ligmores guests were thoroughly grounded in their conviction that they were under the roof-tree of a saint and that the thin-lipped old wife who toiled for them in the kitchen was a martyr.

They had plenty of time and opportunity to talk this over in their attic room; they never left those four walls except to slip down to their meals or to sit with the Doctor in his little office. They even kept away from the windows of their room. Only on the darkest nights did they dodge into the orchard for a leg-stretch and a breath of air.

"He's a saint!" reaffirmed Rurbot, dwelling again on the eternal topic of the good Old Doc. He lay on the bed, staring through the dormer window at the patch of sky framed there. "I like to hear him talk about what he has done for his people round here. It is uplifting."

"That's so," confessed Marston. He was teetering astride the back of a chair and manicuring his nails.

"Being here is making better men of us."

"I feel that way; but—"

"It was no flippy handshake and 'I hope you'll do well!' in our case. He has taken us right home."

"Yes; but how long are we going to stay here? You and I don't seem to be getting anywhere in this business."

"Give the good Old Doc time, man."

"I'm a good waiter. I'm grateful; but—good gorry! Rurbot—we're penned up in here closer than we were in the State Prison. At least, we did get out of a cell and into the shop."

"You're not slurring a good home, are you?"

"Of course not; but, after five years or so in prison, this kind of life isn't very rollicking," said Marston irritably. "It's getting on my nerves. The Doctor spends all his time talking about himself; he hasn't said a word as to what he expects to do for us."

"I figure he wants us to rest up and get the bracing atmosphere of home life before we strike out."

"I'm all rested," said Marston. "I've got the fidgets in my legs. And, if he's as poor as he says he is, I don't see how he is going to help us any; and I don't believe we ought to saddle ourselves on him. Let's pike out!"

"I'm no grafter; but I won't do anything to hurt his feelings," insisted Rurbot. "He knows what's good for us—and he'll do it."

"He's a kind-hearted old man and is probably doing his best; but I think having an extra one sort of pushed onto him has tipped his plans upside down. Remember how he acted when Moran butted in? I think I'll move on, at any rate. Really, he can't take any special interest in me! Probably I'm the one he's ashamed of, and that's why he wants us to stick so close to the house. Your case didn't have the notoriety mine did."

They heard the stumbling foot of Doctor Ligmores on the stairs. He came in, exhalant benignancy and the faint odors of antiseptics. His face was ruddy after his ride and his beard was fanned out breezily; his whole demeanor constituted an invitation to outdoors. Marston's general sense of restlessness became an acute desire to burst forth from the bondage of this hospitality. He was conscious that he was a little resentful.

"You look a mite bilious," said Doctor Ligmores. "We must arrange to have my boys outdoors more."

Rurbot broke in on Marston's stammering attempt to explain why he proposed to leave.

"He thinks it's going to bother you to help him. And I'm the same way, dear old friend. We're young. We can get along."

Doctor Ligmores sat down and stared from one to the other, real concern etched on his features.

"Would you hurt an old man's tenderest feelings?"

"Certainly not," asseverated Rurbot.

"I had no business mauling on to you two boys about my trials and disappointments. I was only unloading my mind, as an old man enjoys doing. I wasn't hinting that I couldn't help you—dear, dear, no! I was enjoying your company; I relished having your sympathy while I talked. I was

By Holman Day

forgetting that young men need something more than an old man's society."

"And I need something else—a swift kick!" blurted Marston. "I only ask you to remember where I've been for the last few years, Doctor Ligmores. Now let me do something to prove that I'm not ungrateful. Keep me down cellar after this and I'll not complain."

"You need a little charity—that's all," stated Doctor Ligmores—"a little charity, because your naturally good disposition hasn't settled back into harness yet. Neither of you two boys needs money charity. You'll make your way with a bit of boost—a little capital." He sighed and wagged his head. "I reckon it's because I haven't that capital at hand to lend—that's why I have been complaining of my condition. Just a little money would set you on your way. It's too bad that some other old men cannot look at things the way I do." Doctor Ligmores cocked his thumbs one against the other and stared at the rag carpet. "Too bad! Too bad!"

There followed a long silence.

"Within an hour I have seen—laid my eyes on thirty thousand dollars in cash, doing nobody any good—not even the man who owns it. It isn't drawing a cent of interest. It has been where I saw it for years and hasn't drawn any interest—has not done money's rightful work for anybody. And money can do so many things when it is coupled up with a young man's brains and muscle! It's wicked to keep money in prison. If only I were the old man who owns that money!"

He surveyed his attentive listeners regretfully.

"You would be out in the world, my boys, making that money do honest work for me. Even if I had that money in the bank I would take it out. I'd like to see you make it sweat; the sweat would be honest profit."

"Thirty thousand dollars!" repeated Rurbot. "And idle?"

"It is worse than idle—it is a bomb with a slow fuse. It is threatening the life of an old man."

The eyes of the two men whose minds had been scantily occupied for many months were boring him for an explanation.

"I really ought not to talk about it—every word passed abroad makes the danger all the worse for an old man. A physician should be as silent as a priest; but, having you here—so helpless—and seeing the money there—so powerful if one is so minded—has stirred my feelings, boys. I know you'll respect what I tell you."

"I have just come from Old Peter Copp's house. He called me in as I was passing and asked me to give him medicine. He's got an ache inside and thinks it's disease. It's hunger, and he's too mean to admit it and buy food. I charged him a dollar and he unlocked some padlocks, pulled on some chains and dragged a chest out from under his bed. He has been growing a little light in his head and childish these days—has starved himself too much. Senile dementia—desire to brag; men who have hung to a secret all their lives will open up first to a doctor. So he opened the chest and showed it to me—thirty thousand dollars in all kinds of greenbacks and scrip."

"He put his first dollar on the bottom of the chest, like a bee starting a comb, and has stored his money there, little by little, for years and years. Old back—lives alone; has starved himself and drained his farm. The result of it all is that pile of paper in the chest—every bill smoothed with a warm flatiron before he laid it in; and all useless—useless as it lies there. He lives a mile from anybody in a house on a hill; and the world has gone past without noticing him or thinking about him, or realizing how much money an old man can save and pile into a chest when he sticks to the job."

Doctor Ligmores gazed down at the carpet as he talked and rolled his thumbs over and over each other. His tone was melancholy as he discoursed on the manners and morals of Peter Copp.

"He is eighty years old and has outlived all his relatives. He himself can't live much longer. When I found out I couldn't induce him to buy good food I gave him some medicine to dull his hunger. I may be hurrying

him out of the world, but he may as well die comfortably."

"And where will his money go?"

"I'm afraid he'll grow sillier and brag of it, and show it to somebody who will gossip. And then thieves will come some night and murder him and take it away. Probably that's the way his money will go—or the state will take it after he is dead. He'll never make a will, he says."

"He might have it changed into hard money and take it with him," suggested Rurbot sullenly. "He could sit beside the fire Down There and count it with tongs if it got too hot for his hands."

"It's too bad—too bad!" mused the good Old Doc. "Money is such a blessing or such a curse!"

"You're right," agreed Marston. "You take a chap pawing over the rags behind a wicket in a bank and he has plenty of chance to see."

"You don't suppose, do you—now that he's getting feeble and childish—that there's any such thing as coaxing him to lend a bundle—at good interest?" suggested Rurbot.

Doctor Ligmores rose and plodded toward the door.

"I wish I could show you Peter Copp. I wish I could have you overhear Peter Copp's opinion of borrowers and banks. You wouldn't ask that question again. I'll have to say good-by, boys; a dozen more patients to visit before old Jerry gets his oats and the doctor gets his supper."

VII

RURBOT did not speak until the sound of the trudging hoofs had ticked into silence down the road.

"Keeping money away from its rightful use in that way is a crime against society, Marston. You don't have to be an anarchist to believe that."

"Well, it's his."

"The mere paper, with the pictures and the printing—yes; but he hasn't the moral right to enslave the power represented by those bits of paper. A man has the right to use all the air he can breathe; but he would be wrong if he tried to pen that air up away from other men."

If Doctor Ligmores, out of the kindness of his heart, had decided to be a bit garrulous so as to furnish a topic to relieve the ennui of his guests, he succeeded. Rurbot had a dreamer's extravagant theories in regard to the control of money; Marston studied the anarchist's balloon with a banker's more sordid practicalities.

The two were still discussing the fine points when Doctor Ligmores came home. The discussion was continued late that evening in the little office, where the curtains were drawn. The Doctor sat by, a bland and reticent referee, rolling his thumbs.

However, theory, practicality and the mild opinion of the referee agreed on this—the mere fact that the money was in a chest under his bed comforted merely the selfish sense in Old Peter Copp. By having it always near him, adding to it, watching it, admiring it, he had developed the unfortunate instincts of the miser, and was slowly killing himself by starvation, because his mastering impulse was to add to the visible hoard. Were it not visible his perspective would be changed.

Marston drew attention to the fact that men who pay considerable amounts by check find the operation less painful to their sense of acquisitiveness than slapping down the real cash.

Rurbot felt that if Peter Copp's money were released for the use of society the old man would be no longer guilty of a crime and would, therefore, be in a better mental state, even though he did not have the astuteness to analyze the workings of his emotions.

Old Doctor Ligmores summed up the whole thing in terms of the physician and the considerate neighbor, friend or all.

"The poor old gaffer can't eat or sleep and doesn't realize what the trouble is. It may be a case for the selectmen. However, he's still keen and I should have to testify that he isn't insane; but a hearing would open up broadcast the story about that chest of money; then along would come the burglars after we let the old man go back to his house. There are no relatives to take him in hand; but think how comfortable his last days could be made

If that money were all safe and drawing interest to support him in a good boarding place!"

It was certain that the case of Peter Copp required some kind of treatment—on that point banker, anarchist and physician agreed; but they went to bed that night without making any definite suggestion of a reasonable remedy.

VIII

THE question of what to do in the case of Peter Copp came up the next day, then the next day, and the next. It appeared to occupy all their waking thoughts. After a time the three men began to look at each other furtively as they talked and were plainly and mutually embarrassed when they caught each other in this scrutiny. There was a strange light in the eyes of Rurbot; Marston studied his finger nails a great deal while he talked; but the expression on the Doctor's face was not to be described under the mask of his patriarchal beard, and the crinkly lids drooped low over the blue marbles of his eyeballs.

An eavesdropper might have said that two men were uncertainly sparring for an opening and that the benignant and sympathetic old man at one side, twirling his thumbs and gazing at the carpet, was spurring first one and then the other on to make the decisive break.

It may have been that none of the three did know at the time who made that break. Perhaps the man who said it did not realize that he had put it into words.

However, both guests were quite sure that Doctor Ligmoré did not put the idea into words, for they found him protesting: it was a mild and gentle rebuke, as he might have talked to reckless children.

"I don't remember just how we happened to get so far into this thing as we are now," declared Rurbot; "but, seeing we are here, I'm going to come to the point: Old Copp might as well have a ring-tailed tiger tied under his bed, ready to hop out and eat him. He doesn't know enough to lend money to his own advantage. Why not make him lend it? It will break up his mania. It will change his manner of life. As you've said, Doctor, he can be put into a good boarding place and taken care of."

"I don't remember that I made it as a suggestion, sonny."

"Well, then, I make it. Marston and I can put that money into a good proposition and back it with our brains and efforts. He's a banker and I'm a worker. Old Copp will find six per cent interest slipped to him from an unknown source. In order to ease his mind and put him straight I'd advise our being liberal in the matter. If Marston agrees we can send word to Copp from said unknown source that the minute he settles in a good boarding place we'll fire along six months' interest, and will keep up the payments as long as he behaves himself and takes good care of his health. The deal will be the salvation of Old Peter Copp; a man with his disposition will do anything to get money—even to buying three square meals a day."

"My sakes! It—it sounds—" gasped Doctor Ligmoré.

"I know; but the three of us can view it from an angle where it looks right. Doc, you know that amputation is needed in some desperate cases. A patient is saved that way. Why not prescribe it in this case?"

"You suggest—"

"Marston and I will walk into Peter Copp's house to-morrow night and borrow his capital."

"But there are two old fuses in racks over his bed, loaded with powder, lead and slugs, and double-B shot."

"What is the good of modern science if amputation can't be made painless? You are giving him medicine. Probably it's something to make him sleep. Well, make him sleep a little more soundly to-morrow night."

Doctor Ligmoré split a startled stare between the two, and then he slid deep in his armchair and gazed at the ceiling.

"Oh, dear!" he murmured over and over, linking the phrase with purring little groans. "We have talked the thing pro and con so much that we have sort of smoothed the edges with sophistry, my boys," he mumbled. "I have allowed myself to be carried along by the argument. I can even take a liberal view of the proposition. But the bald truth is—as the law would look at it—you ask me, a family physician, to drug an old man so that you can enter his house in the nighttime and carry away his money."

"That's it—looking at it from one angle; but it is admitted among us three that we take a broader view of the affair."

"I think I'll have to go to bed now. It has been a hard day. I'm tired. My judgment is a bit clouded," said the Doctor, struggling up from his chair. "It must be so, for I find myself sympathizing with—with your ambition."

"Then just say the word and help us out," pleaded Rurbot. He shot a glance at Marston, appealing to him to make a flank attack; but the ex-cashier continued to maintain his watchful silence.

"Don't press me while my judgment may be clouded, sonny. I will sleep on it; but"—he paused at the door and wagged his head encouragingly—"I may feel the same in the morning as I do to-night—and then I'll know my judgment is not clouded. It's an old man's caution—old man's wisdom, sonny."

"Why didn't you grab in when we had the Old Doc on the run?" demanded Rurbot, showing testiness for the first time in his intimacy with his friend. He began as soon as he had shut their attic door.

"I'm poor help when I'm not sure about a proposition," said Marston doggedly. "I'm sorry, in this case, that I'm not a little more of an anarchist; but I'm having horror of conscience about robbing that old man. You can see I haven't got up to your way of looking at it."

"You quit, then?"

"No; I'm still arguing with myself. I'm coming along slow but sure; but I've got a question to ask you! Why haven't you simplified this case? Why haven't you offered the Old Doc a one-third whack in this thing?"

"You're not trying to slur that old saint, are you?"

"I am not; but I'm talking business. Your statement needs a little straight business injected into it, Paul. I've been listening and watching and thinking, while you've been doing most of the talking. The Old Doc wants his."

"I'll be patient," growled Rurbot. "Un-strap!"

"He began to get in touch with you just before your time was up."

"Good friend! Perhaps you never had one."

"He met you in Boston—on the sly."

"All explained."

"Yes; but you explained it! He denied us before that Moran. He sneaked us here."

"All explained."

"Aha!" This with resignation. "All right, if it suits you. Then he puts up the Peter Copp matter."

"A little incident of his practice—to entertain us."

"He has succeeded. Now he is waiting for us to make our offer."

"I'll bet you five thousand dollars to one thousand I can prove that isn't so."

"Are you betting Old Peter's money?"

"I'll put the thing to him in the morning—you listen."

"What has he been crying poverty and hard luck for?" hedged Marston. "He hasn't dropped a single hint about a plan for helping us until this Peter Copp matter came up."

"But he has only just found out about the money."

"Paul, you're a good fellow; but I can understand now how you let that girl put it over you," said Marston. "Your imagination works while you sleep."

"We'd better go to sleep!" snapped Rurbot rather sharply. "Otherwise you and I may have trouble at a time when we can't afford to have it."

IX

DOCTOR LIGMORE trudged into their room before breakfast. It was plain that he had something on his mind, but he fumbled with commonplaces.

"You know what I told you!" whispered Marston to Rurbot; their heads were close together before the mirror, where they were brushing their hair.

"And you know what I told you!" whispered Rurbot. "You listen!"

He broke in on the Doctor's floundering:

"I have been thinking that thirty thousand dollars is a good deal of money, Doctor. Marston and I can establish a good business with a lot less. Furthermore, it would be safer for Old Peter not to put all his eggs into one basket. As a special favor all round, in case the deal goes through, won't you take ten thousand dollars and handle it—invest it—make it earn something?"



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"No—no—no!" declared the Doctor with unction that was impressive and convincing. "That would look like conspiracy. Boys, I have come to you this morning to say that, in view of all the circumstances, I have concluded that the end in this case justifies the means. You have been punished—I believe you have come out into the world purged. You will be more honest hereafter than men who have not suffered; though it's hard for men in your position to get a new start. I'm going to help you; but remember—no matter what comes up—remember that you have the sole responsibility of the money."

He dwelt on this point when he saw them again that day—he was firm on it when they descended from his buggy at midnight at the foot of the lonely lane that led to the miser's house. And they proceeded to their work of securing a business loan from Peter Copp with more confidence than amateur burglars usually possess, for the Doctor assured them Peter Copp would surely be asleep.

They had been well drilled as to the ground plan of Peter Copp's bedroom and its approaches, and they knew just where the oak bar rested in its sockets across the back door. The Doctor furnished the bit and stock with which to bore that door.

It was ridiculously easy. They bored the worm-eaten old door, pried up the bar and entered.

They lighted their wax taper and found Peter Copp nestled in the mess of tattered quilts he called his bed. They went to him boldly, assured by his snores, as mariners enter a harbor assured by the foghorn. The squalor of the cluttered room, the filth of his coverings, the ancient wretch himself, bones packed into a parchment skin—the two invaders surveyed it all with disgust and exchanged glances. They agreed silently that Peter Copp was no kind of man to have money.

He did not stir when they cut the greasy cord that suspended his padlock keys from his wadded neck. Marston held the candle and Rurbot released one by one the chains that guyed the chest to the legs of the old four-poster. They dragged it out; it was small and not heavy. They lifted it by the handles and started for the door. Marston still held the candle, for there were only narrow, twisting lanes through the upheaval of old furniture, barrels and broken boxes. Suddenly they stopped, turned and looked back; the reassuring stream of snores had been checked by a gasping snort.

Peter Copp was sitting up in bed! The sedative which might have held him in a stupor while knife and saw separated from him a dry old leg had not availed when the affair was the amputation of his hoard. They were lugging away the core of his soul; he could have spared a leg.

His eyes in the shadows were like green fires. The farthing glow of the candle made the seamed and contorted face an arabesque study, which so fascinated Marston that he forgot caution; he was holding the candle high, and it shed its light on the faces of the two who had come a-borrowing.

For a few minutes the old man held his rigid attitude; the torpor clung to him. Then the tempest of his fears flicked the mists from his brain. He rolled out on the floor, his joints cracking. He saw that the chest was gone.

Marston dropped the candle and leaped with Rurbot when the latter dragged at his end of the chest. They tumbled through the doorway, with their burden between them. It was fortunate that they fell. A window above them seemed fairly to burst; every bit of sash, from sill to crownpiece, was carried away, and clinking glass sprinkled them. Slugs screamed and double-B shot tore through the foliage of a tree nearby.

It was a blast from one of Peter Copp's fuses. They rose and ran, carrying the chest. When they were halfway to the main highway the second fusee rained its missiles at random. The borrowers rolled over the wayside stone wall.

Doctor Lignore had not given them an explicit promise he would wait for them. He had been vague on that point, though he had definitely insisted he would have nothing to do with the money; but there was the dim loom of his buggy on the highway.

"Gracious! Gracious!" snapped his protesting voice. "You are making too much noise about this!"

They hurried to him with their burden. "Throw it in behind!" he commanded sharply.

Rurbot started to ask a breathless question.

"I'll help you in a tight pinch—seeing you have bungled," broke in the Doctor. "I don't want the money—that's all! Throw it in!"

His face, with its banner of beard, was thrust outside the top-spreaders. His goggling marbles of eyes gleamed. Even in the gloom they were visible.

They hesitated. They held a fortune—it was in their hands. They were not questioning the Doctor's intentions. His previous insistence on the main point had convinced them; but the natural reluctance to let go when they held a good thing dominated the adventurers. They were in no condition of mind just then to reason on the matter.

"I say toss it in!" barked the Doctor. "You know what I told you."

They leaped to obey. If either had demurred the other would have hung back; but they acted together as though impelled galvanically. Doctor Lignore, disavowing selfishness, had discounted disobedience.

They threw in the treasure. The next instant he slashed the quivering whip along the flank of his nag and away went the outfit, wheels clattering, hoofs pattering.

Marston and Rurbot ran behind for a few rods, shouting. Then they halted, listening, and made sure that Doctor Lignore had abandoned them. All sounds of his retreat died away in the far distance.

They had heard the raucous shrieks of Peter Copp. He was supplementing the alarm already given by the tremendous explosions of his fuses; he was calling his neighbors to his aid.

"Well, what do you know about that?" panted Rurbot.

"I don't want to say just now—I'm saving my breath. We'd better see how soon we can get to your good Old Doc Lignore's, preparing a line of questions on the way."

From the poll of the big hill they could gaze afar. Lanterns winked between striding legs to right and to left, and all about.

"There's no show for us on the roads," declared Marston; "and they'll corner us if we go cantering round the fields of this town like wild sheep. We're spoken for."

"Hide!" hissed Rurbot. "Here comes Old Peter."

They dodged over the stone wall and crouched behind it. Like a wailing specter, with limp and flapping arms and strident voice, Peter Copp staggered down the lane. He went into the highway, calling to his neighbors.

"You told me once that you had never read Voltaire," said Rurbot in his soft tones after a time. "Ever read Poe—the story of how the letter was hidden?"

"Good gad! This is a devil of a time to ask me about literature! No; I never read Poe."

"Reading makes a full man—and it also furnishes suggestions worth remembering. In ten minutes this whole town will be looking for us on roads and in the fields. So will other towns. The last place they will look for us will be in Peter Copp's house."

"Say, Rurbot, your idea of borrowing money from an old man who didn't want to lend it—did you get that out of a book too?"

"I'm going to hide in Peter Copp's house. You may do as you like," said Rurbot.

He hurried away, crouching low. The apple trees cast islands of shadow. Marston kept close at his heels. Propinquity comforted him, though the plan did not. Rurbot lighted matches, shielding them under the hood of his nested fingers, found the moldy cellar stairs, and they descended. Over ruck and truck of various sorts they clambered and found an asylum in a potato bin in a far corner.

AFTER a time feet came trampling into the house over their heads. From remarks the men made and from the manner of their unsteady tread it was evident they were bearing a burden.

"The old sir must have got a clipper of some kind," it was explained to a late arrival. "Found him this way in the middle of the road, where he'd fell and rooted his nose in the dirt. He's been knocked out by some kind of a tunk. Somebody better hitch up and hike for Doc Lignore."

The feet of a volunteer went stubbing away.

"It's for you to give off orders, constable," suggested a voice.

"Two stay with Old Peter. Rest of us will take the warpath. The devils that done it haven't got much of a start. By the looks

of them chains they've lugged off what they came after."

For a long time the two in the bin heard only the mumbling voices of the watchers canvassing the situation, guessing at how much Peter Copp's treasure box held. Their most generous estimate was that he must have scratched together almost one thousand dollars.

"No wonder this thing was left to get so ripe it was rotten!" whispered Rurbot. "Even his neighbors didn't know."

At last there was a bustle above. Doctor Lignmore had arrived. The watchers greeted him eagerly.

"He's Old Reliable!" declared the man who had brought him. "Hardly stopped to dress—didn't stop to harness—came right along in my team."

"Too bad! Too bad!" elucked the good Old Doc. "Lift him over to the edge of the bed, boys. Careful! Careful!"

Silence for some minutes. "Bones in both shoulders fractured," announced Doctor Lignmore.

"It's them dingblasted old fuseses. We heard both of 'em go off. Charges prob'ly been rusted in for twenty years."

"Hold the lantern up here, boys. I must get these bones in place before the swelling is worse."

"There ain't enough meat on him to swell," vouched a watcher.

"Get firm hold on his head and feet—the pain will bring him to his senses," said the Doctor.

In a moment the wailings of Old Peter began again:

"What ye here for? Go get 'em! They've got my money. Leave me alone. Get my money—my good money! All packed down in my chest—my nice money. Smoothed and laid flat; and they'll crumple it and spend it. I don't want nothing done for me. Get my money! Run after 'em. My thirty thousand dollars!"

"Fussed-up Cephas, Doc Lignmore! Did you hear what he said? Thirty thousand!"

"Delirium undoubtedly," said the Doctor. "Bring that lantern closer."

"Thirty thousand—and I ironed 'em all flat."

"Tain't sense or reason, Doc."

"Senile dementia! I have been called in by him a few times lately and have noticed it. Hold the lantern the other side! But he may have had some money—enough to attract vagrants."

"Something must have been chained under the bed—and it's gone."

"Too bad! Too bad! Probably all he had; but, of course, no such sum."

"Why, Doc, look at the way he has always lived! Of course not!"

The two fugitives, crouched below in the noisome darkness, whispered to each other as they listened. They heard the shuffling feet, the creaking of the bedcords under the writhings of Peter Copp, the frenzy of his shrill expostulations, his efforts to beat the truth into the heads of his helpful friends; and they also heard the bland and continued disbelief in these ravings. And after a long time, by the buzz and rumble of many voices, they knew that the rooms above were crowded with the neighbors of Peter Copp.

"And there don't none of you believe what I'm telling you!" he kept saying. His voice was no longer strident. He whined.

There was a period of hush, as though the crowd had taken counsel and had put somebody forward as spokesman. And who else should be spokesman but good Old Doctor Lignmore?

"Uncle Peter, it has been decided that you mustn't live here alone any longer. You must be taken care of by your friends."

"My money was my friend. It's gone and you won't catch —"

"You need a doctor's care."

"I ain't got any money to pay a doctor's bills."

"You need a good home."

"I'll have to go to the poor farm."

"You'll not go to any poor farm, Uncle Peter. Now listen! Here, in the hearing of our good neighbors, I pledge myself to take you home with me. We'll have a good nurse and you'll be as happy as the day is long."

"If I had my money I couldn't be a burden to nobody."

"There are other things in the world besides money," declared Doctor Lignmore indulgently. "Any one of these good neighbors would take you home; but I'm offering to do it because you need to be under a doctor's care. So it's settled. Somebody please bring a hayrack; and put in plenty of straw for Uncle Peter to lie on. You shall have the best room in my house. And this isn't charity; it is only neighborly kindness."

"Friends and neighbors," bawled a voice: "I suggest that we give three cheers for that good old saint—Doc Lignmore."

"Cheer!" hissed Marston in the gloom. "That's your cue."

"Uncle Peter is not coming back here," announced the Doctor in the first silence. "All get busy, men; find hammer and nails—tear some boards off the barn—board up the windows."

"I'm going up there and expose him!" panted Rurbot.

"I would," counseled Marston dryly. "Then it would be a toss-up whether you'd fetch up in the State Prison or the Asylum."

The sound of saws and the rattle of hammers made a din above, and Rurbot did not move.

"And you'd better consider me a little," advised Marston. "You've got me into this. Do you think I want ten years more of that cross-eyed old hancoon in the Harness Shop?"

"I'll go to that old liar's house and drag him round until he divides."

"Will you? With that venerable gimlet propped up and ready to yell that you're the man he saw in his house? Remember, he got a good look at us. Your old saint has got a fine burglar alarm set on his premises now, friend Paul."

"Where's your fighting spirit? What's the matter with you?"

"I think," said Marston judicially, "that I'm stung—and know it."

"But we're wise to the robber! Are you going to let him get away with it?"

"He has got away with it."

"Even if I go back to prison for it, it's my duty to show him up. He's a thief—an old renegade—a bluff!"

"As a financier, I'm going to disagree with you. He simply has made a coup. You see, Rurbot, a great many old men, without relatives, give away their property to persons who make their last days happy. Good Old Doc Lignmore has merely discounted a debt of gratitude. Perfectly legitimate!"

"Oh, you —" snarled Rurbot, and was unable to express his disgust.

"As legitimate as our attempt to secure a loan," declared Marston. "You see, as a banker, I'm taking a practical view."

After a while he broke the long silence: "When the house is boarded up and abandoned, we can hang round in here, eating raw potatoes, until it's safe to walk out—to-morrow night, say! The job will be laid to yeggs—and we do not look like yeggs."

A longer period of oppressive silence.

"This rather reminds me of our first meeting—except that the doghole was a cleaner place. Time is hanging a little heavy. Have you got any more stories of that Voltaire cynicism sort? They might cheer me up."

"No!" snapped Rurbot. "I'm on to you and your sneers!"

"Very well. I'll take a nap."

Men carrying a burden scuffed their feet above them and a heavy cart rumbled off. The pattering hammers were still. A voice announced that all the windows were boarded. A door slammed, sending echoes through the rooms of the old house. A key rasped. The man who locked the door was evidently the file closer of the ranks of the departing neighbors.

"I want to say again, friends," he declared, his voice trailing into indistinctness as he hurried away, "that Old Doc Lignmore is a saint! It isn't everybody who'd want Old Peter Copp in the house; but the Doc spoke right up, and —"

Then, except for the fiddling of crickets in the dry grass that fringed the sagging underpinning, utter silence settled about the ancient kennel on the hill. The master had followed the money.



AIMS EASY
AS POINTING
YOUR FINGER

Are Burglars and Brutes Afraid of Your Home?

A BURGLAR or Brute has no more fear of a gun in the hands of the average man or woman than he has of a dark night.

Why? Because the average person with the average pistol can't hit the side of a barn.

But every Burglar and every Brute knows the danger of getting in front of a Savage Automatic—

Knows also that the Savage shoots 10 lightning shots instead of 6 or 8 in other automatics—

Knows, too, that a house armed with a Savage is a house to keep away from.

But remember that the Savage aims easy as pointing your finger; is the one automatic that has 10 lightning shots instead of 6 or 8. It is the one automatic that is as harmless as a kitten around the house, because it tells by a touch or look whether loaded or empty. It makes Burglars and Brutes afraid of your home. So don't let the dealer talk you into some other make.

A Brand New Savage Rifle

This .22 Tubular Repeater has all the original Savage features—hammerless trombone action, solid breech, solid top, side ejection, etc. Price \$12.00. Send for circular.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 712 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

THE SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 712 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

The Largest Club in America

Comparatively few people know that the largest club in America is composed exclusively of girls. There are no dues and no entrance fee, and the only qualification for membership is a desire to make money.

In the eleven years of its existence its members have earned almost three quarters of a million dollars through their membership alone. This year they earned \$90,000. Most of these girls never earned a cent until they joined the club, the doings of which are chronicled each month in a department devoted to its interests in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

And now, at the commencement of its twelfth year of existence, the scope of the organization has been enlarged so that every member may earn a regular monthly salary. Membership is open to any girl who wants to earn money. As many as have that desire will be included. Any girl may learn about the organization and its benefits by addressing

THE GIRLS' CLUB

The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.



A Story of Public Service

SOME people believe that advertising merely takes business away from one man and hands it to his competitor. They think that if everybody stopped advertising, business would go on just the same, and things would be cheaper.

It sounds plausible. But it is not true.

Advertising is, of course, much used as a competitive weapon, and a very powerful one. Any method of selling—advertising, show windows, clerks, traveling men—gets business that without the selling effort would have gone to some other firm. Most of us believe that competition is a good thing. It keeps down prices. It keeps up quality. It makes business men more eager to give the public good service. Any economical method of competition ought therefore to be regarded as of benefit to the public. And the economy of advertising purely as a competitive method has been so clearly demonstrated in many great industries over a period of years that it need not be discussed here.

The main question, however, is: What does advertising do besides stimulate competition?

As a matter of fact, its chief use lies entirely beyond. It creates new markets, new demand, new desires. It makes possible new products, new ways of doing things, a better national life.

The Story

In one of our large cities, a few years ago, fifty-one per cent of the stock of the local gas and electric company was acquired by a national public-service organization. The way the new management went about its job sent thrills of apprehension through the minority stockholders, who were local citizens. The dividends paid the year before had amounted to \$14,000. Immediately the new board cut the price of both gas and electricity. Figures showed that, with the same consumption as the year before, the total dividends at the new rates would be only \$4000.

But there lay the difference: The consumption was not going to be the same. The company began a strong campaign of advertising. To the local stockholders this seemed ruinous folly. They reasoned, "Have we not a complete monopoly? We control exclusive franchises on both gas and electricity. Why in the world should we spend money to advertise when we have 'em both coming and going?"

No Competition

If ever a case existed where advertising solely for competitive purposes would have been absolutely futile, this was it. The company certainly had the city both coming and going. But the answer was, "We are not going to *spend* money in advertising. We are going to *invest* money in advertising."

Half pages began to appear in the newspapers. In the course of a year the gas and electric company used more space than any of the department stores, which, of course, had been up to that time the heaviest advertisers in the city.

Cooking schools to show women the merits of the gas range were installed—and advertised. Men who had never thought of the saving of labor and expense possible by using small electric

motors in their shops found out—through advertising. Local merchants were shown the increased trade that they could get by having their stores better lighted. Electric signs were popularized.

What Happened?

The first year the advertising sold seven carloads of gas stoves. It sold coke at a fair price, instead of at a loss as before. It sold gas heaters, irons, fixtures and novelties. It put in 124 new electric motors for small power users. It put up electric signs and ornamental lighting effects.

In these ways, as well as through the stimulation of ordinary consumption, it very greatly increased the use of gas and electric current.

At the end of the year the total dividends, which estimates had said were going down to \$4000, were \$44,000. At the end of the second year of the same policy the aggregate dividends were \$76,000. And this with all bills for advertising paid. And with the public buying its gas and electricity far cheaper than it ever had before.

But, apart from better dividends and lower price to the consumer, what did the advertising do for that city?

What Was the Effect?

It gave the city better-lighted stores and streets. It put labor-saving devices into hundreds of homes. It cut the cost of operation for scores of small, struggling manufacturers. It showed people how to get and use things that made their lives cleaner and easier. It made, in short, a more comfortable, more alert and prosperous community.

What local advertising did in that city, national advertising is doing all the time for the nation. We pick up a number of *The Saturday Evening Post* and, seeing the advertising of 17 makers of men's clothing, we think, "Here are all these manufacturers just advertising against one another." We forget that advertising of ready-made clothing has made this a better-dressed nation, that it has showed hundreds of thousands of men the way to cheaper and better-fitting clothes, that it is always effectively preaching the gospel of the importance of looking well.

Creating Human Activity

Advertising is like the railroad, the trolley, the telephone, the newspaper, the school—a creator of human activity. Like all of these, it is a force for the wider and quicker dissemination of information. It brings within our ken things that we never knew existed, or never thought we wanted. It teaches us to want things a little beyond our grasp and to work a little harder in order to get them. It is like the rifle that the modern Tom Sawyer saw in the window. He had intended to loaf all summer, but he wanted that rifle. In order to get it he had to have money. To get money he went out and painted fences and ran errands and mowed lawns. The knowledge that there was a rifle that he could have if he worked for it made him a producer instead of a dependent.

True Public Service

If we believe in a constantly advancing civilization, if we believe that people ought to keep on trying to live a little better and have a little more comfort, a little more convenience and a little more ambition—if our philosophy includes these tenets, then we must believe that whatever shows people the way and rouses their ambition to possess—and to *produce*—in order to possess—is a public service. It is upon that basis that we declare advertising to be, not primarily a weapon of competition, but primarily a means of constructive public service.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia



*For Sherbets, Sundaes,
Punch, Jellies*

*Unfermented, Unsweetened, Undiluted
Juice of Fresh Concord*

Nature's Christmas Present

The drink that always pleases, always satisfies. Healthful as well as Delicious. It takes the place of fruit in our daily menu and is a wholesome beverage for every meal. Order a case today.

Armour's GRAPE JUICE

The Grape Juice with the Natural Flavor

If your dealer cannot supply you we will send you
a dozen trial pints for \$3.00, or quarts for \$5.50

ARMOUR COMPANY Dept. A-55, Chicago



Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Westfield, New York



Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Mattawan, Michigan

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow



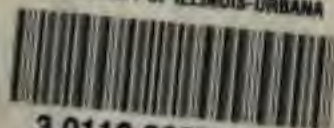
**"A 'White' Christmas
and
A Clean New Year"**

yours "Old Dutch"
ince Square

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